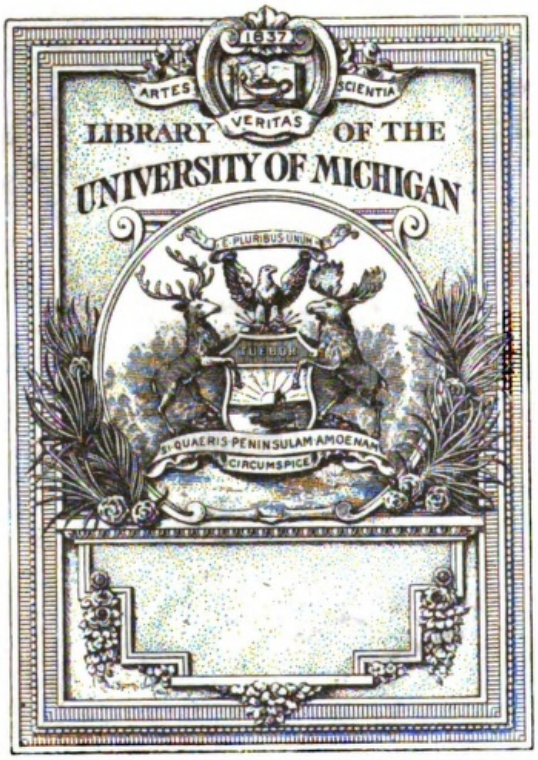
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THE

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"LORD ROXTON DASHED THE FLAMING WOOD INTO THE BRUTE'S FACE."

(*See page* 14.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xliv. JULY, 1912. No. 259.

THE LOST WORLD.

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor George E. Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. E. D. Malone of the "Daily Gazette."

BY

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST THREE INSTALMENTS.

EDWARD MALONE is sent by his paper, the *Daily Gazette*, to interview Professor Challenger, the famous zoologist, who, about two years before, had made a journey to an unexplored region of South America. On his return the Professor had announced some extraordinary discoveries, but, being met with incredulity in certain quarters, had declined to discuss the matter further. Professor Challenger, who is a man of immense mental and physical strength, with a bellowing voice and an overbearing, insolent manner, yet with a certain grim sense of humour, gives Malone, in confidence, some account of his journey to "The Lost World," a region where the conditions of prehistoric life still exist. He also shows him certain specimens, documents, etc., in corroboration of his story. The Professor attends a lecture the same evening, and, amid considerable uproar, repeats his statements regarding his discoveries. Finding he is still disbelieved, he invites the audience to appoint a committee to test his story in person. Those chosen are Professor Summerlee, one of the most sceptical of Challenger's opponents, Lord John Roxton, a well-known sportsman, and Edward Malone, representing the *Daily Gazette*. On arriving in South America, they are unexpectedly joined by Professor Challenger, who takes charge of the expedition. They reach the scene of Challenger's alleged discoveries—an enormous and apparently inaccessible plateau—and at length devise a means of reaching its summit, only to find, on gaining it, that their retreat has been cut off through the treachery of two half-breeds accompanying the expedition.

CHAPTER X.

"THE MOST WONDERFUL THINGS HAVE HAPPENED."

THE most wonderful things have happened and are continually happening to us. All the paper that I possess consists of five old note-books and a lot of scraps, and I have only the one stylographic pencil; but so long as I can move my hand I will continue to set down our experiences and impressions, for, since we are the only men of the whole human race to see such things, it is of enormous importance that I should record them whilst they are fresh in my memory and before that fate which seems to be constantly impending does actually overtake us. Whether Zambo can at last take these letters to the river, or whether I shall myself in some miraculous way carry them back with me, or, finally, whether some daring explorer, coming upon our tracks, with the advantage, perhaps, of a perfected monoplane, should find this bundle of manuscript, in any case I can see that what I am writing is destined to immortality as a classic of true adventure.

On the morning after our being trapped upon

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the plateau by the villainous Gomez we began a new stage in our experiences. The first incident in it was not such as to give me a very favourable opinion of the place to which we had wandered. As I roused myself from a short nap after day had dawned, my eyes fell upon a most singular appearance upon my own leg. My trouser had slipped up, exposing a few inches of my skin above my sock. On this there rested a large, purplish grape. Astonished at the sight, I leaned forward to pick it off, when, to my horror, it burst between my finger and thumb, squirting blood in every direction. My cry of disgust had brought the two professors to my side.



"CHALLENGER SPRANG INTO THE AIR BELLOWING LIKE A BULL, AND TORE FRANTICALLY AT HIS COAT AND SHIRT TO GET THEM OFF."

"Most interesting," said Summerlee, bending over my shin. "An enormous blood-tick, as yet, I believe, unclassified."

"The first-fruits of our labours," said Challenger, in his booming, pedantic fashion. "We cannot do less than call it *Ixodes Maloni*. The very small inconvenience of being bitten, my young friend, cannot, I am sure, weigh with you as against the glorious privilege of having your name inscribed in the deathless roll of zoology. Unhappily you have crushed this fine specimen at the moment of satiation."

"Filthy vermin!" I cried.

Professor Challenger raised his great eyebrows in protest, and placed a soothing paw upon my shoulder.

"You should cultivate the scientific eye and the detached scientific mind," said he. "To a man of philosophic temperament like myself the blood-tick, with its lancet-like proboscis and its distending stomach, is as beautiful a work of Nature as the peacock or, for that matter, the aurora borealis. It pains me to hear you speak of it in so unappreciative a fashion. No doubt, with due diligence, we can secure some other specimen."

"There can be no doubt of that," said Summerlee, grimly, "for one has just disappeared behind your shirt-collar."

Challenger sprang into the air bellowing like a bull, and tore frantically at his coat

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and shirt to get them off. Summerlee and I laughed so that we could hardly help him. At last we exposed that monstrous torso (fifty-four inches, by the tailor's tape). His body was all matted with black hair, out of which jungle we picked the wandering tick before it had bitten him. But the bushes round were full of the horrible pests, and it was clear that we must shift our camp.

But first of all it was necessary to make our arrangements with the faithful negro, who appeared presently on the pinnacle with a number of tins of cocoa and biscuits, which he tossed over to us. Of the stores which remained below he was ordered to retain as much as would keep him for two months. The Indians were to have the remainder as a reward for their services and as payment for taking our letters back to the Amazon. Some hours later we saw them in single file far out upon the plain, each with a bundle on his head, making their way back along the path we had come. Zambo occupied our little tent at the base of the pinnacle, and there he remained, our one link with the world below.

And now we had to decide upon our immediate movements. We shifted our position from among the tick-laden bushes until we came to a small clearing thickly surrounded by trees upon all sides. There were some flat slabs of rock in the centre, with an excellent well close by, and there we sat in cleanly comfort while we made our first plans for the invasion of this new country. Birds were calling among the foliage—especially one with a peculiar whooping cry which was new to us—but beyond these sounds there were no signs of life.

Our first care was to make some sort of list of our own stores, so that we might know what we had to rely upon. What with the things we had ourselves brought up and those which Zambo had sent across on the rope, we were fairly well supplied. Most important of all, in view of the dangers which might surround us, we had our four rifles and one thousand three hundred rounds, also a shot-gun, but not more than a hundred and fifty medium pellet cartridges. In the matter of provisions we had enough to last for several weeks, with a sufficiency of tobacco and a few scientific implements, including a large telescope and a good field-glass. All these things we collected together in the clearing, and, as a first precaution, we cut down with our hatchet and knives a number of thorny bushes, which we piled round in a circle some fifteen yards in diameter. This was to be our headquarters for the time—our place of refuge against sudden danger and the guard-house for our stores. Fort Challenger, we called it.

It was midday before we had made ourselves secure, but the heat was not oppressive, and the general character of the plateau, both in its temperature and in its vegetation, was almost temperate. The beech, the oak, and even the birch were to be found among the tangle of trees which girt us in. One huge gingko-tree, topping all the others, shot its great limbs and maidenhair foliage over the fort which we had constructed. In its shade we continued our discussion, while Lord Roxton, who had quickly taken command in the hour of action, gave us his views.

"So long as neither man nor beast has seen or heard us, we are safe," said he. "From the time they know we are here our troubles begin. There are no signs that they have found us out as yet. So our game surely is to lie low for a time and spy out the land. We want to have a good look at our neighbours before we get on visitin' terms."

"But we must advance," I ventured to remark.

"By all means, sonny my boy! We will advance. But with common sense. We must never go so far that we can't get back to our base. Above all, we must never, unless it is life or death, fire off our guns."

"But *you* fired yesterday," said Summerlee.

"Well, it couldn't be helped. However, the wind was strong and blew outwards. It is not likely that the sound could have travelled far into the plateau. By the way, what shall we call this place? I suppose it is up to us to give it a name?"

There were several suggestions, more or less happy, but Challenger's was final.

"It can only have one name," said he. "It is called after the pioneer who discovered it. It is Maple White Land."

Maple White Land it became, and so it is named in that chart which has become my special task. So it will, I trust, appear in the atlas of the future.

The peaceful penetration of Maple White Land was the pressing subject before us. We had the evidence of our own eyes that the place was inhabited by some unknown creatures, and there was that of Maple White's sketch-book to show that more dreadful and more dangerous monsters might still appear. That there might also prove to be human occupants and that they were of a malevolent character was suggested by the skeleton impaled upon the bamboos, which could not have got there had it not been dropped from above. Our situation, stranded

without possibility of escape in such a land, was clearly full of danger, and our reasons endorsed every measure of caution which Lord Roxton's experience could suggest. Yet it was surely impossible that we should halt on the edge of this world of mystery when our very souls were tingling with impatience to push forward and to pluck the heart from it.

We therefore blocked the entrance to our zareba by filling it up with several thorny bushes, and left our little camp with the stores entirely surrounded by this protecting hedge. We then slowly and cautiously set forth into the unknown, following the course of the little stream which flowed from our spring, as it should always serve us as a guide on our return.

Hardly had we started when we came across signs that there were indeed wonders awaiting us. After a few hundreds of yards of thick forest, containing many trees which were quite unknown to me, but which Summerlee, who was the botanist of the party, recognized as forms of conifera and of cycadaceous plants which have long passed away in the world below, we entered a region where the stream widened out and formed a considerable bog. High reeds of a peculiar type grew thickly before us, which were pronounced to be equisetacea, or mare's-tails, with tree-ferns scattered amongst them, all of them swaying in a brisk wind. Suddenly Lord Roxton, who was walking first, halted with uplifted hand.

"Look at this!" said he. "By George, this must be the trail of the father of all birds!"

An enormous three-toed track was imprinted in the soft mud before us. The creature, whatever it was, had crossed the swamp and had passed on into the forest. We all stopped to examine that monstrous spoor. If it were indeed a bird—and what animal could leave such a mark?—its foot was so much larger than an ostrich's that its height upon the same scale must be enormous. Lord Roxton looked eagerly round him and slipped two cartridges into his elephant-gun.

"I'll stake my good name as a shikarree," said he, "that the track is a fresh one. The creature has not passed ten minutes. Look how the water is still oozing into that deeper print! By Jove! See, here is the mark of a little one!"

Sure enough, smaller tracks of the same general form were running parallel to the large ones.

"But what do you make of this?" cried Professor Summerlee, triumphantly, pointing to what looked like the huge print of a five-fingered human hand appearing among the three-toed marks.

"Wealden!" cried Challenger, in an ecstasy. "I've seen them in the Wealden clay. It is a creature walking erect upon three-toed feet, and occasionally putting one of its five-fingered fore-paws upon the ground. Not a bird, my dear Roxton—not a bird."

"A beast?"

"No; a reptile—a dinosaur. Nothing else could have left such a track. They puzzled a worthy Sussex doctor some ninety years ago; but who in the world could have hoped—hoped—to have seen a sight like that?"

His words died away into a whisper, and we all stood in motionless amazement. Following the tracks, we had left the morass and passed through a screen of brushwood and trees. Beyond was an open glade, and in this were five of the most extraordinary creatures that I have ever seen. Crouching down among the bushes, we observed them at our leisure.

There were, as I say, five of them, two being adults and three young ones. In size they were enormous. Even the babies were as big as elephants, while the two large ones were far beyond all creatures I have ever seen. They had slate-coloured skin, which was scaled like a lizard's and shimmered where the sun shone upon it. All five were sitting up, balancing themselves upon their broad, powerful tails and their huge three-toed hind-feet, while with their small five-fingered front-feet they pulled down the branches upon which they browsed. I do not know that I can bring their appearance home to you better than by saying that they looked like monstrous kangaroos, twenty feet in length, and with skins like black crocodiles.

I do not know how long we stayed motionless gazing at this marvellous spectacle. A strong wind blew towards us and we were well concealed, so there was no chance of discovery. From time to time the little ones played round their parents in unwieldy gambols, the great beasts bounding into the air and falling with dull thuds upon the earth. The strength of the parents seemed to be limitless, for one of them, having some difficulty in reaching a bunch of foliage which grew upon a considerable-sized tree, put his fore-legs round the trunk and tore it down as if it had been a sapling. The action seemed, as I thought, to show not only the great development of its muscles, but also the small one of its brain, for the whole weight came crashing down upon the top of it, and

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"THE LITTLE ONES PLAYED ROUND THEIR PARENTS IN UNWIELDY GAMBOLS."

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it uttered a series of shrill yelps to show that, big as it was, there was a limit to what it could endure. The incident made it think, apparently, that the neighbourhood was dangerous, for it slowly lurched off through the wood, followed by its mate and its three enormous infants. We saw the shimmering, slatey gleam of their skins between the tree-trunks, and their heads undulating high above the brushwood. Then they vanished from our sight.

I looked at my comrades. Lord Roxton was standing at gaze with his finger on the trigger of his elephant-gun, his eager hunter's soul shining from his fierce eyes. What would he not give for one such head to place between the two crossed oars above the mantelpiece in his snuggery at the Albany! And yet his reason held him in, for all our exploration of the wonders of this unknown land depended upon our presence being concealed from its inhabitants. The two professors were in silent ecstasy. In their excitement they had unconsciously seized each other by the hand, and stood like two little children in the presence of a marvel, Challenger's cheeks bunched up into a seraphic smile, and Summerlee's sardonic face softening for the moment into wonder and reverence.

"*Nunc dimittis!*" he cried at last. "What will they say in England of this?"

"My dear Summerlee, I will tell you with great confidence exactly what they will say in England," said Challenger. "They will say that you are an infernal liar and a scientific charlatan, exactly as you and others said of me."

"In the face of photographs?"

"Faked, Summerlee! Clumsily faked!"

"In the face of specimens?"

"Ah, there we may have them! Malone and his filthy Fleet Street crew may be all yelping our praises yet. August the twenty-second—the day we saw five live iguanodons in a glade of Maple White Land. Put it down in your diary, my young friend, and send it to your rag."

"And be ready to get the toe-end of the editorial boot in return," said Lord Roxton. "Things look a bit different from the latitude of London, young fellah my lad. There's many a man who never tells his adventures, for he can't hope to be believed. Who's to blame them? For this will seem a bit of a dream to ourselves in a month or two. *What* did you say they were?"

"Iguanodons," said Summerlee. "You'll find their footmarks all over the Hastings sands, in Kent, and in Sussex. The South of England was alive with them when there was plenty of good lush green-stuff to keep them going. Conditions have changed, and the beasts died. Here it seems that the conditions have not changed, and the beasts have lived."

"If ever we get out of this alive, I must have a head with me," said Lord Roxton. "Lord, how some of that Somaliland-Uganda crowd would turn a beautiful pea-green if they saw it! I don't know what you chaps think, but it strikes me that we are on mighty thin ice all this time."

I had the same feeling of mystery and danger around us. In the gloom of the trees there seemed a constant menace, and as we looked up into their shadowy foliage vague terrors crept into one's heart. It is true that these monstrous creatures which we had seen were lumbering, inoffensive brutes which were unlikely to hurt anyone, but in this world of wonders what other survivals might there not be—what fierce, active horrors ready to pounce upon us from their lair among the rocks or brushwood? I knew little of prehistoric life, but I had a clear remembrance of one book which I had read in which it spoke of creatures who would live upon our lions and tigers as a cat lives upon mice. What if these also were to be found in the woods of Maple White Land!

It was destined that on this very morning—our first in the new country—we were to find out what strange hazards lay around us. It was a loathsome adventure, and one of which I hate to think. If, as Lord Roxton said, the glade of the iguanodons will remain with us as a dream, then surely the swamp of the pterodactyls will for ever be our nightmare. Let me set down exactly what occurred.

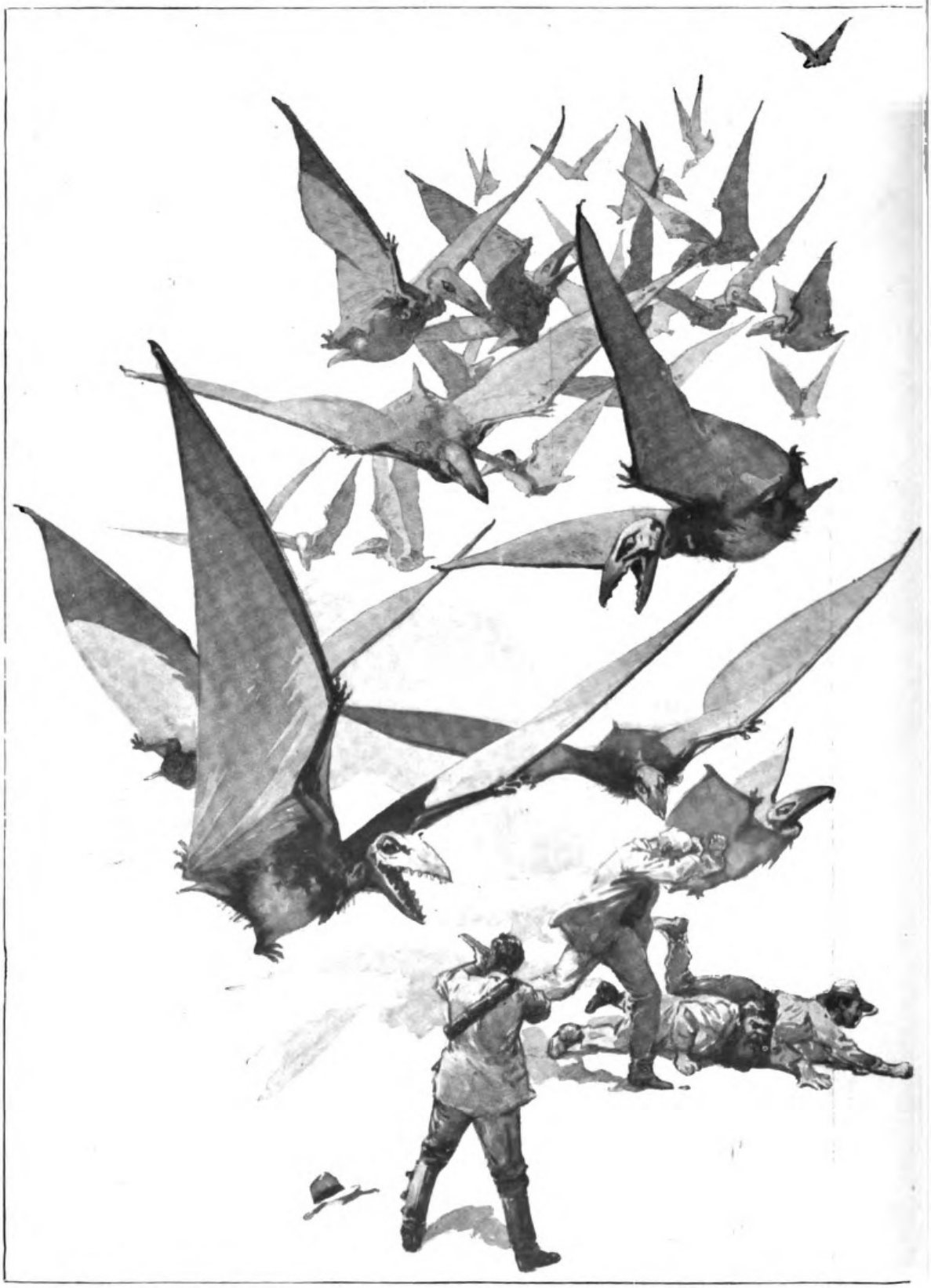
We passed very slowly through the woods, partly because Lord Roxton acted as scout before he would let us advance, and partly because at every second step one or other of our professors would fall, with a cry of wonder, before some flower or insect which presented him with a new type. We may have travelled two or three miles in all, keeping to the right of the line of the stream, when we came upon a considerable opening in the trees. A belt of brushwood led up to a tangle of rocks—the whole plateau was strewn with boulders. We were walking slowly towards these rocks, among bushes which reached over our waists, when we became aware of a strange low gabbling and whistling sound, which filled the air with a constant clamour and appeared to come from some spot immediately before us.

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"THE PLACE WAS A ROOKERY OF PTERODACTYLS."

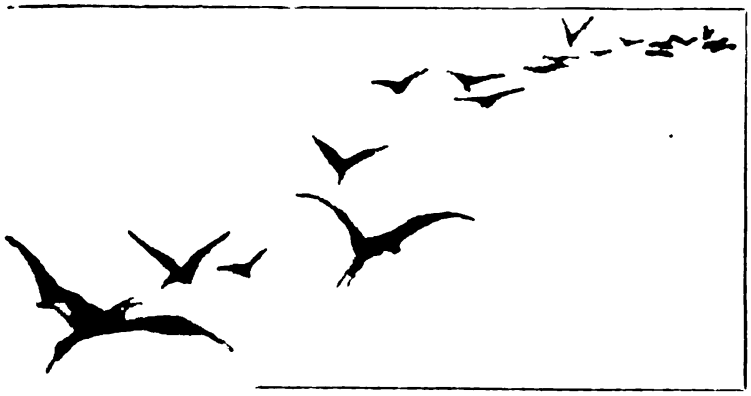
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"CHALLENGER FELL, AND AS I STOOPED TO PICK HIM UP I WAS AGAIN STRUCK FROM BEHIND AND DROPPED ON THE TOP OF HIM."

Lord Roxton held up his hand as a signal for us to stop, and he made his way swiftly, stooping and running, to the line of rocks. We saw him peep over them and give a gesture of amazement. Then he stood staring as if forgetting us, so utterly entranced was he by what he saw. Finally he waved us to come on, holding up his hand as a signal for caution.

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His whole bearing made me feel that something wonderful but dangerous lay before us.

Creeping to his side, we looked over the rocks. The place into which we gazed was a pit, and may, in the early days, have been one of the smaller volcanic blow-holes of the plateau. It was bowl-shaped, and at the bottom, some hundreds of yards from where we lay, were pools of green-scummed, stagnant water, fringed with bullrushes. It was a weird place in itself, but its occupants made it seem like a scene from the Seven Circles of Dante. The place was a rookery of pterodactyls. There were hundreds of them congregated within view. All the bottom area round the water-edge was alive with their young ones, and with hideous mothers brooding upon their leathery, yellowish eggs. From this crawling, flapping mass of obscene reptilian life came the shocking clamour which filled the air and the mephitic, horrible, musty odour which turned us sick. But above, perched each upon its own stone, tall, grey, and withered, more like dead and dried specimens than actual living creatures, sat the horrible males, absolutely motionless save for the rolling of their red eyes or an occasional snap of their rat-trap beaks as a dragon-fly went past them. Their huge, membranous wings were closed by folding their fore-arms, so that they sat like gigantic old women, wrapped in hideous web-coloured shawls, and with their ferocious heads protruding above them. Large and small, not less than a thousand of these filthy creatures lay in the hollow before us.

Our professors would gladly have stayed there all day, so entranced were they by this opportunity of studying the life of a prehistoric age. They pointed out the fish and dead birds lying about among the rocks as proving the nature of the food of these creatures, and I heard them congratulating each other on having cleared up the point why the bones of this flying dragon are found in such great numbers in certain well-defined areas, as in the Cambridge Green-sand, since it was now seen that, like penguins, they lived in gregarious fashion.

Finally, however, Challenger, bent upon proving some point which Summerlee had contested, thrust his head over the rock and nearly brought destruction upon us all. In an instant the nearest male gave a shrill, whistling cry, and flapped its twenty-foot span of leathery wings as it soared up into the air. The females and young ones huddled together beside the water, while the whole circle of sentinels rose one after the other and sailed off into the sky. It was a wonderful sight to see at least a hundred creatures of such enormous size and hideous appearance all swooping like swallows with swift, shearing wing-strokes above us; but soon we realized that it was not one on which we could afford to linger. At first the great brutes flew round in a huge ring, as if to make sure what the exact extent of the danger might be. Then the flight grew lower and the circle narrower, until they were whizzing round and round us, the dry, rustling flap of their huge slate-coloured wings filling the air with a volume of sound that made me think of Hendon aerodrome upon a race day.

"Make for the wood and keep together," cried Lord Roxton, clubbing his rifle. "The brutes mean mischief."

The moment we attempted to retreat the circle closed in upon us, until the tips of the wings of those nearest to us nearly touched our faces. We beat at them with the stocks of our guns, but there was nothing solid or vulnerable to strike. Then suddenly out of the whizzing, slate-coloured circle a long neck shot out, and a fierce beak made a thrust at us. Another and another followed. Summerlee gave a cry and put his hand to his face, from which the blood was streaming. I felt a prod at the back of my neck, and turned dizzy with the shock. Challenger fell, and as I stooped to pick him up I was again struck from behind and dropped on the top of him. At the same instant I heard the crash of Lord Roxton's elephant-gun, and, looking up, saw one of the creatures with a broken wing struggling upon the ground, spitting and gurgling at us with a wide-opened beak and blood-shot, goggled eyes, like some devil in a mediæval picture. Its comrades had flown higher at the sudden sound, and were circling above our heads.

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"Now!" cried Lord Roxton. "Now, for our lives!"

We staggered through the brushwood, and even as we reached the trees the harpies were on us again. Summerlee was knocked down, but we tore him up and rushed among the trunks. Once there we were safe, for those huge wings had no space for their sweep beneath the branches. As we limped homewards, sadly mauled and discomfited, we saw them for a long time flying at a great height against the deep blue sky above our heads, soaring round and round, no bigger than wood-pigeons, with their eyes, no doubt, still following our progress. At last, however, as we reached the thicker woods they gave up the chase, and we saw them no more.

"A most interesting and convincing experience," said Challenger, as we halted beside the brook and he bathed a swollen knee. "We are exceptionally well informed, Summerlee, as to the habits of the enraged pterodactyl."

Summerlee was wiping the blood from a cut in his forehead, while I was tying up a nasty stab in the muscle of the neck. Lord Roxton had the shoulder of his coat torn away, but the creature's teeth had only grazed the flesh.

"It is worth noting," Challenger continued, "that our young friend has received an undoubted stab, while Lord Roxton's coat could only have been torn by a bite. In my own case, I was beaten about the head by their wings, so we have had a remarkable exhibition of their various methods of offence."

"It has been touch and go for our lives," said Lord Roxton, gravely, "and I could not think of a more rotten sort of death than to be outed by such filthy vermin. I was sorry to fire my rifle, but, by Jove! there was no great choice."

"We should not be here if you hadn't," said I, with conviction.

"It may do no harm," said he. "Among these woods there must be many loud cracks from splitting or falling trees which would be just like the sound of a gun. But now, if you are of my opinion, we have had thrills enough for one day, and had best get back to the surgical box at the camp for some carbolic. Who knows what venom these beasts may have in their hideous jaws?"

But surely no men ever had just such a day since the world began. Some fresh surprise was ever in store for us. When, following the course of our brook, we at last reached our glade and saw the thorny barricade of our camp, we thought that our adventures were at an end. But we had something more to think of before we could rest. The gate of Fort Challenger had been untouched, the walls were unbroken, and yet it had been visited by some strange and powerful creature in our absence. No foot-mark showed a trace of its nature, and only the overhanging branch of the enormous gingko tree suggested how it might have come and gone; but of its malevolent strength there was ample evidence in the condition of our stores. They were strewn at random all over the ground, and one tin of meat had been crushed into pieces so as to extract the contents. A case of cartridges had been shattered into match-wood, and one of the brass shells lay shredded into pieces beside it. Again the feeling of vague horror came upon our souls, and we gazed round with frightened eyes at the dark shadows which lay around us, in all of which some fearsome shape might be lurking. How good it was when we were hailed by the voice of Zambo, and, going to the edge of the plateau, saw him sitting grinning at us upon the top of the opposite pinnacle.

"All well, Massa Challenger, all well!" he cried. "Me stay here. No fear. You always find me when you want."

His honest black face, and the immense view before us, which carried us half-way back to the affluent of the Amazon, helped us to remember that we really were upon this earth in the twentieth century, and had not by some magic been conveyed to some raw planet in its earliest and wildest state. How difficult it was to realize that the violet line upon the far horizon was well advanced to that great river upon which huge steamers ran, and folk talked of the small affairs of life, while we, marooned among the creatures of a bygone age, could but gaze towards it and yearn for all that it meant!

One other memory remains with me of this wonderful day, and with it I will close this letter. The two professors, their tempers aggravated no doubt by their injuries, had fallen out as to whether our assailants were of the genus pterodactylus or dimorphodon, and high words had ensued. To avoid their wrangling I moved some little way apart, and was seated smoking upon the trunk of a fallen tree, when Lord Roxton strolled over in my direction.

"I say, Malone," said he, "do you remember that place where those beasts were?"

"Very clearly."

"A sort of volcanic pit, was it not?"

"Exactly," said I.

"Did you notice the soil?"

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"Rocks."

"But round the water—where the reeds were?"

"It was a bluish soil. It looked like clay."

"Exactly. A volcanic tube full of blue clay."

"What of that?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," said he, and strolled back to where the voices of the contending men of science rose in a prolonged duet, the high, strident note of Summerlee rising and falling to the sonorous bass of Challenger. I should have thought no more of Lord Roxton's remark were it not that once again that night I heard him mutter to himself: "Blue clay—clay in a volcanic tube!" They were the last words I heard before I dropped into an exhausted sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

"FOR ONCE I WAS THE HERO."

LORD ROXTON was right when he thought that some specially toxic quality might lie in the bite of the horrible creatures which had attacked us. On the morning after our first adventure upon the plateau, both Summerlee and I were in great pain and fever, while Challenger's knee was so bruised that he could hardly limp. We kept to our camp all day, therefore, Lord Roxton busying himself, with such help as we could give him, in raising the height and thickness of the thorny walls which were our only defence. I remember that during the whole long day I was haunted by the feeling that we were closely observed, though by whom or whence I could give no guess.

So strong was the impression that I told Professor Challenger of it, who put it down to the cerebral excitement caused by my fever. Again and again I glanced round swiftly, with the conviction that I was about to see something, but only to meet the dark tangle of our hedge or the solemn and cavernous gloom of the great trees which arched above our heads. And yet the feeling grew ever stronger in my own mind that something observant and something malevolent was at our very elbow. I thought of the Indian superstition of the Curupuri—the dreadful lurking spirit of the woods—and I could have imagined that his terrible presence haunted those who had invaded his most remote and sacred retreat.

That night (our third in Maple White Land) we had an experience which left a fearful impression upon our minds, and made us thankful that Lord Roxton had worked so hard in making our retreat impregnable. We were all sleeping round our dying fire when we were aroused—or, rather, I should say, shot out of our slumbers—by a succession of the most frightful cries and screams to which I have ever listened. I know no sound to which I could compare this amazing tumult, which seemed to come from some spot within a few hundred yards of our camp. It was as ear-splitting as any whistle of a railway-engine; but whereas the whistle is a clear, mechanical, sharp-edged sound, this was far deeper in volume and vibrant with the uttermost strain of agony and horror. We clapped our hands to our ears to shut out that nerve-shaking appeal. A cold sweat broke out over my body, and my heart turned sick at the misery of it. All the woes of tortured life, all its stupendous indictment of high heaven, its innumerable sorrows, seemed to be centred and condensed into that one dreadful, agonized cry. And then, under this high-pitched, ringing sound there was another, more intermittent, a low, deep-chested laugh, a growling, throaty gurgle of merriment which formed a grotesque accompaniment to the shriek with which it was blended. For three or four minutes on end the fearsome duet continued, while all the foliage rustled with the rising of startled birds. Then it shut off as suddenly as it began. For a long time we sat in horrified silence. Then Lord Roxton threw a bundle of twigs upon the fire, and their red glare lit up the intent faces of my companions and flickered over the great boughs above our heads.

"What was it?" I whispered.

"We shall know in the morning," said Lord Roxton. "It was close to us—not farther than the glade."

"We have been privileged to overhear a prehistoric tragedy, the sort of drama which occurred among the reeds upon the border of some Jurassic lagoon, when the greater dragon pinned the lesser among the slime," said Challenger, with more solemnity than I had ever heard in his voice. "It was surely well for man that he came late in the order of creation. There were powers abroad in earlier days which no courage and no mechanism of his could have met. What could his sling, his throwing-stick, or his arrow avail him against such forces as have been loose to-night? Even with a modern rifle it would be all odds on the monster."

"I think I should back my little friend," said Lord Roxton, caressing his Express. "But the beast would certainly have a good sporting chance."

Summerlee raised his hand.

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"Hush!" he cried. "Surely I hear something?"

From the utter silence there emerged a deep, regular pat-pat. It was the tread of some animal—the rhythm of soft but heavy pads placed cautiously upon the ground. It stole slowly round the camp, and then halted near our gateway. There was a low, sibilant rise and fall—the breathing of the creature. Only our feeble hedge separated us from this horror of the night. Each of us had seized his rifle, and Lord Roxton had pulled out a small bush to make an embrasure in the hedge.

"By George!" he whispered. "I think I can see it!"

I stooped and peered over his shoulder through the gap. Yes, I could see it, too. In the deep shadow of the tree there was a deeper shadow yet, black, inchoate, vague—a crouching form full of savage vigour and menace. It was no higher than a horse, but the dim outline suggested vast bulk and strength. That hissing pant, as regular and full-volumed as the exhaust of an engine, spoke of a monstrous organism. Once, as it moved, I thought I saw the glint of two terrible, greenish eyes. There was an uneasy rustling, as if it were crawling slowly forwards.

"I believe it is going to spring!" said I, cocking my rifle.

"Don't fire! Don't fire!" whispered Lord Roxton. "The crash of a gun in this silent night would be heard for miles. Keep it as a last card."

"If it gets over the hedge we're done," said Summerlee, and his voice crackled into a nervous laugh as he spoke.

"No, it must not get over," cried Lord Roxton; "but hold your fire to the last. Perhaps I can make something of the fellow. I'll chance it, anyhow."

It was as brave an act as ever I saw a man do. He stooped to the fire, picked up a blazing branch, and slipped in an instant through a sallyport which he had made in our gateway. The thing moved forward with a dreadful snarl. Lord Roxton never hesitated, but, running towards it with a quick, light step, he dashed the flaming wood into the brute's face. For one moment I had a vision of a horrible mask like a giant toad's, of a warty, leprous skin, and of a loose mouth all beslobbered with fresh blood. The next, there was a crash in the underwood and our dreadful visitor was gone.

"I thought he wouldn't face the fire," said Lord Roxton, laughing, as he came back and threw his branch among the faggots.

"You should not have taken such a risk!" we all cried.

"There was nothin' else to be done. If he had got among us we should have shot each other in tryin' to down him. On the other hand, if we had fired through the hedge and wounded him he would soon have been on the top of us—to say nothin' of giving ourselves away. On the whole, I think that we are jolly well out of it. What was he, then?"

Our learned men looked at each other with some hesitation.

"Personally, I am unable to classify the creature with any certainty," said Summerlee, lighting his pipe from the fire.

"In refusing to commit yourself you are but showing a proper scientific reserve," said Challenger, with massive condescension. "I am not myself prepared to go farther than to say in general terms that we have almost certainly been in contact to-night with some form of carnivorous dinosaur. I have already expressed my anticipation that something of the sort might exist upon this plateau."

"We have to bear in mind," remarked Summerlee, "that there are many prehistoric forms which have never come down to us. It would be rash to suppose that we can give a name to all that we are likely to meet."

"Exactly. A rough classification may be the best that we can attempt. To-morrow some further evidence may help us to an identification. Meantime we can only renew our interrupted slumbers."

"But not without a sentinel," said Lord Roxton, with decision. "We can't afford to take chances in a country like this. Two-hour spells in the future, for each of us."

"Then I'll just finish my pipe in starting the first one," said Professor Summerlee; and from that time onwards we never trusted ourselves again without a watchman.

(To be continued.)

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The Commonest Golfing Faults.

How to Improve Your Game Fifty per Cent.

By STUART MORRISON.

[In the following article, specially written and illustrated for "The Strand Magazine," Mr. Stuart Morrison, founder and manager of the Golf School at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, tells of many faults which, in his opinion, are the most prevalent of the day among golfers of both sexes. Mr. Stuart Morrison's experience of both playing and teaching golf extends over many years, and during his control of the Golf School he has supervised the giving of between twenty-five and thirty thousand lessons to aspiring golfers. His views on the most prevalent golfing faults of the day, and his suggestions as to how these can be best avoided, should therefore prove of unusual interest.]



NDOUBTEDLY the most common daily question the average golfer puts to himself is, "Why do I keep on making so many mistakes when I play?" Within the past few years golfers of both sexes have propounded this conundrum to me, not hundreds, but literally thousands of times, and my reply invariably has been, "Because you wilfully overlook the fact that golf is essentially a game where all the movements must be natural, easy, and rhythmic." As the old golfing song says:—

> It's nae in the arms, the heid, or the leg.
> If they work nae thegither you're no worth a peg.

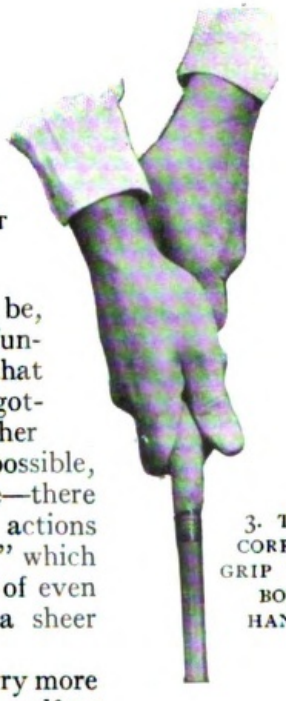
The reason why you perpetrate so many faults, therefore, is simply because you overlook this truism. If, therefore, you will only bear in mind at all times that there is far less physical difficulty in playing a stroke in the straight and orthodox way than in adopting the various faulty actions which are so plentiful, your game will improve fifty per cent. after a few weeks.

Now, I admit at once that almost every enthusiastic golfer has his or her own particular individual "style." This point, however, has really little or nothing to do with the question, "Why do golfers make so many mistakes?" For, no matter how good or how bad the said "style" may be, there are certain fundamental actions that must never be forgotten. On the other hand—and, if possible, in a greater degree—there are numerous actions known as "faults" which make the playing of even respectable golf a sheer impossibility.



1. A VERY FAULTY GRIP.

2. THE CORRECT GRIP FOR THE LEFT HAND.



3. THE CORRECT GRIP WITH BOTH HANDS.

Few people worry more than enthusiastic golfers who find their game on the down grade. It is not only to themselves, but to their friends that they put the same dear old question, "How is it that I seem to get worse instead of better every time I go round?" It is to these unhappy mortals that I hope I may be the means of bringing more than a little relief by pointing out what a lengthy experience of the game has taught me are the most prevalent golfing errors of the day.

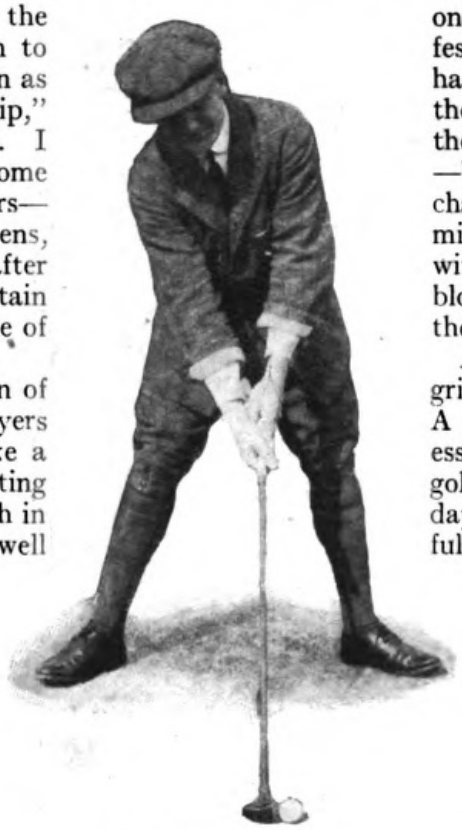
In the first place, let me say that, by some

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strange mental aberration, the average golfer would seem to have but a very hazy notion as to what is the correct "grip," or way of holding his club. I have seen many golfers—some of them quite good players—whose handicap never lessens, and who never improve after they have reached a certain stage of proficiency, because of their faulty grip.

One of the most common of these "grip" faults that players of both sexes seem to take a special delight in perpetrating is holding the club too much in the palms of the hands, as well as keeping the hands too much underneath the shaft of the club (Fig. 1). These mistakes, I would point out, are particularly injurious, in that they are guaranteed to prevent the necessary free action of the wrists.

The first thing is to allow the club-head to find its own lie fair and square on the ground immediately behind the ball, with the face of the club exactly at right angles to the line of flight desired. Take the left hand first (Fig. 2). The shaft should be held in the fingers, the hand being well over the shaft, so that the first three knuckles are visible. The club, too, should be held more tightly with the left than with the right hand, and on no account should the grip be loosened throughout any part of the stroke. So much for the left hand. Now let me turn to the correct grip for both hands (Fig. 3). The first knuckle on the back of the right hand should be just visible, and the V formed by the thumb and first finger on each hand should be in a line with the eye of the player. This point, I would mention, is absolutely essential to allow free play to the wrists. Then, again, the two hands should be as close to one another as is conveniently possible, or, as I once heard a well-known professional put it, "Make one big hand of the two"; for in golf the player's object is not to give the ball "a good hard knock"—but rather to impart to it the character of a blow which the mischievous schoolboy flicks with his forefinger a pillule of blotting-paper at a friend across the schoolroom.



4. A FAULTY STANCE.



5. THE CORRECT STANCE.

After having acquired a good grip, let us pass to the stance. A correct stance is absolutely essential to the player of good golf. And yet I note, day after day, that really keen golfers wilfully persist in adopting a stance so utterly wrong that, on the rare occasion when they do happen to hit a decent ball, it is nothing more or less than an egregious fluke!

Let us glance at the photograph (Fig. 4) of "A faulty stance" on this page, and try to answer the question, "What mistakes is the player making?" Well, in the first place, the feet are placed much too far apart for ease and comfort — and, golf being a game of perfectly easy and natural movements, ease and comfort are a *sine qua non*. Again, the toes are turned out too much. His legs are held too stiff and too straight, and he is adopting far too pronounced a stoop.

Now turn for a moment to the photograph of "The correct stance" (Fig. 5) and compare it with that of the faulty one, and you will see at once how much more sensible and helpful is the one than the other. In the first the player is obviously uncomfortable, and in an utterly hopeless position for swinging his club to the best advantage. In the other, however, his poise is both easy and natural. His feet are not so far apart as to interfere with his natural balance; he is standing well up to the ball with the knees slightly bent, and there

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is no suggestion of stiffness anywhere. To realize the advantages of the correct over the incorrect stance, all you have to do is to study each photograph for a few seconds, and then pose after the manner of the player in each position. You cannot then fail to appreciate to the full how highly valuable to the golfer is the correct stance, and how surely a faulty stance will entail a disastrous catastrophe.



6. A FAULTY BACKWARD SWING—SWAYING THE BODY.



7. CORRECT POSITION FOR THE BACKWARD SWING.

Now let me turn to "the mystic swing." The faults which can be, and are, perpetrated—especially in the backward part of the swing—are almost as numerous as grains of sand on the sea-shore. I confess I often wonder why, for a correct swing is so essentially a natural movement that there seems but little reason why the players should wilfully go out of their way to turn it into an unnatural one.
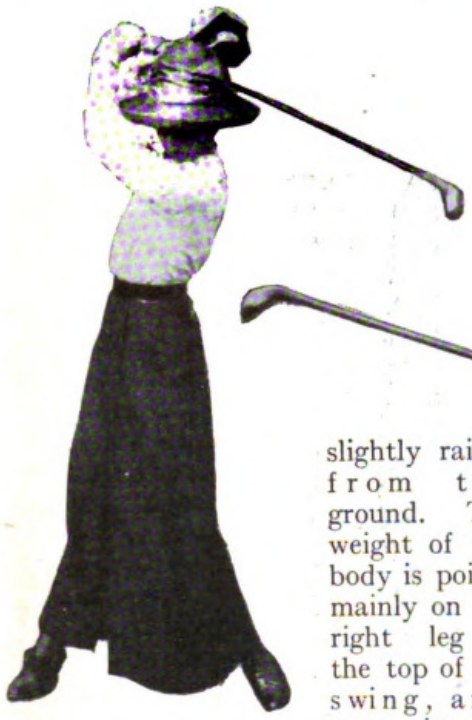
Let me try and explain some of the faults commonly made in the backward swing by aid of the photographs. First and foremost comes that of "swaying the body" (Fig. 6). Throughout the whole process of the swing, and until the ball has been actually hit, the head should be kept quite still and in the same position. The body should turn on the hips, and not be swayed from side to side, and the head should move neither to the right nor to the left of the centre line (Figs. 6 and 7), drawn to show where the head was at the beginning of the stroke.

By comparing Fig. 6 with Fig. 7, where the same line is drawn to emphasize this important point, you will see at once the value of the above remark. In the latter photograph the head of the player is in exactly the same position as when the ball was first addressed. The left arm is straight—without being stiff—the right elbow kept down, a firm grip with the left hand, left wrist well underneath the shaft of the club, left knee slightly bent inwards, and the left heel



8. FAULTS OF THE BACKWARD SWING.

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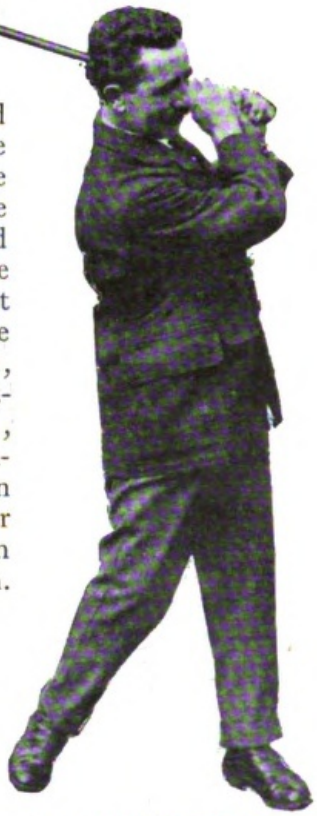
9. LETTING THE CLUB GO BACK TOO FAR.

slightly raised from the ground. The weight of the body is poised mainly on the right leg at the top of the swing, and, most important of all, there is no undue tension in any muscle or joint from start to finish.

In one word, Fig. 7 shows the correct position of the backward swing. Before leaving the all-important "swing," however, let me illustrate some further faults of the backward swing. Thus, compare Fig. 8 with Fig. 7. What are the faults shown in the former? They are many. The left arm is bent too much and the left wrist is too high; the whole position of the arms, in fine, is so cramped that an easy swing is rendered practically impossible, for to have assumed the position there shown the club-head must necessarily have been jerked back from the ball almost straight up instead of with an even sweeping movement, with the club-head kept close to the ground for as long as possible while being taken back. I would here mention, too, that the left wrist must always be under the shaft at the top of the swing, and not over, as shown in Fig. 8.

Still another very prevalent mistake made by golfers of both sexes (especially the fair one) is that of over-swinging, or letting the club go back too far (Fig. 9). This is a fault which inevitably tends to make the player lose control of the club, and also adds to the difficulty of hitting the ball cleanly. Players should at all times bear in mind that the club-head has to come to the same spot from which it started, or perhaps I should say within an eighth of an inch of the same spot, for which reason it is obvious that the more the club is over-swung the more difficult it becomes to hit the ball as it should be hit.

So much for the backward swing. Let me now pass along to the "follow through" and "finish of the swing," correctness of manipulation of which is equally important. The most common faults in the average golfer in the follow through are keeping the arms too much bent and drawing the hands in, thus finishing "round the neck," as illustrated in the photograph (Fig. 10). Other mistakes, which, by the way, are as infectious as the measles, are letting the body fall away backwards and away from the ball, thus causing an unnaturally cramped position which cannot fail to have a disastrous effect on the stroke.



10. A FAULTY "FOLLOW THROUGH."

To illustrate the difference between the correct and the incorrect finish to the swing, I would ask you to compare the position of the players in Figs. 10 and 11. In the former he is "all wrong," in the latter, however, he is "all right." His arms are well out, hands high up, and the weight of the body is thrown on the



11. CORRECT FINISH TO THE FORWARD SWING.

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left leg. Note, too, the position of the left wrist, which should always be well under the shaft, and also glance at the grip of the left hand, which is just as taut as at the beginning of the stroke. Fig. 11 I would commend golfers to study with most particular care, for it illustrates a really fine finish, of which any first-class player might feel proud.

Hitherto I have been dealing with the most common mistakes made with wooden clubs. Now let us consider the prevalent errors with iron clubs, for, although it is in every sense of the word true that the wooden clubs play a very important part in the game, it is equally true that the game of golf is never won solely by the driver.

It will be unnecessary, however, to go into the correct manipulation of the iron clubs with so much detail, for practically all the remarks I have already made apply with equal force to playing with iron clubs. I would lay stress on the fact, however, that, while the grip should be the same, the swing should not be so pronounced; the left arm, too, should be kept straighter with an iron than with a wooden club. Fig. No. 12 emphasizes all these points, the position here shown being in every respect correct.

To a certain extentexperience has taught me that the golfer of average ability generally makes similar mistakes with iron as with wooden clubs. Thus, in Fig. 13, which illustrates a faulty finish with the iron, I would recommend the reader to note the fact that the arms are bent and drawn in too closely towards the body, a mistake which must inevitably lead to a bad finish to an altogether rotten shot.



13. A FAULTY FINISH WITH THE IRON.



12. A POSITION IN EVERY RESPECT CORRECT WITH THE IRON.



14. CORRECT FINISH OF A STROKE WITH THE IRON.

To realize at a glance the correct finish of a stroke with the iron, you should carefully study Fig. 14, which shows the player doing everything right instead of most things wrong. In this photograph carefully note that the player has the arms and hands well away from the body, in direct contrast to the position shown in Fig. 13. Note, too, the position of the club as it comes horizontal behind the head, high above the left shoulder, so that it would have to travel many inches from its normal course to touch the shoulder at all.

While writing on the subject of the swing, I feel bound to say that I have noted that one of the most powerful reasons why so many players lapse into faulty swings lies in the fact that they are tooeager to hit the ball; this, in golfing parlance, is known as "pressing." In fine, their over-zealousness leads

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them to forget that the secret of golf lies in an easy swing and a sweep through, and not in a spiteful blow. I feel sure, therefore, that faulty swings would not be nearly so common if only players would permit the swing to work itself out rather than to hurry it. There is one point, however, that is quite essential to accuracy, and that is that the player should have his eye fixed on the ball from the moment the club has started on the backward swing until he hears the ball struck.

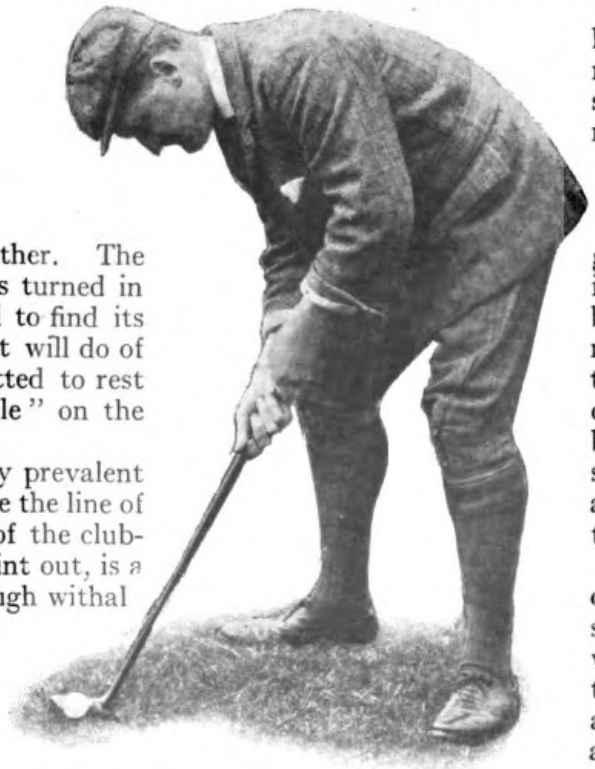
And now let me touch upon the mashie. So far as play with the mashie is concerned, in the backward swing a straight left arm is necessary, and no action should come from the elbow. The arm should never rise above the horizontal when a shot is being made, and the player, too, should take special care to stand more facing the line of direction for this club. If these rules were only borne in mind, some of the egregious mistakes I am now going to touch upon would never be made.



15. INCORRECT POSITION FOR PLAYING A MASHIE SHOT.

What are these mistakes? Fig. 15 shows the faulty manner in which many players attempt to handle this difficult club. First and foremost the grip shown in the illustration is all wrong, in that both wrists are working against each other. The face of the club, too, is turned in instead of being allowed to find its proper position, which it will do of its own accord if permitted to rest undisturbed on its "sole" on the ground.

Still another extremely prevalent "mashie error" is to take the line of flight from the top edge of the club-head. This, I would point out, is a very bad mistake—though withal extremely common—for it is the bottom edge of the club that must be considered in this respect, and kept at right angles to the line of flight desired.



16. INCORRECT POSITION FOR PUTTING.

Finally we come to the club that wins and loses more holes than almost all the others put together. I refer to the putter. An enormous number of putting faults are traceable to two simple causes—viz., cramped position and stooping over the ball, as illustrated in Fig. 16. In this position—which is a very common one—it is practically impossible to give the free movement necessary for such a delicate stroke. I am convinced that if the average player would only stand well up to the ball, keep the feet close together, the knees quite still throughout the stroke, and the eye in a perpendicular line over the ball, he would soon find a great improvement in his putting.

I need hardly say that the eye must be kept fixed on the ball throughout the whole of the stroke. Above all things, players should avoid that little involuntary movement of bending the right knee towards the hole at the moment of impact. It is a very common fault, and tends to make one miss short putts which go to the right of the hole.

And now I think I have touched upon the main faults which cause so many golfers to bemoan the fact, day after day, that, instead of improving with constant practice, they get worse and worse. It is strange, but true, that by some strange unanimity in the working of their minds, half-a-dozen golfers who have been teaching themselves the game will acquire almost precisely the same faults.

I have, therefore, carefully set forth these said faults in a form which I trust—and think—will make this article of more than average value to those who will devote a few minutes to its study.

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Ruth in Exile.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

THE clock struck five—briskly, as if time were money. Ruth Warden got up from her desk and, having put on her hat, emerged into the outer office where M. Gandinot received visitors. M. Gandinot, the ugliest man in Roville-sur-Mer, presided over the local *mont-de-piété*, and Ruth served him, from ten to five, as a sort of secretary-clerk. Her duties, if monotonous, were simple. They consisted of sitting, detached and invisible, behind a ground-glass screen, and entering details of loans in a fat book. She was kept busy as a rule, for Roville possesses two casinos, each offering the attraction of *petits chevaux*, and just round the corner is Monte Carlo. Very brisk was the business done by M. Gandinot, the pawnbroker, and very frequent were the pitying shakes of the head and clicks of the tongue of M. Gandinot, the man; for in his unofficial capacity Ruth's employer had a gentle soul, and winced at the evidences of tragedy which presented themselves before his official eyes.

He blinked up at Ruth as she appeared, and Ruth, as she looked at him, was conscious, as usual, of a lightening of the depression which, nowadays, seemed to have settled permanently upon her. The peculiar quality of M. Gandinot's extraordinary countenance was that it induced mirth—not mocking laughter, but a kind of smiling happiness. It possessed that indefinable quality which characterizes the Billiken, due, perhaps, to the unquenchable optimism which shone through the irregular features; for M. Gandinot, despite his calling, believed in his fellow-man.

"You are going, mademoiselle?"

As Ruth was wearing her hat and making for the door, and as she always left at this hour, a purist might have considered the question superfluous; but M. Gandinot was a man who seized every opportunity of practising his English.

"You will not wait for the good papa who calls so regularly for you?"

"I think I won't to-day, M. Gandinot. I want to get out into the air. I have rather a headache. Will you tell my father I have gone to the Promenade?"

M. Gandinot sighed as the door closed behind her. Ruth's depression had not escaped his notice. He was sorry for her. And not without cause, for Fate had not dealt too kindly with Ruth.

It would have amazed Mr. Eugene Warden, that genial old gentleman, if, on one of those occasions of manly emotion when he was in the habit of observing that he had been nobody's enemy but his own, somebody had hinted that he had spoiled his daughter's life. Such a thought had never entered his head. He was one of those delightful, irresponsible, erratic persons whose heads thoughts of this kind do not enter, and who are about as deadly to those whose lives are bound up with theirs as a Upas tree.

In the memory of his oldest acquaintance, Ruth's father had never done anything but drift amiably through life. There had been a time when he had done his drifting in London, feeding cheerfully from the hand of a long-suffering brother-in-law. But though blood, as he was wont to remark while negotiating his periodical loans, is thicker than water, a brother-in-law's affection has its limits. A day came when Mr. Warden observed with pain that his relative responded less nimbly to the touch. And a little while later the other delivered his ultimatum. Mr. Warden was to leave England, and stay away from England, to behave as if England no longer existed on the map, and a small but sufficient allowance would be made to him. If he declined to do this, not another penny of the speaker's money would he receive. He could choose.

He chose. He left England, Ruth with him. They settled in Roville, that haven of the exile who lives upon remittances.

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Ruth's connection with the *mont-de-piété* had come about almost automatically. Very soon after their arrival it became evident that, to a man of Mr. Warden's nature, resident a stone's-throw distant from two casinos, the small allowance was not likely to go very far. Even if Ruth had not wished to work, circumstances would have compelled her. As it was, she longed for something to occupy her, and, the vacancy at the *mont-de-piété* occurring, she had snatched at it. There was a certain fitness in her working there. Business transactions with that useful institution had always been conducted by her, it being Mr. Warden's theory that Woman can extract in these crises just that extra franc or two which is denied to the mere male. Through constantly going round, running across, stepping over, and popping down to the *mont-de-piété* she had established almost a legal claim on any post that might be vacant there.

And under M. Gandinot's banner she had served ever since.

Five minutes' walk took her to the Promenade des Anglais, that apparently endless thoroughfare which is Roville's pride. The evening was fine and warm. The sun shone gaily on the white-walled houses, the bright Gardens, and the two gleaming casinos. But Ruth walked listlessly, blind to the glitter of it all.

Visitors who go to Roville for a few weeks in the winter are apt to speak of the place, on their return, in a manner that conveys the impression that it is a Paradise on earth, with gambling facilities thrown in. But, then, they are visitors. Their sojourn comes to an end. Ruth's did not.

A voice spoke her name. She turned, and saw her father, dapper as ever, standing beside her.

"What an evening, my dear!" said Mr. Warden. "What an evening! Smell the sea!"

Mr. Warden appeared to be in high spirits. He hummed a tune and twirled his cane. He chirruped frequently to Bill, the companion of his walks abroad, a wiry fox-terrier of a demeanour, like his master's, both jaunty and slightly disreputable. An air of gaiety pervaded his bearing.

"I called in at the *mont-de-piété*, but you had gone. Gandinot told me you had come here. What an ugly fellow that Gandinot is! But a good sort. I like him. I had a chat with him."

The high spirits were explained. Ruth knew her father. She guessed, correctly, that M. Gandinot, kindest of pawnbrokers, had obliged, in his unofficial capacity, with a trifling loan.

"Gandinot ought to go on the stage," went on Mr. Warden, pursuing his theme. "With that face he would make his fortune. You can't help laughing when you see it. One of these days——"

He broke off. Stirring things had begun to occur in the neighbourhood of his ankles, where Bill, the fox-terrier, had encountered an acquaintance, and, to the accompaniment of a loud, gargling noise, was endeavouring to bite his head off. The acquaintance, a gentleman of uncertain breed, equally willing, was chewing Bill's paw with the gusto of a gourmet. An Irish terrier, with no personal bias towards either side, was dancing round and attacking each in turn as he came uppermost. And two poodles leaped madly in and out of the *mêlée*, barking encouragement.

It takes a better man than Mr. Warden to break up a gathering of this kind. The old gentleman was bewildered. He added his voice to the babel, and twice smote Bill grievously with his cane with blows intended for the acquaintance, but beyond that he effected nothing. It seemed probable that the engagement would last till the combatants had consumed each other, after the fashion of the Kilkenny cats, when there suddenly appeared from nowhere a young man in grey.

The world is divided into those who can stop dog-fights and those who cannot. The young man in grey belonged to the former class. Within a minute from his entrance on the scene the poodles and the Irish terrier had vanished; the dog of doubtful breed was moving off up the hill, yelping, with the dispatch of one who remembers an important appointment, and Bill, miraculously calmed, was seated in the centre of the Promenade, licking honourable wounds.

Mr. Warden was disposed to effervesce with gratitude. The scene had shaken him, and there had been moments when he had given his ankles up for lost.

"Don't mention it," said the young man. "I enjoy arbitrating in these little disputes. Dogs seem to like me and trust my judgment. I consider myself a sort of honorary dog."

"Well, I am bound to say, Mr.——?"

"Vince—George Vince."

"My name is Warden. My daughter."

Ruth inclined her head, and was conscious of a pair of very penetrating brown eyes looking eagerly into hers in a manner which she thoroughly resented. She was not used to the other sex meeting her gaze and holding

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it as if confident of a friendly welcome. She made up her mind in that instant that this was a young man who required suppression.

"I've seen you several times out here since I arrived, Miss Warden," said Mr. Vince. "Four in all," he added, precisely.

"Really?" said Ruth.

"I think, my dear——" he said.

"Going to have a dash at the *petits chevaux?*" inquired Mr. Vince. "I was there just now. I have an infallible system."

Mr. Warden started like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet.

"Only it's infallible the wrong way," went



"THE WORLD IS DIVIDED INTO THOSE WHO CAN STOP DOG-FIGHTS AND THOSE WHO CANNOT. THE YOUNG MAN IN GREY BELONGED TO THE FORMER CLASS."

She looked away. Her attitude seemed to suggest that she had finished with him, and would be obliged if somebody would come and sweep him up.

As they approached the casino restlessness crept into Mr. Warden's manner. At the door he stopped and looked at Ruth.

on the young man. "Well, I wish you luck. I'll see Miss Warden home."

"Please don't trouble," said Ruth, in the haughty manner which had frequently withered unfortunate fellow-exiles in their tracks.

It had no such effect on Mr. Vince.

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"I shall like it," he said.

Ruth set her teeth. She would see whether he would like it.

They left Mr. Warden, who shot in at the casino door like a homing rabbit, and walked on in silence, which lasted till Ruth, suddenly becoming aware that her companion's eyes were fixed on her face, turned her head, to meet a gaze of complete, not to say loving, admiration. She flushed. She was accustomed to being looked at admiringly, but about this particular look there was a subtle quality that distinguished it from the ordinary —something proprietorial.

Mr. Vince appeared to be a young man who wasted no time on conventional conversation-openings.

"Do you believe in affinities, Miss Warden?" he said.

"No," said Ruth.

"You will before we've done," said Mr. Vince, confidently. "Why did you try to snub me just now?"

"Did I?"

"You mustn't again. It hurts me. I'm a sensitive man. Diffident. Shy. Miss Warden, will you marry me?"

Ruth had determined that nothing should shake her from her icy detachment, but this did. She stopped with a gasp, and stared at him.

Mr. Vince reassured her.

"I don't expect you to say 'Yes.' That was just a beginning—the shot fired across the bows by way of warning. In you, Miss Warden, I have found my affinity. Have you ever considered this matter of affinities? Affinities are the—the—— Wait a moment."

He paused, reflecting.

"I——" began Ruth.

"'Sh!" said the young man, holding up his hand.

Ruth's eyes flashed. She was not used to having "'Sh!" said to her by young men, and she resented it.

"I've got it," he declared, with relief. "I knew I should, but these good things take time. Affinities are the zero on the roulette-board of life. Just as we select a number on which to stake our money, so do we select a type of girl whom we think we should like to marry. And just as zero pops up instead of the number, so does our affinity come along and upset all our preconceived notions on the type of girl we should like to marry."

"I——" began Ruth again.

"The analogy is in the rough at present. I haven't had time to condense and polish it. But you see the idea. Take my case, for instance. When I saw you a couple of days ago I knew in an instant that you were my affinity. But for years I had been looking for a woman almost your exact opposite. You are dark. Three days ago I couldn't have imagined myself marrying anyone who was not fair. Your eyes are grey. Three days ago my preference for blue eyes was a byword. You have a shocking temper. Three days ago——"

"Mr. Vince!"

"There!" said that philosopher, complacently. "You stamped. The gentle, blue-eyed blonde whom I was looking for three days ago would have drooped timidly. Three days ago my passion for timid droopers amounted to an obsession."

Ruth did not reply. It was useless to bandy words with one who gave such clear evidence of being something out of the common run of word-bandiers. No verbal attack could crush this extraordinary young man. She walked on, all silence and stony profile, uncomfortably conscious that her companion was in no way abashed by the former and was regarding the latter with that frank admiration which had made itself so obnoxious to her before, until they reached their destination. Mr. Vince, meanwhile, chatted cheerfully, and pointed out objects of interest by the wayside.

At the door Ruth permitted herself a word of farewell.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Till to-morrow evening," said Mr. Vince. "I shall be coming to dinner."

Mr. Warden ambled home, very happy and contented, two hours later, with half a franc in his pocket, this comparative wealth being due to the fact that the minimum stake permitted by the Roville casino is just double that sum. He was sorry not to have won, but his mind was too full of rosy dreams to permit of remorse. It was the estimable old gentleman's dearest wish that his daughter should marry some rich, open-handed man who would keep him in affluence for the remainder of his days, and to that end he was in the habit of introducing to her notice any such that came his way. There was no question of coercing Ruth. He was too tender-hearted for that. Besides, he couldn't. Ruth was not the sort of girl who is readily coerced. He contented himself with giving her the opportunity to inspect his exhibits. Roville is a sociable place, and it was not unusual for him to make friends at the casino and to bring them home, when made, for a cigar. Up to the present, he was bound to

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admit, his efforts had not been particularly successful. Ruth, he reflected sadly, was a curious girl. She did not show her best side to these visitors. There was no encouragement in her manner. She was apt to frighten the unfortunate exhibits. But of this young man Vince he had brighter hopes. He was rich. That was proved by the very handsome way in which he had behaved in the matter of a small loan when, looking in at the casino after parting from Ruth, he had found Mr. Warden in sore straits for want of a little capital to back a brand-new system which he had conceived through closely observing the run of the play. He was also obviously attracted by Ruth. And, as he was remarkably presentable—indeed, quite an unusually good-looking young man—there seemed no reason why Ruth should not be equally attracted by him. The world looked good to Mr. Warden as he fell asleep that night.

Ruth did not fall asleep so easily. The episode had disturbed her. A new element had entered her life, and one that gave promise of producing strange by-products.

When, on the following evening, Ruth returned from the stroll on the Promenade which she always took after leaving the *mont-de-piété*, with a feeling of irritation towards things in general, this feeling was not diminished by the sight of Mr. Vince, very much at his ease, standing against the mantelpiece of the tiny parlour.



"THE SKETCH WAS A CARICATURE OF HERSELF."

"How do you do?" he said. "By an extraordinary coincidence I happened to be hanging about outside this house just now, when your father came along and invited me in to dinner. Have you ever thought much about coincidences, Miss Warden? To my mind, they may be described as the zero on the roulette-board of life."

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He regarded her fondly.

"For a shy man, conscious that the girl he loves is inspecting him closely and making up her mind about him," he proceeded, "these unexpected meetings are very trying ordeals. You must not form your judgment of me too hastily. You see me now, nervous, embarrassed, tongue-tied. But I am not always like this. Beneath this crust of diffidence there is sterling stuff, Miss Warden. People who know me have spoken of me as a little ray of sun——. But here is your father."

Mr. Warden was more than usually disappointed with Ruth during dinner. It was the same old story. So far from making herself pleasant to this attractive stranger, she seemed positively to dislike him. She was barely civil to him. With a sigh Mr. Warden told himself that he did not understand Ruth, and the rosy dreams he had formed began to fade.

Ruth's ideas on the subject of Mr. Vince as the days went by were chaotic. Though she told herself that she thoroughly objected to him, he had nevertheless begun to have an undeniable attraction for her. In what this attraction consisted she could not say. When she tried to analyze it, she came to the conclusion that it was due to the fact that he was the only element in her life that made for excitement. Since his advent the days had certainly passed more swiftly for her. The dead-level of monotony had been broken. There was a certain fascination in exerting herself to suppress him, which increased daily as each attempt failed.

Mr. Vince put this feeling into words for her. He had a maddening habit of discussing the progress of his courtship in the manner of an impartial lecturer.

"I am making headway," he observed. "The fact that we cannot meet without your endeavouring to plant a temperamental left jab on my spiritual solar plexus encourages me to think that you are beginning at last to understand that we are affinities. To persons of spirit like ourselves the only happy marriage is that which is based on a firm foundation of almost incessant quarrelling. The most beautiful line in English poetry, to my mind, is, 'We fell out, my wife and I.' You would be wretched with a husband who didn't like you to quarrel with him. The position of affairs now is that I have become necessary to you. If I went out of your life now I should leave an aching void. You would still have that beautiful punch of yours, and there would be nobody to exercise it on. You would pine away. From now on matters should, I think, move rapidly. During the course of the next week I shall endeavour to propitiate you with gifts. Here is the first of them."

He took a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. It was a pencil-sketch, rough and unfinished, but wonderfully clever. Even Ruth could appreciate that—and she was a prejudiced observer, for the sketch was a caricature of herself. It represented her, drawn up to her full height, with enormous, scornful eyes and curling lips, and the artist had managed to combine an excellent likeness while accentuating everything that was marked in what she knew had come to be her normal expression of scorn and discontent.

"I didn't know you were an artist, Mr. Vince," she said, handing it back.

"A poor amateur. Nothing more. You may keep it."

"I have not the slightest wish to keep it."

"You haven't?"

"It is not in the least clever, and it is very impertinent of you to show it to me. The drawing is not funny. It is simply rude."

"A little more," said Mr. Vince, "and I shall begin to think you don't like it. Are you fond of chocolates?"

Ruth did not answer.

"I am sending you some to-morrow."

"I shall return them."

"Then I shall send some more, and some fruit. Gifts!" soliloquized Mr. Vince. "Gifts! That is the secret. Keep sending gifts. If men would only stick to gifts and quarrelling, there would be fewer bachelors."

On the morrow, as promised, the chocolates arrived, many pounds of them in a lordly box. The bludgeoning of fate had not wholly scotched in Ruth a human weakness for sweets, and it was with a distinct effort that she wrapped the box up again and returned it to the sender. She went off to her work at the *mont-de-piété* with the glow of satisfaction which comes to those who exhibit an iron will in trying circumstances.

And at the *mont-de-piété* there occurred a surprising incident.

Surprising incidents, as Mr. Vince would have said, are the zero on the roulette-board of life. They pop up disturbingly when least expected, confusing the mind and altering preconceived opinions. And this was a very surprising incident indeed.

Ruth, as has been stated, sat during her hours of work behind a ground-glass screen, unseen and unseeing. To her the patrons of the establishment were mere disembodied voices—wheedling voices, pathetic voices,

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voices that protested, voices that hectored, voices that whined, moaned, broke, appealed to the saints, and in various other ways endeavoured to instil into M. Gandinot more spacious and princely views on the subject of advancing money on property pledged. She was sitting behind her screen this morning, scribbling idly on the blotting-pad, for there had been a lull in the business, when the door opened, and the polite "Bon jour, monsieur," of M. Gandinot announced the arrival of another unfortunate.

And then, shaking her like an electric shock, came a voice that she knew—the pleasant voice of Mr. Vince.

The dialogues that took place on the other side of the screen were often protracted and always sordid, but none had seemed to Ruth so interminable, so hideously sordid, as this one.

Round and round its miserable centre—a silver cigarette-case—the dreary argument circled. The young man pleaded; M. Gandinot, adamant in his official *rôle*, was immovable.

Ruth could bear it no longer. She pressed her hands over her burning ears, and the voices ceased to trouble her.



"RUTH COULD BEAR IT NO LONGER. SHE PRESSED HER HANDS OVER HER BURNING EARS, AND THE VOICES CEASED TO TROUBLE HER."

And with the silence came thought, and a blaze of understanding that flashed upon her and made all things clear. She understood now why she had closed her ears.

Poverty is an acid which reacts differently on differing natures. It had reduced Mr. Eugene Warden's self-respect to a minimum. Ruth's it had reared up to an abnormal

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growth. Her pride had become a weed that ran riot in her soul, darkening it and choking finer emotions. Perhaps it was her father's naive stratagems for the enmeshing of a wealthy husband that had produced in her at last a morbid antipathy to the idea of playing beggar-maid to any man's King Cophetua. The state of mind is intelligible. The Cophetua legend has never been told from the beggar-maid's point of view, and there must have been moments when, if a woman of spirit, she resented that monarch's somewhat condescending attitude, and felt that, secure in his wealth and magnificence, he had taken her grateful acquiescence very much for granted.

This, she saw now, was what had prejudiced her against George Vince. She had assumed that he was rich. He had conveyed the impression of being rich. And she had been on the defensive against him accordingly. Now, for the first time, she seemed to know him. A barrier had been broken down. The royal robes had proved tinsel, and no longer disguised the man she loved.

A touch on her arm aroused her. M. Gandinot was standing by her side. Terms, apparently, had been agreed upon and the interview concluded, for in his hand was a silver cigarette-case.

"Dreaming, mademoiselle? I could not make you hear. The more I call to you, the more you did not answer. It is necessary to enter this loan."

He recited the details and Ruth entered them in her ledger. This done, M. Gandinot, doffing his official self, sighed.

"It is a place of much sorrow, mademoiselle, this office. How he would not take no for answer, that young man, recently departed. A fellow-countryman of yours, mademoiselle. You would say, 'What does this young man, so well-dressed, in a *mont-de-piété?*' But I know better, I, Gandinot. You have an expression, you English—I heard it in Paris at a café, and inquired its meaning—when you say of a man that he swanks. How many young men have I seen here, admirably dressed—rich, you would say. No, no. The *mont-de-piété* permits no secrets. To swank, mademoiselle, what is it? To deceive the world, yes. But not the *mont-de-piété*. Yesterday also, when you had departed, was he here, that young man. Yet here he is once more to-day. He spends his money quickly, alas! that poor young swanker."

When Ruth returned home that evening she found her father in the sitting-room, smoking a cigarette. He greeted her with effusion, but with some uneasiness—for the old gentleman had nerved himself to a delicate task. He had made up his mind to-night to speak seriously to Ruth on the subject of her unsatisfactory behaviour to Mr. Vince. The more he saw of that young man the more positive was he that this was the human gold-mine for which he had been searching all these weary years. Accordingly, he threw away his cigarette, kissed Ruth on the forehead, and began to speak.

It had long been Mr. Warden's opinion that, if his daughter had a fault, it was a tendency towards a quite unnecessary and highly inconvenient frankness. She had not that easy tact which he would have liked a daughter of his to possess. She would not evade, ignore, agree not to see. She was at times painfully blunt.

This happened now. He was warming to his subject when she interrupted him with a question.

"What makes you think Mr. Vince is rich, father?" she asked.

Mr. Warden was embarrassed. The subject of Mr. Vince's opulence had not entered into his discourse. He had carefully avoided it. The fact that he was thinking of it and that Ruth knew that he was thinking of it, and that he knew that Ruth knew, had nothing to do with the case. The question was not in order, and it embarrassed him.

"I—why—I don't—I never said he was rich, my dear. I have no doubt that he has ample——"

"He is quite poor."

Mr. Warden's jaw fell slightly.

"Poor? But, my dear, that's absurd!" he cried. "Why, only this evening——"

He broke off abruptly, but it was too late.

"Father, you've been borrowing money from him!"

Mr. Warden drew in his breath, preparatory to an indignant denial, but he altered his mind and remained silent. As a borrower of money he had every quality but one. He could not conceal his operations from his daughter. He had come to look on her perspicacity in this matter as a sort of second sight. It had frequently gone far to spoiling for him the triumph of success.

"And he has to pawn things to live!" Her voice trembled. "He was at the *mont-de-piété* to-day. And yesterday too. I heard him. He was arguing with M. Gandinot—haggling——"

Her voice broke. She was sobbing helplessly. The memory of it was too raw and vivid.

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"MR. VINCE REMOVED THE HAND THAT WAS PATTING RUTH'S SHOULDER AND WAVED IT REASSURINGLY AT HIM."

Mr. Warden stood motionless. Many emotions raced through his mind, but chief among them the thought that this revelation had come at a very fortunate time. An exceedingly lucky escape, he felt. He was aware, also, of a certain measure of indignation against this deceitful young man who had fraudulently imitated a gold-mine with what might have been disastrous results.

The door opened and Jeanne, the maid-of-all-work, announced Mr. Vince.

He entered the room briskly.

"Good evening!" he said. "I have brought you some more chocolates, Miss Warden, and some fruit. Great Scot! What's the matter?"

He stopped, but only for an instant. The next he had darted across the room, and, before the horrified eyes of Mr. Warden, was holding Ruth in his arms. She clung to him.

Bill, the fox-terrier, over whom Mr. Vince had happened to stumble, was the first to speak. Almost simultaneously Mr. Warden joined in, and there was a striking similarity between the two voices, for Mr. Warden, searching for words, emitted as a preliminary to them a sort of passionate yelp.

Mr. Vince removed the hand that was patting Ruth's shoulder and waved it reassuringly at him.

"It's all right," he said.

"All right! All *right!*"

"Affinities," explained Mr. Vince over his shoulder. "Two hearts that beat as one.

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We're going to be married. What's the matter, dear? Don't you worry; you're all right."

"I refuse!" shouted Mr. Warden. "I absolutely refuse."

Mr. Vince lowered Ruth gently into a chair and, holding her hand, inspected the fermenting old gentleman gravely.

"You refuse?" he said. "Why, I thought you liked me."

Mr. Warden's frenzy had cooled. It had been something foreign to his nature. He regretted it. These things had to be managed with restraint.

"My personal likes and dislikes," he said, "have nothing to do with the matter, Mr. Vince. They are beside the point. I have my daughter to consider. I cannot allow her to marry a man without a penny."

"Quite right," said Mr. Vince, approvingly. "Don't have anything to do with the fellow. If he tries to butt in, send for the police."

Mr. Warden hesitated. He had always been a little ashamed of Ruth's occupation. But necessity compelled.

"Mr. Vince, my daughter is employed at the *mont-de-piété*, and was a witness to all that took place this afternoon."

Mr. Vince was genuinely agitated. He looked at Ruth, his face full of concern.

"You don't mean to say that you have been slaving away in that stuffy—— Great Scot! I'll have you out of that quick. You mustn't go there again."

He stooped and kissed her.

"Perhaps you had better let me explain," he said. "Explanations, I always think, are the zero on the roulette-board of life. They're always somewhere about, waiting to pop up. Have you ever heard of Vince's Stores, Mr. Warden? Perhaps they are since your time. Well, my father is the proprietor. One of our specialities is children's toys, but we haven't picked a real winner for years, and my father when I last saw him seemed so distressed about it that I said I'd see if I couldn't whack out an idea for something. Something on the lines of the Billiken, only better, was what he felt he needed. I'm not used to brain work, and after a spell of it I felt I wanted a rest. I came here to recuperate, and the very first morning I got the inspiration. You may have noticed that the manager of the *mont-de-piété* here isn't strong on conventional good looks. I saw him at the casino, and the thing flashed on me. He thinks his name's Gandinot, but it isn't. It's Uncle Zip, the Hump-Curer, the Man Who Makes You Smile."



He pressed Ruth's hand affectionately.

"I lost track of him, and it was only the day before yesterday that I discovered who he was and where he was to be found. Well, you can't go to a man and ask him to pose as a model for Uncle Zip, the Hump-Curer. The only way to get sittings was to approach him in the way of business. So I collected what property I had and waded in. That's the whole story. Do I pass?"

Mr. Warden's frosty demeanour had gradually thawed during this recital, and now the sun of his smile shone out warmly. He gripped Mr. Vince's hand with every evidence of esteem, and after that he did not seem to know what to do. Eventually he did what was certainly the best thing, by passing gently from the room. On his face, as he went, was a look such as Moses might have worn on the summit of Pisgah.

It was some twenty minutes later that Ruth made a remark.

"I want you to promise me something," she said. "Promise that you won't go on with that Uncle Zip drawing. I know it means ever so much money, but it might hurt poor M. Gandinot's feelings, and he has been very kind to me."

"That settles it," said Mr. Vince. "It's hard on the children of Great Britain, but say no more. No Uncle Zip for them."

Ruth looked at him, almost with awe.

"You really won't go on with it? In spite of all the money you would make? Are you always going to do just what I ask you, no matter what it costs you?"

He nodded sadly.

"You have sketched out in a few words the whole policy of my married life. I feel an awful fraud. And I had encouraged you to look forward to years of incessant quarrelling. Do you think you can manage without it? I'm afraid it's going to be shockingly dull for you," said Mr. Vince, regretfully.

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The Romance of a Pea-Flower.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," "Some Nature Biographies," "Peeps Into Nature's Ways," etc.

Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

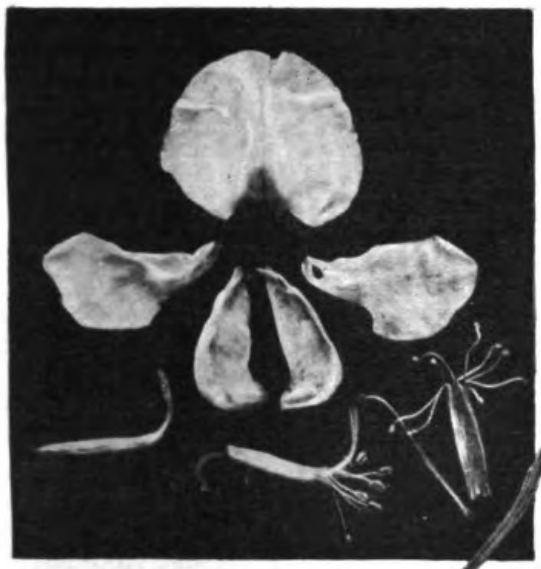


Fig. 1.—The anatomy of a sweet-pea flower.



Fig. 2.—The seed-pod of the sweet-pea, with remnants of the flower at its base.

GROWERS of sweet-peas spend quite an exciting time with the seed specialists' catalogues during the early months of the year. The descriptions of the new varieties are so daintily served that they not only provide enthralling reading, but still more enthralling anticipations as their names are placed upon the order-list.

For example let us quote from a well-known catalogue: "The exquisite sweet-pea we now offer is a lovely Spencer form of Venus. It is of splendid size, delightfully crinkled and fluted, and is absolutely distinct. It is indispensable . . . for decoration, especially in artificial light." Another example: "The flowers are truly magnificent and of immense size. The standard is unusually large and bold, pronouncedly waved, yet standing bold and erect. The colour is a most charming soft, clear, rich lavender, which is enlivened by a very faint sheen of rose-pink." So one novelty wanes in the presence of another until at last the order-list is complete.

The purchaser thenceforth lays out his "fairy-land," and, when his seeds are all beneath the soil, in imagination he prefigures results, picturing here a blaze of rich scarlet, there a veritable shower of huge snowflakes, yonder a bush of bright orange, thrown into contrast by a group of lovely mauve-blues, which are further accompanied with neighbours of delicate coral pink and pale primrose hues. If the work has been well done, more often than not the anticipations are realized, and the grower finds himself glowing with pride in the actuality of what was once but a dreamland of colour and charming forms.

In spite of all this, however, he may have entirely missed the real romance of his pea-flower products. His interests have probably been so completely absorbed in such matters as form, size, colour, etc., that, maybe, he has never given a single thought to the *flower itself*.

He continually reads in his catalogue of flowers with a rose-pink standard and cream-flushed wings and keel, and similar colour variations of standard, wings, and keel, but the question of *why* a pea-flower has a standard (large back petal), wings (two side petals in front of the standard), and keel (attached pair of petals covered by the wings) possibly never enters his mind. Nevertheless, a little attention in that direction will open up entirely new fields of romance in pea-flower life. Indeed, pea-flowers, and

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the plants on which they grow, constitute some of the most marvellous structures in the vegetable world.

In Fig. 1 I have shown a dissected sweet-pea flower, and it is seen to consist of five petals, the uppermost and largest being the "standard," the two side ones the "wings," and the lower pair the "keel." Immediately below the keel pair of petals is seen the central portion of the flower, which is made up of ten yellow-headed stamens (which produce the fertilizing pollen-dust), nine of which are united in their lower part to form a sheath and the upper one of which is free. The sheathing base of the nine stamens encloses a miniature seed-pod with an elongated apex, which is seen pointing upwards. In the left-hand corner of the illustration one of these miniature seed-pods from another flower is shown with the stamens removed, and in the right-hand corner appears the removed sheath of nine stamens, and also the odd one.



Fig. 3. — Flowers of the broom ready for the bee to visit them.

Later on the little seed-pod develops into a large one, as shown in Fig. 2, where the petals are seen shrivelled up and the stamen sheath burst open; but before that occurs many curious things have to happen.

Now, if my reader will attempt to cut a sweet-pea flower into equal halves, it will be found that this can only be accomplished by a median cut. If the same experiment is made with a buttercup, an anemone, or some similar round flower, halves can be cut in any direction. Whenever a flower can only be halved in one direction, as the pea-flower, it may be taken for granted that it has locked its doors against the visits of certain insects and invites only special guests. On the other hand, those flowers with open cup-like blooms, as the buttercup, entertain winged insects indiscriminately—they keep open house, as it were. In other words, all pea-flowers are contrivances to produce, with the aid of special insects, certain mechanical effects which will transfer the fertilizing pollen to the stigma, or apex of the seed-pod, thus ensuring for the plant fertile seed.

The particular insects for which the pea-flower mechanism is adapted are bees. The coloured petals are the sign-boards to attract the eyes of these thirsty insects, and to intimate to them that sweet nectar is there obtainable. The sweet perfume given out by the flower floats in the air and guides the bee to the sign-boards; and so it is lured to the flower. Then, the moment it alights, the floral machinery is set in motion.



Fig. 4.—The broom flowers shown in Fig. 3, after they have been visited by the bee. The weight of the insect causes the coiled stamens to suddenly spring out and dust its body with pollen, which it conveys to the next flower it visits.

Full directions are given to it how to act. The broad "standard" petal at the top or back of the flower serves as a stop-barrier, whereby the bee learns that it can get no farther in that direction (see central flower of Fig. 3). Then it is led to alight upon the "wings," for they are arranged in such a manner that their smooth surface will receive the bee only in one position. The wings, however, are provided with projections (Fig. 1) which coincide with indentations in the keel petals, and the moment the bee alights these indentations interlock with those of the keel, and the weight of the insect then lowers both wings and keel together.

Before the flower is fully opened the swollen heads of the stamens discharge their

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Fig. 5.—The flowering stem of the laburnum is at first upright as shown on the right. Later on, it is suspended below the branch as shown in the example on the left. This change of position causes the flowers to be placed upside-down, and—

fertilizing pollen-dust, which accumulates at the end of the keel. Consequently, when the bee presses down the wings and keel the elongated apex of the seed-pod pushes out, bringing with it some of the mass of pollen-dust, which is pressed against the hairy breast of the bee while it searches for the nectar. When the bee departs the various organs resume their normal position again. Any of my readers can readily imitate the effect produced by the bee by carefully pressing on the wings of a sweet-pea flower with finger and thumb.

When the insect departs it carries with it, adhering to the hairs of its body, many thousands of fertilizing pollen-grains, and it may be that the next flower it visits is an older one—*i.e.*, one that has been opened for several days—in which case its pollen may all have been dispersed owing to the visits of earlier bees. On such a flower, then, the pollen-laden bee alights, the stigma, or apex of the seed-pod, at once protruding from the keel and coming into contact with the mass of pollen carried by the insect. In this manner the stigma gets dusted over, and as at this stage it has become viscid, the pollen-grains readily adhere, and so the transference of pollen from one flower to the stigma of the other is effected by the agency of the bee.

It will be seen that each flower has its mechanism so contrived as to ensure that its stigma will receive pollen from another flower. The stamens mature and their pollen is distributed by the visiting bees, then the stigma ripens ready to receive pollen in return from neighbouring flowers. Cross-fertilization is thus effected, and a good seed-stock ensured.

The details of the floral structure are very marvellous. We have already seen that nine stamens are united and the upper one free. If we observe the bee at work, the function of that free stamen becomes clear. It is removed so that a passage may be left for the insertion of the bee's tongue into the tube of the flower when reaching the honey. It happens, too, that there are some



Fig. 6.—as they can only receive the bee when upright, each flower as it develops twists half round on its little stalk to correct its position. Those buds on the lower part of the stem are seen to be turning round, while those above have attained their correct position.

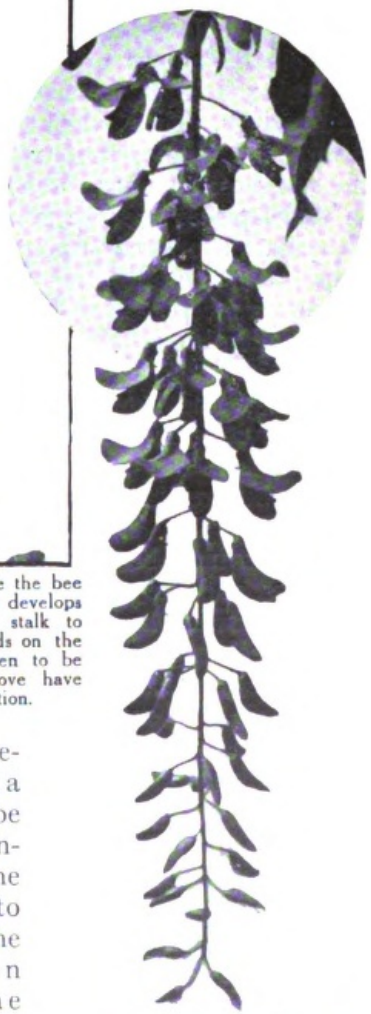


Fig. 7.—The laburnum flowers in the upper part are ready to receive the bee, but the lowest and youngest buds are turning into their proper position.

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pea-flowers which do not produce honey, and in those species the ten stamens are united in one ring, no space being left for the bee's proboscis to enter.

In watching sweet-pea flowers it will be observed that the bees seldom visit them. As a matter of fact, the sweet-pea is a monstrosity of cultivation—an exaggerated form of flower—and consequently the bees have not kept pace with it; they much prefer the natural pea-flowers of the wild peas and vetches, the broom, the laburnum, etc., all of which are constructed on, more or less, the same principle as the sweet-pea; indeed, in these natural pea-flowers can we best observe their relationship with insects.

In Fig. 3 some flowers of broom are shown just at the stage when they are ready for pollination. In Fig. 4 these same flowers are seen after the bee has visited them. In this case, when the flower first opens, the pollen is simply pushed out much after the manner of the sweet-pea flower previously described, but when the flower is a day or two old five long, coiled stamens and a stigma mature, these being held in a state of tension, like watch-springs. Then, when the bee alights on the wings of the flower its weight causes the release of these stamens and a veritable explosion takes place, the bee getting a cloud of pollen-dust showered upon it. The long stigma then spirally incurves, eventually bringing its receptive surface into position to receive pollen brought by a bee from another flower.

The wings and keel of the mature broom-flower do not spring back into position again after the bee has once released the long stamens, but remain open, as shown in the photograph. The experiment of releasing the stamens may be readily performed with the fingers, and the explosion of pollen which greets the visiting bee will then be observed.

If the mechanism of a pea-flower is to carry out its functions it must be correctly placed. For example, if a sweet-pea or broom flower was placed upside-down and a bee alighted upon the "wings," its weight would pull the wrong way, and the floral mechanism could not act. It so happens, however, that some pea-flowers do develop with their standard below and their keel above, or, in other words, they grow upside-down—the laburnum is a familiar example.

There are good reasons for supposing that at one period in the laburnum's history its flowers were not hung in pendent racemes below the branches (Fig. 7), but were borne erect. Indeed, even now the flower-stalk in its early stages is held upright above the branch (Fig. 5), and then slowly droops until it becomes pendent.

This change of position of the flowering stem necessarily changed the position of the flowers, causing them to be placed upside-down, or as they appear in Fig. 7 when the photograph is viewed inverted. It is, therefore, extremely interesting to observe how the laburnum has overcome this difficulty, which is illustrated in Fig. 6.

The photograph shows that each flower, before it opens, twists half round on its little stalk, thus bringing the standard to the top and the keel to the base. The lower and younger flowers are seen to have their keels upturned; but as the time of pollination draws near each flower attains the correct position to receive its insect guests. In Fig. 7 the raceme of blossoms shows the fully-developed upper flowers in perfect order, while the lower ones have yet to fall into line.

Amongst pea-flower plants we find numerous instances of such devices in overcoming difficulties so that their flowers may be pollinated. In Fig. 8 is a common wild vetch which has a curious method of protecting its flowers from the visits of ants—which are honey-thieves, stealing the honey without conveying pollen to the stigmas.

It will be observed that each leaf consists of numerous leaflets and some climbing tendrils. Also, at the base of each leaf, where it is attached to the main stem, two small scales (which the botanist terms "stipules") bearing black spots appear.

It was during a very hot day of last summer, while working with a camera at a quiet spot overlooking the Menai Strait, that I fully realized the meaning of these scales and their dark-coloured spots. I was lying flat on the ground amidst some tall grasses resting, and amongst these grasses some of these common vetch plants were growing. As I looked up amongst the grass and vetch stems from below I observed that from each of the little scales at the base of the vetch leaves there was suspended a globule of liquid. On tasting the liquid I found that it was sweet. After that discovery I watched very patiently for more than an hour, and then the expected happened —an ant climbed the stem.

It travelled quickly up until it reached the base of the first leaf, when it was suddenly stopped by the two scales. Then it discovered the globules of nectar which were oozing from the dark-coloured spots, and these it promptly licked up. By this time it

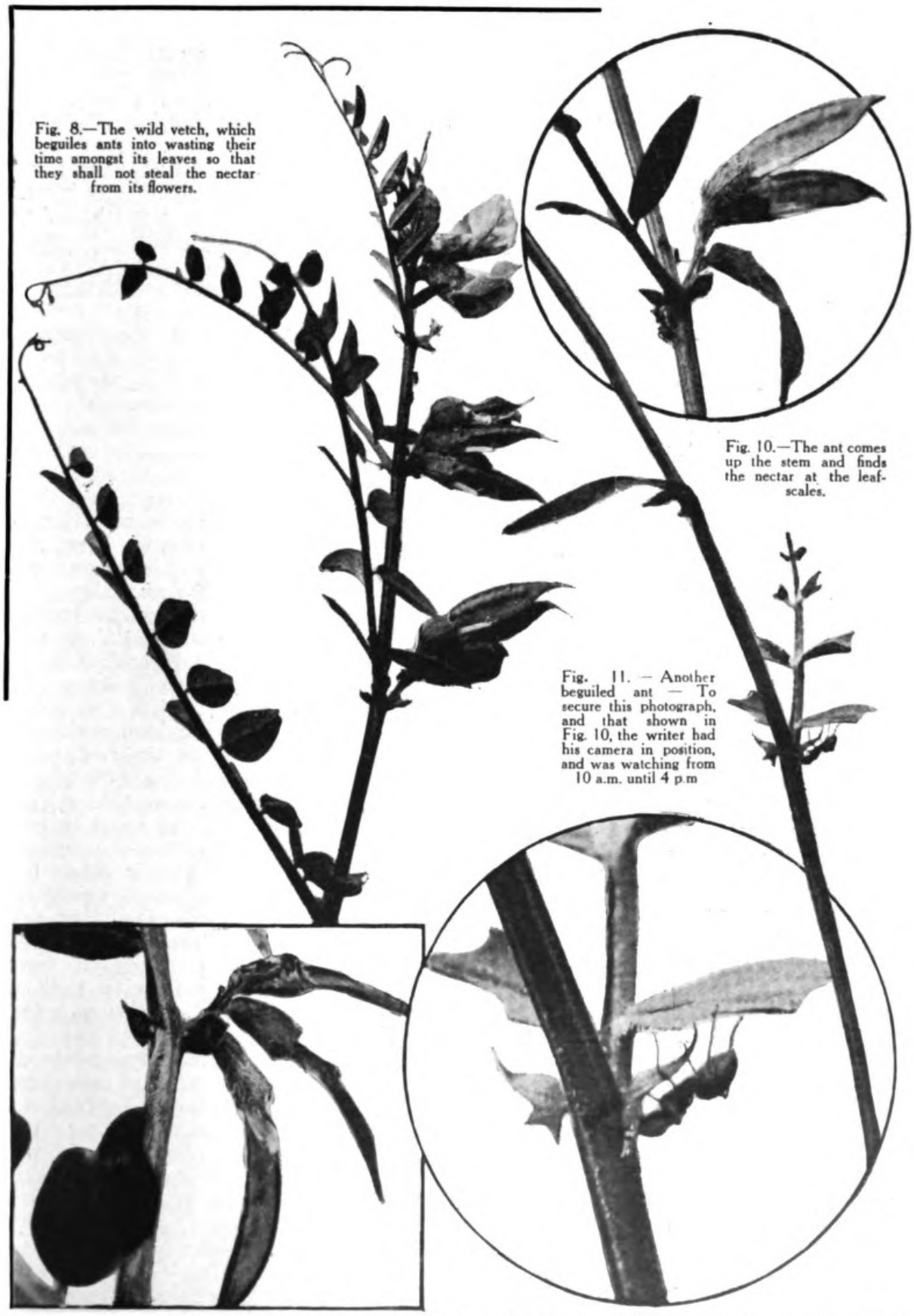


Fig. 8.—The wild vetch, which beguiles ants into wasting their time amongst its leaves so that they shall not steal the nectar from its flowers.

Fig. 10.—The ant comes up the stem and finds the nectar at the leaf-scales.

Fig. 11. — Another beguiled ant — To secure this photograph, and that shown in Fig. 10, the writer had his camera in position, and was watching from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m

Fig. 9.—The scales at the base of the leaves where the nectar for the ants is secreted, slightly enlarged.

Fig. 12.—An enlarged view of the ant shown in Fig. 11—It is shown just in the act of sipping the nectar from the leaf-scales.

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had been diverted from travelling up the main stem and continued its course up the central axis of the leaf, but at the first leaflet it came to it stopped and travelled completely round its edge, then it went on to the next leaflet and did likewise, and so on round all the leaflets. Evidently it expected to find more nectar.

After it had spent about twelve minutes on this leaf and had investigated every leaflet, even including the tendrils at the apex, it worked its way down again. When it reached the base of the leaf the scales again momentarily occupied its attention—but that was sufficient; it had apparently quite forgotten its original intention of travelling up the stem to the flowers, for it now made its way down the stem to the ground.



Fig. 13.—The broom seed-pods, photographed at 9 a.m. on a hot day.

Fig. 14.—The broom seed-pods shown in Fig. 13 at 3 p.m.—Each pod is now empty, and the seeds have been projected to considerable distances owing to the sudden bursting of the pods and the twisting of the valves.

The greater part of the following day was spent in obtaining the two pictures shown in Figs. 10 and 11, and which I think I may claim to be unique photographs.

Such was the wild vetch's device to reserve the nectar of its purple flowers for the bees which assist in its fertilization. It was seldom that an ant passed the first leaf on the stem, and I never saw one get beyond the second, so effectually were the flowers protected. That these honey-glands of the leaves have a relationship with the floral structures is conclusively proved by the fact that they secrete their honey only while the flowers are blooming.

All these floral mechanical devices of the pea-flowers, and the complex details which ensure their safe working, are the means towards the production of a seed-pod in which the destiny of their future race is contained. Even the seed-pods themselves are marvellous contrivances. A broom-clad heath in late July or August becomes almost a battlefield of bursting shell and shot, for the seed-pods, drying in the scorching sun (Fig. 13), are continually exploding as the tension of their valves becomes too great to withstand (Fig. 14). The incessant poppings on all sides are quite audible, and after each one there is a momentary bombardment of seeds for several yards. In that manner the offspring of the plant find unoccupied spaces in which to grow and live; so efficiently has the floral mechanism completed its work.

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His Swan Song.

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

THE black and terrible pine forests around Lac du Loup had been his home until he fell into a murky melancholy at the age of twenty-three — "the malady of twenty-three," as it has been called by some psychologists. Then, when Dreyss's strange boy ceased to sing and began to mope under the trees and commune with the dogs, his father Jacques, the French-Canadian trapper and lumberman, had taken him to his brother Michel, a baker at Quebec.

Young Jules Dreyss detested the trade, and after a year he took what money he had earned and ran off to Toronto, which was less sleepy and less French than Quebec. Here, in time, he added an "n" to the name of his former trade and became a "banker." That, at least, is what he called himself. He was, in truth, only a clerk, although a very responsible clerk, who had charge of all the mortgage matters in the Provincial Bank of Charleroy at Toronto. Large sums were handled by him, and always after they had passed through his slim, brown fingers they were checked by the saturnine and suspicious manager of the bank, Achille Pierre Latour, who always found them correct. For this, and because of his fine, defiantly frank countenance and honest brown eyes, he became one of the most trusted employés of the bank. There was but one thing about him that was a little dubious. This was his beautiful, untrained tenor voice



"THE STRANGE BOY CEASED TO SING AND BEGAN TO MOPE UNDER THE TREES."

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and his hair, which he wore longer than his bald or bullet-headed fellow-clerks deemed proper. At times, too, Manager Latour saw a strange, far-off dreaminess creep into Jules's eyes—a very questionable quality in a bank clerk.

Seven weeks ago Jules had borrowed a certain sum from the funds in his charge. It was his intention to devote it to some tempting speculation which he regarded with sanguine and imaginative eyes, to make a goodly profit, and then restore the original sum. The money was lost—and yet he had done no more with the bank's money than the bank did with that of the depositors. For some weeks he had been able to conceal the shortage. But now the devils of discovery arose before him and he knew all must soon come to light. So the night before, yielding to another temptation—and a long-cherished dream—he had taken fifty thousand dollars in Canadian bills of various denominations. Then he had gone to his boarding-house, packed a few trifles in his bag, slung it about his shoulder with a strap, and caught the evening train for Niagara Falls Centre, Ontario. Here it would be an easy matter to pass over to the United States. There was a bridge there.

When he reached the Canadian side of the falls it was something past ten o'clock. The month was June, and there was a broad, copper-coloured moon. He resolved to wait until the moon had set, then cross the gorge to New York. He heard the eternal roar of the cataracts going up into the night. Masses of vapour climbed into the air above the trees. He had never seen Niagara Falls. Now at last he was close to them, and, as their deep and troubled voice came up from the profounds, something stirred in him as it were with wings. The train drew out and still he stood there, rooted to the platform. Then slowly he made his way down the hill, toward the voice that was calling him. As he approached the levels between the houses fronting the gorge, the vision of the falls burst upon him. He stared in awe and fascination at the colossal walls of white, collapsing waters, divided by an island. Their beautiful, powdery plunging went on for ever and for ever—and their thundering and their smoking. Then the walks that border the bluffs of Victoria Park lured him along. He entered one of the little stone kiosks near the brink of the cliff and leaned over the parapet. He gave little thought to the bag whose strap ran across his left shoulder—nor to the fifty thousand dollars in crisp Canadian notes. Here was a wonder-world such as had filled his dreams—majestic, full of beauty and power. Before this panorama of water he understood Nero's joy before his panorama of fire. Just as Nero had played, he would have loved to sing. It was like a glorious portal to the new life he was to lead—an overture to his career.

The spectral days and haunted nights in the wolf-infested pinewoods with his parents and brothers, the year's slavery in the flour-dusted cellar, sweating before the hot ovens of his uncle Michel, the dull routine of the bank with his vulgar, soulless associates—all that lay in the past. He was free at last, like the triumphant, shouting waters. Why, he was more than free—he was rich—with that fifty thousand dollars in his bag! He pictured the fury of the black-haired, satanic Achille Pierre Latour—and found pleasure in the picture. Yes, but that the stark grandeur of the place and time was too great, he would certainly have sung.

It had always been his one ambition to become a professional opera-singer. The gloomy timber tract, the baker's basement, the brass and marble of the bank were all as stepping-stones. Even that disastrous speculation of last April was intended only to provide him liberty and means to perfect his singing. During his five years' career as a bank clerk he had attended every Grand Opera performance given in Toronto. This bright world of music, passion, and romance had begun to crowd out the realities of life to him—as Manager Latour had observed. A teacher in Toronto had told him that his voice must be trained—either in Paris or Berlin. The virile and heroic operas of Wagner attracted him most. He was in love, above all things, with "Lohengrin." As most youths of any imagination are seized, sooner or later, with a passion to act Hamlet, so Jules Dreyss longed to act the glorious knight Lohengrin, with his silver armour, white plumes, and golden locks. To be drawn down a miraculous river in a fairy boat by a crowned and stately swan, the while he poured thrilling, golden cadences into the hearts of rapt audiences—that had become Jules's very summit of human joy and glory. He had even chosen the name that he would make famous. Dreyss was too short and harsh. Thenceforth he would call himself Leo Arnim, a name that was musical and romantic. He had found it in a book of German poetry. At first he had chosen Vergalini as a surname, but this, being Italian, would not have been proper for a Wagnerian tenor. He would also let his hair

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grow a little longer now. When the moon had set he would cross over to the United States. There the net of the law had larger meshes than in Canada. From that moment Jules Dreyss would be dead and Leo Arnim would begin to live.

The moon was now low on the horizon, the tops of trees were splotching its livid face. Soon the world of water, foam, and mist grew darker, and the sky was left to the stars. Then Jules Dreyss walked towards the upper steel-arch bridge that spanned the stupendous gorge. The bridge was brightly lighted and lay like a broad, smooth path before him. It linked Canada and the United States together. It was the path from his old existence to his new life.

At the little stone lodge from which flew the Union Jack he bought his toll-ticket and made his way along the footwalk. The mist from the American falls came drifting over him; the iron struts and rods of the bridge were dripping. Below, far below, the wide river boiled and threshed.

At the American end of the bridge the Stars and Stripes were flying. There would be Customs officers there. He carried his overcoat on his arm in such a way as to conceal the small bag that nestled at his side. He passed the stone watch-tower. A man with a gold-braided cap and a grey moustache sat near a window in which there was a slide.

"Ticket!" he called sharply, as Dreyss walked past. At the same time he gave him a sharp glance, appeared satisfied, and settled back again.

Leo Arnim felt the earth of New York crunching under his feet and was glad. He made his way up Falls Street and asked for the railway station. It was now past twelve o'clock.

"When does the next train leave for New York?" he asked the clerk at the ticket-office.

"Three thirty-five," said the sleepy youth.

"Thank you," said Leo Arnim.

There was little use in going to an hotel just for a few hours. He would survey the falls and the park, listen a little longer to the deep voice of the cataract chanting its anthem to the stars. So he made his way back to the bridge, turned to the left, and reached Prospect Point, on the brink of the American falls. He leaned against the iron railing and glanced down at the black, writhing water—it looked like polished steel and onyx in the starshine. It was a world of huge profounds, darkness, and thunder. It fascinated him, the churning, foam-flaked stream, the stunning roll and bellowing of the lofty floods that fell and smothered the floods in the deeps.

Then he walked through the park along the banks of the rapids, and saw the hounded, careering waves lashing themselves white, hissing and leaping before their terrible plunge. There was a bridge that led across the stream to Green Island, thence to Goat Island. The islands were full of a magic nocturnal charm. The stone bridge, however, was closed by a heavy timber which stretched across it. From this hung two red lanterns. The roadway of the bridge was under repair — at present it was covered with heavy planks. But Arnim, formerly Jules Dreyss, was not to be barred from visiting the magic islands by a mere piece of timber. He slipped under the barrier and began to walk over the rough, mortar-caked planks. Near the middle of the bridge he stepped on a board which tilted and suddenly gave beneath him. He clawed and flung about to save himself, fell, and caught with convulsive fingers and broken nails to the slanting flange of an I-beam which was to support the concrete slabs of the new road-bed. He felt the cold presence of the water beneath him—like the breath of some hungry, living monster. He heard it swirl and rush; then, as his fingers slipped on their scant hold, he plunged downward with a terrible yell. The terrorized instinct of life flashed out in one thought across his soul: "I am falling in a dream!"

But when his body struck the water he knew it was the reality of death. Then, in the white blaze that went up in his brain, the outer world flared high and withered into blackness. His flesh, fighting against the cold, strangling water, flung visions and sensations like lightnings into his memory—a fall into Lac du Loup when he was sixteen and the slow, dim death that came upon him then. The water tore and spun him from under the bridge. Less than a quarter of a mile below, the river flung itself over the precipice into the abyss forming the American falls. Midway between bridge and brink were the rapids made by the boulders in the river-bottom. Here the waves broke and foamed with the fury of maniacs.

Jules Dreyss was seized by giant hands and whirled under and over. He felt the cold push and tug of the interlacing currents. He caught a swift glimpse of the skies through his half-blinded eyes. Then the lamps along the river-walks whirled by like a troop of white and yellow stars. There was a dark, chaotic vision of tree-shapes and houses beyond the trees—glimpses of a world that

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was already lost. He made a frantic effort to swim, and buried his face and arms in the clashing water. The strap of his bag entangled his arm. A dark, puffed-up thing floated by him—his overcoat. Every second swept him nearer and nearer to the horror of the falls. He thought of the hideous plunge into the deeps, of being dashed upon the brutal boulders hundreds of feet below, with all the mass of the river crushing and flooding out his little spark of life. As he swept on, struggling impotently, he felt a sudden jar. Something caught him on the breast with a shock, and slid on beneath his body. His face scraped along a surface that was cold, slimy, and hard. He flung out his arms and grasped some stiff and scrubby growth. His downward dash was instantly arrested, and his head lifted clear of the racing water.

He had been swept on to a small rock. It lay low in the water, and at times a crest of foam broke over and almost covered it. The top was rough and full of cracks. From these grew wisps of coarse grass. He clutched this grass with cold and rigid fingers. Slowly he wormed his way higher on the rock. With infinite care, trembling in every fibre, he crouched down on the cold, wet surface. But for this rock he would have been swept over the falls—bruised and ground in that terrible mill of boulders and falling rivers. His broken body would even now be tossing along the mad, thundering stretches of the Whirlpool Rapids, that boiled into mountains of foam. He had read of what became of the bodies that were swept over the falls. They were always found drifting round and round in the enormous yellow whirlpool below the great rapids. Round and round they went, in a slow, steady, remorseless dance with mangled tree-trunks stripped of their bark, with dead sticks and flotsam, in that calm but terrible cauldron which the river had hollowed for itself out of the Canadian shore.

He had escaped the falls, but he was a prisoner of the river. He knew it would be difficult to rescue him. He looked towards the bank, and saw several black figures strolling along the street beyond the trees of the park. He shouted, but his voice was drowned in the deep mutter of the rapids and falls. They would discover him to-morrow. He would be rescued then. He would also be arrested. There would be extradition papers between Canada and this country. He would be taken back to Toronto. But all that was better than to be floating lifeless in the swirl of the greater whirlpool. He had read of a young American poet who had rhymed himself out of jail. Might he not prove as successful, and sing himself out?

He shivered with the cold and the hand which Death had just laid on him. It would be at least four hours before dawn. The dark silhouettes of the people on the bank vanished one after another; some of the street lights went out. He sat there, his leather bag with the fifty thousand dollars between his drawn-up knees, his eyes fixed on the white cloud-masses that came wallowing up endlessly from the boiling depths. They took on monstrous shapes and forms and faces. They reminded him of the cloud scene in "The Valkyrie." And then the abysmal voice of the cataract! He had never heard such a voice. It was as if all the voices of the earth were calling to the heavens. It also called to something within him—deep, as it were, to deep. All night long he listened to its throbbing, watery thunder. It filled all the universe and shook the stars—and more than that—his soul.

When the town of Niagara Falls awoke the next morning it found the air charged with the thrilling news that there was a man on the little rock in the river. And presently the excitement was lashed to boiling-point when it became known that he was also a thief of formidable figure. Soon the walks and lawns along the bank, the bridge, and the slopes of Green Island were packed deep with thousands of people. A hundred different plans were now proposed by the public officials on the bridge for rescuing the young man on the rock.

Leo Arnim, formerly Jules Dreyss, saw the crowds assemble. The sight, at first, was not displeasing to him. Never had he been the point of interest, the central figure for so many other fellow-creatures before. They were all gazing at him, wondering about him. He was exalted by his terrible plight into something grand and romantic. From three sides ten thousand eyes watched his every move and look. He could see the crowds thronging the terraces and escarpments of Victoria Park on the Canadian side. There were little clusters of folk on the house-tops. Two mighty nations were regarding him and only him—a little figure on his tiny stage in the midst of the threshing torrents. Nevertheless, he hoped that they would rescue him soon. He could make nothing of all their shouting and gesticulating.

The sun was well up now and began to warm his stiffened limbs. He stood up on his rock—this attitude was far more dignified.

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It was reminiscent of Monte Cristo after his escape from the Château d'If. The wind flung his long locks about his white forehead. But the racing of the river, which braided itself like thick emerald streamers flecked with foam, made him dizzy, so he sat down again and crossed his legs like a Turk or a tailor. His head was beginning to feel very queer. Everything in the world was taking on strange aspects and proportions. They were dragging a boat alongside the granite bridge. From the bridge a long rope attached to the boat was being paid out by dozens of willing hands. Leaping and careering the boat came towards him. Half-way between the rock and the bridge an uprearing swirl caught and turned it over. A cry went up. The boat was drawn back, bottom up, and righted once more. Again the rope was paid out. This time the boat came closer, only to be pitched violently against a sharp tusk of stone which was scarcely visible above the surface of the water. This tore a hole in the thin wood bottom—the boat filled and sank.



"BESIDE HIM, TO ARNIM'S SUDDEN HORROR, STOOD A LEAN, DARK MAN, WITH A GOATEE AND MEPHISTOPHELEAN FEATURES."

Above the tumult of the cataract young Arnim heard a groan go up from the lips of the watching multitude. A devastating fear suddenly took hold of him. He began to make wild, imploring gestures. The crowds became agitated, waved hands; men ran hither and thither.

Leo, formerly Jules, suddenly became aware of a man with a red face and still redder moustache, who stood in the centre of the bridge and waved a white paper. This person made frantic, threatening gestures. Leo recognized him as a detective of the Toronto Police, who sometimes had dealings with the bank. Beside him, to Arnim's sudden horror, stood a lean, dark man, with a goatee and Mephistophelean features. He wore a silk hat and a frock-coat. Jules Dreyss knew him all too well—Jules Dreyss, for now he no longer felt himself as Leo Arnim, Wagnerian tenor. When he looked into that face he was again only Jules Dreyss, a bank-clerk, thief, absconder, a wretched human atom caught relentlessly between the hostile

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forces of man and Nature. The man in the top-hat was none other than Achille Pierre Latour, the cold-hearted, aristocratic manager of the Provincial Bank of Charleroy. His clerks were fond of likening him to a block of ice in a steel vault. Behind this pair were several men in blue uniforms and brass buttons—American police officials.

From his rock Jules could see the cold, stony glitter of Latour's black eyes. The external world grew still more distorted to his vision—as though it were a painted scene in wind. The thousands of focused eyes, the swirling water, and hypnotic roaring of the falls had cast a hideous spell over him. Latour's malignant eyes—like a sharpshooter's from a distance — bored through him. They appeared to swell and then shrink again, like a snake's ; they became hot, glowing planets of agate, surrounded by a dusky, iridescent haze. The dark and devilish visage scowled at him, until at last he saw almost nothing but Latour and the man with the paper—a warrant, no doubt, for his arrest and extradition. He now underwent the sensations of a rat in a trap—watched by giants. He felt that all mankind was pitted against him, as if he were about to be drowned in his cage or torn to shreds by the teeth of the waters that ravened about him.

He took off the strap that held the little handbag at his side. At this simple manœuvre the apoplectic official on the bridge danced wildly about and waved his document more frantically than ever. Even the sinister and dignified Latour showed signs of distress. A sudden inspiration came to Dreyss. Rat, prisoner, fugitive that he was, he still had power over them—he, the unknown singer, had power over all these people, over the law and the world—with the world's own dirt, with the world's own money ! It was his armour and his arms. Defiantly now Jules Dreyss stood up, the foam licking at his shoes. Carefully he opened the bag and took out the roll of bank-notes. He stripped off the rubber bands and the damp paper wrapper, which fluttered heavily away. Then he waved the green and yellow notes in the air. He made a motion as if to throw them into the water. A roar greeted this gesture—a gesture which seemed to paralyse the police official and the bank manager.

The world was not only being turned upside down in Jules's phantasmal brain, but inside out as well. He now felt himself, not as a mite, but a monarch. His rock became a throne. He could dictate terms. They were shouting to him from the bridge. He shouted back, and made lordly, expressive motions with the fluttering notes.

" Promise to let me go-o-o !—or I'll throw the money a-wa-a-ay ! I'll throw it a-wa-a-ay ! Promise to let me go ! "

He did not know whether they heard him, but his vast audience was thrown into prodigious excitement. The two men in the group on the bridge became frantic. They bellowed until their eyes started forth like those of crabs. They made convulsive, beseeching, threatening signs. It was the money they cared for, thought Jules Dreyss, and not his life, the dogs ! It was like looking right into the black and cruel heart of the world—the wolfish heart he hoped to charm with his singing. Some cosmic ray broke in upon him, some glimpse of the truth behind the truth. His past years and the dim years of the future telescoped upon each other, and met with a clash in his brain.

" Throw that — pa-a-a-per — into — the ri-i-i-ver ! " he sang out in his clearest tones to the Canadian detective, " or I'll—throw—the money a-wa-a-ay ! "

He made another splendid and reckless gesture with the fifty thousand dollars in Dominion notes. One of the bills escaped his fingers, sailed high into the air, and then blew towards the left bank. It flew closely over the heads of the crowd assembled there. A thousand open hands stretched out to seize it. It fluttered a little, then dived. Immediately there was a tangled mass of fighting, clamouring humanity, struggling crazily for the bill. All eyes were turned away from Jules.

This incident seemed to convert the two chief personages on the bridge into frenzied automata. The detective shook his fist, his mouth opened and shut with unheard howls. He waved the thick, long warrant like a club. It struck, by chance, against the arm of Achille Pierre Latour, who was also gesticulating in demoniacal fury, though with more grace. The paper fell into the river. Jules, smiling triumphantly, saw it bobbing and tossing towards him. As it neared he attempted to reach it, but it swept by and went charging down the rapids. He had scored against the law as he fancied—the minion of the law had given up the warrant at his threat—his terms were accepted. He felt remarkably light-hearted, even light-headed, now. The world had shrunk back and become very small, but he, in turn, had grown, and now towered in his triumph over a multitude of slaves and pygmies.

They were preparing to send another

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"HE WAVED THE BANK-NOTES ABOVE HIS HEAD AND STRUCK A PICTURESQUE ATTITUDE."

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boat down stream to him. It came plunging stern-first, white and shining, as the rope was paid out. It struck sharply against the rock. He seized the gunwale, steadied the boat, then stood irresolute for a space.

"Get in! Get in!" He heard a roar go up that overwhelmed Niagara's.

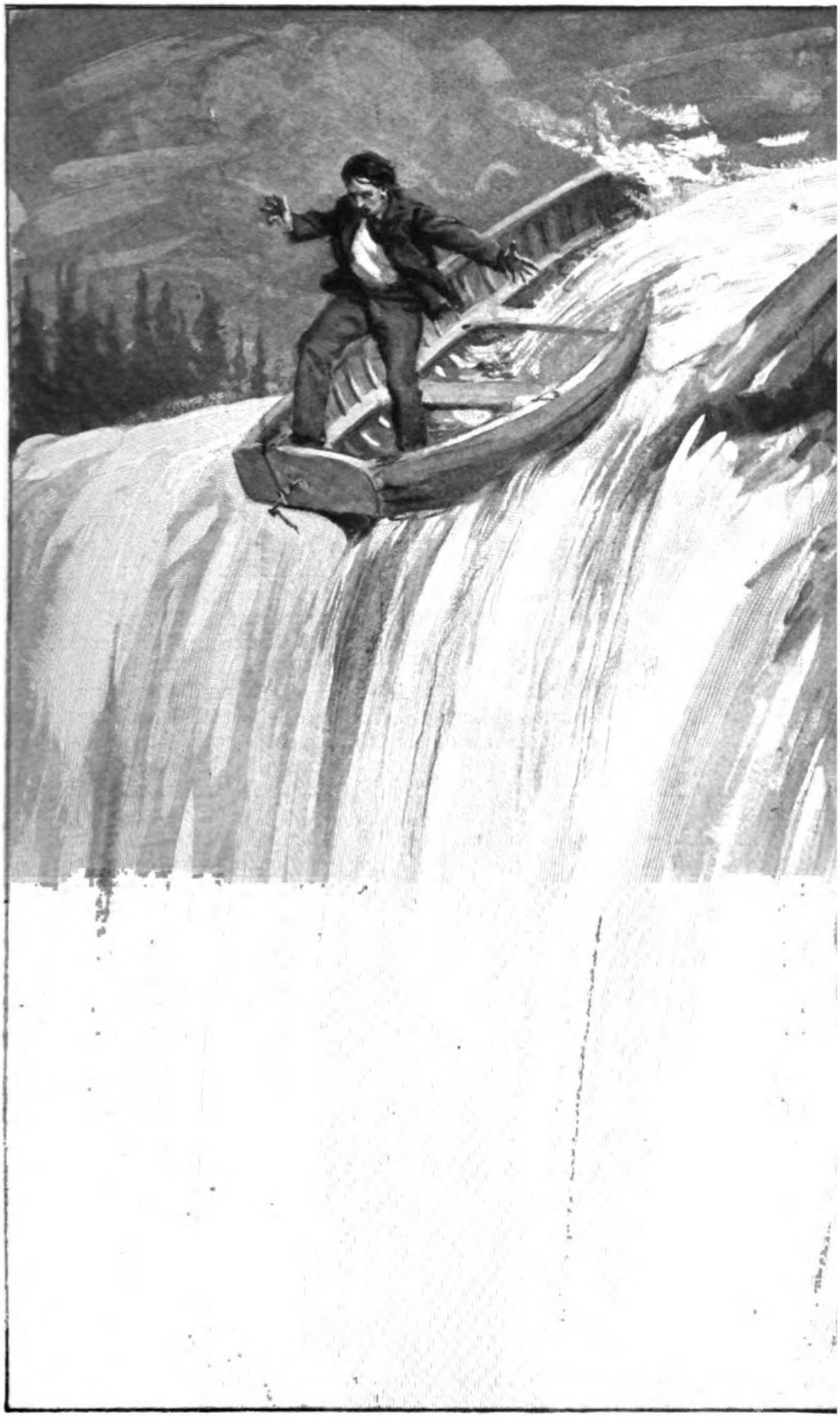
He stepped in and remained standing. In his hand he still held the notes, now dried crisply by the sun and wind. A hundred arms were pulling him slowly toward the bridge. The crowds in the park walks, on Green Island, and in Canada across the gorge cheered and yelled. Women waved handkerchiefs and parasols, men their hats. They made black, swaying masses, splashed with colour, and dotted with countless pale, excited faces—like some mighty theatre audience gone mad with joy. His little boat became a barge of state, and he some victorious hero of romance. The entire scene was but the setting for some great pageant and drama. Flames of exultation devoured him; all his year-long hunger for glory was being satisfied; he was entering upon his career of song as a conqueror! He longed to sing—to sing Lohengrin's song to his beloved swan!

As the boat was drawn nearer and nearer to the bridge he could look up into the black, glowering eyes of the satanic Latour and the flushed face of the Canadian detective. Jules Dreyss raised his handsome head with its wind-blown locks and looked at the pair with a sort of debonair defiance. The boat was now only some sixty feet from the bridge. Suddenly loud cries, shrieks from women, curses, and groans went up. Jules felt the boat suddenly arrest itself. The rope that had been attached to it sprang forward like a snake, then dropped into the water. The ring-bolt and staple fixed in the bow had given way under the pull of fifty hands against the opposing force of the currents. Jules gazed for a moment, somewhat stupidly, at the holes left by the staple. Then suddenly, like the staple, something gave way in his brain. He laughed merrily. The revolving stage of the fantastic world once more rumbled into the queerest disproportion and exaggeration. But to him it was a world that was beautiful and golden.

He showed his fine teeth and laughed aloud into the horrified, receding faces on the bridge. He waved the bank-notes above his head and struck a picturesque attitude. And then he began to sing. His sweet tenor voice rose clear and high above the thunderous accompaniment of the falls. He was singing the "Swan Song" from "Lohengrin"—and he did not know it was to be his own swan song. For now he was no longer Jules Dreyss, but once more Leo Arnim, and this was his first public performance. He was the knight Lohengrin in his coat of silver mail; he was being borne down the Rhine in his shallop by a swan—by many swans, for everywhere they rustled white about him. He flung out his hand like a king bestowing largess. The bank-notes scattered into the air like a thick flock of birds and whirled downward toward the falls—for the wind had changed. He stood and looked backward as the little boat shot stern-first down the rapids. By the opening and shutting of his lips they saw that he was still singing. The unknowing heart of the thunderstruck crowds was filled with a sudden pity, but also with an impetuous impulse of admiration for the "defaulting criminal" who was going singing to his death. They cheered him desperately, hysterically, as he swept toward the grandeur of his doom—just as they had cheered him as he was being drawn back to life, to the world, and twenty years' imprisonment. Had they but known it, they might have spared him their pity, for in the nature of things it was not likely that any one of them would ever leave the world in such a state of ecstasy and glory. It is not given to all to enter into such felicity ere they enter into eternity—nor to be mad with a beatific dream. The little boat approached the brink. The people turned away their faces. When they looked again there were only the eternal volumes of white mist ascending, for ever ascending like phantoms from the deeps.

They found him where the human sacrifices to the falls are always found—in the enormous yellow whirlpool against the Canadian shore. But for a bruise or two, he was singularly unmutilated. There was a strange smile on his lips. The wrecked boat was drifting round and round with him in that slow, steady, remorseless dance. There was an overcoat, too, and a few Bank of the Dominion notes of large denominations. The other notes went farther and brought sudden wealth and joy to the hearts of boatmen, farmers, and hunters along both shores of Lake Ontario. In the circling waters the Canadian detective also found his warrant—a large outspread sheet of thick bond-paper, with printing. The pale blue ink in which Jules Dreyss's name had been written was quite washed off. There had been no need for extradition; the cataract had accomplished that in its own direct and deliberate way.

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"THE LITTLE BOAT APPROACHED THE BRINK."

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Musical-Comedy Recollections and Reflections.

By GERTIE MILLAR.



I MADE my first London appearance at the Gaiety as Cora Bellamy in "The Toreador," and even now I have a vivid recollection of what my feelings were when I appeared at rehearsals to sing "Keep Off the Grass," which, if I may say so in due humility, was my first musical success in town.

Someone has said that "few women look like themselves in public." Whether or no this be true, I most sincerely hope that they do not look like themselves in the final few hours of a musical-comedy rehearsal which has, perhaps, commenced as early as ten o'clock in the morning, and has lasted until the small hours of the following day, leaving the whole company thoroughly nervy and irritable with themselves—and everyone else.

In such trying circumstances, even the most angelic lady principal—who is at other times and in all circumstances the very personification of politeness—is apt to find it a by no means difficult matter to lose her picture-postcard smile. Still, bearing in mind their never-failing sense of justice, I am quite sure that the good fairies must invariably pardon any slight display of irritability on a musical-comedy actress's part; for, frankly, the ordeal is a particularly trying one, as I have found out myself on many an occasion.

A large percentage of the general public, however, seemingly believe that, of the various branches of dramatic art, playing in musical comedy is the easiest, and that no special apprenticeship is necessary. Unfortunately this is not the case, and, so far as I am personally concerned, before I first "arrived" in London I fulfilled many provincial engagements in pantomime and musical comedy, making my *début* at Manchester as the girl-babe in "The Babes in the Wood."

I am perfectly sure you do not want to hear that, after appearing in "The Toreador," I joined the cast of "The Orchid," and so on and so forth. You can find all that out from any book of theatrical reference. Let me, therefore, touch on matter of a more intimate and interesting kind. It seems curious to intrude a note of pathos in my random reflections on musical comedy; yet, curiously enough, one of the most pathetic incidents I have ever heard of took place when I was appearing in a certain musical comedy some few years ago.

As most people probably know, actresses are frequently the recipients of letters from people they have never met, but who are, nevertheless, kind enough to appear to take an interest in their careers. At one time and another I have been fortunate enough to meet—only through the post—quite a number of these correspondents, one of whom was a private in the Army, who used to send me literally stacks of my own picture-postcards to sign.

When the war broke out in South Africa he wrote to me saying that he had been ordered out to the front. "I expect at times it'll be pretty dull on the voyage over and before the fighting begins," he said, "so I was wondering, miss, whether you could spare some old musical-comedy scores to help us Tommies while away a dull hour or two." Of course I gladly complied with his request, and in posting to the troopship several scores of the most popular musical comedies of recent years I added a few lines to wish him a safe and speedy return home.

Some two months afterwards I received a postcard from him, written in hospital. "I shall never forget your kindness," it ran, "in wishing me good luck when I left for the front. I am afraid, however, my luck has not been very good, for I am seriously wounded with three bullets in my right thigh. So

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GERTIE MILLAR AND ROBERT EVETT IN "A WALTZ DREAM."
Photo. Foulsham & Banfield.



IN "THE QUAKER GIRL."
Photo. Rita Martin.

I know this will be the last Christmas I shall ever see; but I would like you to know that, as I lie here, I am feeling the happier for your great kindness to me. Good-bye, Miss Millar, and thank you a thousand times for the interest you have taken in me."

Hurriedly scrawled across the bottom of the postcard was a footnote from the hospital nurse: "Private —— succumbed to his wounds two days after he wrote this, but I promised him before he died I would, at all costs, see it was posted." A pathetic little story, eh?

The contents of a musical-comedy actress's mail-bags in these days are sometimes weirdly strange and wonderful. Quite frequently correspondents appear to regard themselves as entitled to criticize not only

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IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
Photo. Foulsham & Banfield.

an actress's ability on the stage, but also her personal appearance, her mode of dress, her manner of doing her hair, and so on. Thus, in looking through a shoal of letters, I came across the following gratuitous criticisms, written by scribes of whose very existence I was hitherto unaware :—

"I thought you were the most beautiful woman in the world when I saw your photo. taken with a group of little Pierrots ; but now I have seen you taken as," etc.

And this cheery message of peace and goodwill : "Dear Miss Millar,—Why on earth don't you always part your hair in the same way ? I really do dislike not knowing how to expect to see your hair done next." Now, I ask you, how can one possibly please everybody ?

But still, there are compensations, and real, solid, genuine compensations, to make up for this kind of letter, which, after all, is probably meant in the kindliest, friendliest way, though, maybe, one could understand better the motive with which epistles of this kind are written if correspondents expressed themselves differently.

As an example of the compensatory letter, let me quote a charming little note that I received not long ago from a little girl friend. At the present time, indeed, among my most valued and highly-treasured possessions are letters

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—generally misspelt, by the by—from juvenile friends. Can you possibly imagine anything altogether more sweet and charming than this little note?

"DEAR MISS MILLOR,—I am ritin this leter to you becos, altho I have scene three theatre peaces from begining to end, yet never once did I not go home awfle tired untill I saw you. Plese deer bewtiful Miss Millor do rite me a leter the very minit you get this becos I do so want to know if I could ever become an actress like you. I am only sevin years old, so you musent expect me to spell, and I havent told mother I'm ritin becos she is so pertickler about stewpid things like speling, which don't mattir, do they? I bort your pickter out of my own money, and kis it every nite before I go to bed."

IN "OUR MISS GIBBS."
Photo. Poulsham & Banfield.



IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
Photo. Poulsham & Banfield.

IN "THE QUAKER GIRL."
Photo. Rita Martin.

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Whenever I receive kindly communications of this kind, no matter how hard I may have been working, I always feel like a pawnbroker—never too tired to take an interest in things.

IN "OUR MISS GIBBS."
Photo. Rita Martin.



while now, to reduce it to anything like order, it frequently takes me several hours a day.

So far as the general public are concerned, it must surely be ancient news to remark that almost every "failure" in other walks of life imagines that he or she has only to obtain

IN "THE NEW ALADDIN."
Photo. Foulsham & Banfield.



IN "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
Photo. Foulsham & Banfield.

By the way, I sometimes wonder whether the genius whose imagination soared so high as to invent picture-postcards ever realizes to what a colossal extent he has increased the day's work of the modern musical-comedy actress? Perhaps he does not care, for most of us can bear, with some philosophy, burdens put on other people. Still, the fact remains that before picture-postcards were invented I could deal with my day's correspondence in a very few minutes,

IN "THE QUAKER GIRL."
Photo. Rita Martin.

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an engagement on the stage to score an instant and triumphant success. However, I think this curious, but none the less very prevalent, notion applies more strongly to musical comedy than to any other branch of the dramatic art, for, frankly, within the past few years I must have received letters from literally thousands of men and women, young and old—and sometimes mere children—begging and praying me to use my influence with various managers to obtain engagements for them in musical comedy. Some of these communications are pathetic; others merely amusing. The pathetic hurt most. They have hurt me many a time more than I care to say, for, naturally, one is absolutely powerless to help these people who write in good faith, and who—this is a curious trait in human nature—because they are kind enough to take an interest in one, immediately imbue the object of their interest with *all* the virtues and nearly all the graces.

Let me quote one or two extracts from the pathetic class of correspondent: "I am considered a good-looking girl, and have studied singing for years. Some months ago my parents lost all, and now my home is the Embankment, or a shelter when I have a few coppers. Surely, miss, you could get me something, however small, in musical comedy. If you do this for me, miss, I will remember you in my prayers to my dying day."



IN FANCY DRESS.
Photo. Rita Martin.



IN "OUR MISS GIBBS."
Photo. Rita Martin.

Doesn't that bring a lump to your throat, by reason of its obvious sincerity and almost despairing note of anxiety to do something? —anything, rather than starve—and *think*, which is, perhaps, the worse of two evils. I know it made me feel perfectly wretched. And yet how could one help? To obtain theatrical engagements for the writer was obviously beyond my power, and what else one was able to do can really have proved of little practical value in the long run, for life is long—and casual assistance not lasting enough.

Happily, however, on the whole, the humorous letters outnumber the pathetic.

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Let me give you a few extracts from the former. A drayman writes: "I'm considered one of the funniest fellows in the yard, and sometimes when I cracks my jokes you can almost hear the horses laugh. The Gaiety is the place for me, miss, and I relies on your kind 'art to get me there."

Domestic servants almost to a girl seem to imagine that the stage and not below stairs should have been their preordained destiny in life. At least, this extract, which I take at random, suggests this: "My mistress has a dress like yew wears in 'The Quaker Girl,' miss. I slipped it on on the quiet the other afternoon when she was shopping, and Elen—she's the cook—says I looked just like yew—only a bit more graceful, if you'll excuse my saying wot the cook said. My wages is sixteen pounds a year. For another four pounds I'd willingly take up the stage professional. Will yew help me to do this, miss? I could call at the theatre any Thursday evening—that's my night out—between six and ten o'clock for a personal interview, so as you could see wot I was really like, because perhaps you won't believe wot the cook said. But it's true, miss, on my word."

I have often been asked what particular qualifications I consider are essential to success in musical comedy. Well, frankly, the question is not an easy one to answer with conviction. Of course, experience is an asset of very great value indeed; but, somehow or other, I am inclined to think that that indescribable quality, personality, figures at the top of the list of real secrets of success in musical comedy.

Many people, I know, set a higher value on beauty than personality, so far as musical productions are concerned; but my own view is that beauty without personality will never win lasting success. Beauty may win an



IN "THE QUAKER GIRL."
Photo. Rita Martin.

Photo IN "THE QUAKER GIRL." [*Rita Martin.*

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ephemeral success for a musical-comedy actress, but, unless it is allied with personality, that success is not likely to last very long. In America this indefinable characteristic, personality, is usually described as "personal magnetism"—and the description, I think, is a thoroughly apt one, for so long as that magnetism is there the public will surely overlook many shortcomings, and will, indeed, sometimes even forgive failure.

Writing of musical comedy reminds me that I have often wondered why the general public regard it as a frivolous calling. For, as a matter of fact, it is nothing of the sort, and I am not exaggerating when I say that most experienced musical-comedy artistes take their profession every whit as seriously as do followers of the "heavier" branches of dramatic art. Indeed, as a class, musical-comedy artistes at work are very serious folk indeed, though now and again incidents crop up in the theatre—unrehearsed incidents—of so startling a kind as to break down the gravity of even the most serious-minded comedian.

For instance, a certain happening occurred during the run of a Gaiety play, not long ago, which produced a laugh when mirth was least expected. In one scene Mr. Edmund Payne had to mount a real live camel, which, I believe, was brought every evening from the Agricultural Hall to the stage-door, where it waited every night until the cue was given for the noble beast to be taken on the stage in a scene which represented a desert.

So long as the weather was good all was well, but one evening during the camel's wait at the stage-door a heavy snowstorm came on, and, thinking that the four-legged actor might be feeling a little uncomfortable, a message was sent out to ask how he was faring. The reply came back that he was never better in his life, and was quite warmly clad in a thick white tarpaulin rug, which his attendant had put on to ward off the cold. Unfortunately, however, when the camel appeared on the stage, to the uproarious amusement of the audience, the white rug turned out to be composed, not of tarpaulin, but of thick snow, and thus when the animal had been "acting" for a few minutes the heated atmosphere on the stage caused the snow to melt, with the result that great blocks of snow were deposited all over the floor—or rather, I should say, all over the desert. A snow-clad camel in the broiling, sulphurous desert is something of a curiosity, even in these sensational days.

Since I first appeared at the Gaiety Theatre I have so often played in productions in which Mr. Edmund Payne has been the leading comedian that I should like to tell you of an amusing story that very popular individual relates against himself. Between Mr. George Grossmith, junior, and Mr. Payne there has always been friendly rivalry in the matter of gagging, and one night, some years ago, the latter succeeded in getting in such a satisfactory last word that Mr. Grossmith seemingly decided there and then "to get his own back."

Accordingly, later in the evening, when Mr. Payne was off the stage, Mr. Grossmith crept up to his dressing-room and, imitating the call-boy in a wonderfully realistic manner, he gave Mr. Payne his cue, the while telling him to dress as quickly as possible, as they were waiting for him on the stage. Naturally, the idea of a practical joke being played never occurred to Mr. Payne for an instant, and he accordingly bolted down the stairs, and was delivering himself of his next line before he awoke to the fact that he was intruding upon a passionate love scene.

At the crucial moment Mr. Grossmith then peeped round the side of the scenery and, beckoning with his finger, called out, in a voice which must have been clearly audible to all in front of the house, just one single monosyllable—"Payne!"

"But," said the latter to me, "the amount of pained surprise and deep sorrow at my untoward appearance which he managed to compress into that one word can be better imagined than described." Of course, the audience roared with laughter, for the advent of a comedian in the middle of a passionate love scene is not apt to stimulate a lover's "amorousness." Still, a little friendly humour of this sort introduced into the theatre now and again is a splendid antidote to any monotony that one may feel at having to play the same part for months and months—and sometimes years.

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JUDITH LEE.

The Experiences of a Lip-Reader.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.

XI.—"8, Elm Grove—Back Entrance."

THIS story is, in many respects, such a strange one that it is not easy to know how to set it down—whether to tell it backwards, or to commence at the beginning. It is on that account that I preface it with a remark that when, one afternoon, I was at the Arnolds', and the parlourmaid came into the room with a tea-tray in her hands, at the sight of her I was so startled that I nearly dropped the pastel I was holding.

But the story did not begin there. It began when I was returning from spending an evening with some friends at Blackheath. I came back by the Greenwich tram; I believe it was the last tram. It was most dreadful weather. I had the vehicle to myself until it was boarded by two men whom I should have described as of distinctly suspicious appearance. They sat in perfect silence till one of them rose to get off, when the other said to him, in tones which were inaudible to me:—

"Now, don't you make any mistake—8, Elm Grove—back entrance. Got it right?"

"Of course I've got it right. What do you take me for? Think that in my position I'm likely to make a mess of a thing like that?"

The speaker had a large, square bag, made of what was apparently a piece of old red carpet. It seemed to be full of something which was so heavy that it was all he could do to carry it. The car stopped. He got off; the other man remained. He was a square-faced, dark-visaged person; his cloth cap was pulled close down over his head. As was the case with the man who had just departed, there was nothing to screen his lips, so that to me the words which they had uttered had been obvious.

Presently the car stopped again; a policeman got in. At sight of him the man started. If it had been possible, he would undoubtedly have got off; but it was too late. The policeman shook, as well as he could, the rain off his cape, then entered and took his seat. He looked about him. He saw the black-visaged man, and the man saw him; plainly they knew each other. The man looked murder; the policeman grinned.

"So it's you," he said. "I didn't know you were out."

The man replied with a sort of venomous fury.

"Who asked you what you knew? You mind your own affairs, and don't you talk to me when you're not wanted to. That's not your duty. You do your duty and leave me alone."

"All right, Chippy; no harm intended. I hope you'll keep out longer this time than you did last."

The man made no reply. I wondered what had been the meaning of that reference to 8, Elm Grove, back entrance, and what had been the contents of that bag. I should rather have liked to ask a question or two. The car stopped in the Westminster Bridge Road. The three of us descended. I should probably have forgotten the incident had it not been for something which happened not many days

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afterwards, which brought it all back to my memory with a rush.

I was standing in Piccadilly, waiting for an omnibus. A shabby, unpleasant-looking individual was standing not very far from me. Suddenly someone came hurrying across the road. He was an undersized youth, whose attire was in the last stage of decay. Apparently he wore no shirt; his coat was buttoned up to the neck, the collar turned up. He kept his hands in his jacket pockets as if he were unwilling to expose them to the air. I had a feeling that in one of those pockets there might be something about whose safety he was anxious. He went straight to the unpleasant-looking gentleman. The man's lips formed themselves into a question:—

"Got it?"

The youth nodded, casting quick glances behind him and on either side. The man went on:—

"Then I told you what to do with it. If I was you, the sooner the better. Remember what I said? 8, Elm Grove—back entrance. Don't you make any mistake."

The youth passed into an entry which leads into Jermyn Street, and was gone before I had realized where I had encountered that unpleasant-looking person's words before. "8, Elm Grove—back entrance"—that was what the black-visaged man had said in that Greenwich tramcar to his companion, who got out carrying the heavy carpet-bag.

I daresay it was a fortnight afterwards that I was at Waterloo Station. There had been a race-meeting down the line. The race-goers were returning; a cheap train was in. I drew away from the horde of men who all at once crowded the platform. As I looked about me I noticed a man in a fawn-coloured overcoat go up to a short and sturdy person, who, with his legs wide apart and his hat cocked on the back of his head, immediately accosted him. I saw quite distinctly what he said:—

"Halloa, George! I've been waiting for you. What luck?"

The other replied. He had had no luck; he had not been within ten miles of a winner; he had come back stony-broke. The other looked at him—he had a toothpick between his lips, which he shifted from side to side.

"Then it's about time we did something, ain't it, George? As far as coin goes, I'm about where you are. How about the girl? We're ready for her."

"She comes out of Holloway Prison to-morrow morning at eight sharp, and I'm going to be there to meet her."

"I suppose she'll be all right?"

"You bet she will; I'll see to that. She does what I tell her, or—she'll be sorry; she will."

"Are you going to marry her, George?"

"Marry her? Me? Me marry her? She won't dare to ask me."

"Suppose she cuts up rough? Girls do sometimes, you know."

"Yes, and so do men. That girl cares for me—I'll show you how she cares for me before we've done with her." The speaker smiled—a thin, horrible smile. "She'll do just as I tell her without so much as a whimper."

"She comes out to-morrow morning? Perhaps she'd better stay inside."

"They won't keep her; not this time they won't. I shouldn't wonder if next time she makes more of a stay. When a woman's been really useful to you it's just as well to have her for once in a while out of your way."

"But this one's very young, ain't she?"

"All the better; you can work them easier when they're young—and when they're young they are so fond of you, that makes it easier still."

The two men grinned, and I could have struck them for it. The man who had been racing stood closer up to the other and showed him something which was in his overcoat pocket. What it was I could not see; but I saw him say, in tones which were clearly meant to reach the other only:—

"I've got a little something here—out of a lady's bag."

"Seems to me you're always fond of the ladies, George. I suppose it's another case of 8, Elm Grove—back entrance?" Again the two men grinned.

The pair moved off to the refreshment-room. I had been a spectator of one of those strange scenes of which I see more than I like. And again there had been that reference to "8, Elm Grove—back entrance." I could guess at what was the nature of the something which the fellow had in his overcoat pocket; but what stuck in my mind—what hurt me most—were their allusions to the girl who, the next morning, was coming out of Holloway Prison. To what a fate she seemed to be coming! As the short man had hinted, she had much better stay inside. The fellow in the overcoat was, to a superficial eye, not bad looking. His features were fairly regular; he had a tiny moustache; but, apart from the fact that he had those whity-blue eyes which I, sometimes perhaps unjustly, associate with cruelty and treachery, there was in his whole expression a something mean,

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underhand, cunning, which would have made me, had I stood near him in a crowd, look after my belongings very carefully. The idea that he was going to get a young girl into his hands at the moment she was coming out of the jail to which she had been sent for what probably was her first offence — this was an idea which I found it very hard to digest. The result was that at an early hour the next morning I set forth on a quixotic errand. Before eight o'clock I was outside the gates of Holloway Jail.

Early though it was, I was not the first arrival. Perhaps a dozen people were there before me—such specimens of humanity! There was nothing to be seen of the man in the fawn overcoat. While I was glad enough that he was not there, in his absence what was I to do—when the discharged prisoners began to come out? I decided to await events.

The prison clock had struck eight some minutes when the great gate which fronted us swung back—and a procession came out. Such a procession! Probably chance had it that a number of sentences should terminate together; I should say that more than twenty persons emerged through the gates. I presume that they were liberated at such a matutinal hour in order that they might re-enter the world before people were up and about to observe from whence they came; yet, early though it was, nearly without exception each prisoner was met by someone at the gate. For those who had no personal friend there was a Salvation Army lass and a bearded individual who bore the insignia of that great organization. A slight, grey-headed man in tweeds, who had a notebook in his hand, was, I took it, a representative of some society.

I kept my eye on the gate. No one at all resembling the person I sought had so far appeared. Then, at the tail of the procession, she came; I knew her in a moment. Just then there appeared—I could hardly have said from where—the man in the fawn-coloured overcoat. He was dressed precisely as he had been on the previous afternoon. He lifted his hat to the girl, took her hand, and kissed her before us all; and all at once she was in his arms, crying as if her heart was breaking.

It was a delicate situation—by me wholly unexpected. I could hardly interfere in such a tender meeting. On what grounds? Because of something I had not heard but seen the man say the previous afternoon? If I proffered such a reason I might be laughed to scorn; I might have misjudged him; I might have got the thing all wrong. How she cried! How tenderly he soothed her! He led her to a taxi-cab, which was standing by the kerb at a little distance. As they entered and the cab drove off I recognized what a wild-goose errand I had come upon.

The procession ceased; the gates reclosed; prisoners and their friends went their several ways. I moved off, with the feeling strong upon me that I might just as well have stayed away. I went so slowly that the others, who went with brisker steps, before I had gone any distance, were out of sight. Just as the last of them had vanished round a corner, round that same corner there came a woman running—a matronly woman, in a state of what, to me, seemed frenzied agitation. When she got to me she stopped, her breath failing her.

"Have they—have they come out?" she gasped.

"Do you mean the prisoners—from the jail?"

"Of course I do. What else would I mean?" She spoke like a person from the country, setting her old-fashioned bonnet straight with trembling hands. "I meant to have been here before, and I ought to have been, only my train was late. Do you know if they've come out, young woman?"

"Some minutes ago. They've all of them gone their different ways."

"Then—my daughter—has she come out?"

In her voice there was a note of anguish and of terror. Her agitation increased. An idea occurred to me.

"Was your daughter a slight, dark-haired young woman, with big brown eyes?"

"That's my Mary, miss. Did you see her, miss? If she's out, where is she? She knew I was coming. She might have guessed my train was late. Where has she gone?"

"If she's the young woman I suppose, she was met by a slightly-built man with very light blue eyes, who took her away with him in a taxi-cab."

The woman shrieked—positively shrieked—out there in the open street. I have seldom been more startled.

"You don't mean to say she's gone with him? She can't—she can't! Not when she knew that her mother was coming to meet her and take her home! I'm her mother, and I tell you she's my girl."

Before we parted I had heard her story, and the story of her daughter's downfall. A painful one it was, though I am afraid it is one which is only too common. The poor old lady was nearly broken-hearted. I saw

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her to the railway-station, into the train which was to take her back home—alone. I promised that I would make all the inquiries that could be made, and, though I was occupied with very many matters, I did my best. But more than three months passed, and I learned nothing of the whereabouts of her erring daughter, until that afternoon when I was at the Arnolds' and that parlourmaid came into the room with the tea on a tray. She was the young woman I had seen that morning emerge from the gates of the prison whom her mother had been too late to meet. It was not surprising that I nearly dropped the pastel I was holding. Which brings me to the real beginning of my tale.

Mrs. Arnold's drawing-room is a charming room; in the best sense of the word, a feminine room—delicate, refined, delightful. Amy Arnold had had her portrait done by a fashionable pastellist. It had just come home; I had been looking at it when tea appeared. That parlourmaid struck such a jarring note; she, as it were, projected me



"ALL AT ONCE SHE WAS IN HIS ARMS, CRYING AS IF HER HEART WAS BREAKING."

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into another world. Those doubtful characters on the Greenwich tram, the young thief in Piccadilly, the pair of rascals at Waterloo, the scene at the Holloway Prison gate, that dreadful procession with the girl at the tail, the despairing mother who had lost her child—all these things came back to me in a series of discordant notes as the parlourmaid put down the tea-tray.

It was undoubtedly the girl; her uniform made a difference, but there was no mistaking her. I doubted if she had noticed me, or what an effect her entrance had had on me.

When she had left the room I hardly knew what to say. They continued to speak of the pastel; my thoughts were with the maid. As I thanked Amy for the cup of tea she gave me I asked if the servant who had brought it in was not a fresh one.

"Do you mean Jane?" she asked.

"Is her name Jane?" I inquired.

"Jane—or, to give her her full style and title, Jane Stamp. I suppose she has been with us about six weeks."

"Nearly two months," chimed in her mother; "and a very nice girl she is, and a good servant. She is quite refined for a servant, yet not a bit above her place. Don't you think she's pleasant looking?"

"I think she looks pale."

"She is pale. I fancy she has troubles of her own. I have suspected her, more than once, of crying."

"Where did you get her from?"

"Through an advertisement. I got tired of the creatures they sent me from the registry offices, so I tried an advertisement in the *Post*. She was the result."

"Did you have a character with her?"

"Of course I had a character." Mrs. Arnold opened her eyes as if I had suggested something utterly monstrous. "Does she look to you like a girl who hasn't a character? She was three years in her last place; she only left it just before she came to me."

"Where was her last place?"

"She was with some people named Reynolds who had a flat near the Marble Arch—9A, Waterman Mansions."

"Did you see Mrs. Reynolds?"

"Of course I saw her. Do you suppose that I should be satisfied with a written character? My dear Judith, what are you thinking about? I called one afternoon. She was rather a florid-looking person, but the character she gave Jane was excellent. She only parted with her because they were giving up the flat. I have found that sometimes servants don't come up to the characters I have had with them, but I am venturing to hope that I've found a jewel at last."

We returned to the subject of the pastel. Amy thought that the artist had given her a little too much colour; but while we talked my thoughts were with the parlourmaid. I was wondering what I ought to do. I knew that her name was not Jane Stamp—nor Jane anything; I knew that she had not been three years in her last place, nor, at any time, with people named Reynolds. I knew, in short, a great many things about her which would have surprised Mrs. Arnold not a little. The question I had to answer was—was it my duty to tell her what those things were? That would mean instant dismissal for Jane Stamp. No mistress would keep her in her house after such a revelation. And that would mean something of which I did not care to think for the maid.

I went away from Mrs. Arnold's leaving these questions unanswered. I admit that I was desirous of avoiding the responsibility of arriving at a too hasty decision. A few hours could make no difference; I would employ them in making certain investigations of my own.

The first thing I did when I reached home was to get out a directory. I looked up the Elm Groves; as I had expected, there were plenty of them; there seemed to be Elm Groves in all parts of London. One at New Cross attracted my attention. My knowledge of that locality was not very exact, but I took it that that tramcar had been somewhere about New Cross when that man with the carpet-bag got out. So far as I could judge, there might be an Elm Grove within quite a short distance of where he had alighted—and No. 8, at the time that directory went to press, was empty. It might have become occupied since then. At any rate, I thought I would go and see—and I went, by the Greenwich tramcar.

When we had gone some little distance I asked the conductor if he knew of any Elm Grove in that district. He did not; but there were persons who had heard my question who were able to supply me with the information I required. I received the most precise directions from more than one of my fellow-passengers as to how I was to reach Elm Grove; but it did not prove an easy place to find.

Elm Grove was one of those surprises which one often encounters in suburban London. It was a relic of the past; a street of old-fashioned, solidly-built houses, each standing in its own garden. There seemed to be about

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a dozen on either side. I came to No. 8—there was nothing to show that it was to let. A person came out of what I took to be No. 10, whom I addressed.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "if this house is to let?"

"That's more than I can tell you," he replied; "and, so far as I know, more than anyone else can tell you, either. I have been here going on for five years, and it was like that when I came, and it's like it still. I believe that some of the rooms are furnished, and I have heard that people have been seen going in and out. Between ourselves, round about here that house is looked on as a bit of a mystery."

He went his way and left me thinking. The front gate was locked. Remembering that there had been some mention of a back entrance, I went to the end of the road and turned to the right, and presently came upon a sort of narrow lane, which I proceeded to explore. These were evidently the back doors to the houses in Elm Grove. Clearly some of them were never used; one or two were boarded up. Then I came to a door which did show signs of occasional usage. It was not easy to determine the number to which it belonged, but I tried the handle. It yielded, and the door was open. Trusting that my boldness might have no serious result, I passed through, to find myself in a garden which was a mere wilderness of weeds. It was only after momentary inspection that I perceived that there was a sort of pathway, one which I fancied had been lately used. Pursuing my way along this apology for a path, I found that it led to what had probably once been a solidly-constructed outhouse, but which was now nothing but a ramshackle shed. The door, which hung on a single hinge, looked as if, were it moved in either direction, it might fall off. I looked to see what might be on the other side of that door. The shed was littered with all sorts of discarded rubbish, mostly so buried under a wealth of dust and dirt and cobwebs that it was not easy to guess what they might once have been.

There was one exception to this state of dust and dirt, and that instantly caught my eye. In the corner stood what might have been a huge corn-bin; it was painted a dark green, and was covered by a lid which seemed to be still intact. On the lid was an old packing-case. That green-painted bin would have been all the better for another coat of paint, but in other respects it was in such a good state of preservation that it piqued my curiosity. I removed that packing-case and found that in the lid there was an aperture something like the slit in a post-office letter-box, only on a slightly more generous scale. It almost looked as if that packing-case had been meant to conceal its presence. I had shut the garden-gate as I had entered. As I was wondering what that slit might mean I heard the gate softly opened and closed. There was a quantity of rubbish at the other end of the shed. Bolting towards it, I used it, so far as the thing was possible, as a cover, crouching down behind it.

Steps were approaching. I did not know how much of me was visible, but I did not dare to risk the noise which would result from an attempt to alter my position. Someone came quickly into the shed—a decently-dressed boy of perhaps thirteen or fourteen years of age, not at all the sort of person I had expected to see. He had a good-sized leather bag in his hand. Going straight to the bin in the corner, taking a key out of his pocket, he slipped it into a lock which I had not noticed, and part of the front came away in the shape of a door—of sufficient size to enable him to thrust his entire body into the bin. When he came out again his hands were filled with a number of different-sized packages, done up, for the most part, in the rudest fashion—some in pocket-handkerchiefs, some in grimy rags, some in scraps of newspaper. One or two were secured in grimy-coloured sheets of brown paper, but generally they were innocent of string or of anything which could secure whatever they contained.

The boy made no attempt to examine them. He quickly counted them—I could see his lips moving as he did so; nine he made the number. He dropped them into his leather bag, which he shut with a snap, re-locked the door of the bin, and passed out of the shed as quickly as he had come in, without once glancing in my direction.

So soon as I heard the garden-gate open and shut again, regardless of the state I was in, making the best of my way through the nettles and the thistles, I was after him. When I reached the entry he was already turning the corner. I quickened my pace, determined, if possible, to see where that bag was going; but it proved not to be possible, for when I caught sight of him again he was getting into a taxi which stood waiting by the pavement. I believe I would have boarded that cab if I had had a chance, and made a snatch at that leather bag, but before I had an opportunity to do anything the

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vehicle had passed from sight, and I was left lamenting. Pursuit was out of the question. The only means of locomotion seemed to be the tramcar, and by that I returned to Westminster Bridge.

My rooms were at the bottom of Sloane Street; Mrs. Arnold's house was in an old-fashioned square within five minutes' walk. My impulse, when I arrived home, was to go round to her at once and warn her against Jane Stamp. But for two or three reasons I did nothing of the kind. I was dirty, tired, and hungry, and it was dinner-time, and also I was in rather a mystified frame of mind. I felt that when I had washed and changed and had something to eat, I might be able to look at the position with clearer eyes.

After dinner I decided that I would do nothing—at any rate, until the morning. I had half a mind to get on to the telephone and talk to them at Scotland Yard about "8, Elm Grove—back entrance." I had very little doubt about the meaning of that bin in the corner of the shed, and as to the contents of the parcels which the boy had taken out of it. The bin, I fancied, represented an ingenious system of dealing with stolen goods. I wondered how many of them were scattered over London. Who were the enterprising persons who had their contents cleared, as if they had been pillar-boxes, at stated intervals?

At what to me was an early hour I went to bed. However, going to bed I found was one thing; going to sleep was another. That night, for what I have since thought must really have been some occult reason, I could not sleep. I had to think—and when, in bed, one starts to think, it is nearly always fatal. As the minutes slipped by I became conscious of what I cannot but call an extraordinary obsession—it seemed to me that someone was calling to me at Mrs. Arnold's. Of course, the feeling was a ridiculous one, but there it was. Worse—it became stronger and stronger. At last, getting out of bed, switching on a light, donning a dressing-gown, I went into the sitting-room to read. But the feeling followed me there—it was really too absurd.

Then something curious happened—I thought so then, I think so now. I daresay it will read like nonsense written down in cold blood, but the actual thing was inde-



"PART OF THE FRONT CAME AWAY IN THE SHAPE OF A DOOR."

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scribable. All at once it was borne in on to me that my presence was needed at Mrs. Arnold's house—that something was happening which made it necessary that I should be there. I put away the book which I was reading; I returned to my bedroom, dressed myself, and went out into the street.

I had glanced at the time while dressing, and noticed that it was after two. It was not a pleasant night—or rather morning. The air was filled with a hazy dampness; it did not exactly rain, but everything was wet. So far as I was able to judge, not a soul was in sight; nor was there anywhere a sound. I walked round to Mrs. Arnold's without seeing a creature on the way. So soon as I had gained the street the poignant feeling that someone stood in need of my instant help had passed away. Its going was quite a relief; while it lasted it had seemed to press upon some nerve in my brain. I stepped out quickly, but when I came to Tedworth Square I slackened my pace.

I cannot explain the motives which prompted me that night; I can only say that directly I reached the square something told me that, if it were possible, it was of the first importance that I should not allow my movements to reveal my presence.

When I was close to Mrs. Arnold's I paused—if only because my ears were so wide open that I became conscious of a sound. Two voices were speaking—in what was little more than a whisper. Soft though their utterance was, I knew that they were angry—that one of the speakers was more angry than the other. The voices came from the garden; the gate was open. I wished I could have seen the speakers; it was impossible to hear. Suddenly one of the voices was raised—not much, but just enough to enable me, with my wide-open ears, to catch what was said.

"I tell you she says that she won't open. How the something do you think I'm going to make her? If I could get hold of her it would be dead easy, but how do you suppose I'm going to get at her when she's the other side of the window?"

The second voice was audible—I fancy expostulating with the other for speaking so loud. I slipped through the open gate on to the grass—Mrs. Arnold's old-fashioned house is detached and has quite a garden in front. A sudden idea had come to me. I guessed at the identity of those two speakers, and at what they were doing there. They were so absorbed in what they were saying, and I was so noiseless, that I saw them long before they saw me—a tallish man and a shorter one, carrying on an animated discussion beneath their breath.

The shorter man seemed all at once to lose control over his temper; he slightly raised his voice. I strained my ears.

"If she won't, she won't, there's an end of it—I'm off. No wild-cat games for me—that wasn't in the bargain. Her letting us into the house and putting everything ready is one thing; what you are after is quite another—and not for me. It wouldn't be for you if your monkey wasn't up."

The other man blazed out: "By Heaven, I'll kill her!"

"Yes, I daresay you'd like to—and expect me to take a hand in that. No, thank you, not for me. There'd be trouble if we were found here, and as we've already been here longer than I like, or bargained for, I'll say good night. You'd better come along with me."

"As she won't let me into the crib, as she swore she would, I'll get in without her; and if I once have my hands on her throat——"

He left his sentence unfinished. The other continued to remonstrate. Both were speaking louder than perhaps they knew.

"Now, don't you be a fool. You don't want to get into trouble, do you? The idea was to get her into trouble and keep out of it ourselves. You'll be able to get hold of her before very long and give her all the handling she needs. Now you come along with me. What's that?"

I had been standing under the shadow of a tree; unconsciously I had touched one of the lower branches. Both men spun round.

"Look!" exclaimed the shorter man. "There's someone there."

He stood not on the order of his going; he went at once, before he had really finished speaking, and so quickly that in the same instant, as it seemed, he was through the gate and out of sight. The other hesitated, then he would have followed; but that I would not have. The tale which the girl's mother had told me, the facts with which I was myself acquainted, the threat which I had just heard him utter against his miserable dupe, the conviction which I had that it was his set purpose to use her for his own horrible ends, to ruin her body and soul, and then to cast her aside, caring nothing if she spent years of her life in jail to pay for his misdeeds—I say that these things rose up within me, so that when he tried to follow his shorter friend I would not let him.

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I rushed out of my hiding-place and caught him by the coat—he still wore that fawn overcoat, and I yelled with the full force of a healthy, vigorous pair of lungs :—

"Police! Police! Help! Murder! Thieves!"



"I RUSHED OUT OF MY HIDING-PLACE AND CAUGHT HIM BY THE COAT."

It was perhaps not the most dignified course I could have taken, but there was no time to consider. I did the only thing which, on the spur of the moment, it seemed to me I could do—I yelled and I stuck to him. For some seconds he let me hold him without making the slightest effort to break away; whether it was because he was dazed by the suddenness of my attack, or amazed at the penetrative quality of my voice, I cannot say.

"It's a woman!" he ejaculated, as if that great truth had only just burst on him.

"Stop that noise and let go of my coat, or—you'll be sorry!"

I remembered that those were the words he had used on the platform at Waterloo to illustrate what would happen to his unfortunate victim if she dared to call her soul her own, and the memory inflamed me.

"Oh, no, I sha'n't be sorry," I told him. "I shall be glad. It is you who will be sorry. Police! Help! Thieves!"

Loudly I yelled again. He tried to shake me off; then, finding that it was not so easy, he caught me by the wrist. As he did so I heard the window open in the house behind him, and a woman's voice cried out:—

"George, don't hurt her! Go, George, go—go!"

The last repetition of the word "go" rose through the air like a trumpet, or rather like a frenzied shriek. The woman's whole force was in the injunction the word conveyed. He released one of my wrists, put his hand into his overcoat pocket, swung round—I was for the moment stunned by the unexpected report of a pistol. Before I had even the dimmest suspicion of his intention, he had dragged a revolver out of his pocket and fired at the shrieking woman at the window. Just one queer sound came from her, then all was still.

"I said I would give you something for

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"HE DRAGGED A REVOLVER OUT OF HIS POCKET AND FIRED AT THE SHRIEKING WOMAN AT THE WINDOW."

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yourself," he remarked, speaking to the place where the woman had been, as coolly as if he were making some commonplace observation, "and that's it. I don't think you'll want any more."

"You've killed her!" I screamed. "You murderous villain, you've killed her!"

I tried to grip him by the throat. Had I been cooler I might have done it and held him fast; I might at least have been upon my guard. But I was in such a storm of rage that I neglected the most simple precautions. He was not the kind of man with whom, at such a moment, it was safe to do that. He swung suddenly back towards me and struck with the muzzle of his pistol at my forehead. Down I went, and, to use a famous phrase, the further proceedings interested me no more.

Nearly all the rest of the story was in most of the papers. What my screams and shouts had begun the report of his pistol finished; the whole neighbourhood had been alarmed. So soon as he had felled me, before he could even attempt to escape, the police were on him. It was the girl who had called herself Jane Stamp who appeared at the window, and, aiming perhaps better than he knew, he shot her dead. She probably never spoke a word after his bullet struck her. For her it was perhaps as well. It is easy to be optimistic, and even sentimental, if you have no actual experience of the hard facts of life; if you have, it is difficult to see what promise of happiness life could have held for a woman who had begun as she had done.

They hanged him. At the last moment strength had been given the girl to refuse to play the despicable part he had planned. She was to have let him into her mistress's house. It contained many valuables. She was so to arrange matters that they would be placed within easy reach. She was even to drug, not only Mrs. Arnold and her daughter, but also her fellow-servants. While they were drugged the house was to have been ransacked. But the girl refused, after all, to carry out the programme he had planned, or even to admit him into the house—and for that he shot her. The first time I ever appeared in a witness-box was to give evidence against him. The judge complimented me on what he called the courage which I had shown; I congratulated myself on having been the means of bringing such a wretch to justice.

As to "8, Elm Grove—back entrance," I told that story to certain officials at Scotland Yard. That same afternoon the messenger was trapped as he was dropping the contents of the bin into his leather bag. There was nothing on him to show who he was or whence he came. Even when they questioned him he told them, with unnecessary plainness, what would happen to them before they got anything out of him—so they got something out of the driver of the taxi-cab instead. The lad tried to give a warning whistle, but even as his lips were shaped to whistle a hand was clapped across his mouth. The vehicle was waiting, as before, by the pavement. Instead of the small boy, two adults went up to the driver, in whom one of them instantly recognized an old acquaintance.

They induced him to talk. To begin with, they made him drive to Scotland Yard. There it was made plain to him that unless he supplied certain information he would find himself in an extremely unpleasant position. So plain was this made to him that, after what was really only natural hesitation, he supplied it. He placed the police on the track of one of the greatest combinations for dealing with stolen goods which the criminal world has ever seen.

As is so often the case in these cosmopolitan days, the heads of the business were abroad. To begin with, the police had to content themselves with the tails. As I had surmised, "8, Elm Grove—back entrance," was only one of a dozen branches in all the different parts of town; so that when a man stole, let us say, a watch, he had only to go to the nearest, attaching to it his name or pseudonym, and within a very short space of time there would come to him, at an address which was previously arranged, its value in cash.

Thief and receiver never saw each other. On the face of it there was nothing to show that the thing was stolen; while the person who had "found" it never knew who had rewarded him for his ingenuity. The business had gone on for years; it might have gone on for years longer had not those two men had the misfortune to have me as a fellow-passenger on the Greenwich tramcar.

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Illustrated by M. Percy.

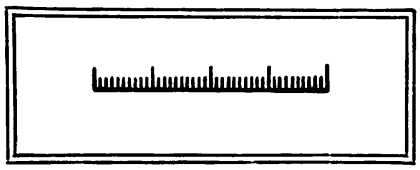
SITTING lazily one hot afternoon on the bank of the Nile, shaded by the motionless sail of the boat moored alongside, I became interested in the movements of a little colony of ants. They were of the large black species so common to Egypt, each ant averaging half an inch in length, and their ceaseless activity was very impressive. I tried to envisage the situation by imagining myself just one of them—that is to say, a six-foot ant—and then mentally enlarging my own world in proportion, say a hundred and fifty times its normal size. But I first bent down again and tried to get the ant's point of view, as it were, to properly gauge the height of this speck of dirt—to the ant a tolerably large mound of earth—to realize the dimension of that twig — to the ant a balk of timber—the size of the tiny blade of grass before me—to the ant, say, a large plantain-leaf—and thus to look out with the ant's eyes on to his immediate surroundings. How huge his world to him! How puny to me! How immense the distance between his estimate of me and mine of him! Yet we are both inhabitants of the same planet. These and other thoughts were floating through my mind, when it occurred to me that if I wished to make comparisons I might as well consider a smaller organism than the ant, and the microbe immediately suggested itself to me. Here, then, we had a living creature far more distantly removed from the ant—in point of size—than the ant was from man. The next thought was quite a comforting one, and amply repaid the labour of trying to think "ant thoughts." It was this—a man must be just as much of an enigma, just as utterly unrealizable and immeasurable to a microbe as the Higher Intelligence (whatever it be) is to man. Therefore I would try to compare man and his powers with a microbe, and see if, perchance, I could thus manage to place man *somewhere* advantageously in the scale of the universe, because, looking at some of the gigantic things about us—the appalling distances of the stars, the stupendous dimensions of some of the other worlds, for instance—we seem to shrink back from the immensity of it all, wondering whatever it can mean. In other words, I thought I saw my way to working out a progressive scale from some of the smallest to some of the greatest things we know, and then noting exactly where man came in that scale.

We begin the scale, therefore, by imagining

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ourselves microbes—it is a useful lesson for our self-conceit! I am a microbe, and of no mean repute, for my stature is such that four thousand of us, standing upon one another's shoulders, would tower to the respectable altitude of one inch!

Now, we have to consider things inconceivably small and things appallingly immense. Therefore at the outset let us endeavour to *stretch our imagination*—give it rein and force it to expand. Can we realize an object one-four-thousandth part of an inch long? Of course not; it is merely an abstract idea to most of us. But let us try to devise a method to help us along the road towards realization.



AN INCH DIVIDED INTO FORTY EQUAL PARTS, EACH OF WHICH WOULD PROVIDE SUFFICIENT SPACE FOR A HUNDRED MICROBES STANDING IN LINE.

Take a well-marked rule, if possible one showing the inch divided into quarters, each quarter subdivided into tenths—*ie.*, our rule is subdivided into fortieths of an inch, and the lines are so close together as to quickly tire the eye that tries to count them. Nevertheless, our microbe friend is so small that a company a hundred strong, end on, would just reach from line to line on our rule.

A cubic inch may not appear vast to the unthinking mind, but the microbe must surely have a very different conception of it, since one cubic inch represents space enough to accommodate 64,000,000,000 of the special genus we have just tried to bring before the mind's eye. Few people on this planet of a paltry 25,000 miles' circumference realize even the figure of 1,000,000, but it may again help towards realization to reflect that a total of 64,000,000,000 represents the entire population of the earth just fifty times over!

Perhaps, after all, we have mentally overleapt ourselves, and in the leap failed to notice how much ground we have covered. Let us therefore take a more moderate jump—viz., from the microbe to our old friend the half-inch ant that we saw so actively engaged on the Nile bank. You might easily walk over him and not feel the jar as you passed; yet he is simply gigantic compared with the microbe, two thousand of which, placed end on, would be required to equal the length of the ant.

We have hitherto been trying to convert ourselves into mental microscopes. Let us now endeavour to become mental telescopes. To help us in this, I suggest that we shall picture to ourselves a being as much larger than a six-foot man as the latter is than the microbe we have been considering. Prepare therefore for a mighty mental leap.

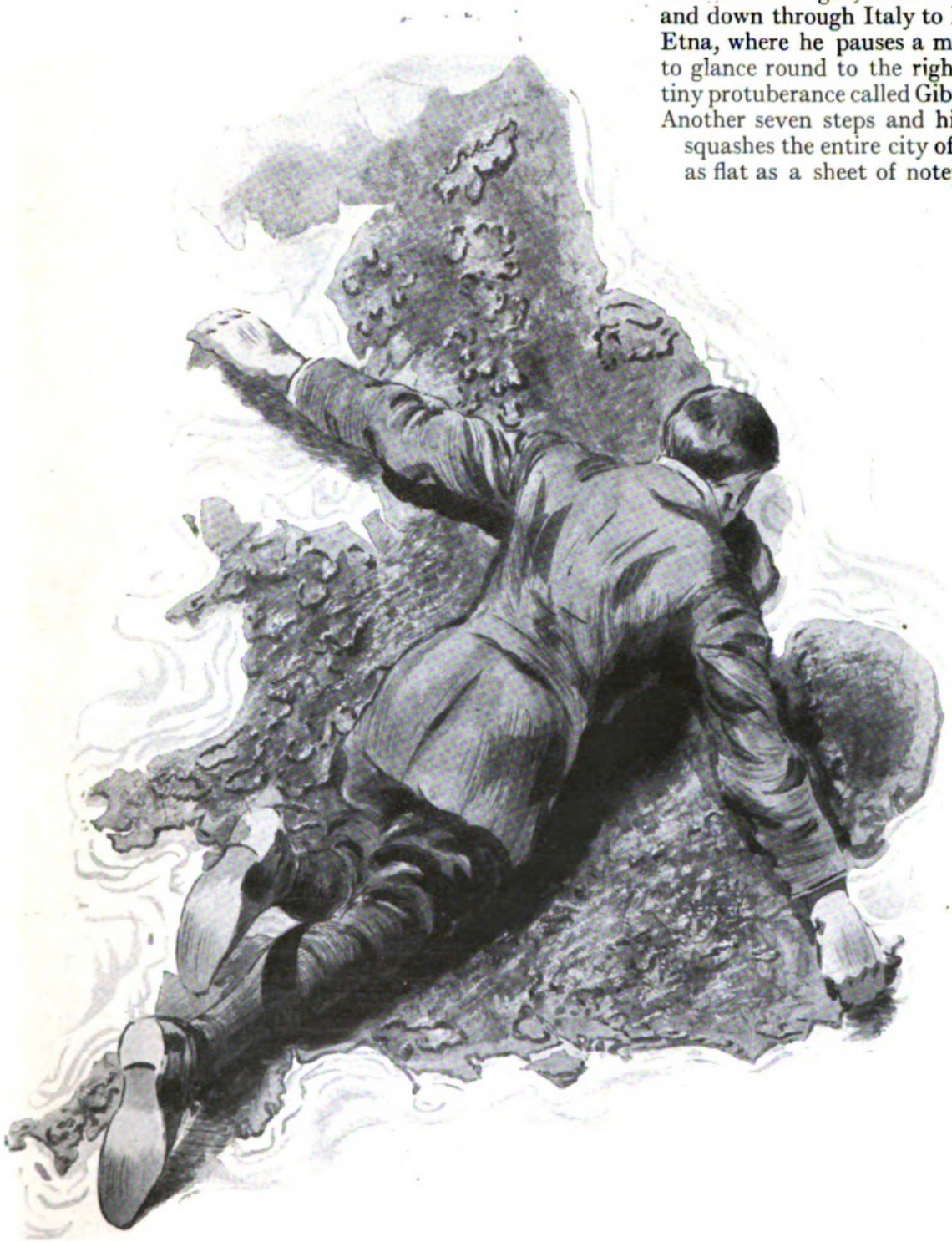
Our "Superman" is a terrific being three hundred and fifty miles high! Why not? Is not man just about that proportionate stature to the microbe? If we are to gauge mentally the awful depths of stellar space and walk round the universe, which is the little outing I propose, we must have a man worthy of the task. But we have first to measure up Superman, otherwise our final estimate of the universe will be misleading.

Superman's length is such that if he unfortunately tripped over the Scilly Isles and fell across England his knees would stand a good chance of being scratched on the ridge of the Mendip Hills, whilst his nose would splash into the mouth of the Humber; by gripping the Isle of Man with his left hand, however, and the east coast of Kent—which would be just within his reach—with his right, he would be able to save himself from slipping farther into the North Sea—not that this would be the least inconvenience to him, as the depth of the North Sea is trifling, and would not even cover the sole of his boot!

Are we beginning to realize the dimensions of Superman? Let us go a little farther. The pupil of his eye would be a thousand yards across, and the approximate distance between the two pupils would be twelve miles, or the outer width of the Wash. The length of his little finger would be fifteen miles, and the nail of the same about two and a half miles. Truly a magnificent specimen of Superhumanity! A moment, though. He would have a healthy appetite and need substantial teeth. I find by my tape measure that the two front teeth of the upper set are rather more than two miles in length and, say, a mile and a half broad. Never mind the rest of the set.

He evidently *did* fall across England, after all, as I observe he bestirs himself, and the Mendips appear to have grazed his knee-cap—a huge circle thirty miles in circumference. Behold he walks! Now, my friends, let us watch him closely and try our utmost to realize what a man three hundred and fifty miles high would look like, for he is about to walk abroad—a short constitutional round the solar system as a preliminary to a journey to the remote depths of space, and this solely for the purpose of enabling us to exercise our

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"HIS KNEES WOULD STAND A GOOD CHANCE OF BEING SCRATCHED ON THE RIDGE OF THE MENDIP HILLS, WHILST HIS NOSE WOULD SPLASH INTO THE MOUTH OF THE HUMBER."

puny minds and *think* somewhat outside our usual mental orbit.

It is evident that Superman finds this planet unpleasantly circumscribed, as he has just taken, in his one-hundred-and-fifty-mile stride (note that!), eight steps, starting from He is, of course, blissfully unconscious of the fact that in that last step he has squelched more than 800,000 human microbes, so takes another thirty-three steps straight down Africa, which brings him to Cape Town. Yes; the vast continent of Africa, which

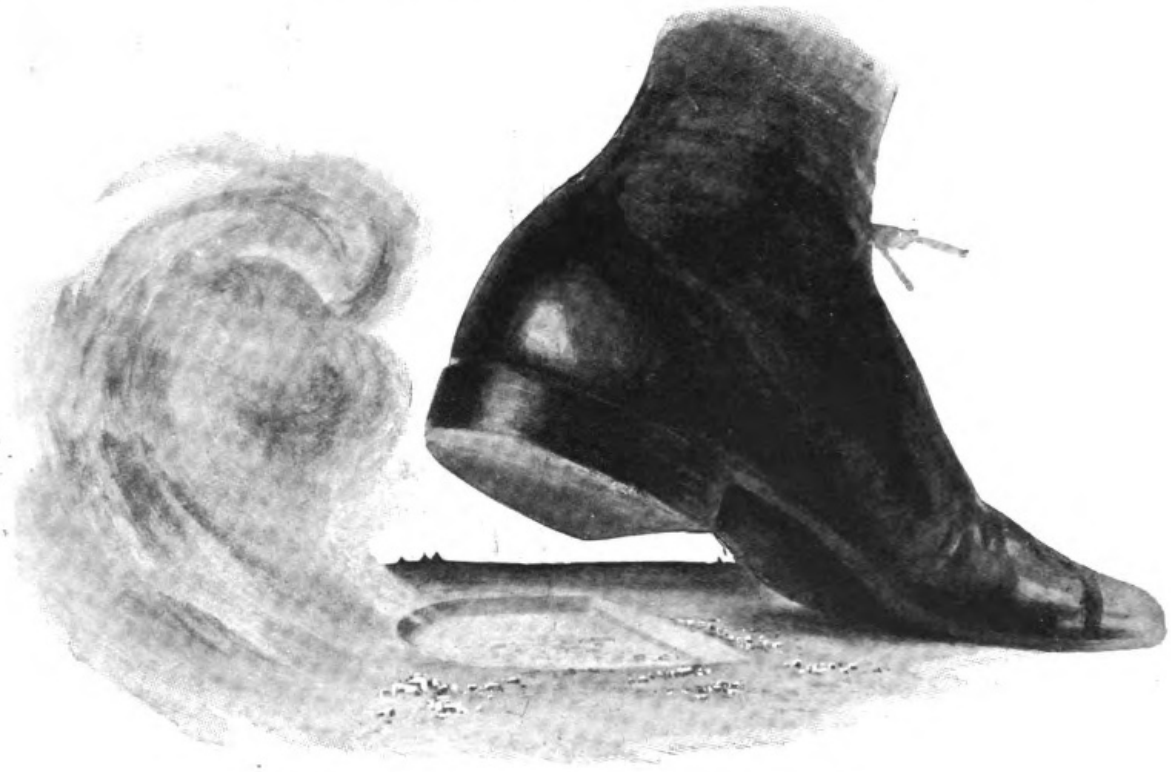
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human microbes are endeavouring to connect up by a 5,000-mile railway, and which it would take an express train travelling at sixty miles an hour three and a half days to traverse north and south, is not half a minute's walk for our colossal friend, so he looks farther afield.

I hope we are really beginning to realize his size, as we must now follow him off this planet to our nearest neighbour, the moon, for even the entire circumference of the earth only represents to him a short jaunt of about one hundred and sixty-six steps, and he requires nothing less than the free realms of space adequately to display his walking powers.

Halloa! there he goes, walking on air, so light-heartedly does he set out upon his journey! Watch him striding off. How he dwindles, for all his gigantic proportions! Mark, however, that the first step takes him one hundred and fifty miles, and the next ten displace 1,500. Little wonder, then, that he diminishes. We take out our watches to time him. Is it possible he reaches the moon in a paltry 1,600 steps, and has taken only a quarter of an hour to accomplish it? Truly space is nothing to him. But, so far as we can make out, he does not think the moon much of a place to visit, as he just walks round it—a matter of only forty-three steps—and immediately starts off towards Mars. Meantime his stature (to our unassisted vision) has dwindled to about the size of an ordinary man half a mile distant.

From the brisk manner in which Superman now starts off, it is evident to us he has at last found a journey worthy of his powers of



ON THIS HEEL-MARK STOOD THE CITY OF CAIRO.

locomotion. It is a little interval of 48,000,000 miles that he sets out to traverse. From now onwards we lose count of his steps and have to rely for this data upon his wireless messages announcing progress. It must suffice, therefore, that we record the time he takes to reach Mars. Assuming that he progresses at the rate of a hundred steps to the minute, this displaces him to the extent of 15,000 miles each minute. He continues steadily on his way, and after the lapse of one hour we receive a wireless announcing that he has taken 6,000 steps, so that he is now 900,000 miles beyond the moon and 1,140,000 from the earth.

Another hour slowly passes, yet every single minute our Superman is moving forward at a terrific velocity. His second message announces the accomplishment of a further 6,000 steps, representing a distance from us equal to 2,040,000 miles. It is now dark and we retire indoors, leaving our

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gigantic friend to pursue his lonely way through the boundless realms of space. We do not again get into wireless communication with him until the next afternoon, or just twenty hours after his last message was received, when he announces that he has taken another 120,000 steps, and a few minutes ago passed his twenty-millionth milestone. A heavy thunderstorm (doubtless caused by the rapid passage through space of our Superman) now forces us indoors again, to our infinite regret, as we wished to inquire by wireless how our traveller was faring, and it is not until another twenty-four hours have elapsed that we again hear from him, by which time he has walked another 144,000 steps, so that he is now about 42,000,000 miles off, and going strong. Ah, another wireless! "Can just discern ahead of me a small object about the size of an orange." This must be Deimos, one of the two tiny satellites of Mars, each about twenty miles in diameter—verily but an orange to him! He is therefore rapidly coming up to the parent planet, and another six or seven hours' walking brings him to the surface of Mars. He evidently does not feel at all tired after his little journey of 48,000,000 miles, as he immediately starts to walk round the planet, which he accomplishes in eighty-four steps and in under one minute, as we see through our telescopes.

Having followed his progress so far—namely, over what may be termed the first stage of his journey outwards—we must pause a while and try to grasp how far and how fast he has travelled—the better to realize presently the appalling distances with which we are concerned in this article.

We said our Superman's stride measures one hundred and fifty miles and that he takes a hundred steps in the minute. Let us try to force our brain to realize the terrific speed and vast distance this represents. Place your watch to your ear. It ticks probably five times to the second (mine does, anyway).



"THE ENTIRE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE EARTH ONLY REPRESENTS TO HIM A SHORT JAUNT."

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Our Superman's velocity is such that he covers fifty miles with each tick of your watch. Now, you will find you cannot even repeat "Fifty, fifty, fifty, fifty" with every tick of the watch—the watch outstrips your tongue. Therefore, with the watch still to your ear, repeat the word "hun-dred" with every two ticks of the watch and try to imagine our colossal man striding out into space and covering one hundred miles with every two ticks. Only in proportion to your power of realizing this will be your ability to realize the distance between the earth and Mars—namely, 480,000 of such intervals of one hundred miles.



"HE JUST WALKS ROUND THE MOON, AND IMMEDIATELY STARTS OFF TOWARDS MARS."

Meanwhile, Superman has refreshed himself, though he found precious little to drink on Mars—a few narrow, trickling canals at most; therefore we had better watch him start on his second stage outwards, to Jupiter, a world more compatible with the size and dignity of Superman and Titanic compared with the earth, measuring as it does 256,000 miles round the Equator. Compare this with our paltry circumference of 25,000 miles! Superman now has a journey of about 343,000,000 miles to make, and, as he will be too busy to wire us, we will simply compute the number of steps and the time he takes. Bearing in mind the ticking of the watch, let us try and realize that Superman requires to take 2,286,666 of those gigantic steps of his to cover the distance between Mars and Jupiter, and the time required is just under sixteen days. No great feat, of course, for our Brobdingnagian friend, and well worth the trouble, for Jupiter is a beautiful world attended by four moons.

But what is old Brob so interested in now? Ah, yes, he has his eye on another lovely sphere, scintillating in the distance, verily the most exquisitely beautiful object in the heavens—Saturn, with its mysterious rings and no fewer than eight attendant moons. This planet is hardly less in girth than the mighty Jupiter, and its distance of 886,000,000 miles from the sun is such that as long a period as twenty-nine and a half years is required to enable it to swing once round the sun. He reaches it in a little matter of 2,763,333 steps (we appear to require the recurring decimal), and it takes him just over eighteen days. He has now been walking steadily for rather more than thirty-six days, covering 15,000 miles during each minute of same. This is, however, but a preliminary canter. He now sets out for Uranus—another span of 868,000,000 miles, which represents 5,786,666 of those tremendous steps, and takes him the best part of forty days to accomplish. The four moons of Uranus naturally interest him, though the planet itself is only 33,000 miles in diameter.

The last lap! He starts off for our outermost known planet, the far-distant Neptune, discovered first by the power of mathematics,

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and afterwards by the power of the telescope —a veritable triumph of mind over matter. It is a walk of just about 1,000,000,000 miles —a respectable step even for Superman. Still, he has already left Uranus, we notice, so he is evidently determined to get there without delay. Now for a little more arithmetic. One hundred and fifty divided into 1,000,000,000 equals 6,666,666, which is the number of steps, therefore, that our untiring friend has to take in order to reach Neptune. This figure is just about equal to the population of London, and each person represents, in the present instance, one hundred and fifty lineal miles of space! If Superman maintains his pace of a hundred steps per minute, he covers the vast abyss between Uranus and Neptune in about forty-six days. Behold him then—if your mental vision is equal to the task—triumphantly standing on Neptune, 2,660,000,000 miles away from us, after a walk of just over one hundred and twenty-three days, during the whole of which time he was projecting his huge bulk through space at the appalling velocity of fifty miles per each tick of a watch!

Thus far we have been traversing the solar system, stepping lightly from planet to planet, until we have reached the outermost known milestone, as it were, of our own little family. The total length of the journey, from sun to Neptune, is close upon 2,750,000,000 miles. This is really such a diabolical distance that even light, travelling at the almost unthinkable velocity of 186,000 miles per second, takes four hours six minutes to traverse it. Observe, further, that 186,000 miles represents exactly seven and a half times the circumference of the earth.

How does this little family compare with the stellar universe surrounding it? Up to the present we have been talking glibly of millions. We now have to try and think coherently in billions, so bewilderingly immense is even the known stellar universe.

Astronomers are obliged to use a base-line of 184,000,000 miles in order to measure the distance of even those stars that are sufficiently near to be capable of measurement. A base-line of 184,000,000 miles is long enough, surely; yet some stars are so distant that even when viewed from the opposite ends of this immense base-line—namely, the width of the earth's orbit—they show no apparent displacement in the sky. Hence it is that we know such stars cannot be *nearer than* a specific distance—namely, 20,000,000,000,000 miles. We thus begin to think in billions.

Let us now try to gauge that figure of twenty million times one million. The sun is so gigantic that even if the moon were removed to twice its present distance from the earth, and we imagined our earth to be the centre of the sun, the outer surface of the sun would then nearly reach the moon. Again, well over a hundred of our earths placed side by side would be required in order to reach across the diameter of the sun. Yet again, if you draw a circle one foot in diameter, and another slightly less than one-eighth of an inch in diameter, you will have before you the approximate proportion of the sun and earth.

We will now begin measuring the distance between the sun and the nearest star to it, using our sun (with his diameter of 868,000 miles) as our foot-rule. We find it would require 23,000,000 of our suns placed side by side to reach the nearest star! By the way, I wonder what our Superman would think of such a journey. We seem to have let him escape, so engrossed are we in our figures. Aha! Come along, Mr. Brob. What about a little walk of 20,000,000,000,000 miles? It took you a hundred and twenty-three days, progressing at the rate of 15,000 miles a minute, to journey from the earth to Neptune, a matter of 2,660,000,000 miles. What do you say to a jaunt to sixty-one Cygni, and how long do you think it would take you? He replies that any schoolboy of twelve could give the correct answer—viz., just over twenty-five *centuries*, but that he declines to budge another inch to-day!

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WOMEN CATCHING FIRE-FLIES.
From a Print by Kuniyoshi.

The Lore and Legend of Japanese Fire-Flies.

By MOCK JOYA.

Illustrated by Yoshio Markino.

IN Japan fire-flies are more than mere beetles. They are Cupid's light to guide lovers, souls of ancient soldiers, the devil's snare to tempt wanderers to death. In their light of magic gold with a tint of emerald-green, the Japanese see stars of hope, sorrows of broken hearts, the everlasting spirits of warriors, but most of all the joys of love and lovers.

Whenever they see the glimmering faint green light of fire-flies hovering over the stream running into the darkness of night the Japanese dream of love and loving hearts. The light of fire-flies is the guide of lovers going along the narrow paths through the rice-field on dark nights to meet their sweethearts.

Kawairashi-sa ya
Hotaru no mushi wa
Shinobu nawate ni
Hi wo tomosu.

(When I go stealingly along the rice-field to meet my sweetheart, the fire-flies kindle a bright light and guide me through the dangerous narrow path.)

The Japanese fire-flies are much larger and give brighter and more steady light than those seen in Europe or America. In old days many poor Japanese students, unable to buy candles, were wont to gather fire-flies in a bag and read their books by their light. The *Hotaru-kago* (fire-fly cage), made of fine laces, placed on the veranda or hung among the trees in the garden, gives almost as bright a light as the large stone lantern, but much more quaint and dreamy.

Fire-flies are plentiful everywhere in Japan. They are not at all afraid of human beings, and will often alight upon the dress, and even on the hair or hands. It is not seldom that fire-flies fly into one's pockets or sleeves.

During the daytime fire-flies sleep under the shelter of grasses near streams or ponds. In this state they are terribly ugly. But as soon as the sun sinks beyond the western hills and the evening darkness begins to gather they wake from slumber and light their tiny gleam of greenish-yellow. At first they are timid, and will not venture from their hiding-place until it is

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utterly dark. But some of the more brave and restless attempt to fly from their day-shelter before it is quite dark, and show their faint light under the deep shadow of great trees or under the cover of the low stone bridges over the stream.

Hotaru bi ya
Mada kureyaranu
Hashi no uri.

(Under the bridge fire-flies are sparkling, although it is not yet dark.)

When the evening mist covers the water and the trees and grasses, dark and cool, a single glimmering fire-fly flying over the water lures others to join it, and presently half-a-dozen, a dozen, and then twenty lights gather round the first light. Then they are everywhere, aloft in the air, floating upon the faintly-glimmering flow of water, and playing among the tall grasses, which seem almost transparent where the fire-flies gather thickest.

Once in a while many millions of white lights form a great mass and fly about in a body, illuminating a vast space, extending many hundred yards. The mass of fire-flies travels many miles and their flight can be perceived from leagues away. If they meet another squadron of fire-flies from another section they rush and mingle into one. It is a battle between two armies of fire-flies. When they mingle many drop dead into the water, as the heroes of the great struggle. Along the Uji River there are many fire-fly battles, and crowds of spectators assemble there to witness the beautiful sight. Over the river millions of fire-flies gather and prepare for the coming battle. They march across the river, over the forest, and back again to the river, waiting for the arrival of their enemy. The manœuvre is most wonderful; not a single fire-fly fails to move in perfect order, as if under a commanding general. Soon the invaders are seen, flying in a mass of bright yellow, while the home army advances to meet the enemy. The two great masses of light make a headlong charge, and for a few minutes there is a chaotic struggle in the air, while the wounded and dead drop fast into the water, which is brightly illuminated by the reflection of the fighting light above. When one army vanquishes the other they slowly return to their own river, still in perfect line and order. It is the march of triumph home.

It is said that the spirits of the Genji and Heike families, who were enemies many centuries ago, are still fighting out their battles in the form of fire-flies, and onlookers call one body of fire-flies Genji and the other Heike, and take the keenest interest in the outcome of the battle.

Of all the quaint and beautiful customs of Japan the most charming and poetic is *Hotaru-gari* (fire-fly-hunting), to which there is nothing similar in the whole world. The fire-fly hunt is one of the three great picnics of Japan which have been in fashion for many centuries—the cherry-flower picnic, the fire-fly hunt, and the maple-leaves picnic. These picnics used to be very important social affairs in old Japan, and even nobles and lords had their picnics as their principal social functions. Of these three picnics, the fire-fly hunt stands out in its peculiar charm and beauty, and, with legends and traditions of many centuries' standing, it is regarded with more honour than any other kind of amusement in Japan.

The evening of the fire-fly hunt is invariably dark and moonless, as the moon is believed to protect them from capture. The fact is, it is hard to catch fire-flies when the moon is shining, as her light obliterates the tiny glimmering. When a pursuer is chasing a fire-fly among the dark shadow of big trees, if it suddenly emerges into the white light of the moon he at once loses the track of his prey and is unable to follow it.

Owarete wa
Tsukini kakururu
Hotaru kana.

(When they are closely chased, the cunning fire-flies hide in moonlight.)

The fire-fly-hunting party sometimes numbers over fifty people, but generally not more than fifteen to twenty, while even a small gathering of five or six makes an ideal party.

The march to the stream or pond where the fire-flies abound is the merriest part of the picnic, and in the early evening the gay laughter of many parties is heard along the country roads. While walking to the scene of hunting they sing the "Fire-fly Hunting-Song":—

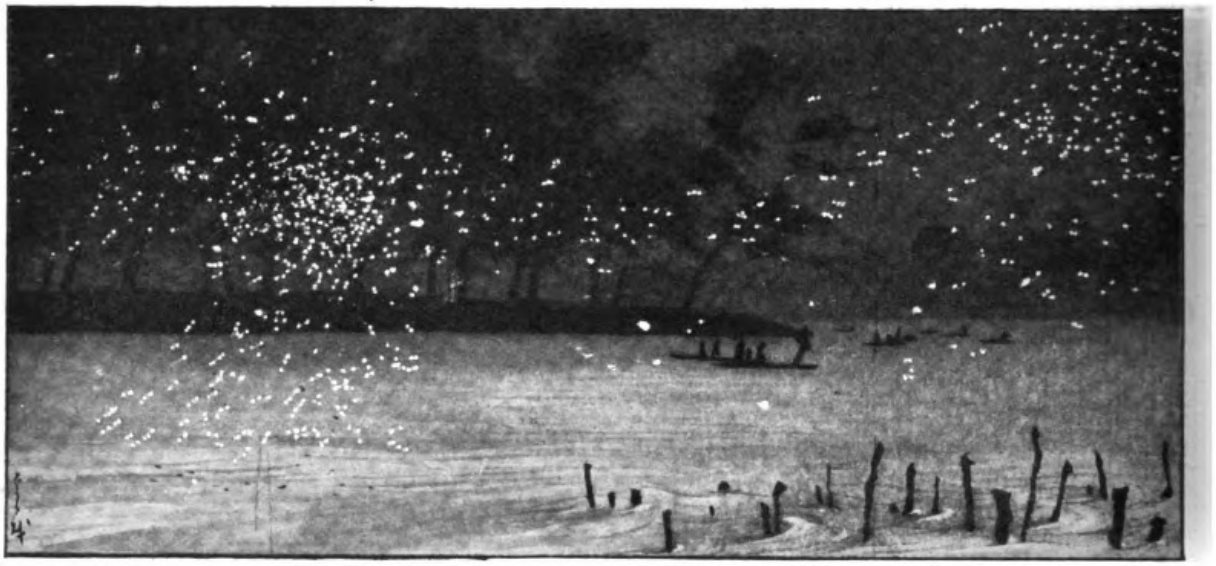
Hotaru koi, Hotaru koi,
Ando no hikari wo choito mite koi.

(Come, fire-fly, come, fire-fly, to the light of the lantern.)

From every direction the song will be heard as the party nears its destination.

The bank of the stream is already illuminated by the flying lights of innumerable fire-flies. The greenish-yellow light makes the colour of the water of the darkest green, but the leaves and drooping branches of the willows look much lighter than they seem in

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"MILLIONS OF FIRE-FLIES PREPARE FOR THE BATTLE."



"THE DENSE FIRE-FLIES SHED THEIR LIGHT ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LEAVES."

the daytime, as the dense fire-flies shed their yellow light on both sides of the leaves. From time to time the fire-flies fly down to the water to take a drink, making a small dimple on the smooth, glimmering surface.

The party dissolves in twos and threes, and in a few minutes is scattered all along the willow-covered banks, while the fire-fly hunting-song is heard clearly in every direction.

When they see a fire-fly near, they raise their fan or bamboo branch and strike swiftly. The fire-fly drops to the ground, and while still stunned it is picked up and dropped into the lace bag, which is soon filled with a glimmering multitude. Although thousands of tiny lights are flying everywhere, it is quite dark, and one could hardly tell who is at his elbow. Sometimes, taking this advantage, some speak things they would not dare to whisper in the broad light of day.

Kureyo Hotaru
Mono yu kao no
Miyuru hodo.

(O fire-flies, gather here to show the face
of one who says these things to me.)

As the night advances the light of the fire-flies seems to become brighter and the distant singing of other fire-fly-hunting parties up the stream becomes clearer and more mysterious.

Yono fukuru
Hodo okinaru
Hotaru kana.

(The light of fire-fly grows brighter ever
as the night grows deeper.)

Thus the time passes away and the party catches enough fire-flies, and they call to each other to prepare for the trip home. They march again through the dew-covered rice-fields, the darkness lighted only by the gleam that issues from the bags of fire-flies.

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"THEY RAISE THEIR FANS AND STRIKE SWIFTLY."

Chochin no
Kiyete, totoki,
Hotaru kana.

(Now that the lantern light has gone out,
how precious is the light of the fire-flies!)

The story of Asagao is the most famous love-story of Japan. It tells of fire-flies as the guides of love. The street-singers who walk the street with the *Shamisen* sing this story during the season of the fire-flies.

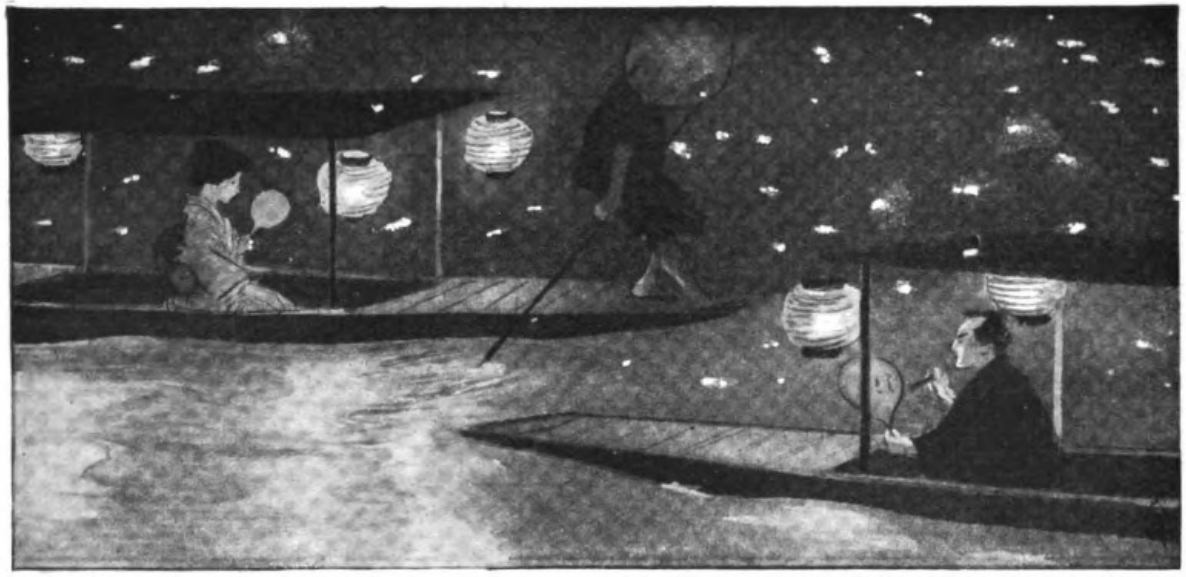
It was a dark summer evening, moonless and windless, years and years ago, and along the river of Uji innumerable fire-flies hovered, shedding their greenish-yellow light upon the dark-green pine trees and cool, smooth water. Many richly-decorated pleasure-boats swarmed on the river, and in one of these sat Asagao, the beauty of all the Kyoto neighbourhood. Under the dull, soft light of the lanterns Asagao looked most beautiful, and while she sat gazing dreamily at the fire-flies and the silvery flow of cool water a boat passed hers. When she raised her dewy eyes she saw Asojiro, the strongest and handsomest of the Samurai warriors of the time. The boats passed each other, grazing their sides, and Asagao kept her beautiful eyes on the handsome and manly figure of Asojiro, who was captivated by the beauty of Asagao. They fell in love at first sight, and they wrote love-messages on their fans and exchanged them before their boats parted.

Next day Asagao started discreet inquiries as to the youth of the fairy evening, but all in vain. The hero of the boat left the country to fight for his lord. Every morning she hoped to receive news of her lover, but nothing was heard of him for many months. Asagao dreamed and wept. No longer did she enjoy the Court and social life in which she had used to delight; no more could she wait patiently for her love to return. In the hope of finding consolation in the search for Asojiro, she



"SOME SPEAK THINGS THEY WOULD NOT DARE TO WHISPER IN THE BROAD LIGHT OF DAY."

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"THEY WROTE LOVE-MESSAGES ON THEIR FANS."



"HE ORDERED HIS BOATMAN TO PUT THE BOAT IN THE WAY OF THE FLOATING LIGHTS."

became a travelling Koto-player and wandered eastward, playing the Koto for wayside travellers and lodgers at country inns.

Many a fire-fly season came and went, but she remained true to her love and continued on her quest for Asojiro. She led the monotonous and tedious life of a Koto-player at inns and in the streets, and was barely able to keep herself alive. Years passed. She became old and wrinkled; she was an old, stooping beggar. Her eyes grew weak with constant tears, and she became blind.

One summer evening she was playing her Koto at a small inn near Oi-gawa. It was a moonless night, and children were shouting after fire-flies around the inn, and, although it was far from the Uji River, she dreamed of the past and sang about the fire-flies of the summer evenings when youths and maidens floated on the river under the glow of the fire-flies' light. One of the guests at the inn was her old lover Asojiro. He recognized the beautiful Asagao in the wrinkled, blind woman, and her presence and song carried him back to the few seconds of his heart's delight when they exchanged their love-message on the Uji River many years ago. Tears ran down his cheeks, but he wept silently, so that she could not recognize him, and, calling the blind woman to him, asked her to tell him how she became an outcast, wandering Koto-player. Asagao then took up her Koto and sang the story of her love, her years of wandering and of constancy, and as she finished the song she dropped her head and sobbed, not knowing that she had, after many years' wandering, found her old lover and was singing her love-song in his ears.

Asojiro stretched out his hands and was about to reveal his identity, but his sorrow overcame him, and he could not bear to see her sufferings. He hurried away from the inn, leaving a bag of money and a message for the blind woman. When the

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"SHE BECAME A TRAVELLING KOTO-PLAYER."

maid gave these to Asagao and the note was read to her she realized that it was to Asojiro himself that she had sung her song of love and wandering. As soon as she had dried her eyes and recovered from the surprise, she strapped her Koto on her back and hurried after Asojiro.

To every traveller she met she asked whether he had seen a man travelling fast, giving the description of Asojiro as best she could, and thus she followed him all day. At night she reached a ferry across the Oi-gawa just as the man she loved and followed was being carried over. The next boat would not leave until many hours later, and she knew that she could not follow her love if he had so many hours' start. Despairing, but determined to follow him, she waded out to the river, calling on the fire-flies to guide her sightless eyes as they had guided her to her love many years ago on the Uji River. Deeper and deeper she went into the water, praying Buddha to help her to cross the river safely and in time to catch Asojiro, and calling to the fire-flies to guide her once more to love and life.

Asojiro, looking back from his boat, saw a great column of winking light slowly floating down the dark, roaring river with the current. At first glance he thought it was nothing but a mass of fire-flies, but there was something that lured him and kept him looking back at the faint light on the water, and at last he ordered his boatmen to put the boat in the way of the floating lights. And when he came up to the floating column of lights he found Asagao floating, drowned, with tens of thousands of fire-flies flying over her upturned wrinkled face, which was once the most beautiful in the Kyoto Court.

Asojiro took her body up into his boat and carried it to the other shore, the fire-flies still following the boats and shedding their faint greenish light upon the white face of Asagao.



"HE FOUND ASAGAO FLOATING, DROWNED, WITH TENS OF THOUSANDS OF FIRE-FLIES FLYING OVER HER UPTURNED FACE."

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Mr. Martindale's Heron.

By EDWARD CECIL.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.



N one of the famous thoroughfares of London there lives to-day a man who spends his life stuffing birds. He has long since handed over the animals to a younger pair of hands. But he cannot give up work. For work has become a habit with him, partly because he is that sort of man, and partly because, like many another, he has had his troubles to bury. So he still keeps for himself the lighter work—the birds.

Probably when David Miall dies his little old-fashioned shop will disappear. People will send their birds and animals elsewhere to be stuffed. The big stores, doubtless, have their skilled taxidermists; and people who now employ Miall, and whose fathers very likely employed him also, will get used in time to receiving typewritten letters signed by managing directors, thanking them for their valued custom, in place of the short notes or postcards in a crabbed handwriting, very difficult to decipher, which Miall now sends his customers.

To describe him quickly one must use a method of caricature.

On a shelf near the big north window beneath which is the table at which he works, at the corner of the shelf, catching the light, stands and has stood for many years Miall's companion in many solitary working hours—a singularly human-looking monkey. Once a woman's pet, it had come to Miall for preservation. But the owner dying before the commission was executed, the stuffed animal had remained in Miall's possession.

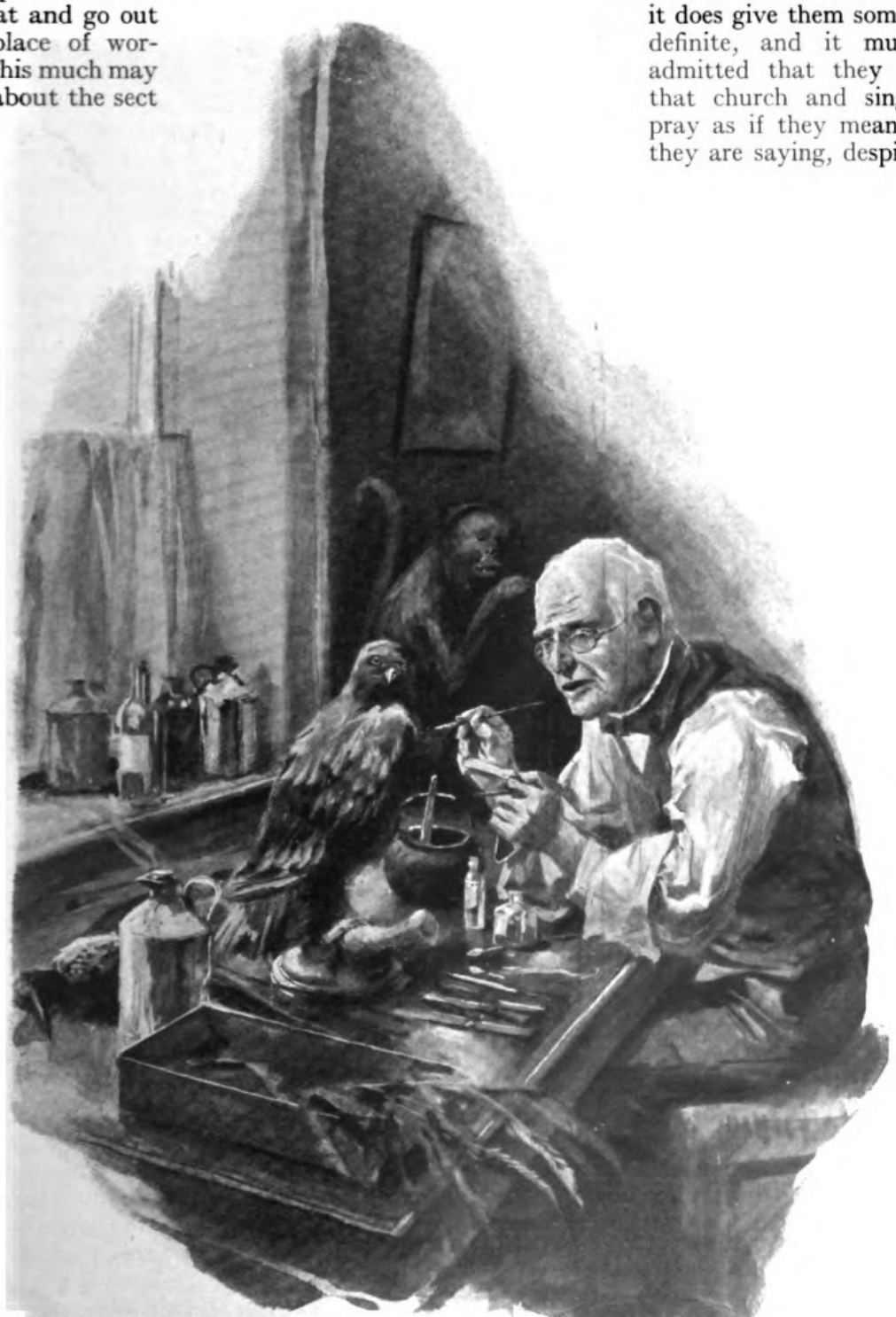
It stood there, with its wrinkled, wizened face, its oddly peering eyes, its thin, delicate, miniature hands, and its stooping shoulders, a strange caricature of a human being in old age, and Miall often looked at it and reflected that he had never stuffed anything better. Did he ever reflect that, had it been clothed, it would have resembled the man who had preserved it? Yet, strange as it may seem to say so, for ten years, from the sixtieth to the seventieth year of his life, Miall had been growing more and more like it. He had dried up. Some men do. They seem to shrink within themselves. Their flesh diminishes and their skin grows loose and wrinkles. It was thus with Miall. Always a small man, he grew smaller. His eyes became peering as his sight slowly failed. Yet they were left the most living part of his face. His delicate, long-fingered hands also grew very thin. Then the stoop of his shoulders increased, and the stuffed thing on the shelf was just a caricature of the old man who, hour after hour, worked in the clear light from the large north window at that big table covered with its litter of knives and scalpels, scissors and pliers, paint-pots and varnish-pots, skins and feathers.

Thus it will be seen what manner of man Miall was in appearance. There is one qualification to make. It has been said that for ten years he had been growing more and more like that strange human ape of his. That is not so any longer. The peering, restless look has now receded from his face, to make room for something better. Happiness and repose have crept into it. It is a different face—the face of a different man. A change came over Miall's life in that seventieth year of his age. Since then he has become more human, less "dried up" in mind and body.

Two things remain to be told about him, before Mr. Martindale is introduced. The first testifies to the man's absorption in his work. Once every month he took a day's holiday. He went somewhere in the country to watch birds. He always considered his work needed this. Certainly his stuffed birds were more and more life-like as his knowledge of bird-life increased. He soon ceased to be merely a taxidermist. He learned from actual observation the habits, the nests, the life histories of birds. You see, he had no home life, no boon companions, no demands on his time, no schemes for the future. His work had to be made to fill his life and occupy his thoughts. Otherwise, perhaps, thoughts best buried might arise. So he expanded

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his work with first-hand study of Nature. The other thing which must be told because it explains so much is this. Miall was definitely a religious man. He is still. But not in the same way. On Sundays, twice a day, it was his regular habit to put on a black frock-coat and go out to his place of worship. This much may be said about the sect to which Miall belonged: it has pretty strict, old-fashioned views of right and wrong. It does not favour compromises and excuses. It does not try to make the unpalatable palatable. It draws its lines clear and strong, and it makes men and women rather hard. But it does give them something definite, and it must be admitted that they go to that church and sing and pray as if they mean what they are saying, despite the



"THE OLD MAN, HOUR AFTER HOUR, WORKED IN THE CLEAR LIGHT AT THE BIG TABLE COVERED WITH ITS LITTER OF KNIVES AND SCALPELS, SCISSORS AND PLIERS, PAINT-POTS AND VARNISH-POTS, SKINS AND FEATHERS."

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fact that they and their views have got rather out of fashion. And if it be said that a hard religion is without comfort, how is it that Sunday by Sunday Miall drew comfort from his public worship? He certainly did.

We come to the evening of an April day in that year in which Miall was seventy. It was, indeed, the day on which he reached threescore years and ten. But, through living much alone, he had forgotten that it was his birthday.

All the same, that evening David Miall was in a sort of twitter of excitement. He was expecting a visitor. All that April day he had been looking forward to that visit "at about six o'clock." The note he had received put it like that, a little vaguely.

"Why could he not have said six?" Miall had reflected. "I should not have expected him to be punctual to the minute. I don't go out much."

The note was written on the note-paper of the Travellers' Hotel, and it was signed "Henry Martindale." Mr. Martindale had been an exceedingly good customer for some years. That evening a box stood beside the work-table, and on it Miall had written in chalk, "Mr. Martindale's Heron."

That heron was the cause of the visit.

"A trifle eccentric and fussy, this Martindale," thought Miall, as he made spasmodic efforts to tidy his room. "As if I had never made a fire-screen of a heron before! Why, one might almost say that is what a heron is made for, from my point of view, just as an owl naturally makes a fan!"

He smiled at his own humour.

It seemed as if the old man was well pleased with himself that evening. What had made him so?

Could it have been the prospect of seeing for the first time this Martindale, whom hitherto he had only known through the post? Hardly that. His cheques had been enough to see, and they had always come promptly. Surely, however, there was quite a simple explanation for that sense of satisfaction which the old man felt? He was going to have a visitor, possibly a visitor who would take an interest in his work and stay for an hour or so and talk. That was all. For one evening his loneliness was going to be broken.

Punctually at six, a pleasant surprise after that vagueness about the time, Martindale came.

Miall's first impression of him was unfavourable. He had hoped for a man like himself, a man careless about his clothes, a man with the appearance of a student, the sort of man who might be summed up, as to his appearance, as "untidy but interesting."

Instead of this, Martindale was well dressed and well groomed. He wore a silk hat and a black overcoat with a velvet collar. Beneath this there proved to be a fashionably-cut morning-coat. There was a sort of West-end



"ON SUNDAYS, TWICE A DAY, IT WAS HIS REGULAR HABIT TO PUT ON A BLACK FROCK-COAT AND GO OUT TO HIS PLACE OF WORSHIP."

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air about him, and, though the man seemed to be in the second decade of middle age—although it turned out afterwards that he looked older than he was—his beard and moustache were very carefully trimmed. His manner also, Miall thought, was rather unnecessarily polite.

"I want to make quite sure, Mr. Miall," he explained, taking off his overcoat, at Miall's request, as there was a good fire burning and the room was warm—"I want to make quite sure that the fire-screen is done *exactly* as I want it."

"Yours is quite an ordinary commission," said Miall. "A heron naturally makes a fire-screen, just as an owl makes a fan. I have done a score of such within—well, recent years."

"And perhaps a hundred, Mr. Miall, in your time?"

It was said very pleasantly—a tribute, in the way it was said, to lifelong work. The old man, sensitive enough as well as shrewd, was pleased.

"Yes," he said; "I've stuffed birds and animals for fifty years. But now only birds."

Mr. Martindale seemed very interested in the taxidermist. Striving not to show it, he was taking stock of him carefully.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Miall. The work you have done for me has been splendid. Everyone says it is life-like. But I want this heron of mine done in rather a special way, like one I have seen. That's why I'm here."

"Yes?"

"And I want the shade of grey in the plumage of the bird very carefully graded in the screen. I have tried to draw what I mean."

He took a paper from his pocket-book and Miall inspected it. It proved to be a rough sketch of the conventional heron fire-screen. The old man checked his smile and entered into the spirit of the thing.

"What you want, Mr. Martindale," he said, "is the usual thing, only better. For instance, the wing feathers of a heron go from nearly black in the long ones to pearl-grey in the short ones. You do not want a black feather put against a light-grey one. You want them graded skilfully."

"Exactly. Yet I don't want it to appear stiff and formal."

Thus for a time they discussed the matter.

It did not seem that Mr. Martindale was in a hurry. When the nominal object of his visit was exhausted he looked round the room with interest.

"So you have been stuffing birds all your life, Mr. Miall?"

"Yes; birds and animals."

"I am glad to have had this talk about the fire-screen. It is better than writing, eh?"

Thus they slipped into natural easy talk.

And easily enough Miall became communicative about himself. He fetched a bottle of whisky and two glasses from a cupboard in the corner of the room.

"It is kind of you, sir, to stay and talk to an old man," he said.

Martindale turned his face away lest it should betray him, and poked the fire.

"It is very interesting," he said, lamely.

It was soon evident that the old taxidermist was very lonely. Also that he had not been very lucky in life. His wife had died young. His son had not done well in the world. These were the two gaunt facts which were the keynotes to a life which Martindale quickly saw contained memories best buried.

"You lead a lonely life, Mr. Miall?" said Martindale, renewing the talk after a pause.

"Yes; but it has compensations. It has few expenses, and that is a great thing with rates and taxes going up and up and up."

"I know. Living is getting dearer daily."

"And the fashion for stuffed birds and animals going down and down and down. Why, once, sir, it was the natural thing for anyone who lost a pet to employ a taxidermist. Now it is the exception."

"Do you keep more than the one assistant who does the animals?"

"Not regularly. You see, I work long hours. I like to be kept busy."

"A little judicious advertising would help you," Martindale suggested. "All sorts of people take to the country life nowadays, and country houses generally have their stuffed birds sooner or later."

Miall shook his head.

"I have enough to go on with," he said. "A few good customers, such as you, Mr. Martindale, keep me going."

"But you don't want to let the business languish for want of a little enterprise."

"I have no one to come after me," said Miall.

These words startled Martindale. They were said as if the old man had a great regret hidden away in his heart, even though it might be something which had to be accepted. He said them much as an Arab might say "Kismet."

Martindale did not hear them unmoved.

"Isn't it rather risky, Mr. Miall, your living here alone? You might be taken ill. I suppose you feel old age creeping on?"

Miall looked at him sharply and very keenly.

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"That is a curious question to ask me, Mr. Martindale," he said, rather stiffly, after his previous easy discussion of his work and life—"a curiously intimate sort of question."

Five minutes later the easy, pleasant talk between old David Miall and his visitor had given place to a feeling of constraint, which both felt. Miall was now suspicious. Who was this Martindale? Why did he evince such an intimate interest in his welfare? What was the real object of his visit? Was the making of the fire-screen the true reason of his coming, and the doubt about its being so purely imaginary?

On his side Martindale had come to the moment for making the true object of his visit known. Should he bluntly disclose it, or, profiting by what he had already learnt, should he merely bring the talk to an end in a natural way, and let things remain as they were?

It had grown late now — eight o'clock. The quietness of evening had become perceptible. Occasionally the rumble of traffic along the big thoroughfare penetrated to that back room, but otherwise there was little sound of the noisy, busy, active world outside. A church bell near at hand had rung for five minutes and then stopped. The assistant had knocked at the door, opened it, announced that he had closed the shop, and, putting the key of the shop-door on its nail in the wall by the door, had gone home.

So Miall and his visitor were quite alone, without fear of being disturbed.

And still Martindale hesitated. He was a little afraid. He had no definite ground for expecting that he would be successful. Better to say nothing than fail.

After a few minutes, however, without preamble, he slipped a ring off the little finger of his left hand and handed it across to Miall.

"Have you seen that ring before?" he asked.

The old man got up and went to the gas. He adjusted his spectacles and examined the ring. He must have recognized it long before he admitted doing so.

"Yes," he said, at last. "It belonged to my wife, and she gave it to my son. The name in it is the name of her father, the hair is his hair, and the date that of his death. How did it come into your possession, Mr. Martindale?"

"It was given me."

"By my son, I suppose. In what circumstances? Do you bring me the news that he is dead?"

"No, I do not bring you that news. It was not given me by your son, but by my mother."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Martindale," said Miall, trembling. "Please be more explicit."

"It is quite simple. I am not Henry Martindale. That is the name I have gone under for twenty years. My name is Robert Miall."

The old taxidermist took a step nearer.

"Yes," he said, at length; "I see it now. I might have suspected, but I didn't. I don't doubt you. I know you now."

He did not show any pleasure.

Then, after a time, he smiled.

His son, knowing that, though recognized, he was not going to have an easy path towards forgiveness, if he were going to be forgiven at all, challenged that smile.

"What amuses you in my appearance, father?" he asked.

"Nothing. You are most fashionably and correctly dressed. I was only wondering whether your convict's clothes fitted you as well as those you are now wearing."

. . . . . .

It was most cruelly spoken.

Robert Miall flushed.

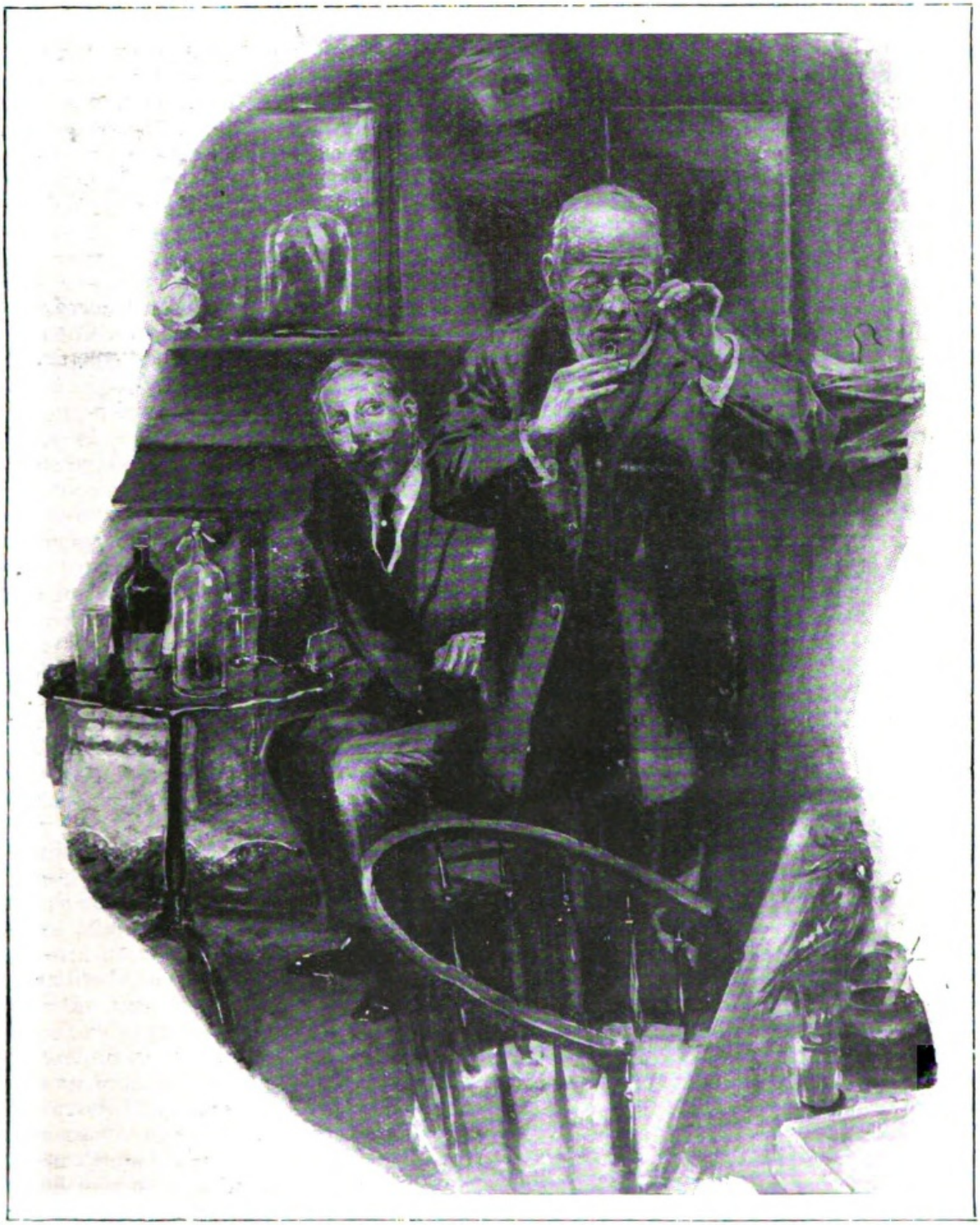
Yet it is easily possible to understand why old David Miall spoke so bitterly. His life, taken as a whole, had not been successful in securing happiness. Maybe he himself was to blame. But not entirely. The death of his wife was something he had taken very hardly. The disgrace his son had brought upon him had struck him as a further blow. He had stiffened himself under it and had written his son off as dead, fortifying himself by the hard self-righteousness which he culled from his religion, and had decided that whether that son of his still lived or not he, David Miall, was childless. And now that son, an ex-convict, stood before him.

"Ah," he said, "I think I understand the glossy silk hat, the West-end clothes, and the gold cigarette-case. You want to feel quite sure that you have got away from the past. Your clothes give you a sense of security, don't they? Sometimes, perhaps, something reminds you of what you once were. You look at yourself in the glass, perhaps, or you pull out your gold cigarette-case, and then you feel at once that the other thing is quite safely buried. Isn't it so?"

It was an extraordinarily shrewd piece of observation on the old man's part, and it went home.

But Robert Miall had not expected an easy

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"'YES,' HE SAID, AT LAST, 'IT BELONGED TO MY WIFE, AND SHE GAVE IT TO MY SON.'"

task. He had not forgotten what kind of man his father was.

"Whether what you say is true or not," he said, quietly, "I hope you will hear what I have got to say."

The old man had expected a different sort of answer, a sudden flash of anger or, at least, a quick denial. He saw, however, that his son did not trouble to quarrel over words, bitter or inaccurate though they might be. And he was impressed.

"Yes," he said. "I will listen to you if afterwards you will also listen to what I have to say."

Robert Miall's story of himself, which was obviously true in detail as well as in substance, took a little time in the telling. It was the

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story of a man who had redeemed a mistake successfully. When a young man of twenty-four he had embezzled some money. He had been found out and was tried and sentenced to three years' penal servitude. When he got out of prison he was told that one hundred pounds was his if he consented never to see his father again. He had given that promise and emigrated with his capital. The rest of the story could be told in three words—he had prospered. But he had done more. He had learnt his lesson when in prison. He had lived the twenty years of his liberty since his release in absolute rectitude. And that night he was a man of character and moral strength as well as a man of means. When the story of his life had been rapidly told, he explained why he had sent so many birds and animals to be stuffed.

"I wanted to help you, and to pay back the hundred pounds," he said. "I thought you might be needing it, but would not take it if I sent it you in so much hard cash. That is why I made myself just a good customer to you, under the name I have gone by in my new life. Then, after a time, I could not resist a certain longing to see you, and I arranged to-night's visit under the excuse of the fire-screen. I wanted to find out how it was with you, how you were, and I wanted also to find out something about myself. I did not know whether I should want to disclose my identity when I saw you. I wanted to be able to go away again if I found I did not want to reveal my identity. I felt that I might not feel enough affection to care whether you forgave me or not. Well, I have found out that I do care. That is why I have told you who I am."

There was silence between them when Robert Miall had told his story.

"And you are comfortably off?" asked his father at last.

"Yes, rich."

The old man nodded.

"And you thought you would like to bribe me to forgive you for disgracing me?"

"No. I thought I was in a position to help you if you needed help."

"Of course, that is your way of putting it."

"No. It is quite a different thing."

The old taxidermist shrugged his shoulders.

"I am too old to argue," he said.

"Yes. You are seventy to-day."

He started. He had not remembered his birthday. But, of course, it was so, the sixteenth of April.

"You see I remember," his son remarked, understanding that only he had done so.

"Yes. What of that?"

"You are not quite alone in the world."

"But, after all, you haven't really changed," said old Miall, pursuing his own line of thought; "you are just the same in essentials as you were when you disgraced me. Why couldn't you have come to me honestly? You have got to know what I think and feel by a dodge, a sharp but inexcusable dodge. All that nonsense about your heron, what was it but a tissue of lies with a mean motive? You embezzled money to get rich in a hurry when you were a young man, and now, when you are middle-aged, you make up all this deceit! Why, you are just the same as ever. I can't forgive you. Wrong is wrong, and no amount of sentiment will make it right. You disgraced me years ago. Now you have played me a trick."

The obstinate old man, who for years had been telling himself over and over again that he was quite right in considering himself childless, even if his son were alive in some hole or corner on the earth's surface, was simply telling himself now the same old story. His thin, old hands clenched as his anger rose. He was merely justifying himself, and twisting the plain common sense of the position into an absurd distortion of the truth. The younger man saw this and waited. He had still an argument to bring to bear.

It was a little later when Robert Miall took out from his pocket-book a half-sheet of note-paper, folded, worn at the folds, and yellowed by age. He handed it to his father.

"Do you recognize your handwriting?" he asked.

How it all flooded back, swamping old Miall's thoughts with the waters of recollection! Forty-five years ago! London was very different then. There were many small shops in the great thoroughfare then, not only Miall's as now, left as a relic of former days, squeezed in between a draper's palatial shop to the right, a handsome emporium to the left, and stared at from across the road by a stationer's and fancy goods establishment which had three separate entrances.

Forty-five years ago it was all very different, and young David Miall had just inherited the shop from his father and started business. Also he had been married more than a year, for men married earlier in those days than they do now, and were perhaps the happier. David Miall had married when he was twenty-three.

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And out of that now distant time, on that April night of his seventieth birthday, there was one episode brought up vividly to old David Miall's memory.

How well he remembered the scene now it was recalled! How well he remembered writing what was written on that half-sheet of paper now again in his hand! How well he remembered laughing as he wrote it!

"Never mind," said his girl-wife; "it will do no harm."

It had all happened in that very room. It was their living-room then. The work had been done in those days at the back of the shop and in the shed in the yard.

It was late one winter evening. There was a bassinette by the side of the fire. Young Mrs. Miall had a foot resting lightly on one of the rockers. She was carefully stitching round the button-holes of some tiny article of clothing. And in the bassinette their little boy, just a year old, was sleeping.

"Write it down, David," she said. "I know what you are. Then I shall have it in writing."

He had treated it as a joke.

"Haven't I promised?" he asked. "Isn't that good enough?"

But she, in earnest, had insisted.

"No; let me have it in writing. Then I can keep you to it."

How pretty she had looked there in the lamplight, its glow on the rounded profile of her face, the young mother tenderly anxious about her little son!

So to please her he had written it down; and now, after forty-five years, he read it again.

How the scene lived!

How the atmosphere of those old days returned!

How curious that his girl-wife had divined so accurately the hard strain in his character, and taken, in such an unusual, girlish way, her precautions for that little son of hers who, though all that was mercifully hidden from her and, indeed, never known by her, was to become a convict!

"I, David Miall," ran the yellowed writing, "do hereby faithfully promise that if ever my son Robert Miall does serious wrong, I will forgive him the first time. Signed by me this 6th day of February, 1865. David Miall. Witness, Emily Miall."

So ran the paper.

And, after he had signed it, she had put down her work, clasped her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"You will be kind to him, won't you, Dave?" she had said. "He is such a dear little boy."

Just a young mother's usual fear in those days when, it must be admitted, fathers were perhaps, as a rule, harsher than they are to-day.

"There you have it in writing," he had said. She had taken the paper, folded it, kept it, and, perhaps, given it to her son when she gave him his grandfather's memorial ring.

"Oh, but this is fantastic," grumbled old David Miall now, as he brushed his reverie away and fidgeted with the folded paper, before handing it back. "I had forgotten about this. It is the sort of thing a woman persuades a man to do, and he does it to please her. It is not to be taken seriously and used against his better judgment."

"A lot of things women do are 'fantastic,'" said Robert, quietly. "But sometimes they turn out to be good."

"Yes."

"At any rate, I hold you to your bond."

The old man looked up sharply. Was his son really serious? It seemed that he was. What a silly business it was, and yet how shrewdly it cut down into certain well-cherished memories! Yes, well-cherished, but his, and his only.

He smiled incredulously.

"But I did forgive you, many times, when you were a boy," objected the old man.

"'Serious wrong' is what the paper says," his son replied.

"Well, it was 'serious wrong,' I grant you that."

"Then I claim your forgiveness."

"What if I can't give it? A man can't forgive to order."

"No. But you can forgive me. You can see plainly enough, if you wipe the prejudice from your eyes, that I deserve forgiveness. And you are too old and lonely not to accept my affection—and make sure of it. Think how I have shown that I have thought of you in my prosperity."

Old David Miall had no answer ready.

"Are you so rich that you think you can even buy my forgiveness?" he asked at last.

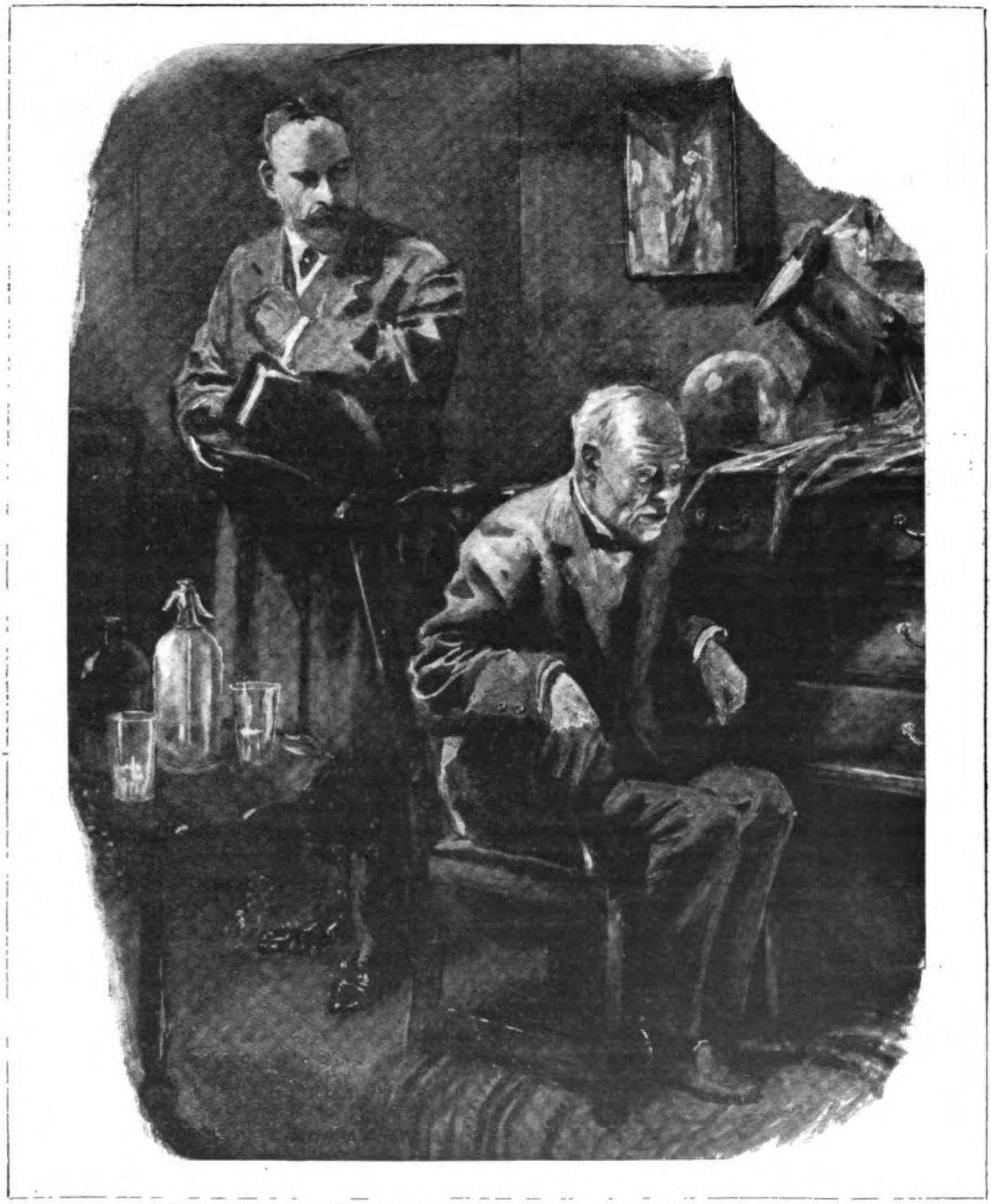
"No. It must be *given*. And I believe it will be given. If not to-night, sooner or later."

He got up and put on his overcoat. He drew on his gloves, took up his hat, and smoothed the nap.

"Aren't you going to let me out?" he asked.

But old Miall, gazing into the fire, had fallen again into his reverie. Once again he saw the bassinette beside that hearth, his wife

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"OLD MIALL, GAZING INTO THE FIRE, HAD FALLEN INTO HIS REVERIE."

sewing in the lamplight, himself in the act of writing that promise of his to forgive their little son his *first* serious fault. Once again it was 1865 and not 1910; once again life was in front of him, not behind him.

In the silence a church clock struck eleven.

"Aren't you going to let me out?" Robert asked. "It is getting late."

But immediately he had spoken he stepped forward. He saw a change in his father.

The old man was trembling.

There was a tear on his wrinkled cheek.

"Never mind," he said. "I am an old man. Don't go."

"I don't want to go," said his son, unsteadily.

And from that moment dates David Miall's new attitude towards life. He is to-day a man whose thoughts are happy and contented.

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Artists' Views on Ladies' Hats.

How are ladies' hats regarded by artists?—that is to say, what is their merit, not as creations of fashion, but as things of beauty? That is the interesting question which it is the object of the following article to solve. A number of photographs, displaying the most recent styles in ladies' headgear, were submitted to a number of eminent artists, and their opinion was asked as to which of these they would select as the most artistic. Our lady readers will be gratified to find that the same hat so often wins approval both from the votary of fashion and the artist. We hope to follow this article next month by another treating, from the same point of view, the still more interesting subject of ladies' dress.

Sir JAMES LINTON, P.R.I.

ALL the photographs I have before me strike me as being so charming that I find it no easy matter to make a definite selection without being unfair to some of the pretty wearers who must perforce be left out. As, however, the question of my personal preference is put direct to me, I think, after mature consideration, that I must choose Nos. 2, 7, 9, 6, and 3, in the order named. I select No. 2 first by reason of its artistically-simple design, and also on account of its complete suitability to the face and dress the designer has had to, so to speak, complete. Were I selecting a model to paint wearing a modern hat, I am inclined to think that my choice would probably fall upon the sitter in photograph No. 7, for the piquant French face, framed by the severe shape of the hat and balanced by the tilt on to the shoulders, makes a strong appeal to the "artist" in me. To receive impartial judgment, it strikes me that a hat must be seen unworn in a shop window, where it stands on its merits alone, because, when placed on the head of a pretty wearer, one is apt to look at the face first and, obtaining a pleasing impression in that respect, to feel favourably disposed to the said wearer's hat—result: no matter what the hat may really be like, its merits are exaggerated in favour solely from the "reflected glory" of the face it adorns. Do any other impressions occur to me about the remaining photographs? Yes; I consider that No. 6 possesses an appealing charm of originality, though I cannot help thinking that such a style is not likely to prove particularly serviceable, while it would also require most careful dressing not to make it look out of place. Photograph No. 5 must also be mentioned by reason of the fact that it is somewhat unorthodox, and I should say that a hat of this type would be suitable to wear at some special function, such as, shall we say, Oaks Day, when a somewhat bizarre effect is, I understand, not regarded as out of place. Photograph No. 9 I like as a town hat of serviceable design, and I give it preference over photograph No. 8, which, although it carries out the same idea, nevertheless does not do so quite so effectively. Of the rest, photograph No. 3 pleases me most as a pretty picture-hat eminently well suited to wearers possessed of a graceful, slender figure.

Mr. WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, A.R.A.

Whenever possible, it seems to me that a hat should be so constructed as to follow the lines of the wearer's head. Also I consider that every effort should be made to emphasize and make the most of the good points of the wearer's face; which, perhaps, is really only another way of saying that there should be but little overbalancing trimming used at the back of a hat made for a wearer with small and rounded features. Also it strikes me that it would be an exceedingly easy matter to "over-weight" the front of a hat constructed for the type of face which can, perhaps, best be described as of the Jewish order. Of the photographs shown in this article, I feel bound to say that those which I like best are Nos. 1, 2, 6, and 4. Indeed, between these I find it hard to make a choice. No. 1, for example, is a type that I imagine will always be popular and smart, as it well illustrates an excellent example of a picture-hat. Then, again, No. 2 is both original and artistic, and if I were compelled to pick one photograph alone I think that this would have my vote, although I feel disposed to put in a mild saving clause to photograph No. 4, which

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1.
From a Photograph by Schneider.



2.
From a Photograph by Schneider.

is both tasteful and smart. No. 5, too, is assuredly most striking, though I feel that the outline is too broken to be really artistic, and also that extremes of fashion such as this would appear to suggest should be treated with a mild measure of caution — certainly from the point of view of the ordinary wearer.

Mr. GEORGE HENRY, A.R.A.

Of the many really charming fashions shown in this extremely interesting article, my personal preference—in the order named—is for Nos.

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2 and 3, although several of the other illustrations are refreshingly artistic. However, were I to be asked to choose a model in modern dress, I think I should select one of the hats already mentioned for her



3
From a Photograph by Schneider.



4.
From a Photograph by Schneider.

to wear, although perhaps this may be rather a risky thing to do, for, after all, a sitter with intelligence, and with no exaggerated ideas of her beauty or lack of that desirable quality, should actually be the best judge of which particular style of hat is most suited to her particular type of face. In selecting a hat, in my humble opinion, a woman should always take a cold, dispassionate survey of her features and select accordingly. For instance, a woman with very big features will assuredly not look her best in a tiny toque. On the other hand, a woman with small features would probably find that the tiny hat which might make her sister look grotesque would suit her admirably. With regard to the photographs shown in this article, I think on the whole that they are all possessed of distinct artistic merit, although I feel bound to say that photograph No. 5 seems to illustrate rather an *outré* type of fashion.

Mr. BYAM SHAW.

As far as the illustrations shown in this article are concerned, I have a decided preference, in the order named, for Nos. 4, 2, 1, and 8. I may say that I should like No. 4 still more were the feather entirely removed from it, or, as an alternative, were it to droop over from back to front, thus balancing the head, as does the wing in No. 2. If memory serves me, it was Du Maurier who once said "that he had never drawn a single ugly line in his life," and when an artist is choosing a hat for a

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sitter it is far from an unwise policy for him to bear this in mind, for although, perhaps, at a first glance he may not quite like a certain hat, he is more than likely to alter his opinion when once he becomes interested in his reproduction on canvas. Generally speaking, I sometimes wonder why women as a sex frequently overlook the fact that a poise of the head or a difference in the angle of wearing a hat may make a whole world of difference in the effect produced—at least this is my opinion, but perhaps it is hardly treading on safe ground for a mere man to pass judgment on such an all-important matter as "hat-selecting."



5.
From a Photograph by Schneider.



6.
From a Photograph by Schneider.



7.
From a Photograph by Schneider.

Mr. HAROLD SPEED.

As I understand the "hat question," the ideal aim of a hat should be to express some sort of individuality on behalf of the wearer, and it should also tone in with the lines of the wearer's face. In these all-important respects photograph No. 1 seems to be particularly successful, as the edge of the brim follows the line of the brows, while the broken line of the feather above the brim does not, in any way, detract from the regularity of the wearer's features. Do I think that modern taste in head-gear has improved? On the whole I should say that it has, although not a few Englishwomen would still seem to have an unfortunate knack for wearing a hat at exactly the opposite angle for which it was intended. In saying this I should like to point out that it is far from my wish to cast even the most shadowy of reflections upon the taste of Englishwomen in general, but merely to point out that, although modern head-gear, from an artistic point of view, has in many respects recently greatly improved, there still remain a small minority of women who apparently select their head-gear in a decidedly haphazard "It may or may not suit me, but I'll wear it all the same" manner.

Mr. C. H. SHANNON, A.R.A.

Unlike many people who are wont to declare that modern

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fashions in hats are, as a rule, anything but artistic creations, I must confess that I have a decided liking for present-day fashions in hats, always provided that they are not so constructed as to completely obscure the features of the wearer. Of the various perfectly charming photographs shown in this article I have a leaning towards No. 5, for there is a fantastic "something" about the design that makes a strong appeal to me. I need scarcely point out that a hat of this type would assuredly not suit every member of the fair sex, but as I view the matter, so long as the wearer has a type of head suited to this style, as in the present case, the effect would always be distinctly attractive. To judge a hat looking at it from one point of view only is obviously a difficult matter, but with regard to the other photographs, as a personal expression of opinion, I should say that Nos. 7, 3, and 1 can be justifiably regarded as "safe" designs, inasmuch as it strikes me that they are particularly well suited to "crown" several different types of face. There are, in my opinion, certain phases of fashions that can only be accurately described as "hideous," but, luckily, fashions of this sort seldom last for long. Fortunately for those who possess a sense of the artistic, the popular fashions in vogue at the present time are remarkably tasteful, and as an example of the truth of this I need only refer readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE to the exceedingly pretty styles shown in this article, which should prove something of an education to those women who are sometimes prone to form the idea that because a hat is fashionable they simply must wear it—utterly regardless of the fact that no particular style of hat can possibly suit every style of face. No; although naturally a pretty hat is a great "showing-off" aid to beauty, the particular type of face of the wearer should, I consider, be the first consideration, for which reason it seems to me that great discrimination should be shown by women when selecting hats. In the illustrations in this article it seems to me that this discrimination has been observed in a most pleasing manner.



8

From a Photograph by Schneider.

Mr. OSWALD BIRLEY.

As I understand I am bound to select one photograph in particular as my favourite from the various artistic designs shown, I feel disposed to give my vote to photograph No. 4, although I cannot help feeling that the towering feather suggests somewhat of an overbalancing effect which, in my opinion, rather detracts from its charms. Photographs Nos. 2 and 1 also impress me as being particularly pleasing, and, speaking purely as an artist, I feel that both subjects would make interesting pictures to paint. Am I of the opinion that modern fashions in head-gear are, as you express it, "on the up grade"? On the whole, I think yes, for it seems to me that the present-day



9.

From a Photograph by Schneider.

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fashion in hats is distinctly artistic, though — and here, again, purely from an artist's point of view—I cannot help thinking that the most paintable hats I ever remember having seen were, paradoxically enough, not hats at all, but the bonnets of the Early Victorian period. My reason for this choice lies in the fact that the lines of the design strike me as framing the face in a particularly attractive manner, and also following the lines of the head in the crown in a way which serves to show off the wearer's features to the best possible advantage. Of the many sitters I have painted wearing hats I do not think I remember a "hat effect" which has appealed to me more than that in my portrait of Mrs. Prescott Decie (No. 10), in which the feathers, you will note, fall in a graceful curve over the shape of the head from back to front. Obviously this particular form of head-gear is better suited to country rather than town wear; but all the same I cannot help feeling that the motive of the design is most commendable.



10.—Mr. Oswald Birley's portrait of Mrs. Prescott Decie, in which the feathers fall in a graceful curve over the shape of the head from back to front.

Mr. HARRINGTON MANN.

Speaking purely from an artistic point of view, I must give my vote to photograph No. 2, although I feel bound to mention that the hat there shown is certainly not one which could be worn by everybody, and I might add that I should like it better if the left wing did not come quite so high up. In my portrait of a well-known sitter which is here reproduced (No. 11) you will notice that the wings in the hat droop over, the while they faithfully follow the line of the head, which, largely on account of the artistic shape of the crown, gives a symmetrical form to the whole face which is certainly most attractive. Generally speaking, in my opinion modern fashions in head-gear are exceedingly smart, and lend themselves particularly well to artistic treatment, although I have remarked that there still exist certain shapes in hats which tend to hide the wearer's features. Photographs Nos. 1 and 4 both seem to me particularly attractive, the design shown in No. 1 being in every way well suited for a plain and simple costume, while No. 4 strikes me as being a suitable hat for those occasions when the wearer's dress is of a more elaborate character. Englishwomen have, I think, recently made decided steps in the matter of tasteful dressing, and can most certainly now compete with their sisters of any nationality in smartness in this respect.



11.—A portrait by Mr. Harrington Mann, in which the wings in the hat droop over, while they faithfully follow the line of the head.

Mr. ALFRED DRURY, A.R.A.

Of the many excellent designs here shown, I unhesitatingly select No. 1 as being the most artistic in every respect and from every point of view. This hat strikes me as having been obviously designed by a real artist at his

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or her work. Note, for example, the skilful manner in which the lines of the face are followed and emphasized. Note, too, the artistic upward curl of the brim on the right, thus balancing the droop on the left. The falling feather also serves to relieve any tendency that might exist towards hardness of lines, besides acting as an ornamental adjunct, while at the same time it also presents a striking colour contrast which does not in any way clash with the general effect of the wearer's dress. Turning my attention to the other photographs, I consider that No. 6 is also excellent, in that it shows a commendable touch of originality of design, the ribbon under the chin being a distinctly happy thought, framing the face as it does without in the slightest degree tending to hide its beauty. The dainty bunch of fruit, too, strikes me as appearing to be placed in exactly the correct position. Photograph No. 3 also makes a distinct appeal to me, the arrangement of the ruffle at the throat lending valuable aid to the general appearance of the hat. I feel sure that if women will carefully study the general effect produced in these illustrations they will surely learn something really worth knowing anent the art of hat-selecting, which, it seems to me, must necessarily be far more difficult than many people might imagine, for there is but little doubt in my mind that many women do not make the most of their faces—that is to say, do not show them off to the best advantage, for the all-important reason that they are always apt to give preference to the "latest thing," regardless of whether the particular fashion at the moment is really suited to their own particular style of face.



12.—The central figure of this picture, by Mr. Walter Crane, is wearing a hat the lines of which were designed to follow those of the lily.

Mr. WALTER CRANE.

As far as fashions in hats are concerned, I am certainly not a *laudator temporis acti*, for I consider that the majority of modern designs possess a distinctly greater artistic merit than old-time fashions. Indeed, the only fault I have to find with them is that almost as soon as a charming new design comes in vogue those who are responsible for designing the fashions would usually seem to regard it as absolutely necessary to alter it out of all recognition. However, I take it that it is the business of people who supply these dainty articles to create a demand for new ideas as soon as they possibly can, although, by the same token, I think that there exist certain natural lines and designs which should be permitted to endure for all time. The central figure of my picture here shown (No. 12) is wearing a hat the lines of which were designed to follow those of the lily in the picture, and although I do not pretend to suggest that this represents the modern, or, indeed, any particular type of fashion, the shape could, I think, be made to adapt modern dress in an absolutely suitable manner. Of the photographs shown in the article, I must give No. 1 preference, although Nos. 7, 2, and 3 also appeal to me as being quite in good taste and particularly well suited to the style of face of the various wearers. As a lover of colour, I must confess to having a decided liking for a bright splash of colour in a hat, always providing, of course, that colour tones in with the general colour effect of the wearer's costume. I may say, too, that from an artistic point of view designers of hats would, I think, at all times be well advised to keep to certain natural lines, and not to strive too much for ultra-fashionable effects. After all, what possible merit is there in the latest thing out in hats if it lacks beauty?

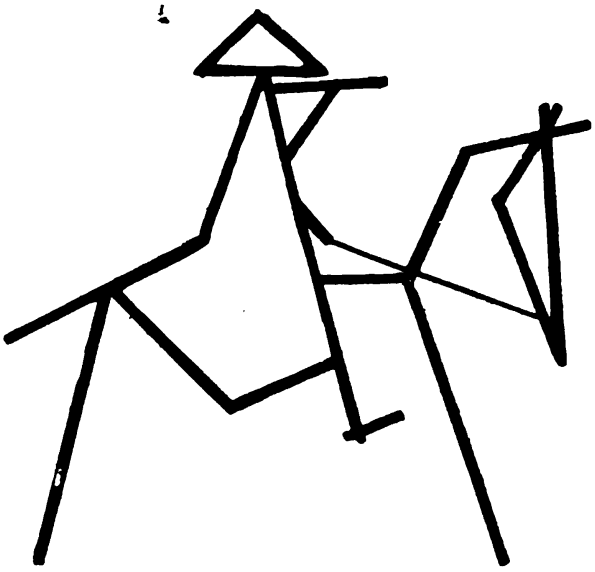
It will be seen that of the ten artists whose opinions are quoted, four have selected hat No. 2 as being the most artistic, while No. 1 has gained the favour of three. No. 4 is the first choice of two artists, and one has given his vote in favour of No. 5.

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Straight-Line Pictures.

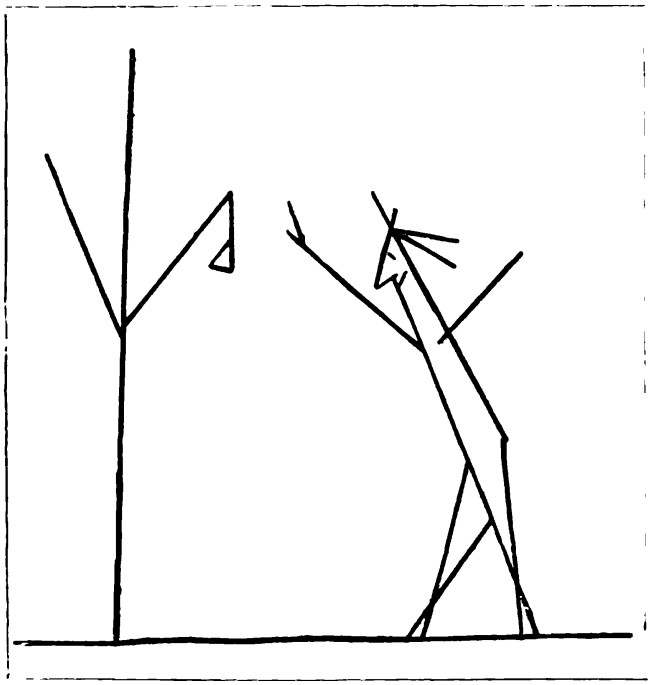
Designs by Eminent Artists in Twenty-One Straight Lines.

THERE is an ancient game or competition with which certain of our readers may be acquainted, though we think it will be quite new to the great majority of them. It consists of trying to see who can make the best picture by using only a limited number of straight lines. By the best picture, of course, is meant that which produces the most striking effect with the very limited means at the artist's command. The idea of the following article is, we think, new and interesting—namely, to give an example of such a game as it might be played by a company of experts. In other words, we have asked a number of black-and-white artists to send us drawings done without using more than twenty-one straight lines. The examples we have received are reproduced on this and the following pages, and the reader may be left to form his own opinion as to which artist has displayed the greatest skill and ingenuity in the combination of his twenty-one straight lines.

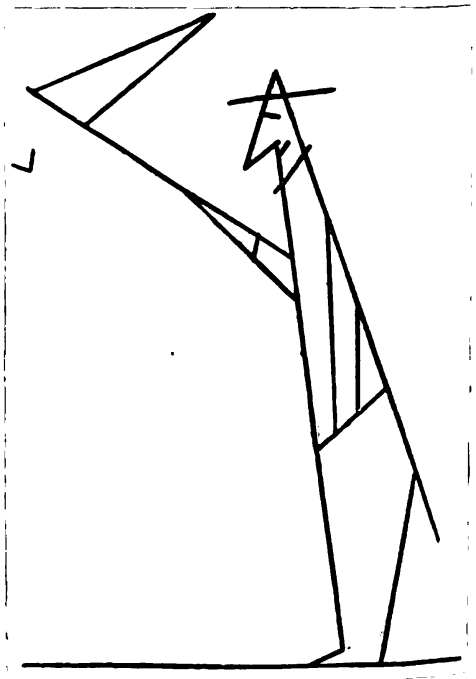


"NAPOLEON'S FIRST VIEW OF MOSCOW."
By René Bull.

Perhaps it is not until the reader has played the game himself, and has become acquainted by practical experience with the difficulties imposed by the strictness of its rules, that he will be fully

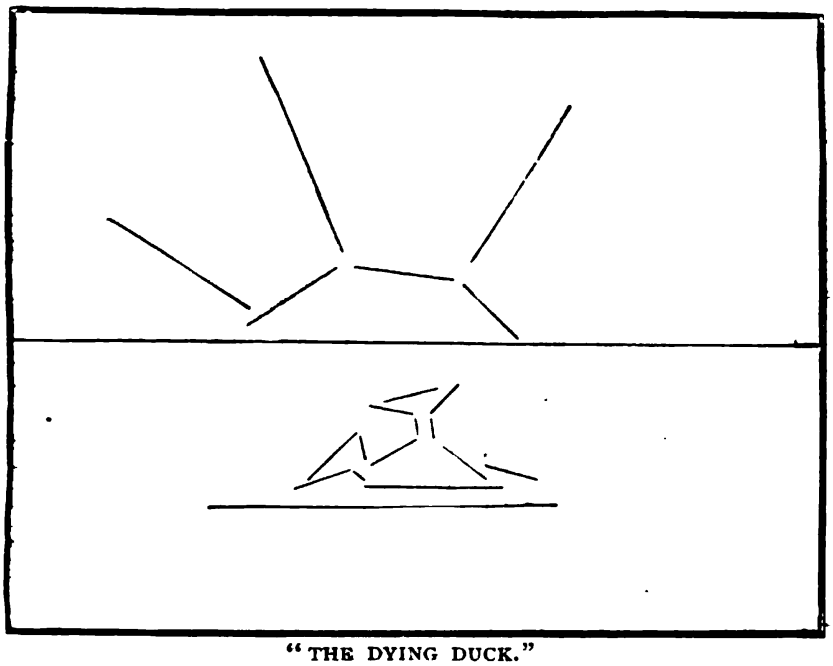


"EVE."
By W. Heath Robinson.



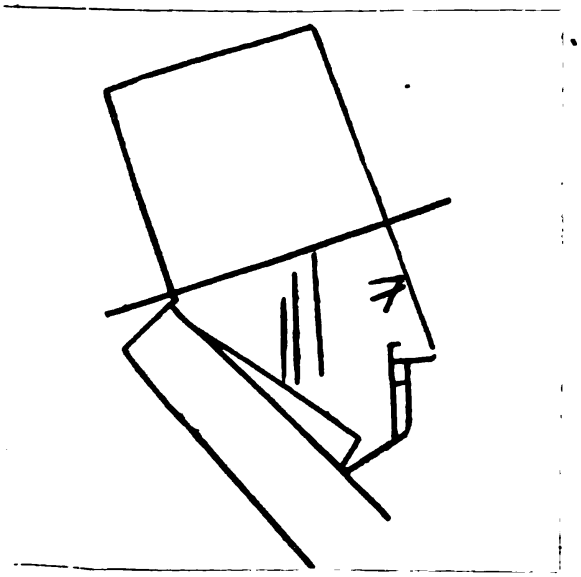
"THE LEPIDOPTERIST."
By W. Heath Robinson.

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"THE DYING DUCK."
By J. A. Shepherd.

qualified to appreciate the merit of the examples which are here set before him. For instance, if he studies these examples with any degree of care he can hardly fail to learn the value of economy of line. Let us look at "The Lepidopterist," a delighted butterfly hunter who is about to capture a rare specimen in his net. Especially worthy of notice is his hat, which is brought into

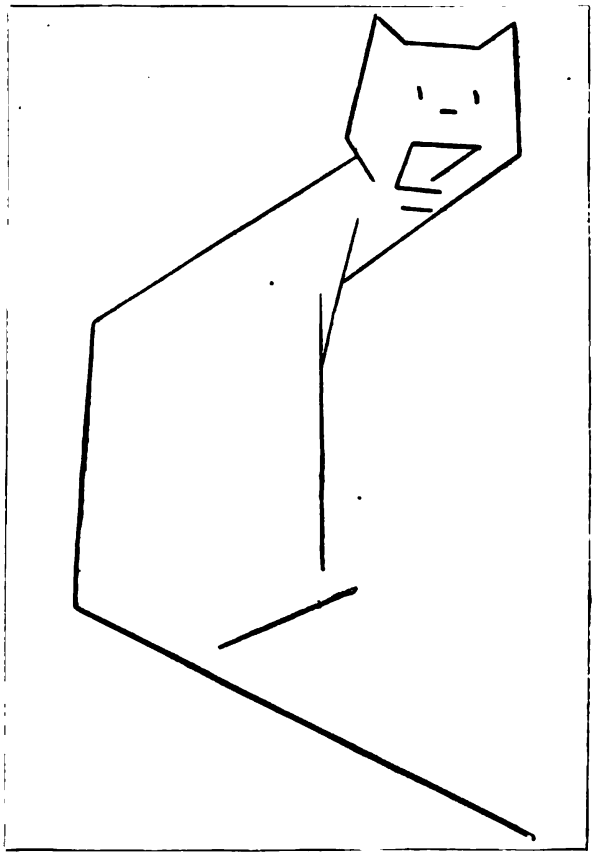


A PORTRAIT.
By John Hassall.

being with a single stroke, without which stroke the gentleman in question would have been hatless and would have displayed only the remarkable pointed head with which Nature had endowed him. It is scarcely necessary to draw attention to the rare power and humour expressed in the two designs by Mr. W. Heath Robinson. There is, especially, something quite irresistible in the remarkable composition which he has entitled "Eve."

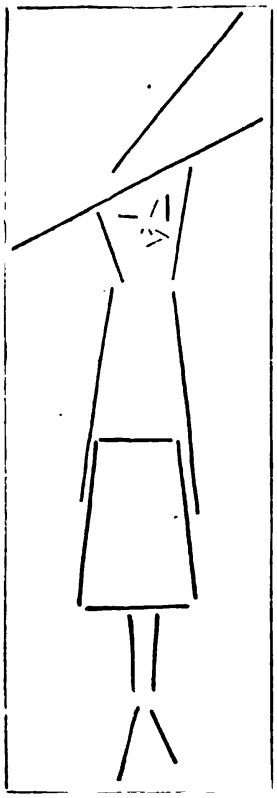
Almost as expressive, too, is Mr. Leete's cat "meaowing," which would certainly stand an excellent chance of obtaining the prize, if one were on offer in the present case; though he might be run close by Mr. H. M. Bateman, whose two designs, "The Glad Eye" and "The Looking-Glass," are also full of humorous touches. Most of the other designs have their own characteristic merits, which stand out clearly on examination, but do not call for particular mention.

Mr. Harry Rountree, whose striking design is the last of those reproduced, requires a



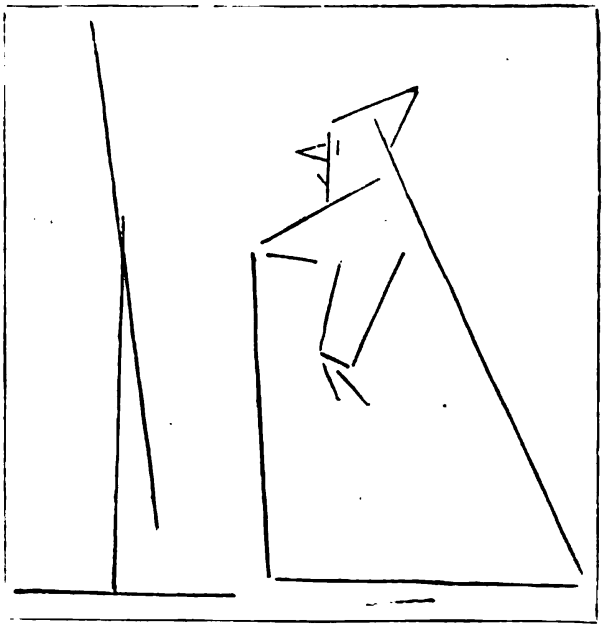
"MEAOW!"
By Alfred Leete.

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"THE GLAD EYE."
By H. M. Bateman.

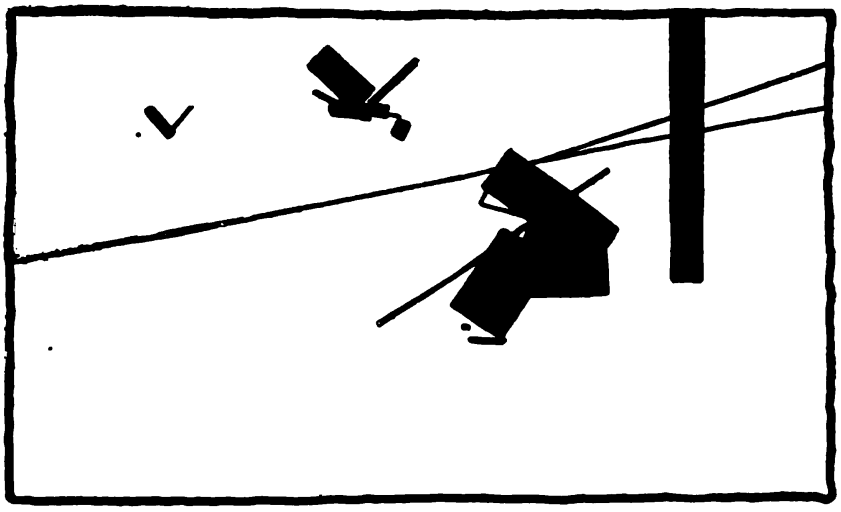
word or two of explanation to himself. He has assumed that a straight line may be of any *thickness*, and so has been able to reproduce masses of solid black, which give his productions a character of their own. We are obliged to say, however, that this seems to us to be forcing the rules of the game somewhat farther than was intended. Of course, a line can be of any length, and correspondingly of any shortness, so that it is quite allowable to reduce it, if required, to the size of a mere dot. But to make use of lines so thick as to produce the effect of cubes and oblongs gives an artist opportunities which are beyond the reach of those who are limited to the employment of thin lines—to such lines, in short, as might be fairly used as outlines.



"THE LOOKING-GLASS."
"To see hersel' as ithers see her."
By H. M. Bateman.

But Mr. Rountree's ingenuity, whether his methods be allowable or not, is certainly most remarkable.

In conclusion, we invite any of our readers who wish to try their skill at this new pastime to send us the best of their attempts. If any attain to a sufficiently high standard we shall be pleased to publish them and to pay for any which are so used.



"ST. EUPHENESTA FED BY THE RAVENS."
By Harry Rountree.

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Tiploft's Professor.

By C. H. BOVILL.

Illustrated by A. Morrow.

TIPLOFT has many qualities which endear him to his friends — the most lovable, perhaps, being the possession of an income of about twenty thousand pounds per annum—but he is not an intellectual giant. In point of fact, he is one of our leading asses.

Tiploft spends most of his time and a great deal too much of his money in messing about with something which he describes vaguely as The Occult. Ghosts, for instance, amuse Tiploft very much indeed. He also enjoys gazing into crystals (which, so far as he is concerned, remain vexingly opaque); but he is perhaps happiest when, as one of a doleful company gathered round a table in a darkened room, he is making ungentlemanly attempts to disturb the peaceful seclusion of his family mausoleum.

Knowing his peculiarity, we were not in the least surprised when one day at the club Tiploft announced that he was taking lessons in hypnotism. An indulgent smile was the only comment that most of us had to offer; and I feel sure that if Haines had not been in the room the matter would simply have been allowed to drop. Unfortunately, Haines labours under the pleasing impression that an inscrutable Providence has created Tiploft to no other end than to provide Henry Haines with amusement; consequently, he wanted to know all about these hypnotic lessons.

"From whom are you having them, Tip?" he inquired, with an air of the greatest interest.

"From a Professor, of course," answered Tiploft, as if that were the only possible way in which the mystic art could be acquired. "Professor Gosh."

He fired the name at us with much the same air as a medical student might say that he had been studying surgery under Sir Frederick Treves, and seemed quite surprised that no one appeared to be particularly impressed. He explained that Professor Gosh was the most skilful hypnotist in Asia—probably in the world; a man whose services could only be secured at a very large outlay. Further cross-examination revealed that for six lessons (in which proficiency was guaranteed) Tiploft was being charged a hundred pounds.

"Whew!" whistled Haines. "That's pretty stiff, Tippy. About top price in that line, I should say. Where did you come across this gentleman who knows how to open his mouth so wide?"

"It was rather curious how we met," replied Tiploft. "The Professor is a bit of a numismatist, and, hearing that I had a pretty good collection" (Tiploft collects everything, from stamps to bits of the ropes with which famous murderers have been hanged), "he called one day and requested permission to see it. While I was showing him round we got into conversation, and I found him a most interesting character. Somehow the talk got round to hypnotism, and he interested me so much in his description of its marvels that I decided to take some lessons."

"And how are you getting on?" asked Haines, with a wink to the rest of us.

"First-rate!" answered Tiploft, enthusiastically. "The Professor declares that he has never had such a pupil. Why, though I've still got another lesson to come, he says I know nearly as much as he does already."

"That's good," said Haines. "That's splendid. Now, suppose you give us an exhibition of your powers by hypnotizing one of us—me, for instance?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that," objected Tiploft, gravely. "Not with a pal, you know. It wouldn't do. Why, if one of you fellows were to get under my influence he might lose his individuality altogether. It would become merged in mine—probably for ever."

This was a possibility calculated to make even the most reckless pause. Haines withdrew his candidature with the utmost dispatch.

"At the same time, Tippy," he remarked, "if you don't exert your power, how can you be sure you've got it?"

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"But I *do* exert it!" insisted Tiploft. "The Professor brings a medium with him for me to practise on. He says it's wonderful the control I have got over this chap's mind. I can make him do practically anything."

Tiploft seemed distinctly nettled at the outburst of laughter excited by this artless speech.

"I know, I know!" he snorted, angrily. "You think I'm the sort of Juggins anybody can take in."

We did; and told him so.

"Well, you're all wrong—as usual. Surprising as it may seem, it actually did occur to me that the medium I've been using might be a confederate of the Professor. It may interest you to know that the Professor—whom I believe to be a man of the highest integrity—himself suggested that before I hand over his fee I should test my powers on some subject who was above suspicion."

"Bluff, sheer bluff on the part of your old Professor," was Haines's emphatic comment.

"The Professor did not suggest that my subject should be taken from the ranks of the legal profession," retorted Tiploft, crisply; and Haines had to look down his nose, belonging, as he does, to a much-respected firm of family solicitors.

"To obviate all possibility of fraud," Tiploft went on, "the Professor is coming to my house to-morrow night after dinner, and we are going out into the road to get hold of the first passer-by."

"And the first passer-by will probably hand you out a thick ear," was Haines's prophecy. "Do you suppose people have nothing to do but to go into your house and be made fools of?"

"I dare say we shall find someone who will take it on," said Tiploft, optimistically. "Particularly if I show a quid or two as a persuader."

Tiploft, who had at first been rather gratified by the amount of interest he had excited, began to get a little alarmed at the number of applications he received for permission to be present at what promised to be a unique occasion.

"I can't have the whole club there," he protested. "It would disturb me, and I shouldn't be able to concentrate my mind. Besides, some of you would be sure to rot."

Finally it was agreed that a sub-committee of two, consisting of Haines and myself, should attend at Tiploft's house on the following evening and see that he was not being defrauded.

It was an excellent dinner that Tiploft provided to fortify us against the task that lay before us, and Haines and I enjoyed it very much. We were concerned, however, to observe that our host ate hardly anything. We thought he was ill, but he explained that it was only part of the game. Hypnotism, it seems, makes somewhat exacting demands upon its votaries. They dare not touch anything which is at all calculated to impair the clarity of the Mind. Tiploft always said "Mind" like that—with a capital "M"—now.

The interval between the end of dinner and the somewhat late hour at which the Professor was expected to make his appearance we filled in with examining Tiploft's art and other treasures. We were astonished at their variety and value. It was not surprising to learn that his house had been the Mecca of the criminal world for years past. All the leading lights of the profession had tried their skill upon it, so far without receiving any reward (beyond penal servitude) for their exertions. Almost as interesting as its contents was the extraordinarily complicated arrangement of burglar-traps by which the house was guarded. One could not open a window to let in some fresh air without evoking an uproar that would have made the concluding portion of "1812" inaudible. Small wonder that the Napoleons of crime had found their Moscow here.

It was past eleven before the celebrated Professor Gosh arrived. Haines and I were just a little disappointed in the Professor. He was not the hypnotist of our dreams. Instead of the tall, commanding person, with piercing black eyes, whom we had expected to see, there stood before us a fat little Hindu half-caste, who blinked obsequiously at the world from behind a pair of cheap spectacles. For one so eminent in his profession he displayed, too, quite a lamentable want of care in the matter of personal appearance. Some years ago he had evidently come to the conclusion that ablutions, in a person of his complexion, were a waste of time; while his clothes—an ingenious combination of morning and evening costume, consisting of a long frock-coat worn over an evening waistcoat and trousers—had certainly never been cleaned with anything but Monkey Brand soap. Altogether, the Professor was, perhaps, the most completely frowzy person I have ever seen. However, he seemed perfectly pleased with himself, and, in curiously-clipped accents, told us affably that he was "veree pleased to make the acquaintance of anee friends of his friend, Mr. Tiploft."

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"I am afraid, Professor, that you've left things rather late," said Tiploft, whose attitude towards his instructor was one of marked deference. "We shall never be able to find a subject at this time of night. Everybody will be in bed."

"Oh, no, my dear sir, not at all!" was the Professor's cheerful reply. "I have met several people as I came along. We shall certainlee be able to find somebodee."

He declined the refreshment which Tiploft offered, and proposed that we should at once go out in search of our man.

It was not a nice night. An obnoxious drizzle was falling when we got outside the front-door, and the road was as empty as a musical comedy.

We waited for some time in the rain, but not a soul came in sight. Haines began to yawn, and the Professor shivered noisily—less, I fancy, from cold than from nervousness. He was out for his hundred pounds, and the prospect of a postponement of payment appeared to give him a good deal of concern.

After ten minutes of fruitless watching, Haines suggested that we should give it up.

"It's much too late," he growled. "If we wait here all night we sha'n't see anybody but a bobby, and I expect it's a criminal offence to try to hypnotize him—interfering with a constable in the execution of his duty, or something of that sort. Let's go in."

Tiploft seemed not at all disposed to object to the abandonment of his exhibition, but the Professor would not hear of it.

"Why don't they come?" I heard him muttering angrily to himself, as he looked at his watch. "They" I took to be a reference to humanity at large.

As he spoke we saw in the distance the figures of two men hurrying towards us. The Professor gave a sigh of relief as he caught sight of them.

"What have we there?" he cried, pointing eagerly to the two men, who, when they came under the light of a street-lamp, we could see belonged apparently to the artisan class. "Oho! Two working chappies. The very thing. Offer them a trifle, Mr. Tiploft. I am sure they will be very pleased to oblige."

A less obliging-looking couple than they proved to be, when they came up to us, I have rarely seen. The Professor, however, seemed to find them quite satisfactory, and went towards them at once.

"Good evening, misters," he said, politely. "Excuse me, I have a friend here who wishes you to do something for him."

Their sole reply was to treat the Professor to a prolonged survey, at the end of which one of them was able to announce to his mate that they were in the presence of a coloured person not suffering from anæmia. The reception of this piece of acute diagnosis was none too favourable, the mate's only commentary upon it being that if what the unanæmic nigger's friend wanted done for him was a bash on the nose, he had come to the right shop. This did not look altogether hopeful, but the Professor seemed in no wise discouraged.

"Oho! You are funee gentlemen!" he cried, jocosely. "My friend will like you. He is veree rich," added the Professor.

This last announcement certainly had the effect of softening somewhat the uncompromising attitude of the two sons of toil.

"What's yer rich friend want done?" asked one of them, cautiously, after a pause for consideration. Tiploft came forward from the shadow of the garden gate.

"What I want," he said, "is one of you men to come into my house for half an hour and assist me in a little hypnotic experiment. There'll be a couple of sovereigns for the man who comes."

The men apparently understood well enough what was meant by a couple of sovereigns, and their faces quite brightened; but what a little hypnotic experiment might be baffled them clearly. The Professor—accustomed, no doubt, to such difficulties in the course of his calling—came to the rescue with a singularly lucid explanation. When they at last comprehended what would be required of them the men backed away apprehensively, and stood in the middle of the road—well out of Tiploft's danger-zone. There the Professor joined them, and for five minutes or more brought all his powers of persuasion to bear upon them. What he said exactly we could not hear; but apparently it was of a reassuring nature, for presently the men came back to the gate and announced their willingness to take on the contract for a fiver apiece. Tiploft demurred at this.

"I don't mind paying one of you a fiver," he said. "But I don't want you both. You'd better toss up to decide which of you it's to be."

"You go, Bill," said the smaller of the two. "You been in foreign parts. I 'aven't."

After some hesitation, Bill, fortified, no doubt, by his cosmopolitan experience, said that he was prepared to earn the five pounds. "But Joe—my mate 'ere—'as got to come along too," he stipulated. "Just to see that I don't come to no 'arm, you know; and to

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"'GOOD EVENING, MISTERS,' HE SAID, POLITELY. 'EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A FRIEND HERE WHO WISHES YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR HIM.'"

look after the five pun while you're puttin' me to sleep. See?"

There did not seem to be any great objection to this proposal; so, accompanied by the two men, we re-entered the house. Tiploft had sent his servants to bed earlier in the evening on the ground that they were superstitious creatures, who would probably give notice if they saw their master indulging in practices which savoured of the supernatural; so that we had no fear of being interrupted.

It was past midnight before Tiploft was ready to commence operations in earnest, and I am sure it was only our firm conviction that we were about to see him make an unmitigated ass of himself that kept Haines and myself awake. Certainly the preliminaries were rich with promise. Figure to yourself the burly mechanic posted under the chandelier in the middle of the room and blinking owlishly at Tiploft; his mate a few feet away, viewing the whole proceedings with the gravest suspicion, and holding himself ready to spring to his friend's rescue at the slightest hint of foul play; the Professor, greasy with anxiety for his hundred pounds; and, lastly, Tiploft himself, waving his hands about incomprehensibly, and concentrating upon his victim a glare so intensely baleful that it was small wonder the poor fellow shrank before it.

Owing, no doubt, to excitement, it was some time before Tiploft succeeded in what I believe is known technically as getting his subject under; but at last we saw the nervousness fade out of Bill's eyes (which, by order, he kept fixed on a disc Tiploft revolved before him), and in its place came a curious glazed look. At the same time the man's breathing ceased to be a series of agitated grunts, and became as regular as if he were asleep.

"Now, what would you like him to do?" asked Tiploft, turning to Haines and myself with a triumphant what-do-you-think-of-that sort of air.

"Make him believe he's a kangaroo,"

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suggested Haines, who has a preference for noisy humour.

Tiploft said something, and the next thing we saw was Bill hopping about the room with what, in the circumstances, was quite a creditable representation of a kangaroo's method of locomotion. To such a point of realism, indeed, did he carry his performance that he finally succeeded in putting both his feet through a valuable old glass-and-gold fire-screen, for which Tiploft had given an unconscionable price only the week before; and on disentangling himself from the wreckage he picked up an equally precious Sèvres vase, which he proceeded to stuff under his waistcoat.

"Hi! What the devil are you doing?" shouted Tiploft, alarmed for the safety of his prize.

"I'm a-puttin' my young inter my pouch, o' course," was Bill's answer, given in a slightly aggrieved tone, as if he were surprised at being asked a question to which the reply was so obvious.

"That's not your young you're putting in your pouch," said Tiploft. "That's a snake."

A more unfortunate suggestion could hardly have been made. With every manifestation of terror the deluded medium tore the noxious reptile from its hiding-place and dashed it to the ground. Tiploft's face as he contemplated the fragments of his vase was a study. He was evidently in the throes of a severe inward struggle between the pride of the successful experimentalist and the agony of the stricken collector.

"Better turn him on to some cheaper imitations, Tippy," gurgled the unfeeling Haines. "Kangaroos seem to be rather expensive pets."

At my suggestion the obedient Bill was transformed into a dog, in which character he unfortunately took Haines for a burglar and bit him severely in the leg; whereupon Haines, whose appreciation of jokes at his own expense is far from keen, gave him a very hard kick indeed. Bill's companion was up in arms at once.

"'Ere—stow that!" he shouted. "You said my mate wasn't to come to no 'arm, and there you've been and give him a kick that's broke his ribs, *I* lay!" He bent solicitously over his friend. Bill promptly licked his hand, with a wonderful imitation of canine fondness, and then lay on his back and howled dismally.

"There—you see 'e's 'urt bad!" said Joe, hastily removing his hand from the neighbourhood of his friend's mouth. "It's 'igh time you gen'elmen stopped this foolishness."

"Yes," growled Haines, nursing his injured leg. "Bring the brute to, Tiploft, and pack him off, or you'll be having someone badly hurt."

"Yes; and if you call my mate a brute, you'll be the someone!" said Joe, threateningly. "I ain't goin' to stand 'ere and let pore ole Bill be abused when he ain't able to defend hisself."

There was a grateful movement from that part of pore ole Bill's anatomy where a tail would have been had he really been the dog he imagined himself to be, and he made a spirited though unsuccessful attempt to lick his friend's hand again. The sense of the meeting seemed distinctly to be in favour of abandoning the proceedings; but the Professor, who had hitherto been watching them in anxious silence, raised an objection.

"Excuse mee, Mister Tiploft, and other misters," he said, suavely, "but this is a veree important matter for mee. Mister T. is under obligation to pay me a hundred pounds when he is proficient in the mysterees of hypnotism. Is the demonstration which he has already given sufficient evidence of his proficiency, or will something further be required?"

I was all for continuing the examination, but Haines, who seemed to be in an ill-humour, said that he had seen enough of the foolishness to last him for a lifetime, and must decline absolutely to be a party to any more of it.

"Veree well, then," said the Professor, looking at Tiploft suggestively; "only one thing remains to be done before we bring this interesting and instructive séance to an end."

Tiploft went over to an escritoire and took from it an envelope, which he handed to the Professor.

"I suppose that's what you mean?" he said. "You'd better count it while I'm bringing this blighter to again."

He stood over the prostrate Bill, who was still lying on his back and emitting dog-like howls at intervals, and made some passes over his face. Then he blew on the man's eyes and asked him where he was.

For sole reply Bill raised himself from his supine position, and, getting once more on all fours, made a circuit of the room, growling ferociously. Haines clambered on to the back of a sofa as he approached.

"Chuck it, Tiploft!" he shouted, angrily. "I warn you—if you let that dangerous

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lunatic come near me again—I shall kick his brains out!"

Some instinct must have told the dangerous lunatic, unconscious as he was, that there was peril in Haines's lifted foot, for he turned away from the neighbourhood of the sofa and came over on all fours to where I was standing. To see the way in which he snuffed at my boots (growling horribly all the time) gave one a most instructive insight into the marvellous mimetic powers which can be conveyed by hypnotic suggestion. I should have been very glad of the opportunity to make a prolonged investigation of the phenomena of the subject, but I felt that I ought not to be selfish.



"HAINES CLAMBERED ON TO THE BACK OF A SOFA AS HE ADVANCED."

"This is really most interesting, Tiploft," I said. "I could watch it all night; but it's getting late, I'm afraid, and Haines has a long way to go home. Perhaps, after all, you had better bring your subject back to his senses."

Tiploft—who, I noticed for the first time, was beginning to wear a distinctly harassed look—said that that was precisely what he was trying to do; only, when a couple of fools kept jawing, it was difficult for him to maintain that concentration of mind which was so essential. He bent again over the medium and repeated the mysterious passes and the blowing on the eyes which we had already witnessed.

"You're all right now," he said, reassuringly. "Sit up."

Apparently Bill was not yet quite clear of the "influence," for, though he sat up obediently enough, he did it, not like a man, but like a dog which is "begging." Tiploft looked painfully nonplussed.

"Oh, I'm getting so sick of this!" wailed Haines, after another five minutes had passed without anything happening which could be interpreted as a return to consciousness on the part of the unfortunate medium. "Why can't you leave the man alone and let us all go home?"

Tiploft, wiping away the perspiration which was hanging in beads on his forehead, was forced to confess something had gone amiss.

"I don't seem able to get the fellow unstuck," he said, plaintively.

"Wotcher mean?" asked Bill's mate, in tones which were husky with alarm. "Cantcher get ole Bill out of his trance?"

Tiploft turned in despair to the Professor and asked if *he* could do anything.

"I will *try*," said the Professor, with a gesture which implied that the prospects of success were remote in the extreme. "But I am veree much afraid that it will not be anee use. You see, the medium is under your influence, and it is doubtful whether he will attend to anything I say."

Bill didn't. Though the Professor made all the signs over him which Tiploft had

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employed, and a good many more which, presumably, are known only to the inner circle of hypnotists, his efforts met with absolutely no success whatever. Bill remained obstinately and hopelessly a dog.

"Mr. Tiploft's will is so strong," said the Professor, with an admiring look at his pupil, "I can do nothing with the man. There is only one possible way in which I could get any influence over the poor fellow now."

We begged him to let us hear it with the least possible delay.

"Mr. Tiploft must fall asleep, or in some other way become unconscious," was the Professor's portentous announcement. "So that he loses his will-power, you know."

We didn't in the least know, but we all looked at each other significantly, as much as to say that we had had the same idea ourselves, but hadn't liked to mention it.

"I don't think I could fall asleep," said Tiploft, doubtfully. "At least, it would take some time."

"Then we'll have to make yer unconscious," said Bill's mate, with great decision, picking up the poker as he spoke. "It wouldn't take no time to do *that*."

"Stop!" cried the Professor. "If you two gentlemens could take Mr. Tiploft far away—to some room at the top of the house, say—and tell him a lot of veree funnee stories for an hour or two, that might help us."

"How?" demanded Tiploft, guardedly. "I know all their alleged funny stories by heart, and I can't imagine them helping anybody to anything."

"It would distract your mind," explained the Professor.

"Oh, yes, I should get distracted soon enough," agreed Tiploft, offensively; "but what is the good of that?"

"It would weaken that enormous will-power of yours and give me a chance," replied the Professor. "The concentration of your mind would not be so intense if you were laughing veree heartilee."

"Yes, but I shouldn't be laughing very heartily," objected the pessimistic Tiploft, as we led him towards the door.

"Do, please, try, Mr. T., sir," pleaded the Professor, anxiously. "We really must do something, or it will be a very serious matter for all concerned."

As we went upstairs we could hear the deluded Bill giving vent to dismal howls. Apparently the poor dog had a premonition that some evil fate lay in store for his master.

The conclusion at which Haines and I arrived after a good hour of unremitting effort was that Tiploft had deceived us about his ancestry. There must have been a strain



"'YOU ARE ALL RIGHT NOW,' HE SAID, REASSURINGLY. 'SIT UP.'"

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"'THEN WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE YER UNCONSCIOUS,' SAID BILL'S MATE, WITH GREAT DECISION, PICKING UP THE POKER AS HE SPOKE."

of Scotch about him somewhere. He denied it with some emphasis, but on no other hypothesis could his total incapacity to appreciate the subtleties of humorous anecdote be explained. We told him short stories; we told him long stories; we even told him broad stories. But for all the effect we had upon his risible faculties, we might as well have been trying to entertain a tombstone. The funnier we became—and I wasn't in my worst form, while Haines, spurred by the exigencies of the situation, verged at times upon positive brilliance—the more settled grew Tiploft's melancholy. There he sat, on the edge of a chair, listening to us, the picture of dejection.

At last, to our indignation, we discovered that he had fallen asleep.

"Devilish ungrateful; but, at all events, it's something," said Haines, as he mopped his forehead. "Don't you remember, the Professor suggested at first that we should try to get him asleep?"

I did remember. My memory, just at the moment, was in a highly-trained condition.

"Let us go downstairs," I suggested, "and see how our swarthy friend is getting on."

We were rather surprised, on opening the drawing-room door, to find the place in darkness. We switched on the light. There was nobody in the room. The Professor, the medium, and his mate had disappeared.

So had every portable article of any value in the room.

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The Letter "H."

How Humorists and Caricaturists Have Laughed at Its Misuse.

By WILLIAM S. WALSH.



ALARMING.

HAIRDRESSER: "They say, sir, the cholera's in the *h*air, sir!"
Gent. (very uneasy): "Indeed! Ahem! Then I hope you are very particular about the brushes you use?"
Hairdresser: "Oh! I see you don't *h*understand me, sir. I don't mean the 'air of the 'ed, but the *h*air *h*of the *h*atmosphere!"

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IT is a curious fact that the misuse of the letter "h" by a certain class of Englishmen —now so fertile a subject of remark and ridicule not only among aliens, but among educated Englishmen also— was unknown or unnoted until comparatively recent times. There is no allusion to the "h" difficulty by those dramatists and humorists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who find ample occasion for laughter in the provincialisms of boors and clowns among their own countrymen, the respective brogues of the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh, or the broken English of Frenchmen and Hollanders.

More curious still, English writers on language have, until recently, paid little attention to this trait of English speech. For the trait is peculiarly English, or rather South British. The Lowland Scotch, as English in blood as the people of England themselves, and speaking an ancient and important English dialect, are entirely free from any incapacity to manage the aspirate. So are the English people of Irish birth, and so are all men and women of English blood and American birth—New Englanders, Virginians, and the like.

"Yet it so pervades England," says Richard Grant White, "that it might be regarded as the normal form of English speech, but for the fact that it is entirely absent from the speech of those who speak the best English, and is to them a cause of aversion and an occasion of ridicule."

He offers two explanations for this phenomenon. The sudden outbreak of ridicule provoked by the dropping and adding of the "h" about the beginning of the nineteenth century seemed to Mr. White an indication that the habit had been formed or had come into vogue with the lower classes during the

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AN INCURABLE.

MAMMA: "Algernon, you great silly goose, I am ashamed of you! To get into such a state about that odious little Miss Griggs! Why, she was dropping her 'h's' all over the room!"

Algernon: "Was she? I only wish I'd known it; I'd have picked 'em up--and kept 'em!"

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eighteenth century, or that, having until that time prevailed among all classes, it was dropped and stigmatized as vulgar by the upper classes about the end of that century.

Whatever be the truth, it is certain that up to the middle of the nineteenth century the habit found occasional survivals even among the members of the educated classes in London. Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, who, for a large part of his life, was an intimate friend and a neighbour of Walter Savage Landor's, declares that that purist in written English was careless with his "h's" in daily speech.

From a social point of view, the Bar in London, as indeed in every other great city, is looked upon as the leading profession. Yet even in its ranks we are told there are found scattered about in unbeautiful profusion a few individuals whose lives are so many tussles with the letter "h." There is a classic story of a counsel—a very worthy and recent recruit from the "other branch"—who persistently, throughout his address to the jury, spoke of "halter" as "'alter." "Is this a criminal court?" the judge asked the clerk of the arraigns. He was assured it was. "Oh, it's all right; but I thought I had strayed into an ecclesiastical inquiry."

Only a few years ago there died in London a serjeant-at-law bearing the name of Channell, who, for some reason, was always at fault in this particular. A brilliant scholar, he spoke excellent English save for that one difficulty. One day in the Admiralty Court, before Mr. Justice Cresswell, a case was being tried, with Serjeant Channell on one side and Sir Frederic Thesiger on the other. Every time the former mentioned the vessel he called it the



"USING LANGUAGE."

THE SQUIRE: "Well, Smith, I want your advice. Hadn't we better let them have their way this time?"

Smith: "No, no, sir; stick to your rights! What *I* say is, 'Give such people a hinch and they'll take a *mile*'—if you'll pardon my usin' such strong language!"

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Ellen; every time Thesiger mentioned her he called her the *Helen.* At last the judge, with quaint gravity, said: "Stop! What was the name of the ship? I have it on my notes the *Ellen* and the *Helen.* Which is it?" The members of the Bar grinned; the judge looked very grave. "Oh, my lud," said Thesiger, in his blandest and most fastidious manner, "the ship was christened the *Helen,* but she lost her 'h' in the chops of the Channell."

Sir Henry Lucy recalls an eminent barrister in the House of Commons who, unfortunately, was not very particular about the letter "h." In one speech he more than once repeated his astonishment that the gentleman to whom



POOR LETTER "H."

TOUT CONTRACTOR (who has been paid a shilling per man, and sees his way to a little extra profit): "Now, look 'ere, you two 'H's'! The public don't want yer, nor *I* don't, nor nobody don't; so jist drop them boards, and then 'ook it!"

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he was replying "should harrogate to himself" certain qualities. The member, in his answer, described the distinguished lawyer as "the honourable member for Harrogate."

Not a lawyer indeed, but still a man of culture and intelligence and a distinguished entomologist, was J. O. Westwood. He never succeeded in pronouncing the letter "h." He once asked his friend Mansel who was St. Bee? Remembering his peculiarity, Mansel replied that he was a near kinsman of St. 'Ives.

At an electoral contest between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Hardy, Westwood, coming in late, hurried, and breathless, announced his vote for "Glad—no, no—I mean 'Ardy." Henry Smith claimed the vote for Gladstone. "Why," said the Vice-Chancellor, "he only pronounced the first syllable of Mr. Gladstone's name." "Yes, sir; but he did not pronounce the first letter of Mr. Hardy's."

A member of the London County Council was regretting the lack of art sense displayed by his fellows when they placed an open space at the disposal of the people. He pleaded eloquently for fountains, gold-fish in ornamental basins, lions and unicorns in stucco, and emerald-green garden-seats.

"Why," said he, in a splendid peroration, "we want something homely and country-like—a little arbour here and there. If a foreigner came to this country and asked to see one, we've never an arbour worth showing to show him."

Then up and spake another member, who, prior to attaining the height of his civic ambitions, had been a petty officer in the Navy.

"Oh, we 'aven't, 'aven't we? And wot about Portsmouth 'Arbour?"

The London School Board has had members quite as erudite as those of the County Council. One of them, a retired linen-draper, visited a school one day with the intention

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of putting the fifth standard through their facings in the geography of Europe.

He began: "What is the capital of 'Olland?"

"Capital 'H,'" was the crushing rejoinder from the smart boy of the class. The ex-linen-draper did not pursue his geographical inquiries further.

A competitive examination was lately held for the purpose of appointing fit persons to some of the Government offices in England. One of the candidates inadvertently spelled the word "Venice" with two "n's"—thus: "Vennice." The examiner—a clever man, but not always a correct speaker—sternly inquired: "Do you not know, sir, there is but one 'hen' in 'Venice'?"

"Then eggs must be very scarce there!" was the ready reply.

The candidate passed.

In the days when packet-ships ran between New York and London a youthful passenger asked the English mate of the *Christiana* what there was in the leather tubing around the gunwales of the lifeboats.

"Hair, sir," he answered.

"Is there anything peculiarly buoyant about hair?" asked the American youth.

"If you don't know that, you don't know much," replied the mate, with a look of contempt, as he moved to another part of the ship.

The youth was humiliated, and a few days later asked the captain why hair was so buoyant in water. That authority replied that he didn't know that it was, and inquired why the youth thought it was so.



SUPERIOR EDUCATION.

PAGE BOY (to Jeames): "Where shall I put this 'ere dish of ammonds?" Jeames (with dignity): "I'm surprised, Harthur, that at your hage you 'aven't learnt 'ow to pernounce the *har* in harmonds!"

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"Why, sir, your mate told me that there was hair in the tubes of the lifeboats to make them float when capsized."

"Ah!" answered the captain, laughing. "He's a Cockney; he means air."

And who does not remember the famous *Punch* picture, in which, in reply to a question regarding his charge, a Cockney groom replies: "It's not the 'unting that 'urts the 'orse, sir; it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road."

George Lacy Hillier, English bicycle and tricycle champion in the days of the high wheel and hard tyre, used to tell an amusing story about his trainer.

It appears that the trainer would at times get on Hillier's nerves by calling him Mr. 'Illier. One day, in exasperation, Hillier said to him, "Why do you always call me Mr. 'Illier? It is not my name, you know."

The trainer stood back in astonishment, and replied, "Well, if a haich and a hi and a hel and a hel and a hi and a he and a har don't spell 'Illier, I'd like to know what it do spell!"

Someone asked a suburban doctor how his wife got on with her new London cook.

"Oh, pretty well," he replied. "She will do better when they understand one another. The other morning the cook asked what was to be done with the mortal remains of two boiled fowls which had been but slightly attacked the day before.

"'Heat them for dinner,' said my wife.

"I came home at six, hungry and wet, and was put down to cold boiled beef, so I growled.

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BETHNAL GREEN.

EAST-ENDER: "'Ary Scheffer!' Hignorant fellers, these foreigners, Bill! Spells 'Enery without the haitch!"

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My wife got in a fuss, sent for the cook, and demanded her fricassee. There was none.

"'What have you done with those cold boiled fowls, then?'

"'We 'ad 'em hin the kitchen, has you told me, mum.'

"'I told you! That I never did.'

"'Yes, mum; you told me to heat 'em, and we het 'em.'"

Leveson-Gower tells how the representative of Spain at the Court of St. James's dined with his family on one occasion, and how a servant then and there beat all records in the art of misplacing the letter "h." Flinging the door open, he announced:—

"The Spanish Ham"—making a perceptible pause before he added, "bassador."

The author declares that he never will forget the effect produced. "Edmund Yates and Corney Grain, who were of the party and talking together at the moment, bolted into the small dining-room and behaved certainly as well as the circumstances permitted. My wife had the profoundest difficulty to control her laughter and accord a proper reception to our guest, who was, of course, innocent of the abuse of his distinction."

Lawrence Hutton used to tell of an incident which occurred when he was in London with John Fiske. Fiske himself would often use the story in his lectures apropos of certain eccentric linguistic matters which he wanted to illustrate.

"We had gone together one morning," Hutton would say, "to get our letters. For me there was none. I gave my name carefully, but there was nothing. I felt sure that there must be some correspondence for me, and was inspired to ask the Cockney clerk if he were looking under 'H.' Immediately a great mass of mail matter was produced. It seems he had been searching in vain for Hutton in the box of 'U.'"

For years after that John Fiske, in writing to his friend, always dropped the initial "H," and persistently called him "'Utton."

Speaking on a motion for adjournment to consider Mr. Gladstone's intentions with regard to the future of the Home Rule Bill, Lord Randolph Churchill made a playful use of the letter "h" with great effect. He remarked, "We are being jockeyed," and concluded with a protest against the Prime Minister's attempt to "hocus" the House of Commons. Sir William Harcourt, in reply, rebuked these expressions. "This, sir," he said, "is the language of the Derby." "No," retorted Lord Randolph, across the table; "it is the language of the Hoax." And it took Sir William some time to recover the attention of the House.

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PERPLEXITIES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

94.—RIGHT AND LEFT PUZZLE.

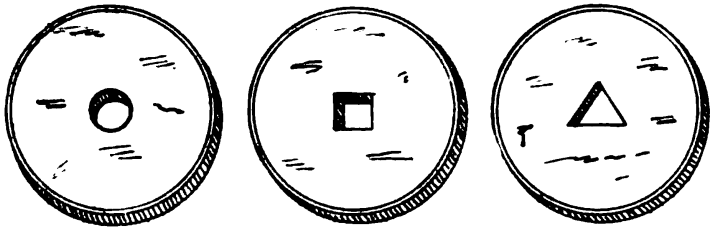
HERE is quite a simple little puzzle, the point in which lies in the reader's imagining difficulties that do not really exist. Arrange twenty-five counters in the order shown in the illustration. It is required to get them into proper numerical order—that is, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 in the top row, from left to right, 6 to 10 in the second row, and so on. This is to be done by taking up one counter in each hand and exchanging the original

7	24	10	19	3
12	20	8	22	23
2	15	25	18	13
11	21	5	9	16
17	4	14	1	6

position of the one in the right hand with that in the left. Continue this until all are in their proper places. What is the smallest number of such exchanges that is necessary? As 8 is already in its place, and you can place one counter correctly at every exchange, you may hastily conclude that it needs twenty-four exchanges. But this is not the case.

95.—CHINESE MONEY.

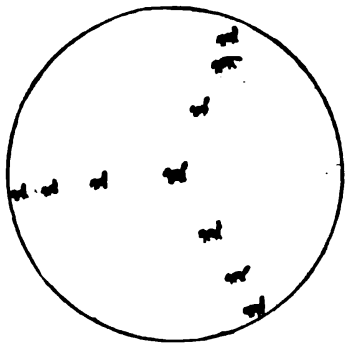
THE Chinese are a curious people, and have strange inverted ways of doing things. It is said that they use a saw with an upward pressure instead of a downward one, that they plane a deal board by pulling the tool towards them instead of pushing it, and that in building a house they first construct the roof and, having



raised that into position, proceed to work downwards. In money the currency of the country consists of taels of fluctuating value. The tael became thinner and thinner until 2,000 of them piled together made less than three inches in height. The common cash consists of brass coins of varying thicknesses, with a round, square, or triangular hole in the centre, as in our illustration. These are strung on wires like buttons. Supposing that eleven coins with round holes are worth fifteen ching-changs, that eleven with square holes are worth sixteen ching-changs, and that eleven with triangular holes are worth seventeen ching-changs, how can a Chinaman give me change for half a crown, using no coins other than the three mentioned? A ching-chang is worth exactly twopence and four-fifteenths of a ching-chang.

96.—THE WIZARD'S CATS.

A WIZARD placed ten cats inside a magic circle, as shown in our illustration, and hypnotized them so that they should remain stationary during his pleasure.



He then proposed to draw three circles inside the large one so that no cat could approach another cat without crossing a magic circle. Try to draw the three circles so that every cat has its own enclosure and cannot reach another cat without crossing a line.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

91.—INSPECTING A MINE.

STARTING from C, the inspector must travel 36 furlongs. Here is one route: C to H, M, R, S, R, Q, P, K, F, K, L, G, F, A, B, C, B, G, H, I, D, C, D, E, J, O, J, I, N, O, T, S, N, M, L, Q. If he starts from B he need only travel 35 furlongs, but a start from A will require a journey of 38 furlongs. In fact, a start from B, D, Q, or S requires 35, from C, R, F, K, J, or O requires 36, and a start from any other point takes 38 furlongs. But you cannot end a journey where you like if you want the shortest route. For example, if you start at B, you must end at Q or S; if you start at C you must again end at Q or S; and if you start at F you must end at B or D.

92.—THE LETTER BLOCK PUZZLE.

THIS puzzle can be solved in 23 moves—the fewest possible. Move the blocks in the following order: A, B, F, E, C, A, B, F, E, C, A, B, D, H, G, A, B, D, H, G, D, E, F.

93.—A CHAIN PUZZLE.

TO open and rejoin a link costs threepence. Therefore, to join the nine pieces into an endless chain would cost 2s. 3d.; whereas a new chain would cost 2s. 2d. But if we break up the piece of eight links, these eight will join together the remaining eight pieces at a cost of 2s. But there is a subtle way of even improving on this. Break up the two pieces containing three and four links respectively, and these seven will join together the remaining seven pieces at a cost of only 1s. 9d.

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THE FROG-PRINCESS.



A STORY
FOR
CHILDREN.

Re-told from the
Russian by
Post Wheeler.

Illustrated by
H. R. Millar.

IN olden time, in a certain kingdom far across the seas and behind high mountains, there lived a Czar and his Queen. The Czar had lived long in the world and had become old. He had three sons, Princes, all of them young, brave, and unmarried. During the long days they flew about on their fiery, beautiful horses, like bright hawks under the blue sky. All three were handsome and clever, but the handsomest and cleverest was the youngest, and he was Prince Ivan.

One day the Czar summoned his three sons to his presence and said: "My dear children, you have now arrived at man's estate, and it is time for you to think of marriage. I desire you to select maidens to be loving wives to you and to be dutiful daughters-in-law. Take, therefore, your bows and arrows which have been hardened in the fire. Go into the untrodden field wherein no one is permitted to hunt, draw your bows tight, and shoot in different directions, and in whatsoever Courts your arrows fall, there demand your future wives. The maid who finds an arrow shall be the bride of him who shot it."

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So the Princes made arrows, hardened them in the fire, and, going into the untrodden field, shot them in different directions, the eldest brother to the east, the second to the west, while the youngest, Prince Ivan, drew his bow with all his strength and shot his arrow straight before him.

On making search the eldest brother found that his arrow had fallen in the courtyard of a nobleman, where it lay before the tower in which were the apartments of the maidens. The second brother's arrow had fallen in the courtyard of a rich merchant who traded with foreign countries, and pierced a window at which the merchant's daughter—a lovely girl—was standing. But the arrow of Prince Ivan could not be found at all.

Ivan searched in deep sorrow and grief. For two whole days he wandered in the woods and fields, and on the third day he came by chance to a boggy swamp, where the black soil gave way under the foot, and in the middle of the swamp he came upon a frog which held in her mouth the arrow he had shot.

When he saw this he turned to run away, leaving his arrow behind him, but the frog cried: "Kwa! Kwa! Prince Ivan, come to me and take your arrow. If you will not take me for your wife, you will never get out of this marsh."

Ivan was greatly surprised to hear the frog speak, and was at a loss to know what to do. But at last he took the arrow, picked up the frog, put her in a fold of his coat, and went sadly home.

When he arrived at the palace and told his story his brothers jeered at him, and the two beautiful maidens whom they were to marry laughed at him also, so that he went weeping to the Czar and said: "How can I ever take this frog to wife—a little thing that says 'Kwa! Kwa!'"

But the Czar made answer: "Take her, for such was my Royal word, and such is your fate!" And though Prince Ivan wept a long time, there was no further word to be said.

So the sons of the Czar were married—the eldest to the nobleman's daughter; the second to the daughter of the merchant; and the youngest, Prince Ivan, was married to the frog. When the day came he went to the palace in a closed carriage, and the frog was carried on a golden dish.

So they lived for some time, and Prince Ivan treated the frog with gentleness and kindness, till a day came when the Czar summoned his three sons before him and said: "Dear children, now that you are wedded, I am minded to try the skill of my daughters-in-law in the arts of housewifery. Take from my storeroom, therefore, each of you, a piece of linen cloth, and his wife shall make of it a shirt which he shall bring to me to-morrow morning."

The two elder brothers took the linen to their wives, who at once called together their maid-servants and nurses, and all set to work busily to cut the stuff and to sew it. And as they worked they laughed to think of Prince Ivan, saying: "What will his little quacker make for him to bring to the Czar to-morrow?" But Prince Ivan went home looking as if he had swallowed a needle. "How can my little frog-wife make a shirt?" he thought—"she who only creeps on the floor and croaks!" And his bright head hung down lower than his shoulders.

When she saw him, however, the frog spoke. "Kwa! Kwa! Prince Ivan, why are you so downcast? Have you heard a hard word from your father?"

"How can I fail to be downcast?" answered Ivan. "My father has ordered that you should sew a shirt out of this linen for him to-morrow."

"Do not worry," said the frog, "and have no fear. Go to bed and rest. There is more wisdom in the morning than in the evening."

When Prince Ivan had lain himself down to sleep she called servants and bade them cut the linen he had brought into small pieces. When they were gone she took the pieces in her mouth, hopped to the window, and threw them out, saying:—

"Winds! Winds! Fly abroad with these linen shreds and sew me a shirt for the Czar, my father-in-law!"

And before one could tell it, back into the room flew a shirt all stitched and finished.

Next morning, when Prince Ivan awoke, the frog presented him with a shirt. "There it is," she said. "Take it to your father and see if it pleases him."

Ivan was greatly rejoiced, and, putting the shirt under his coat, set out to the palace, where his two elder brothers had already arrived.

First of all the eldest brother presented his shirt to his father. The Czar took it, examined it, and said: "This is sewn in the common way; it is fit only to be worn in a poor man's hut!" He took the shirt which the second son had brought, and said: "This is sewn somewhat better than the other, and is perhaps good enough for me to wear when I go to my bath." But when he took the shirt that Prince Ivan presented him, he examined it with delight, for no single seam

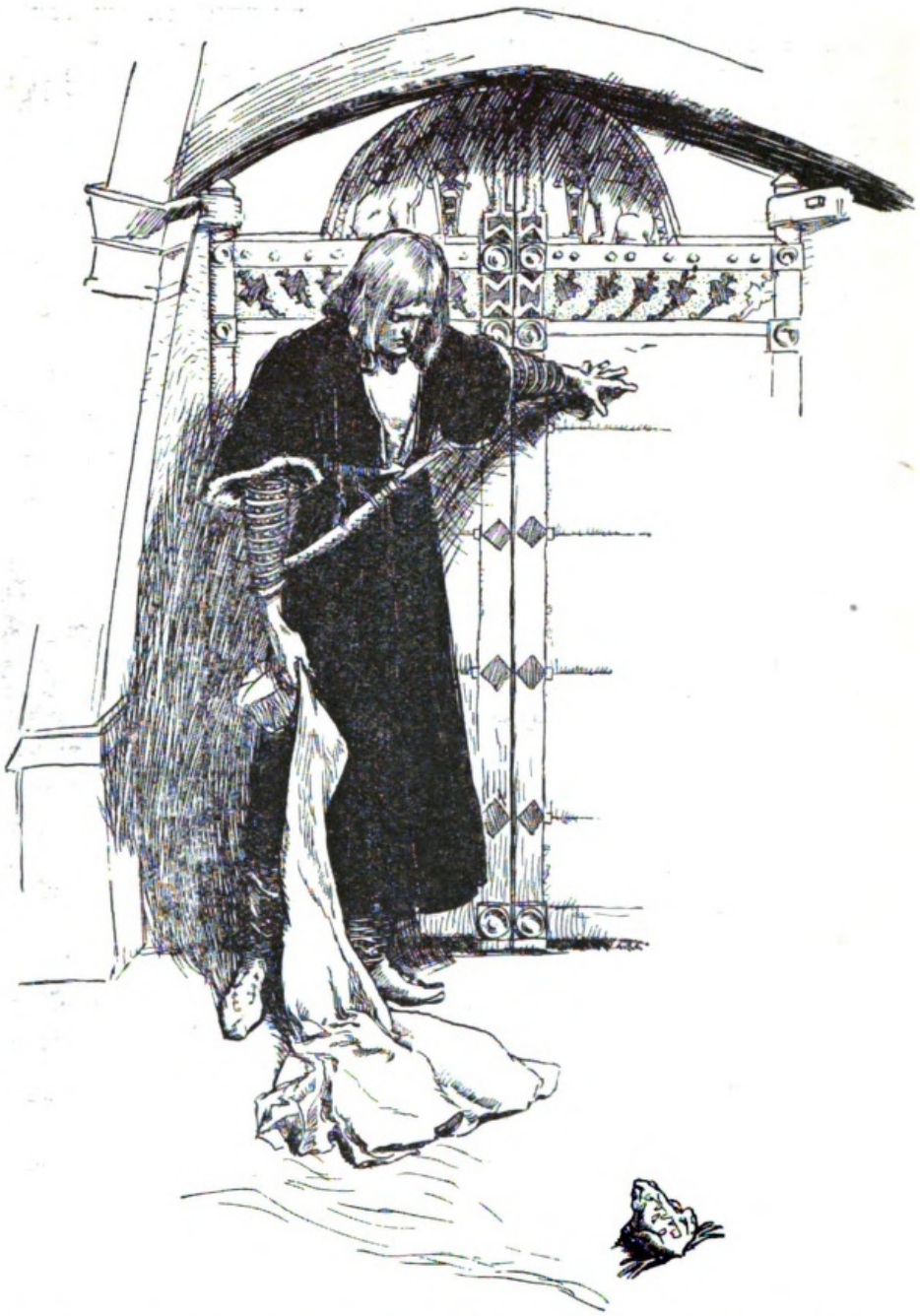
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could be seen in it. He could not admire it enough, and gave orders that it should be given him to wear only on the great holidays.

Ivan went home happy, but his two brothers said to one another: "We need not laugh at Ivan's wife; she is not really a frog, but a witch."

A second time the Czar summoned his three sons, and said: "My dear children, I wish to taste bread baked by the hands of my daughters-in-law. Bring me to-morrow morning, therefore, each of you a loaf of soft white bread."

Prince Ivan returned home looking as if he had eaten something without salt, and his bright head hung lower than his shoulders; and when the frog saw him she said: "Kwa! Kwa! Kworax! Prince Ivan, why are you so sad?"



"'DO NOT WORRY,' SAID THE FROG, 'AND HAVE NO FEAR. GO TO BED AND REST. THERE IS MORE WISDOM IN THE MORNING THAN IN THE EVENING.'"

"Why should I not be sad?" answered Ivan. "The Czar my father has bidden that you shall bake him for to-morrow a loaf of soft white bread."

"Do not mourn, Prince Ivan," said the frog. "Be not sad for nothing. Go to bed and sleep in comfort. The morning is wiser than the evening."

When he was asleep she ordered servants to bring a pastry-pot, put flour and cold water into it, and make a paste. This she bade them put into the cold oven, and when they were gone she hopped before the oven-door and said:—

Bread, Bread! Be baked!
Clean, white, and soft as snow!

Instantly the oven-door flew open and the loaf rolled out, cooked crisp and white.

Now the two Princesses, the wives of the other brothers, hated the frog because of the shirt she had made, and when they heard the command of the Czar, the wife of the eldest brother sent a little black slave-girl to spy on the frog and see what she would do. The

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black girl hid herself where she could watch, and went and told her mistress what the frog had done. Then the two Princesses tried to imitate the frog. They dissolved their flour in cold water, poured the paste into cold ovens, and repeated over and over again :—

Bread, Bread ! Be baked !
Clean, white, and soft as snow !

But the ovens remained cold, and the paste would not bake.

Seeing this, in anger they gave the poor slave-girl a cruel beating, ordered more flour, made paste with hot water, and heated the ovens. But the spilled paste had flowed all about and clogged the flues and made them useless, so that one had her loaf burned on one side and the other took hers out under-baked.

In the morning, when Prince Ivan woke, the frog sent him to the palace with his bread wrapped in a towel, and the brothers came also with theirs.

The Czar cut the loaf of the eldest son and tasted it. "Such bread," he said, "could be eaten only by a starving man," and he sent it to the kitchen, that it might be given to the beggars. He tasted that of the second son, and said : "Give this to my hounds." When Prince Ivan unwrapped his loaf, however, all exclaimed in admiration ; for it was so splendid that it would be impossible to make one like it—it could only be told of in tales. It was adorned with all kinds of cunning designs, and on its sides were wrought the Czar's cities with their high walls and gates. The Czar tasted it and sent it away, saying : "Put this on my table on Easter Sunday, when we shall have Royal visitors."



"ONE HAD HER LOAF BURNED ON ONE SIDE AND THE OTHER TOOK HERS OUT UNDER-BAKED."

So Ivan was greatly delighted.

"Now, my dear children," said their father,

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"your wives, my daughters-in-law, have done what I bade them do. Bring them to-morrow, therefore, to the palace to dine, in order that I may congratulate them in person."

The two elder brothers went home to their wives, saying to one another: "Now he must bring his frog-wife with him to the Royal audience for all to see." But Prince Ivan went home weeping, and his bright head hung down lower than his shoulders.

When he reached home the frog was sitting at the door. "Kwa! Kwa! Kworax!" she said. "Prince Ivan, why do you weep?"

"Why should I not weep?" he answered. "You have sewn the shirt, and you have baked the bread, but after all you are but a frog, and to-morrow the Czar my father commands that I shall bring you to the palace. How can I show you to the people as my wife?"

"Weep no more," the frog said. "Go to bed and sleep. There is more wisdom in the morning than in the evening."

The next day, when Ivan awoke, she said: "Pay no heed to what others think. The Czar thy father was pleased with his shirt and his bread; maybe he will be pleased also with his daughter-in-law when I come. Go to the palace, and I will come after you in an hour. Make your respects to the Czar, and, when you hear a rumbling and a knocking, say: 'Here comes my poor little frog in her little basket!'"

So Ivan drove away to the palace somewhat cheered by her words.

When he was out of sight the frog went to the window and called: "Winds! Winds! Bring for me at once a rich carriage of state, with white horses, footmen, outriders, and runners."

Instantly a horn blew, and horsemen came galloping up the street, followed by six milk-white horses drawing a golden coach. As for herself, she threw off the skin of a frog, and was transformed into a maiden, so beautiful that she could not be described.

Meanwhile, at the palace the company were assembled, the two elder brothers with their lovely brides, attired in silks and laden with shining jewels. And they all laughed at Prince Ivan, standing alone, saying: "Where is your wife the Princess? Why did you not bring her in a kitchen-cloth? And are you certain you chose the greatest beauty of the swamp?"

But while they jeered at poor Ivan, suddenly there came a great rumbling and shouting. The Czar supposed some King or Prince was arriving to visit him, but Ivan said: "Be not disturbed, father. It is only my poor little frog coming in her little basket."

Nevertheless, everybody ran to the palace windows, and they saw riders galloping, and a golden coach, drawn by six milk-white horses, flew up to the entrance, and out of it came a lovely maiden—such a beauty as to make the sun and moon ashamed when she looked at them. She came to Prince Ivan, and he took her hand and led her to the Czar his father, and the Czar himself seated her at the Royal table to dine.

As all began to feast and make merry, the wives of the elder sons whispered between themselves and said: "It is as we have thought. She is in truth a witch. Let us watch carefully, and, whatever she does, let us be careful to do likewise."

So, watching, they saw that the frog-wife did not drink the dregs of her wine-cup, but poured them in her left sleeve, and that the bones of the roast swan she put in her right sleeve, and they did the same.

When they rose from the table the musicians began to play, and the Czar led out Ivan's beautiful wife to dance. This she did with exceeding grace, and as she danced she waved her left sleeve, and at one end of the banquet-hall a lake appeared. She waved her right sleeve, and swans and geese appeared swimming on it. The Czar and his guests were astonished, and could not sufficiently praise her cleverness. When she finished dancing the lake and the fowls upon it disappeared.

Then the wives of the elder sons began to dance. They waved their left sleeves, and all the guests were splashed with the wine-dregs; they waved their right sleeves, and the bones flew right and left, and one nearly put out one of the Czar's eyes. At this the Czar was angry, and straightway ordered them out of the palace, so that they went home in shame and dishonour.

Now, seeing what a beautiful creature his little frog-wife had become, Ivan thought to himself: "What if she should turn back into a frog again!" And while they were dancing he hastened home, searched till he found the frog-skin, and threw it into the fire.

His wife, arriving, ran to search for the skin, and when she could not find it guessed what he had done.

She immediately began weeping and said: "Alas, alas! Ivan, that you could not have patience even for a little while! Now you have lost me for ever, unless you can find me beyond three times nine lands, in the thirtieth kingdom, in the empire that lies under the

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sun. Know that I am the Fairy Wassilissa the Wise." When she had said this she turned into a blue dove and flew out of the window.

Ivan wept till his tears were like a river; then he said a prayer, and, bidding the Czar his father and the Queen his mother farewell, went whither his eyes looked in search of his lost wife.

He travelled through thrice nine lands, asking everyone he met where he could find Wassilissa the Wise; but none could answer till he reached the empire that lies under the sun, and there, in the thirtieth kingdom, he met an old grey-beard, to whom he told his story and asked his question.

"Well do I know of Wassilissa the Wise," answered the old man. "She is a powerful



fairy whose father, in a fit of anger, turned her into a frog for three years. The time was almost up, and had you not burned her frog-skin she would be with you now. I cannot tell

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"THEY SAW THAT THE BONES OF THE ROAST SWAN SHE PUT IN HER RIGHT SLEEVE."

you where she is, but take this magic ball, which will roll wherever you command it, and follow it."

Ivan thanked the old grey-beard, threw the ball he gave him on the ground, and at his command it straightway began to roll. It rolled a short way and it rolled a long way, it rolled across a pebbly plain and into a drear and dreadful forest, and in the middle of the forest he came to a miserable little hut that stood on hen's legs and turned continually round and round: And Ivan said to it:—

Little hut! little hut!
Stand the way thy mother placed thee,
With thy back to the wood and thy front to me!

And immediately the hut turned about, facing him, and stood still.

Ivan climbed up one of its hen's legs and entered the door, and there he saw the oldest of the Baba-Yaga, the bony-legged grandmother of all the witches, lying on a corner

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of the stove on nine bricks, with one lip on the shelf, her nose (which was as long as the Perevitzky Bridge) thrust up the chimney, and her huge iron mortar in the corner.

"Ah!" she cried, gnashing her teeth, "who is this comes to me? Until now I have neither seen with my eyes nor heard with my ears the spirit of any Russian; but to-day it is a Russian who enters my house! Well, Prince Ivan, came you hither from your own wish, or because you were compelled?"

"Enough by my own will and twice as much by force," answered Prince Ivan. "But for shame, that you have not offered me anything to eat and to drink, and prepared me a bath!"

Then the Baba-Yaga, being pleased with his spirit, gave him food and drink and made ready a bath for him; and when he had refreshed himself he related to her the whole affair just as it had been. And when she learned that Wassilissa the Wise was in truth his wife, she said: "I will indeed render you this service, not for love of you, but because I hate her father. The fairy flies across this forest every day, bringing messages for her father, and stops in my house to rest. Remain here, and as soon as she enters seize her by the head. When she feels herself caught she will turn into a frog, and from a frog to a lizard, and from a lizard to a snake, and last of all she will transform herself into an arrow. Take the arrow and break it into three pieces, and she will be yours for ever! But take heed when you have hold of her not to let her go."

The Baba-Yaga concealed the Prince behind the stove, and scarcely was he hidden when in flew Wassilissa the Wise. Ivan crept up noiselessly behind her and seized her by the head. She instantly turned into a great green frog, and he laughed with joy to see her in the form he knew so well. When she turned into a lizard, however, the cold touch of the creature was so loathsome that he almost let go his hold. At last she turned into an arrow, and this he immediately snatched and broke into three pieces. At the same moment the lovely Wassilissa, in her true maiden shape, appeared and threw herself into his arms. "Now, Prince Ivan," she said, "I give myself up to your will!"



"HE CAME TO A MISERABLE LITTLE HUT THAT STOOD ON HEN'S LEGS AND TURNED CONTINUALLY ROUND AND ROUND."

The Baba-Yaga gave them for a present a white mare which could fly like the wind, and on the fourth day it set them down safe and sound at the Czar's palace.

He received them with joy and thankfulness and gave a great feast, and after that he made Prince Ivan Czar in his stead.

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CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



THE POWER OF SARCASM.

THE residents of one of the small California towns near Los Angeles were annoyed at the constant speeding of motor drivers over the good roads of that section, and so, after losing several chickens and dogs under the wheels of passing cars, they made a protest by erecting a sarcastically-worded signboard, reading, "Slow down to 65 miles." Many a driver who would disregard the ordinary caution to run at the legal rate of twenty miles an hour is forced to grin at the humour of this appeal, and proceeds at a more reasonable speed.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

THE DUCK AS A BILL-BOARD.



BY equipping a little boy's pet duck with a bright red overcoat, on which appears the name of his firm, a Los Angeles business man has created a brand-new advertising idea that attracts much attention. The duck is trained to follow the little boy without a chain, and, as it promenades down Broadway, usually draws a crowd. The jeweller declares that it has brought him much business.

THE TELEPHONE AS NURSEMAID.

AT Platte Fougere Lighthouse Station, Guernsey, the baby is put out on the common to sleep in the open air. In the pram is a cigar-box containing a telephone transmitter and a clock. Wires running to

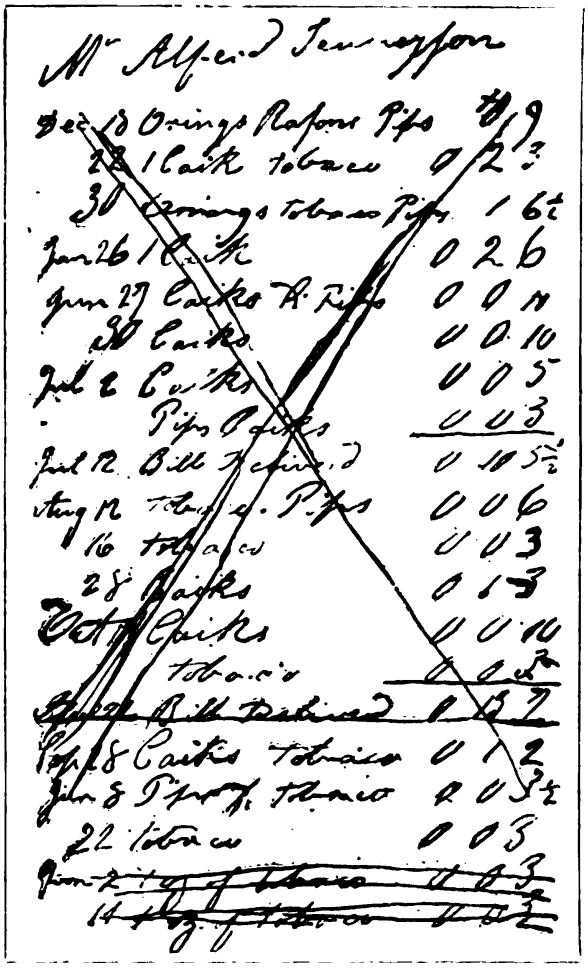


the house enable the busy mother to listen for baby's cry at intervals of work, or continuously if seated at the table. The ticking of the clock indicates that the transmitter is working properly.—Mr. E. O. Catford, Platte Fougere Lighthouse, Guernsey.

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HOW TENNYSON SPENT HIS POCKET-MONEY.

MANY years ago a friend of the writer's made a pilgrimage to Tennyson's birthplace, Somersby, and, among other spots of interest, visited the little village shop. The old woman who kept it at the time when the poet's father was rector of Somersby was still behind the counter, and was induced, for a shilling, to hand over her old day-book, recording the Tennyson family's dealings with her. The following is a facsimile of one of the pages :—



The pages do not appear to give the year of the transactions, but towards the end of the ledger there are numerous entries to the Tennyson family's account of "tar," which, the old woman explained, was bought to be used as a disinfectant during the illness of the poet's father. Now, we know from "Tennyson: A Memoir" that the father died in 1831, "after an illness of about a month's continuance," so that the ledger would doubtless record the transactions of two or three years previous to this event. Hence, since Tennyson was born in 1809, he would probably be eighteen or nineteen years old at the time when these entries were made to his account. Apart from a miscast in the first "Bill delivered," their total amounts to 15s. 9½d., of which some 12s. 6d. was expended almost entirely upon cake; so that, though Tennyson has always had the reputation of having been fond of smoking, at this period of his life, at any rate, he appears to have been fonder still of cake. But what about this early predilection for tobacco in face of a statement in the recent work, "Tennyson and His Friends," that "The doctor (the poet's father) was a very tall, dark man, *very strict with his boys*, to whom he was schoolmaster as well as parent"?—Mr. W. T. Webb, Minsmere, Dunwich, Suffolk.



TYPEWRITTEN PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY.

AS you have on several occasions published typewritten pictures in your "Curiosities" pages, I thought that possibly the enclosed portrait would prove of interest, as it is "drawn" entirely on an Oliver typewriter, and I am vain enough to believe that anyone would know whom it is intended to represent.—Mr. R. J. Brothers, Woodcote, Ashford, Kent.

A LIFE GOVERNED BY THE STARS.

THERE lives in Jaora a man (Pandit Hira Lal) who professes astrology, and who has, in order to appease the stars, been daily changing his dress and food for the last twelve years according to the particular star recognized or declared to be ruling over the planetary system that day. For instance, on Monday, which is Moon-day, this man would dress up in white, top to bottom, and eat only such foodstuffs as are white—say, milk, rice, etc. On Tuesday the man would dress up in red (being the day of Mars) and take jaggery, golden wheat, and like substances. On Wednesday the turn is for the green; on Thursday, yellow; on Friday, all colours; on Saturday, black; and on Sunday, red again.—Mr. Sri Ram, B.A., Jaora, Central India.



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"HE WAS AT MY VERY HEELS. I WAS LOST."

(*See page* 134.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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THE LOST WORLD.

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor George E. Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. E. D. Malone of the "Daily Gazette."

BY

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST FOUR INSTALMENTS.

EDWARD MALONE is sent by his paper, the *Daily Gazette*, to interview Professor Challenger, the famous zoologist, who, about two years before, had made a journey to an unexplored region of South America. On his return the Professor had announced some extraordinary discoveries, but, being met with incredulity in certain quarters, had declined to discuss the matter further. Professor Challenger, who is a man of immense mental and physical strength, with a bellowing voice and an overbearing, insolent manner, yet with a certain grim sense of humour, gives Malone, in confidence, some account of his journey to "The Lost World," a region where the conditions of prehistoric life still exist. He also shows him certain specimens, documents, etc., in corroboration of his story. The Professor attends a lecture the same evening, and, amid considerable uproar, repeats his statements regarding his discoveries. Finding he is still disbelieved, he invites the audience to appoint a committee to test his story in person. Those chosen are Professor Summerlee, one of the most sceptical of Challenger's opponents, Lord John Roxton, a well-known sportsman, and Edward Malone, representing the *Daily Gazette*. On arriving in South America they are unexpectedly joined by Professor Challenger, who takes charge of the expedition. They reach the scene of Challenger's alleged discoveries—an enormous and apparently inaccessible plateau—and at length devise a means of reaching its summit, only to find, on gaining it, that their retreat has been cut off through the treachery of two half-breeds accompanying the expedition. Almost at once they meet with a series of adventures confirming part, at least, of Professor Challenger's statements, which the reader will find still further justified by the even more exciting scenes described in the following chapters.

CHAPTER XI. (*continued*).

IN the morning it was not long before we discovered the source of the hideous uproar which had aroused us in the night. The iguanodon glade was the scene of a horrible butchery. From the pools of blood and the enormous lumps of flesh scattered in every direction over the green sward we imagined at first that a number of animals had been killed, but on examining the remains more closely we discovered that all this carnage came from one of these unwieldy monsters, which had been literally torn to pieces by some creature not larger, perhaps, but far more ferocious, than itself.

Our two professors sat in absorbed argument, examining piece after piece, which showed the marks of savage teeth and of enormous claws.

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"Our judgment must still be in abeyance," said Professor Challenger, with a huge slab of whitish-coloured flesh across his knee. "The indications would be consistent with the presence of a sabre-toothed tiger, such as are still found among the breccia of our caverns, but the creature actually seen was undoubtedly of a larger and more reptilian character. Personally, I should pronounce for allosaurus."

"Or megalosaurus," said Summerlee.

"Exactly. Any one of the larger carnivorous dinosaurs would meet the case. Among them are to be found all the most terrible types of animal life that have ever cursed the earth or blessed a museum." He laughed sonorously at his own conceit, for, though he had little sense of humour, the crudest pleasantry from his own lips moved him always to roars of appreciation.

"The less noise the better," said Lord Roxton, curtly. "We don't know who or what may be near us. If this fellah comes back for his breakfast and catches us here, we won't have so much to laugh at. By the way, what is this mark upon the iguanodon's hide?"

On the dull, scaly, slate-coloured skin, somewhere above the shoulder, there was a singular black circle of some substance which looked like asphalt. None of us could suggest what it meant, though Summerlee was of opinion that he had seen something similar upon one of the young ones two days before. Challenger said nothing, but looked pompous and puffy, as if he could if he would, so that finally Lord Roxton asked his opinion direct.

"If your lordship will graciously permit me to open my mouth, I shall be happy to express my sentiments," said he, with elaborate sarcasm. "I am not in the habit of being taken to task in the fashion which seems to be customary with your lordship. I was not aware that it was necessary to ask your permission before smiling at a harmless pleasantry."

It was not until he had received his apology that our touchy friend would suffer himself to be appeased. When at last his ruffled feelings were at ease, he addressed us at some length from his seat upon a fallen tree, speaking, as his habit was, as if he were imparting most precious information to a class of a thousand.

"With regard to the marking," said he, "I am inclined to agree with my friend and colleague, Professor Summerlee, that the stains are from asphalt. As this plateau is, in its very nature, highly volcanic, and as asphalt is a substance which one associates with Plutonic forces, I cannot doubt that it exists in the free liquid state, and that the creatures may have come in contact with it. A much more important problem is the question as to the existence of the carnivorous monster which has left its traces in this glade. We know roughly that this plateau is not larger than an average English county. Within this confined space a certain number of creatures, mostly types which have passed away in the world below, have lived together for innumerable years. Now, it is very clear to me that in so long a period one would have expected that the carnivorous creatures, multiplying unchecked, would have exhausted their food supply and have been compelled to either modify their flesh-eating habits or die of hunger. This we see has not been so. We can only imagine, therefore, that the balance of Nature is preserved by some check which limits the numbers of these ferocious creatures. One of the many interesting problems, therefore, which await our solution is to discover what that check may be, and how it operates. I venture to trust that we may have some future opportunity for the closer study of the carnivorous dinosaurs."

"And I venture to trust we may not," I observed.

The professor only raised his great eyebrows, as the schoolmaster meets the irrelevant observation of the naughty boy.

"Perhaps Professor Summerlee may have an observation to make," he said, and the two *savants* ascended together into some rarefied scientific atmosphere where the possibilities of a modification of the birth-rate were weighed against the decline of the food supply as a check in the struggle for existence.

That morning we mapped out a small portion of the plateau, avoiding the swamp of the pterodactyls, and keeping to the east of our brook instead of to the west. In that direction the country was still thickly wooded, with so much undergrowth that our progress was very slow.

I have dwelt up to now upon the terrors of Maple White Land, but there was another side to the subject, for all that morning we wandered among lovely flowers—mostly, as I observed, white or yellow in colour, these being, as our professors explained, the primitive flower-shades. In many places the ground was absolutely covered with them, and as we walked ankle-deep on that wonderful yielding carpet, the scent was almost intoxicating in its sweetness and intensity. The

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homely English bee buzzed everywhere around us. Many of the trees under which we passed had their branches bowed down with fruit, some of which were of familiar sorts, while other varieties were new. By observing which of them were pecked by the birds, we avoided all danger of poison, and added a delicious variety to our food reserve. In the jungle which we traversed were numerous hard-trodden paths made by the wild beasts, and in the more marshy places we saw a profusion of strange footmarks, including many of the iguanodon. Once in a grove we observed several of these great creatures grazing, and Lord Roxton, with his glass, was able to report that they also were spotted with asphalt, though in a different place to the one which we had examined in the morning. What this phenomenon meant we could not imagine.

We saw many small animals, such as porcupines, a scaly ant-eater, and a wild pig, piebald in colour and with long, curved tusks. Once, through a break in the trees, we saw a clear shoulder of green hill some distance away, and across this a large dun-coloured animal was travelling at a considerable pace. It passed so swiftly that we were unable to say what it was; but if it were a deer, as was claimed by Lord Roxton, it must have been as large as those monstrous Irish elk which are still dug up from time to time in the bogs of my native land.

Ever since the mysterious visit which had been paid to our camp, we always returned to it with some misgivings. However, on this occasion we found everything in order. That evening we had a grand discussion upon our present situation and future plans, which I must describe at some length, as it led to a new departure by which we were enabled to gain a more complete knowledge of Maple White Land than might have come in many weeks of exploring. It was Summerlee who opened the debate. All day he had been querulous in manner, and now some remark of Lord Roxton's as to what we should do on the morrow brought all his bitterness to a head.

"What we ought to be doing to-day, to-morrow, and all the time," said he, "is finding some way out of the trap into which we have fallen. You are all turning your brains towards getting into this country. I say that we should be scheming how to get out of it."

"I am surprised, sir," boomed Challenger, stroking his majestic beard, "that any man of science should commit himself to so ignoble a sentiment. You are in a land which offers such an inducement to the ambitious naturalist as none ever has since the world began, and you suggest leaving it before we have acquired more than the most superficial knowledge of it or of its contents. I expected better things of you, Professor Summerlee."

"You must remember," said Summerlee, sourly, "that I have a large class in London who are at present at the mercy of an extremely inefficient *locum tenens*. This makes my situation different from yours, Professor Challenger, since, so far as I know, you have never been entrusted with any responsible educational work."

"Quite so," said Challenger. "I have felt it to be a sacrilege to divert a brain which is capable of the highest original research to any lesser object. That is why I have sternly set my face against any proffered scholastic appointment."

"For example?" asked Summerlee, with a sneer; but Lord Roxton hastened to change the conversation.

"I must say," said he, "that I think it would be a mighty poor thing to go back to London before I know a great deal more of this place than I do at present."

"I could never dare to walk into the back office of my paper and face old McArdle," said I. (You will excuse the frankness of this report, will you not, sir?) "He'd never forgive me for leaving such unexhausted copy behind me. Besides, so far as I can see, it is not worth discussing, since we can't get down, even if we wanted."

"Our young friend makes up for many obvious mental lacunæ by some measure of primitive common sense," remarked Challenger. "The interests of his deplorable profession are immaterial to us, but, as he observes, we cannot get down in any case, so it is a waste of energy to discuss it."

"It is a waste of energy to do anything else," growled Summerlee, from behind his pipe. "Let me remind you that we came here upon a perfectly definite mission, entrusted to us at the meeting of the Zoological Institute in London. That mission was to test the truth of Professor Challenger's statements. Those statements, as I am bound to admit, we are now in a position to endorse. Our ostensible work is therefore done. As to the detail which remains to be worked out upon this plateau, it is so enormous that only a large expedition, with a very special equipment, could hope to cope with it. Should we attempt to do so ourselves, the only possible result must be that we shall never return

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with the important contribution to science which we have already gained. Professor Challenger has devised means for getting us on to this plateau when it appeared to be inaccessible; I think that we should now call upon him to use the same ingenuity in getting us back to the world from which we came."

I confess that as Summerlee stated his view it struck me as altogether reasonable. Even Challenger was affected by the consideration that his enemies would never stand confuted if the confirmation of his statements should never reach those who had doubted them.

"The problem of the descent is at first sight a formidable one," said he, "and yet I cannot doubt that the intellect can solve it. I am prepared to agree with our colleague that a protracted stay in Maple White Land is at present inadvisable, and that the question of our return will soon have to be faced. I absolutely refuse to leave, however, until we have made at least a superficial examination of this country, and are able to take back with us something in the nature of a chart."

Professor Summerlee gave a snort of impatience.

"We have spent two long days in exploration," said he, "and we are no wiser as to the actual geography of the place than when we started. It is clear that it is all thickly wooded, and it would take months to penetrate it and to learn the relations of one part to another. If there were some central peak it would be different, but it all slopes downwards so far as we can see. The farther we go the less likely it is that we will get any general view."

It was at that moment that I had my inspiration. My eyes chanced to light upon the enormous gnarled trunk of the gingko tree which cast its huge branches over us. Surely, if its bole exceeded that of all others, its height must do the same. If the rim of the plateau was indeed the highest point, then why should this mighty tree not prove to be a watch-tower which commanded the whole country? Now, ever since I ran wild as a lad in Ireland I have been a bold and skilled tree-climber. My comrades might be my masters on the rocks, but I knew that I would be supreme among those branches. Could I only get my legs on to the lowest of the giant off-shoots, then it would be strange indeed if I could not make my way to the top. My comrades were delighted at my idea.

"Our young friend," said Challenger, bunching up the red apples of his cheeks, "is capable of acrobatic exertions which would be impossible to a man of a more solid, though possibly of a more commanding, appearance. I applaud his resolution."

"By George, young fellah, you've put your hand on it!" said Lord Roxton, clapping me on the back. "How we never came to think of it before I can't imagine! There's not more than an hour of daylight left, but if you take your notebook you may be able to get some rough sketch of the place. If we put these three ammunition cases under the branch, I will soon hoist you on to it."

He stood on the boxes while I faced the trunk, and was gently raising me when Challenger sprang forward and gave me such a thrust with his huge hand that he fairly shot me into the tree. With both arms clasping the branch, I scrambled hard with my feet until I had worked, first my body, and then my knees, on to it. There were three excellent off-shoots, like huge rungs of a ladder, above my head, and a tangle of convenient branches beyond, so that I clambered onwards with such speed that I soon lost sight of the ground and had nothing but foliage beneath me. Now and then I encountered a check, and once I had to shin up a creeper for eight or ten feet, but I made excellent progress, and the booming of Challenger's voice seemed to be a great distance beneath me. The tree was, however, enormous, and, looking upwards, I could see no thinning of the leaves above my head. There was some thick, bush-like clump which seemed to be a parasite upon a branch up which I was swarming. I leaned my head round it in order to see what was beyond, and I nearly fell out of the tree in my surprise and horror at what I saw.

A face was gazing into mine—at the distance of only a foot or two. The creature that owned it had been crouching behind the parasite, and had looked round it at the same instant that I did. It was a human face—or at least it was far more human than any monkey's that I have ever seen. It was long, whitish, and blotched with pimples, the nose flattened, and the lower jaw projecting, with a bristle of coarse whiskers round the chin. The eyes, which were under thick and heavy brows, were bestial and ferocious, and as it opened its mouth to snarl what sounded like a curse at me, I observed that it had curved, sharp canine teeth. For an instant I read hatred and menace in the evil eyes. Then, as quick as a flash, came an expression of overpowering fear. There was a crash of

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broken boughs as it dived wildly down into the tangle of green. I caught a glimpse of a hairy body like that of a reddish pig, and then it was gone amid a swirl of leaves and branches.

"What's the matter?" shouted Roxton from below. "Anything wrong with you?"

"Did you see it?" I cried, with my arms round the branch and all my nerves tingling.

"We heard a row as if your foot had slipped. What was it?"

I was so shocked at the sudden and strange appearance of this ape-man that I hesitated whether I should not climb down again and tell my experience to my companions. But I was already so far up the great tree that it seemed a humiliation to return without having carried out my mission.



"IT WAS A HUMAN FACE—OR AT LEAST IT WAS FAR MORE HUMAN THAN ANY MONKEY'S THAT I HAVE EVER SEEN."

After a long pause, therefore, to recover my breath and my courage, I continued my ascent. Once I put my weight upon a rotten branch and swung for a few seconds by my hands, but in the main it was all easy climbing. Gradually the leaves thinned around me, and I was aware, from the wind upon my

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face, that I had topped all the trees of the forest. I was determined, however, not to look about me before I had reached the very highest point, so I scrambled on until I had got so far that the topmost branch was bending beneath my weight. There I settled into a convenient fork and, balancing myself securely, I found myself looking down at a most wonderful panorama of this strange country in which we found ourselves.

The sun was just above the western skyline, and the evening was a particularly bright and clear one, so that the whole extent of the plateau was visible beneath me. It was, as seen from this height, of an oval contour, with a breadth of about thirty miles and a width of twenty. Its general shape was that of a shallow funnel, all the sides sloping down to a considerable lake in the centre. This lake may have been ten miles in circumference, and lay very green and beautiful in the evening light, with a thick fringe of reeds at its edges, and with its surface broken by several yellow sandbanks, which gleamed golden in the mellow sunshine. A number of long dark objects which were too large for alligators and too long for canoes lay upon the edges of these patches of sand. With my glass I could clearly see that they were alive, but what their nature might be I could not imagine.

From the side of the plateau on which we were, slopes of woodland, with occasional glades, stretched down for five or six miles to the central lake. I could see at my very feet the glade of the iguanodons, and farther off was a round opening in the trees which marked the swamp of the pterodactyls. On the side facing me, however, the plateau presented a very different aspect. There the basalt cliffs of the outside were reproduced upon the inside, forming an escarpment about two hundred feet high, with a woody slope beneath it. Along the base of these red cliffs, some distance above the ground, I could see a number of dark holes through the glass, which I conjectured to be the mouths of caves. At the opening of one of these something white was shimmering, but I was unable to make out what it was. I sat charting the country until the sun had set and it was so dark that I could no longer distinguish details. Then I climbed down to my companions waiting for me so eagerly at the bottom of the great tree. For once I was the hero of the expedition. Alone I had thought of it, and alone I had done it; and here was the chart which would save us a month's blind groping among unknown dangers. Each of them shook me solemnly by the hand. But before they discussed the details of my map I had to tell them of my encounter with the ape-man among the branches.

"He has been there all the time," said I.

"How do you know that?" asked Lord Roxton.

"Because I have never been without that feeling that something malevolent was watching us. I mentioned it to you, Professor Challenger."

"Our young friend certainly said something of the kind. He is also the one among us who is endowed with that Celtic temperament which would make him sensitive to such impressions."

"The whole theory of telepathy——" began Summerlee, filling his pipe.

"Is too vast to be now discussed," said Challenger, with decision. "Tell me, now," he added, with the air of a bishop addressing a Sunday-school, "did you happen to observe whether the creature could cross its thumb over its palm?"

"No, indeed."

"Had it a tail?"

"No."

"Was the foot prehensile?"

"I do not think it could have made off so fast among the branches if it could not get a grip with its feet."

"In South America there are, if my memory serves me—you will check the observation, Professor Summerlee—some thirty-six species of monkeys, but the anthropoid ape is unknown. It is clear, however, that he exists in this country, and that he is not the hairy, gorilla-like variety, which is never seen out of Africa or the East." (I was inclined to interpolate, as I looked at him, that I had seen his first cousin in Kensington.) "This is a whiskered and colourless type, the latter characteristic pointing to the fact that he spends his days in arboreal seclusion. The question which we have to face is whether he approaches more closely to the ape or the man. In the latter case, he may well approximate to what the vulgar have called the 'missing link.' The solution of this problem is our immediate duty."

"It is nothing of the sort," said Summerlee, abruptly. "Now that, through the intelligence and activity of Mr. Malone" (I cannot help quoting the words), "we have got our chart, our one and only immediate duty is to get ourselves safe and sound out of this awful place."

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"The flesh-pots of civilization," groaned Challenger.

"The ink-pots of civilization, sir. It is our task to put on record what we have seen, and to leave the further exploration to others. You all agreed as much before Mr. Malone got us the chart."

"Well," said Challenger, "I admit that my mind will be more at ease when I am assured that the result of our expedition has been conveyed to our friends. How we are to get down from this place I have not as yet an idea. I have never yet encountered any problem, however, which my inventive brain was unable to solve, and I promise you that to-morrow I will turn my attention to the question of our descent."

And so the matter was allowed to rest. But that evening, by the light of the fire and of a single candle, the first map of the lost world was elaborated. Every detail which I had roughly noted from my watch-tower was drawn out in its relative place. Challenger's pencil hovered over the great blank which marked the lake.

"What shall we call it?" he asked.

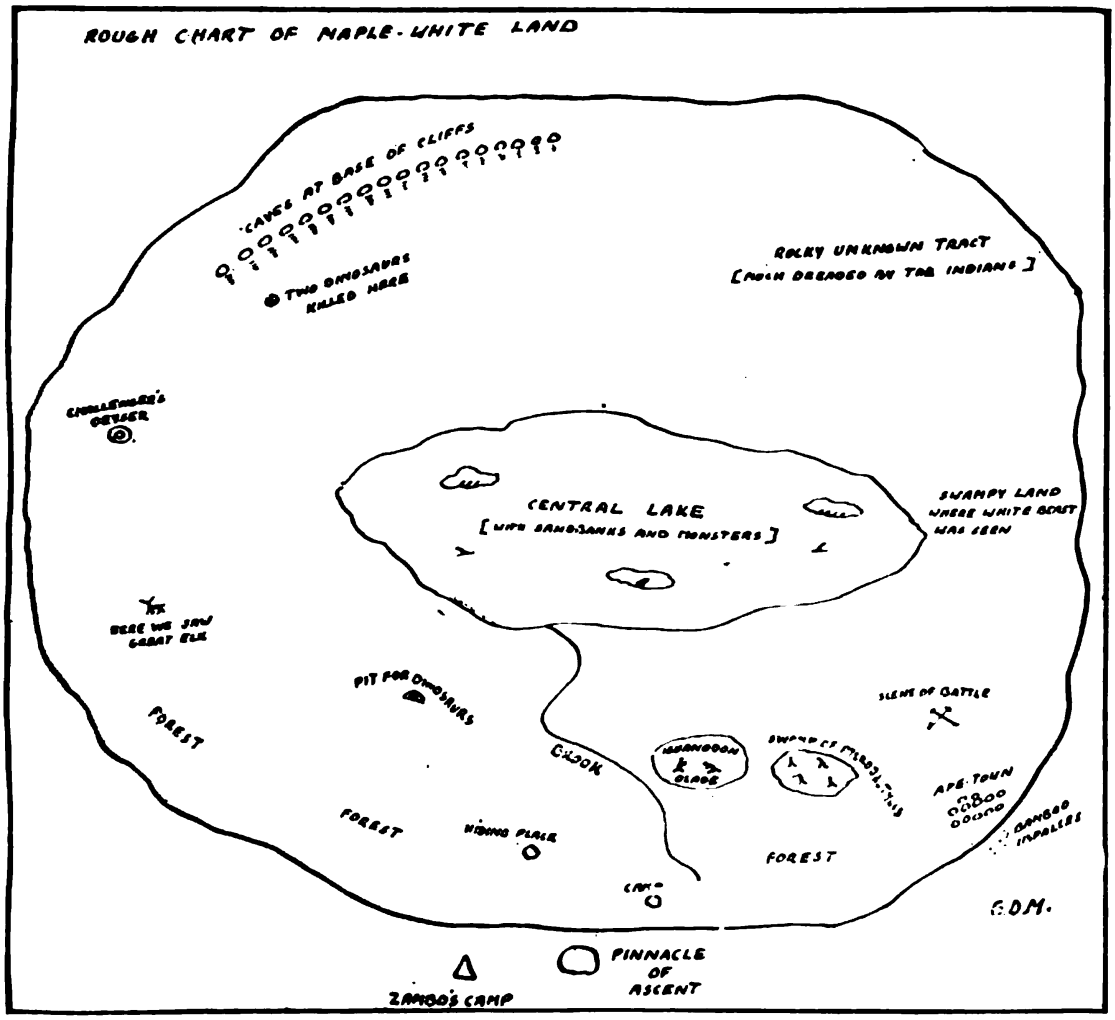
"Why should you not take the chance of perpetuating your own name?" said Summerlee, with his usual touch of acidity.

"I trust, sir, that my name will have other and more personal claims upon posterity," said Challenger, severely. "Any ignoramus can hand down his worthless memory by imposing it upon a mountain or a river. I need no such monument."

Summerlee, with a twisted smile, was about to make some fresh assault when Lord Roxton hastened to intervene.

"It's up to you, young fellah, to name the lake," said he. "You saw it first, and, by George, if you choose to put 'Lake Malone' on it, no one has a better right."

"By all means. Let our young friend give it a name," said Challenger.



THE ROUGH CHART OF MAPLE WHITE LAND.

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"Then," said I, blushing, I dare say, as I said it, "let it be named Lake Gladys."

"Don't you think the Central Lake would be more descriptive?" remarked Summerlee.

"I should prefer Lake Gladys."

Challenger looked at me sympathetically, and shook his great head in mock disapproval. "Boys will be boys," said he. "Lake Gladys let it be."

CHAPTER XII.

"IT WAS DREADFUL IN THE FOREST."

I HAVE said—or perhaps I have not said, for my memory plays me sad tricks these days—that I glowed with pride when three such men as my comrades thanked me for having saved, or at least greatly helped, the situation. As the youngster of the party, not merely in years, but in experience, character, knowledge, and all that goes to make a man, I had been overshadowed from the first. And now I was coming into my own. I warmed at the thought. Alas! for the pride which goes before a fall! That little glow of self-satisfaction, that added measure of self-confidence, were to lead me on that very night to the most dreadful experience of my life, ending with a shock which turns my heart sick when I think of it.

It came about in this way. I had been unduly excited by the adventure of the tree, and sleep seemed to be impossible. Summerlee was on guard, sitting hunched over our small fire, a quaint, angular figure, his rifle across his knees and his pointed, goat-like beard wagging with each weary nod of his head. Lord Roxton lay silent, wrapped in the South American poncho which he wore, while Challenger snored with a roll and rattle which reverberated through the woods. The full moon was shining brightly, and the air was crisply cold. What a night for a walk! And then suddenly came the thought, "Why not?" Suppose I stole softly away, suppose I made my way down to the central lake, suppose I was back at breakfast with some record of the place—would I not in that case be thought an even more worthy associate? Then, if Summerlee carried the day and some means of escape were found, we should return to London with first-hand knowledge of the central mystery of the plateau, to which I alone, of all men, would have penetrated. I thought of Gladys, with her "There are heroisms all round us." I seemed to hear her voice as she said it. I thought also of McArdle. What a three-column article for the paper! What a foundation for a career! A correspondent-ship in the next great war might be within my reach. I clutched at a gun—my pockets were full of cartridges—and, parting the thorn bushes at the gate of our zareba, I quickly slipped out. My last glance showed me the unconscious Summerlee, most futile of sentinels, still nodding away like a queer mechanical toy in front of the smouldering fire.

I had not gone a hundred yards before I deeply repented my rashness. I may have said somewhere in this chronicle that I am too imaginative to be a really courageous man, but that I have an overpowering fear of seeming afraid. This was the power which now carried me onwards. I simply could not slink back with nothing done. Even if my comrades should not have missed me, and should never know of my weakness, there would still remain some intolerable self-shame in my own soul. And yet I shuddered at the position in which I found myself, and would have given all I possessed at that moment to have been honourably free of the whole business.

It was dreadful in the forest. The trees grew so thickly and their foliage spread so widely that I could see nothing of the moonlight save that here and there the high branches made a tangled filigree against the starry sky. As the eyes became more used to the obscurity one learned that there were different degrees of darkness among the trees—that some were dimly visible, while between and among them there were coal-black shadowed patches, like the mouths of caves, from which I shrank in horror as I passed. I thought of the despairing yell of the tortured iguanodon—that dreadful cry which had echoed through the woods. I thought, too, of the glimpse I had in the light of Lord Roxton's torch of that bloated, warty, blood-slavering muzzle. Even now I was on its hunting-ground. At any instant it might spring upon me from the shadows—this nameless and horrible monster. I stopped, and, picking a cartridge from my pocket, I opened the breech of my gun. As I touched the lever my heart leaped within me. It was the shot-gun, not the rifle, which I had taken!

Again the impulse to return swept over me. Here, surely, was a most excellent reason for my failure—one for which no one would think the less of me. But again the foolish pride fought against that very word. I could not—must not—fail. After all, my rifle would probably have been as useless as a shot-gun against such dangers as I might

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meet. If I were to go back to camp to change my weapon I could hardly expect to enter and to leave again without being seen. In that case there would be explanations, and my attempt would no longer be all my own. After a little hesitation, then, I screwed up my courage and continued upon my way, my useless gun under my arm.

The darkness of the forest had been alarming, but even worse was the white, still flood of moonlight in the open glade of the iguanodons. Hid among the bushes, I looked out at it. None of the great brutes were in sight. Perhaps the tragedy which had befallen one of them had driven them from their feeding-ground. In the misty, silvery night I could see no sign of any living thing. Taking courage, therefore, I slipped rapidly across it, and among the jungle on the farther side I picked up once again the brook which was my guide. It was a cheery companion, gurgling and chuckling as it ran, like the dear old trout-stream in the West Country where I have fished at night in my boyhood. So long as I followed it down I must come to the lake, and so long as I followed it back I must come to the camp. Often I had to lose sight of it on account of the tangled brushwood, but I was always within earshot of its tinkle and splash.

As one descended the slope the woods became thinner, and bushes, with occasional high trees, took the place of the forest. I could make good progress, therefore, and I could see without being seen. I passed close to the pterodactyl swamp, and as I did so, with a dry, crisp, leathery rattle of wings, one of these great creatures—it was twenty feet at least from tip to tip—rose up from somewhere near me and soared into the air. As it passed across the face of the moon the light shone clearly through the membranous wings, and it looked like a flying skeleton against the white, tropical radiance. I crouched low among the bushes, for I knew from past experience that with a single cry the creature could bring a hundred of its loathsome mates about my ears. It was not until it had settled again that I dared to steal onwards upon my journey.

The night had been exceedingly still, but as I advanced I became conscious of a low, rumbling sound, a continuous murmur, somewhere in front of me. This grew louder as I proceeded, until at last it was clearly quite close to me. When I stood still the sound was constant, so that it seemed to come from some stationary cause. It was like a boiling kettle or the bubbling of some great pot. Soon I came upon the source of it, for in the centre of a small clearing I found a lake—or a pool, rather, for it was not larger than the basin of the Trafalgar Square fountain—of some black, pitch-like stuff, the surface of which rose and fell in great blisters of bursting gas. The air above it was shimmering with heat, and the ground round was so hot that I could hardly bear to lay my hand on it. It was clear that the great volcanic outburst which had raised this strange plateau so many years ago had not yet entirely spent its forces. Blackened rocks and mounds of lava I had already seen everywhere peeping out from amid the luxuriant vegetation which draped them, but this asphalt pool in the jungle was the first sign that we had of actual existing activity on the slopes of the ancient crater. I had no time to examine it further, for I had need to hurry if I were to be back in camp by the morning.

It was a fearsome walk, and one which will be with me so long as memory holds. In the great moonlit clearings I slunk along among the shadows on the margin. In the jungle I crept forward, stopping with a beating heart whenever I heard, as I often did, the crash of breaking branches as some wild beast went past. Now and then great shadows loomed up for an instant and were gone—great, silent shadows which seemed to prowl upon padded feet. How often I stopped with the intention of returning, and yet every time my pride conquered my fear, and sent me on again until my object should be attained.

At last (my watch showed that it was one in the morning) I saw the gleam of water amid the openings of the jungle, and ten minutes later I was among the reeds upon the borders of the central lake. I was exceedingly dry, so I lay down and took a long draught of its waters, which were fresh and cold. There was a broad pathway with many tracks upon it at the spot which I had found, so that it was clearly one of the drinking-places of the animals. Close to the water's edge there was a huge isolated block of lava. Up this I climbed, and, lying on the top, I had an excellent view in every direction.

The first thing which I saw filled me with amazement. When I described the view from the summit of the great tree, I said that on the farther cliff I could see a number of dark spots, which appeared to be the mouths of caves. Now, as I looked up at the same cliffs, I saw discs of light in every direction, ruddy, clearly-defined patches, like the port-holes of a liner in the darkness. For a moment I thought it was the lava-glow from some

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volcanic action; but this could not be so. Any volcanic action would surely be down in the hollow, and not high among the rocks. What, then, was the alternative? It was wonderful, and yet it must surely be. These ruddy spots must be the reflection of fires within the caves—fires which could only be lit by the hand of man. There were human beings, then, upon the plateau. How gloriously my expedition was justified! Here was news indeed for us to bear back with us to London!

For a long time I lay and watched these red, quivering blotches of light. I suppose they were ten miles off from me, yet even at that distance one could observe how, from time to time, they twinkled or were obscured as someone passed before them. What would I not have given to be able to crawl up to them, to peep in, and to take back some word to my comrades as to the appearance and character of the race who lived in so strange a place! It was out of the question for the moment, and yet surely we could not leave the plateau until we had some definite knowledge upon the point.

Lake Gladys—my own lake—lay like a sheet of quicksilver before me, with a reflected moon shining brightly in the centre of it. It was shallow, for in many places I saw low sandbanks protruding above the water. Everywhere upon the still surface I could see signs of life, sometimes mere rings and ripples in the water, sometimes the gleam of a great silver-sided fish in the air, sometimes the arched, slate-coloured back of some passing monster. Once upon a yellow sandbank I saw a creature like a huge swan, with a clumsy body and a high, flexible neck, shuffling about upon the margin. Presently it plunged in, and for some time I could see the arched neck and darting head undulating over the water. Then it dived, and I saw it no more.

My attention was soon drawn away from these distant sights and brought back to what was going on at my very feet. Two creatures like large armadillos had come down to the drinking-place, and were squatting at the edge of the water, their long, flexible tongues like red ribbons shooting in and out as they lapped. A huge deer, with branching horns, a magnificent creature which carried itself like a king, came down with its doe and two fawns and drank beside the armadillos. No such deer exist anywhere else upon earth, for the moose or elks which I have seen would hardly reached its shoulder. Presently it gave a warning snort, and was off with its family among the reeds, while the armadillos also scuttled for shelter. A new-comer, a most monstrous animal, was coming down the path.

For a moment I wondered where I could have seen that ungainly shape, that arched back with triangular fringes along it, that strange, bird-like head held close to the ground. Then it came back to me. It was the stegosaurus—the very creature which Maple White had preserved in his sketch-book, and which had been the first object that arrested the attention of Challenger! There he was—perhaps the very specimen which the American artist had encountered. The ground shook beneath his tremendous weight, and his gulpings of water resounded through the still night. For five minutes he was so close to my rock that by stretching out my hand I could have touched the hideous waving hackles upon his back. Then he lumbered away and was lost among the boulders.

Looking at my watch, I saw that it was half-past two o'clock, and high time, therefore, that I started upon my homeward journey. There was no difficulty about the direction in which I should return, for all along I had kept the little brook upon my left, and it opened into the central lake within a stone's-throw of the boulder upon which I had been lying. I set off, therefore, in high spirits, for I felt that I had done good work and was bringing back a fine budget of news for my companions. Foremost of all, of course, were the sight of the fiery caves and the certainty that some troglodytic race inhabited them. But besides that I could speak from experience of the central lake. I could testify that it was full of strange creatures, and I had seen several land forms of primæval life which we had not before encountered. I reflected as I walked that few men in the world could have spent a stranger night or added more to human knowledge in the course of it.

I was plodding up the slope, turning these thoughts over in my mind, and had reached a point which may have been half-way to home, when my mind was brought back to my own position by a strange noise behind me. It was something between a snore and a growl, low, deep, and exceedingly menacing. Some strange creature was evidently near me, but nothing could be seen, so I hastened more rapidly upon my way. I had traversed half a mile or so when suddenly the sound was repeated, still behind me, but louder and more menacing than before. My heart

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"THEN HE LUMBERED AWAY AND WAS LOST AMONG THE BOULDERS."

stood still within me as it flashed across me that the beast, whatever it was, must surely be after *me*. My skin grew cold and my hair rose at the thought. That these monsters should tear each other to pieces was part of the strange struggle for existence, but that they should turn upon modern man, that they should deliberately track and hunt down the predominant human, was a staggering and fearsome thought. I remembered the blood-beslobbered face which we had seen in the glare of Lord Roxton's torch, like some horrible vision from the deepest circle of Dante's hell. With my knees shaking beneath me, I stood and glared with starting eyes down the moonlit path which lay behind me. All was quiet as in a dream landscape. Silver clearings and the black patches of the bushes

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—nothing else could I see. Then from out of the silence, imminent and threatening, there came once more that low, throaty croaking, far louder and closer than before. There could no longer be a doubt. Something was on my trail, and was closing in upon me every minute.

I stood like a man paralyzed, still staring at the ground which I had traversed. Then suddenly I saw it. There was movement among the bushes at the far end of the clearing which I had just traversed. A great dark shadow disengaged itself and hopped out into the clear moonlight. I say "hopped" advisedly, for the beast moved like a kangaroo, springing along in an erect position upon its powerful hind-legs, while its front ones were held bent in front of it. It was of enormous size and power, like an erect elephant, but its movements, in spite of its bulk, were exceedingly alert. For a moment, as I saw its shape, I hoped that it was an iguanodon, which I knew to be harmless, but, ignorant as I was, I soon saw that this was a very different creature. Instead of the gentle, deer-shaped head of the great three-toed leaf-eater, this beast had a broad, squat, toad-like face like that which had alarmed us in our camp. His ferocious cry and the horrible energy of his pursuit both assured me that this was surely one of the great flesh-eating dinosaurs, the most terrible beasts which have ever walked this earth. As the huge brute loped along it dropped forward upon its fore-paws and brought its nose to the ground every twenty yards or so. It was smelling out my trail. Sometimes, for an instant, it was at fault. Then it would catch it up again and come bounding swiftly along the path I had taken.

Even now when I think of that nightmare the sweat breaks out upon my brow. What could I do? My useless fowling-piece was in my hand. What help could I get from that? I looked desperately round for some rock or tree, but I was in a bushy jungle with nothing higher than a sapling within sight, while I knew that the creature behind me could tear down an ordinary tree as though it were a reed. My only possible chance lay in flight. I could not move swiftly over the rough, broken ground, but as I looked round me in despair I saw a well-marked, hard-beaten path which ran across in front of me. We had seen several of the sort, the runs of various wild beasts, during our expeditions. Along this I could perhaps hold my own, for I was a fast runner and in excellent condition. Flinging away my useless gun, I set myself to do such a half-mile as I have never done before or since. My limbs ached, my chest heaved, I felt that my throat would burst for want of air, and yet with that horror behind me I ran and I ran and ran. At last I paused, hardly able to move. For a moment I thought that I had thrown him off. The path lay still behind me. And then suddenly, with a crashing and a rending, a thudding of giant feet and a panting of monster lungs, the beast was upon me once more. He was at my very heels. I was lost.

Madman that I was to linger so long before I fled! Up to then he had hunted by scent, and his movement was slow. But he had actually seen me as I started to run. From then onwards he had hunted by sight, for the path showed him where I had gone. Now, as he came round the curve, he was springing in great bounds. The moonlight shone upon his huge projecting eyes, the row of enormous teeth in his open mouth, and the gleaming fringe of claws upon his short, powerful forearms. With a scream of terror I turned and rushed wildly down the path. Behind me the thick, gasping breathing of the creature sounded louder and louder. His heavy footfall was beside me. Every instant I expected to feel his grip upon my back. And then suddenly there came a crash—I was falling through space, and everything beyond was darkness and rest.

As I emerged from my unconsciousness—which could not, I think, have lasted more than a few minutes—I was aware of a most dreadful and penetrating smell. Putting out my hand in the darkness I came upon something which felt like a huge lump of meat, while my other hand closed upon a large bone. Up above me there was a circle of starlit sky, which showed me that I was lying at the bottom of a deep pit. Slowly I staggered to my feet and felt myself all over. I was stiff and sore from head to foot, but there was no limb which would not move, no joint which would not bend. As the circumstances of my fall came back into my confused brain, I looked up in terror, expecting to see that dreadful head silhouetted against the paling sky. There was no sign of the monster, however, nor could I hear any sound from above. I began to walk slowly round, therefore, feeling in every direction to find out what this strange place could be into which I had been so opportunely precipitated.

It was, as I have said, a pit, with sharply-sloping walls and a level bottom about twenty feet across. This bottom was littered with great gobbets of flesh, most of which was in

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"STRIKING A MATCH, I WAS ABLE TO FORM SOME OPINION OF THIS PLACE INTO WHICH I HAD FALLEN."

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the last state of putridity. The atmosphere was poisonous and horrible. After tripping and stumbling over these lumps of decay, I came suddenly against something hard, and I found that an upright post was firmly fixed in the centre of the hollow. It was so high that I could not reach the top of it with my hand, and it appeared to be covered with grease.

Suddenly I remembered that I had a tin box of wax-vestas in my pocket. Striking one of them, I was able at last to form some opinion of this place into which I had fallen. There could be no question as to its nature. It was a trap—made by the hand of man. The post in the centre, some nine feet long, was sharpened at the upper end, and was black with the stale blood of the creatures who had been impaled upon it. The remains scattered about were fragments of the victims, which had been cut away in order to clear the stake for the next who might blunder in. I remembered that Challenger had declared that man could not exist upon the plateau, since with his feeble weapons he could not hold his own against the monsters who roamed over it. But now it was clear enough how it could be done. In their narrow-mouthed caves the natives, whoever they might be, had refuges into which the huge saurians could not penetrate, while with their developed brains they were capable of setting such traps, covered with branches, across the paths which marked the run of the animals as would destroy them in spite of all their strength and activity. Man was always the master.

The sloping wall of the pit was not difficult for an active man to climb, but I hesitated long before I trusted myself within reach of the dreadful creature which had so nearly destroyed me. How did I know that he was not lurking in the nearest clump of bushes, waiting for my reappearance? I took heart, however, as I recalled a conversation between Challenger and Summerlee upon the habits of the great saurians. Both were agreed that the monsters were practically brainless, that there was no room for reason in their tiny cranial cavities, and that if they have disappeared from the rest of the world it was assuredly on account of their own stupidity, which made it impossible for them to adapt themselves to changing conditions.

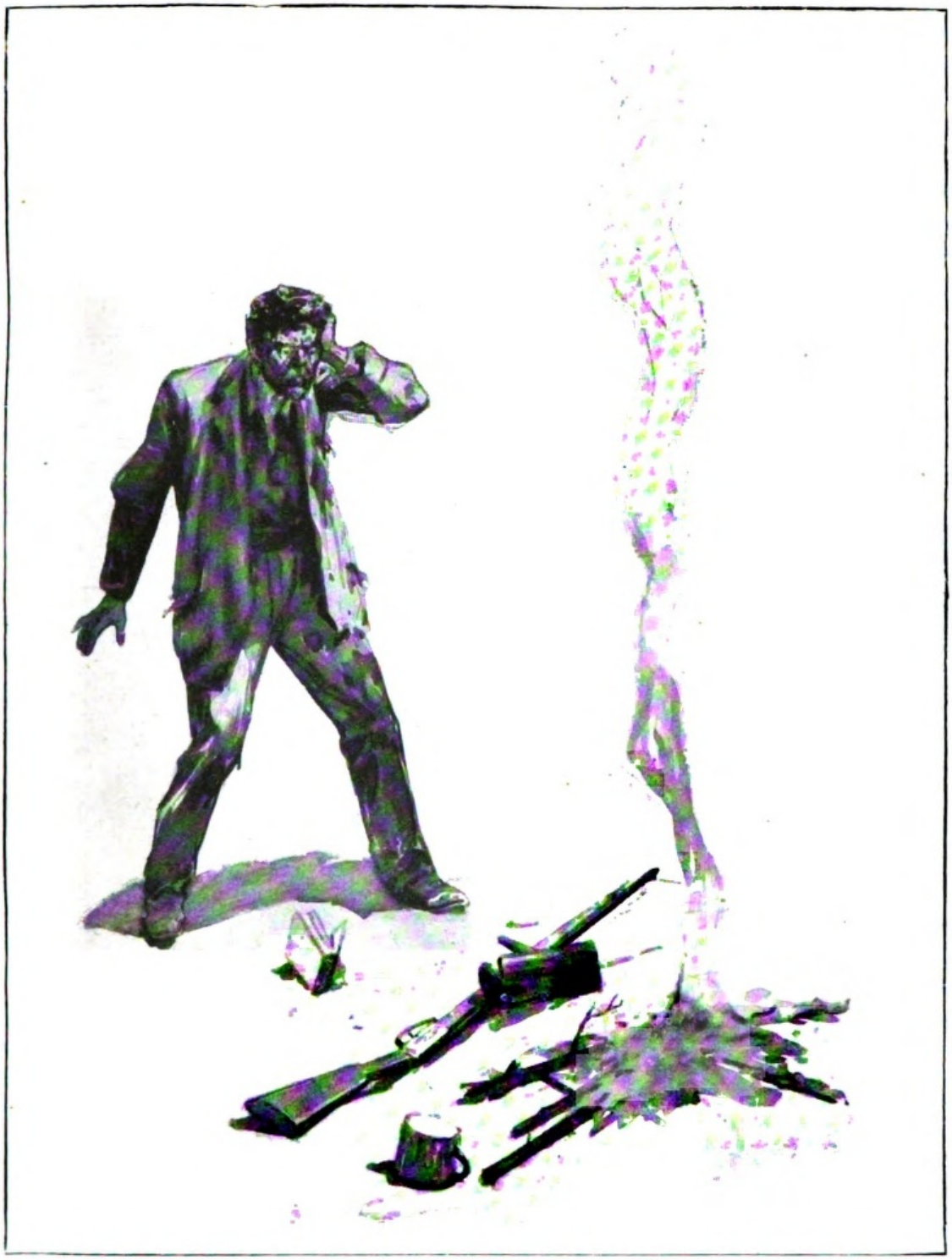
To lie in wait for me now would mean that the creature had appreciated what had happened to me, and this in turn would argue some power connecting cause and effect. Surely it was more likely that a brainless creature, acting solely by vague predatory instinct, would give up the chase when I disappeared, and, after a pause of astonishment, would wander away in search of some other prey? I clambered to the edge of the pit and looked over. The stars were fading, the sky was whitening, and the cold wind of morning blew pleasantly upon my face. I could see or hear nothing of my enemy. Slowly I climbed out and sat for a while upon the ground, ready to spring back into my refuge if any danger should appear. Then, reassured by the absolute stillness and by the growing light, I took my courage in both hands and stole back along the path which I had come. Some distance down it I picked up my gun, and shortly afterwards struck the brook which was my guide. So, with many a frightened backward glance, I made for home.

And suddenly there came something to remind me of my absent companions. In the clear, still morning air there sounded far away the sharp, hard note of a single rifle-shot. I paused and listened, but there was nothing more. For a moment I was shocked at the thought that some sudden danger might have befallen them. But then a simpler and more natural explanation came to my mind. It was now broad daylight. No doubt my absence had been noticed. They had imagined that I was lost in the woods, and had fired this shot to guide me home. It is true that we had made a strict resolution against firing, but if it seemed to them that I might be in danger they would not hesitate. It was for me now to hurry on as fast as possible, and so to reassure them.

I was weary and spent, so my progress was not so fast as I wished; but at last I came into regions which I knew. There was the swamp of the pterodactyls upon my left; there in front of me was the glade of the iguanodons. Now I was in the last belt of trees which separated me from Fort Challenger. I raised my voice in a cheery shout to allay their fears. No answering greeting came back to me. My heart sank at that ominous stillness. I quickened my pace into a run. The zareba rose before me, even as I had left it, but the gate was open. I rushed in. In the cold morning light it was a fearful sight which met my eyes. Our effects were scattered in wild confusion over the ground; my comrades had disappeared, and close to the smouldering ashes of our fire the grass was stained crimson with a hideous pool of blood.

I was so stunned by this sudden shock that for a time I must have nearly lost my reason. I have a vague recollection, as one remembers a bad dream, of rushing about

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"MY COMRADES HAD DISAPPEARED."

through the woods all round the empty camp, calling wildly for my companions. No answer came back from the silent shadows. The horrible thought that I might never see them again, that I might find myself abandoned all alone in that dreadful place, with no possible way of descending into the world below, that I might live and die in that nightmare country, drove me to desperation. I could have torn my hair and beaten my head in my despair. Only now did I realize how I had learned to lean upon my companions, upon the serene self-confidence of Challenger, and upon the masterful, humorous coolness of Lord Roxton. Without them I was like a child in the dark, helpless and powerless. I did not know which way to turn or what I should do first.

(To be continued.)

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The World's Busiest Spots.

The figures quoted in the following novel article have been specially obtained, as far as possible, from official sources.



LONDON (ROYAL EXCHANGE)—500,000 PERSONS PASS IN A DAY.
From a Photograph by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.



THE most crowded spot in the world for five and a half days of the week is that small tract of territory, covering one acre, bounded by the Royal Exchange, the Bank, and the Mansion House in the City of London. It is a veritable human ganglion. If you were to stretch an invisible thread north and south across this space you would find that in the course of each day no fewer than 500,000 persons passed and repassed, together with 50,000 vehicles. And the busiest corner of all in this busy acre is immediately outside the Mansion House, for rather more than half the traffic crossing our imaginary boundaries passes that way. The results of a traffic census taken by the City police show that on an average day some 30,000 vehicles pass this particular corner, whilst the pedestrian traffic is well over 250,000, and these figures are constantly increasing. Thus the totals at which we

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have already arrived for the whole of this space are probably well within the mark, and, no doubt, on extra busy days are often exceeded.

And to realize to the full the remarkable





BERLIN (FRIEDRICHSTRASSE)—
300,000 PERSONS PASS DURING A DAY.

From a Photograph by Topical Press Agency.

nature of these statistics we have to remember that the working day in the City is a comparatively short one, much shorter than at some of the other busy spots of the world, and that the great bulk of this traffic passes during the limited period of about ten hours. Particularly is this the case with the pedestrian traffic, and we are confronted with the astonishing result that the total number of foot-passengers entering that small, circumscribed area amounts to no fewer than 45,000 or 50,000 per hour during the busiest part of the day. Here is the busiest spot in the



VIENNA (THE GRABEN)—ABOUT 275,000 PERSONS PASS DAILY.

From a Photograph by Topical Press Agency.



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world's greatest city; the tide of human life, which used to flow highest in Cheapside or Fleet Street or at Charing Cross, has long since reached its diurnal high-water mark in front of the residence of the City's chief magistrate.

But the solitude of the City at night suggests an important handicap, and there are other places in London for which the total figures would probably approach closely to those of the Bank, although, since it is extended over a longer portion of the day, the hourly average would not be anything like so great, and the congestion is therefore usually much less. "Piccadilly Circus," said a Scotland Yard official to the writer, "is an extremely busy spot. A traffic count taken some few years ago at the end of Piccadilly, just where it enters the Circus, resulted in a total of 16,140 vehicles and 68,640 foot-passengers merely between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. Between 8 p.m. and midnight Piccadilly Circus is as busy as at any period of the day, so that the full figures for the twenty-four hours must be largely in excess of this. Then there is the almost equally heavy traffic entering the Circus from Regent Street, as well as that from Shaftesbury Avenue and the Hay-



ST. PETERSBURG (VLADIMIRSKY PROSPEKT)—NEARLY 300,000 PERSONS PASS IN A DAY.
From a Photograph by [*Underwood & Underwood.*



market, so that the total must be very large indeed. Still larger, in all probability, would be the figures for Hyde Park Corner. This is not usually looked upon as a very busy spot, because there is such a wide area that all congestion is avoided, but the volume of vehicular traffic is certainly large, and, moreover, is spread over practically the whole of the

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PARIS (PLACE DE L'OPÉRA)—450,000 PERSONS PASS IN A DAY.
From a Photograph by Neurdein.

twenty-four hours. No sooner has the after-theatre traffic ceased than a steady stream of market carts begins to pour in towards Covent Garden, and this brings up the day's total considerably. The same thing applies to the Marble Arch and Regent Circus, where the traffic, both vehicular and pedestrian, is a trifle heavier than at Piccadilly Circus."

It is, at first sight, strange to find that the finest and broadest streets are usually not the most used. The explanation is, of course, to be found in the fact that the most handsome streets are the most modern, and people all over the world are inclined to stick to the more inconvenient, but more familiar, thoroughfares which have been used for



JAPAN (O-DORI STREET)—ABOUT 300,000 PASS IN A DAY.
From a Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

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generations. Frequently, also, the finest streets are occupied by Government offices and official buildings. An example of this is to be found in the famous Unter den Linden, the Piccadilly and Bond Street of Berlin, a noble thoroughfare, 197 feet wide. The greatest traffic is to be found not here, however, but in the Friedrichstrasse, which runs at right angles to the Unter den Linden and is considerably less than half as wide. At some points, near the junction of these two thoroughfares, the traffic is particularly heavy, especially during the afternoon and evening. During this part of the day the traffic of pedestrians attains to 30,000 per hour, and the total for the day amounts to some 300,000.

Again, in Vienna, the most popular street is not the Ringstrasse, one of the finest streets in the world, which encircles the kernel of the city, but the Graben, in the heart of the business portion of Vienna. Here the number of foot-passengers amounts to 275,000 daily.

An exception is provided in the case of St. Petersburg, for here we find the vastest crowds surging through the broadest and principal thoroughfare, the Prospekt Nevsky, which is nearly three miles long. Near the Vladimirsky Prospekt the pedestrian traffic is densest, frequently approaching 30,000 per hour, with a daily total of nearly 300,000. These figures are the same as for Berlin's busiest spot, but, whereas the narrow Friedrichstrasse is frequently overcrowded, the capacity of the Prospekt Nevsky is rarely taxed to anything like its full amount. On occasions, owing to its great width, as many as 80,000 pedestrians have passed and repassed within an hour.



MADRID (PUERTO DEL SOL)—350,000 PERSONS PASS IN A DAY.
From a Photograph by Topical Press Agency.

The busiest centre of Parisian life is the small space in front of the Opera House, where both pedestrian and vehicular activity extend far into the night. According to the police figures, the Place de l'Opéra, at its junction with the Boulevards, is traversed by 63,000 vehicles and 450,000 pedestrians daily.



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At certain hours of the evening both footways of the Boulevards are occupied by a dense moving mass, progressing, however, at a pace scarcely more than half that of the London crowd at the Bank of England, which is declared to average four miles an hour, and frequently is almost on the run, whereas the only hurrying figures in the Paris crowd are the newsboys.

It is said that since the establishment of the underground railway in Paris the tendency is for the numbers to diminish, or at least to remain stationary. The same result was anticipated in London when the underground electric railways were first introduced. When the Central London Railway was opened it was expected to clear half the traffic out of Oxford Street and greatly relieve the congestion which frequently occurred there. The actual result has been precisely the reverse, not only in Oxford Street, but all over London. Paradoxical as it may seem, the fact that millions of passengers now travel underground has not caused the least diminution in the numbers remaining on the surface. On the contrary, the pedestrians have increased in numbers, and the omnibuses, which it was thought would be reduced almost to vanishing point in the principal streets, have increased and multiplied in the most unexpected manner. Whatever may be the case in Paris, the Londoner is fond of travelling and is quick to avail himself of the increased facilities for getting from place to place.





CHICAGO (STATE STREET)—NEARLY 400,000 PEOPLE PASS IN A DAY.
From a Photograph by Topical Press Agency.



But it is not only on this side of the world that crowded streets are to be found. One of the most densely-peopled spots in the world is O-dori Street, Tokio. The long thoroughfare known as Ginza, which runs from near the Shimbashi railway station to Spectacles Bridge, is made up of several streets with different names, some wide and modern, some old-fashioned and narrow, and if the earth were suddenly to gape open wide in that portion known as O-dori Street, at any hour of the day, there is no other thoroughfare in the Japanese city where the results to

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human life would be more fatal. For here the tide of human life runs the highest. But O-dori Street is extremely narrow, so that the density of the crowd does not make the daily figures much above the 300,000 mark. At the point shown in the photograph the throng about the open-air bazaar is densest. Unlike most of the other important cities of the world, this thickly-populated commercial district of Tokio is situated outside the city walls.



NEW YORK (BROADWAY)—NEARLY 500,000 PERSONS PASS DAILY.
From a Photograph by [*Underwood & Underwood.*



A very different type of crowd is that to be seen every day in the Puerto del Sol, in Madrid. It is the junction of no fewer than ten of the main streets of the city, and the place of most pedestrian and vehicular traffic. It is capable of containing crowds of enormous magnitude; but the Puerto del Sol and the neighbouring Calle Mayor are never deserted at any hour of the twenty-four. Consequently the daily average of 350,000 persons does not indicate a crowd of any very great density, considering the space to be covered, at any portion of the day.

But it is to America that one naturally turns for big figures to rival those of London. Chicago boasts a human ganglion in State Street, where nearly 400,000 people pass and repass on foot during the day. In New York the figures approach those of London, and largely exceed it if we count the actual number of persons on foot and in vehicles alike. For in Broadway, at the junction with Herald Square, it is stated that 700,000 pass daily. But this includes the passengers by tram-car, the foot-passengers alone being well under 500,000.

All these crowds are different one from another, for national character shows up strongly in a crowd. It has been remarked that you can pack a British crowd closer within a specified area for a longer time than a French or Italian crowd. It is, perhaps, something of this sort which explains the wonderful success of the London policeman in handling complicated traffic, which has made him in this respect, as in many others, a model for the police of the whole world.

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BYLESTONES.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

MORE than once already I have said that Snorkey Timms was not a person of any constitutional honesty, except in an oblique and cranky way toward such of his intimates as trusted the honour he never claimed to possess. Perhaps his chief personal characteristic was a dislike of the particular form of violence called work; and no argument could change his views.

It ain't that I've never tried work, he said, sucking with much enjoyment at his pipe, just filled from my pouch—his taste in tobacco was almost his only creditable characteristic — you mustn't suppose that. I've tried it right enough, though not often, bein' only 'uman, as you might say. It may pay some, but I don't seem to be that sort. Born different, I s'pose. Why, the hardest work I ever did—my word, it *was* a drive, too! —I lost money over—*lost* it. An' after workin' like two 'orses all night, too! Fair makes me shudder when I remember it.



"BOTH OF US HAD EITHER ONE EYE OR THE OTHER BLACK, PERMANENT, WHILE THE FLAT-RACIN' SEASON WAS ON."

Somebody had been a-preachin' about honesty to me, I s'pose, like what you do sometimes. So I took on a job as a book-maker's minder—you know what that is, o' course. You just 'ang about your bloke's pitch on the course, an' if anybody gets makin' a dispute with him, or claimin' what your bloke don't mean to pay, or what not, why you just give 'im a push in the jore. O' course, you get it back sometimes, but that's what you're paid for. Choppy Byles was my bloke—he was a nut, and no mistake. There wasn't nothing that Choppy Byles wasn't up to. He was up to such a lot o' things that he kep' *two* minders reg'lar—and he wanted 'em, too, I can tell ye. We could 'a' done with a few more to 'elp us most times, could me and Jerry Stagg, the other minder. Both of us had either one eye or the other black, permanent, while the flat-racin' season was on; an' once we went 'ome from Alexander's Park with about three-quarters of a weskit between us an' nothing else on us but bruises. But Choppy Byles, he was all right, and a mile away 'fore the row got into its swing; he 'ad quite a payin' afternoon.

Chipstead Spring Meeting and Felby races is within a few days of each other, and not more'n twenty mile apart—as o' course you know, like any other educated feller. About 'alf-way between them two towns is a little place called Nuthatch, and the year I'm a-speakin' of Mr. Choppy Byles and us two, Jerry Stagg and me, we stayed at Nuthatch over the day or two between the two meetin's; I dunno why, unless there was somebody in London as Choppy Byles didn't want to see afore he'd made a bit at Felby.

Me and Jerry Stagg, we thought we was in for a nice little day or two's holiday in the country. But Mr. Choppy Byles didn't take no holidays—he was out for business all the time. He'd race two earwigs over a cabbage-leaf and bet pennies on it with the green-grocer's boy, rather than miss a chance. And as luck would have it, we found the people at Nuthatch quite a sportin' lot; in fact, we didn't give 'em full credit till we come away; and then we was ready to swear they 'atched 'arder nuts at Nuthatch than any place forty times its size.

It was a rest-an'-be-thankful sort o' place to look at, though, and as comfortable and cosy a pub to stay at as ever I see. It 'ud convert any teetotaller to look at it, would the Fox and 'Ounds. We got there in the evenin' after Chipstead, an' sat in the parlour a-talkin' to the Nuthatchers an' doin' our best to astonish the natives. And all through the conversation, whatever was said, there was our bloke, Mr. Choppy Byles, feelin' round and huntin' to find if he couldn't get a bet on with somebody about any ol' thing. At last he got on to runnin', an' it turns out the

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Nuthatchers had got a chap they fancied could run a good mile.

That was enough for Choppy Byles. He was on it. The runnin' chap's name was Dobbin—Jarge Dobbin they called 'im—an' it didn't seem to stand to reason that a chap with a name like that could run a fast mile. What was more, Choppy Byles's memory was wonderful, and, follerin' the Sheffield 'andicaps reg'lar, he knew the name o' pretty well everything on two legs that could raise a toddle, and the name o' Jarge Dobbin wasn't one of 'em. But he always wanted the best bargain he could make, did Choppy; so he began comin' the innocent kid.

"'E must be a wonderful runner," he said, "this here Dobbin. I s'pose 'e could run a mile in four minutes quite easy?"

"Why, no," says the Nuthatcher as was talkin' most—chap called Gosling—"nobody could do that. The best as was ever done in the world was nearly thirteen seconds more'n that."

"Was it?" says Choppy, lettin' on to be surprised. "Well, o' course, I dunno nothin' about them things. I only seemed to 'ave a sort of idea that four minutes would be pretty quick. I s'pose he'd do it all right in four minutes and a 'alf?"

"No," says Gosling; "that's championship time, too. Jarge Dobbin ain't a champion, not yet. But he'd run a mile on the road in five minutes."

"That seems rather slow for sich a very fine runner," says Choppy.

"Well, I think he could beat that," says Gosling; and a whole lot o' the others there said they was sure he could.

"Ah!" says Choppy. "Sich a man as him ought. You don't seem to be stickin' up for your pal half enough. I expect you'd be glad to bet big odds he'd do it in four minutes an' three-quarters?"

"Why, yes," says one chap in the crowd, "I would." An' some o' the others says "'Ear, 'ear!" But Gosling, he sat considerin'. He was a fat, jolly-lookin' feller, but very thoughtful, with sharp little eyes.

"I wouldn't bet very big odds," he says, presently. "But I'd give a bit of odds he'd do it—say between the forty-fourth and forty-fifth milestones along the main London road here."



"'WHAT ODDS?' ASKS CHOPPY, SNAPPIN' HIM UP QUICK. 'TWO TO ONE?'"

"What odds?" asks Choppy, snappin' him up quick. "Two to one?"

"Why, no," says Gosling, in his slow way; "not sich odds as them. Five to four."

Choppy 'aggled a bit, but he couldn't get the odds no longer. So it was settled and put down in writin' that Jarge Dobbin was to run from the forty-fourth to the forty-fifth milestone, next day, in four minutes forty-five seconds, if he could, the stakes bein' five quid to four on his doin' it. An' as soon as that

was fixed Choppy Byles began offerin' side bets all round.

"Not in my 'ouse," says the landlord. "I can't 'ave no bettin' 'ere. I've got my licence to think of. You'll 'ave to go outside if that's your game."

So everybody got up an' went out. Jist as we came tumblin' out into the lane Choppy gives me a drive in the ribs and whispers, "'Ere's your chance to make a bit for yourself. Take the odds, same as me, an' tell Jerry Stagg."

What his game was o' course I didn't know, but it was pretty clear there was something up his sleeve—it was the sort o' sleeve there's allus something up, was Choppy's. Well, I told you the Nuthatchers were a sportin' lot, but it would ha' surprised you to see the little crowd out there under the stars in that peaceful village a-backin' and a-layin' that evenin'. Choppy Byles, he took every bet he could get, givin' evens when there was no more odds to be got, an' then offerin' odds against—anything to pile it up. Jerry Stagg an' me, we got our little bit on soon and stopped; and sooner or later all the others stopped too, and went 'ome. It was the sort o' place where they go to bed in the middle o' the evenin'.

The back door o' the Fox and 'Ounds was left on the latch all night for the potman to come in in the mornin'. Choppy found that out by tellin' the landlord he'd take a evenin' stroll, and might be in late. So Choppy gave us the tip and went out for his stroll; and when everybody else was in bed *we* went out very quiet by the back way, and found Choppy waitin' for us.

"Come along," says he. "Don't make no row, and don't waste time; there's a job o' work for you two."

"Work?" says we; an' I could 'ear Jerry Stagg shudderin' in the dark.

"Yes," says Choppy, "and you'll 'ave to do it smart if you want to win them bets you've made."

"'Ow's that?" says I.

"Why," says he, "we're goin' to shove one o' them milestones a bit further along the road. We *might* win with 'em where they are, but it's always best to make sure."

Quite a genius, you see, was Choppy Byles—a genius out an' out. How many 'ud 'a' thought o' sich a move as that? Not one in a million.

"But won't they spot it?" says Jerry, a bit doubtful.

"Not if we do it careful," says Choppy. "And, besides, what odds if they do? We ain't takin' no witnesses, and it's down plain enough, in black an' white. Between the forty-fourth and forty-fifth milestones, it says, an' nothing about 'ow far apart they're to be. Nobody can't get over that. What's more, that chap Gosling, I believe he knows something about them milestones. What for should he pick on them two and no others? And it was him as put it down on the paper, remember—not a mile, but between them stones. It struck me mighty odd at the time. It's a short mile, that's what that is, an' he knows it. There's lots of 'em like that about the country, where they put the motor traps. So we shall only be putting the mistake right, or thereabouts, and doin' the nation a favour, as well as takin' it out o' that dishonest sharp, Gosling. Come along. That won't be a short mile to-morrow mornin', whatever else it is."

The village was mostly scattered about a lane leadin' out o' the main road, you understand, so up the lane we goes. It was a windy night and very dark—just as suited us.

When we come out on the main road we looks up an' down in the dark for two or three minutes 'fore we spotted there was a milestone right opposyte the end o' the lane. So across the road we went, and began strikin' matches to read what was on it.

I began, but arter about fifteen matches had blown out before I could see anything more than it *was* a milestone, Choppy Byles lost his temper and had a go himself. We stood round, Jerry and me, and spread our coats while Choppy knelt down and struck more matches, talkin' about 'em that pretty all the while I wonder the milestone didn't catch fire itself. It was a worn old thing and not easy to make out, but presently Choppy persuaded a match to keep alight a bit, and then he jumped up.

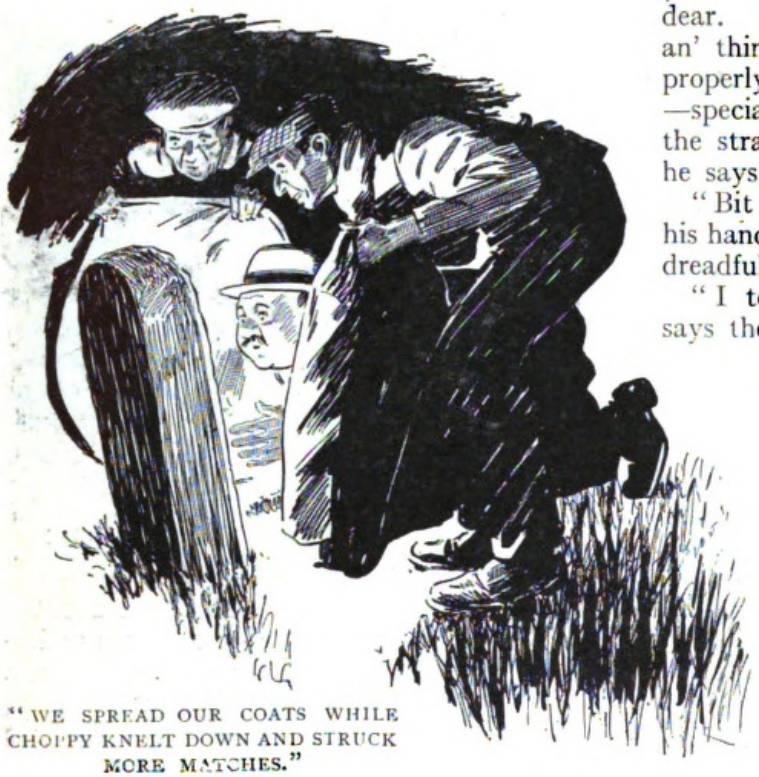
"*That's* one of 'em," he says; "number forty-five. But it's right opposite the end o' the lane and everybody'll remember that. P'r'aps forty-four's in a easier place. Let's see—that'll be *this* way." So we starts off walkin' to the right.

We hadn't gone much more'n half-way when we came to the church, with the graveyard round it.

"Just the place we want," says Choppy. "There's sure to be a shed with spades and things in it. I was rather lookin' for a farm shed."

So we went gropin' about round the church, and, sure enough, we found a shed all right, with no lock on the door and a whole lot o' shovels and picks and what not in it, and a wheelbarrer—one o' them wide, flat sort as

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"WE SPREAD OUR COATS WHILE CHOPPY KNELT DOWN AND STRUCK MORE MATCHES."

navvies use. It looked as though Choppy Byles's usual luck was in.

We shoved a crowbar and a couple o' shovels and picks on the barrer, and Jerry Stagg had just started wheelin' it down the path to the gate when we got one o' the biggest frights I ever had in my life. We very near ran into a man standing in the gateway.

"Ullo!" says the man. "What's all this?"

"'Sh!" Choppy whispers to us. "Not a word!" and he shoved in front.

"Good evenin'!" says he to the chap. "We thought you'd ha' been in bed, or we'd ha' come round. We just wanted to borrow —*hire*, that is—the barrer and shovels for a hour or two, to bury a—a dawg."

"Well," says the chap, "you've come out a rum time to bury a dawg."

"Why, yes," says Choppy, "we 'ave left it a bit late; but we wanted to keep it very private—not 'avin' a licence for the dawg, you see. Now, what should you think might be a fair charge for us borrowin' these things for a couple of hours, strictly private, to bury a dawg?"

"Well," says the chap, "it'll come a bit dear. That there Christian wheelbarrer an' things out of a churchyard oughtn't properly to be used to bury a dawg at all —specially a dawg with no licence. There's the strain on my conscience to consider," he says. "Say a quid."

"Bit 'igh, ain't it?" Choppy says, with his hand in his pocket. He was always a dreadful 'ard 'un to part, was Choppy.

"I told you it 'ud come a bit 'igh," says the chap; "specially if it's got to be kep' private. A quid."

So, seein' there was no help for it, Choppy lugged out the money and 'anded over. "Mind," he says, "this is strict Q. T.—between ourselves. We'll be careful to put the things back again."

"I don't care whether you do or not," says the chap, turnin' out o' the gate and chucklin' all over. "They ain't my things. I only took a look in as I went along!"

I'd almost 'a' give another quid to see Choppy's face just then, but I could guess it. We shoved out into the

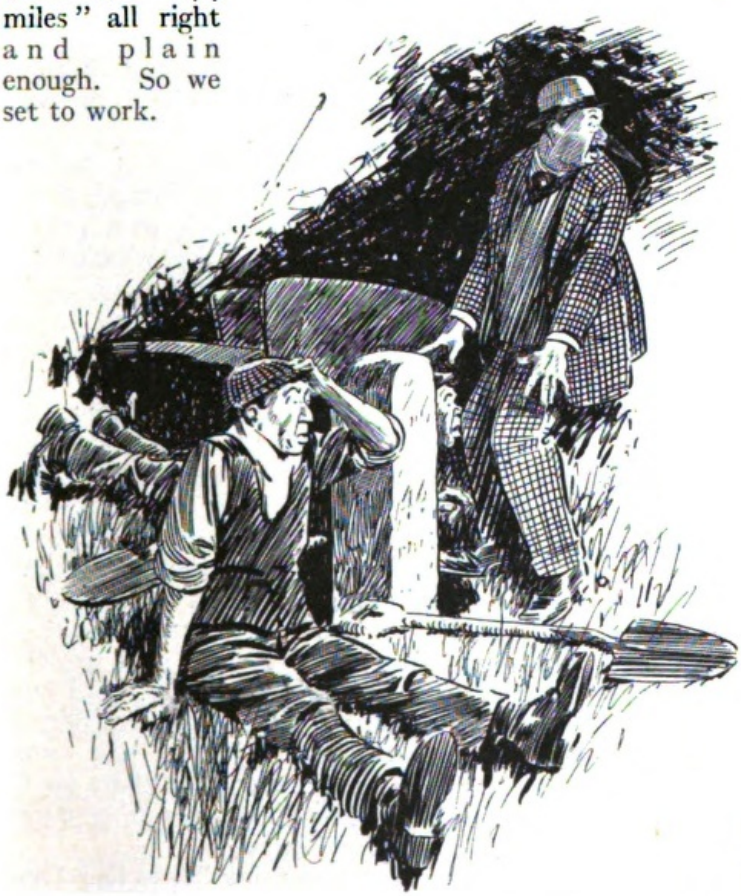


"'BIT 'IGH, AIN'T IT?' CHOPPY SAYS, WITH HIS HAND IN HIS POCKET."

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road, and I could hear Choppy's rage almost bustin' out through his ears and nose. "If it wasn't for givin' away the show," he said, presently, as we went along the road, "we'd have it back out of him. Never mind—I'll get it all back to-morrow. Keep your eyes a-goin' for that milestone."

It wanted watchin' for in the dark, for there was a lot o' big trees along the hedge just thereabout, which made it darker than ever. Pretty soon we spotted it, however, right in against the bank, with long grass and thistles and what not all round it. The trees sheltered us a bit more here, so we didn't have to waste so many matches, and there was the "44 miles" all right and plain enough. So we set to work.



Me and Jerry did the diggin' and Choppy Byles did the lookin' out—just the department he would choose. It was a sight easier than our job, anyhow, for that ground was very near as hard as the milestone itself. We dug pretty hard for a bit, and then Jerry took hold o' the top o' the stone and gave it a shove. It stood like a rock. "My wig!" says Jerry. "I wonder 'ow far it goes down?"

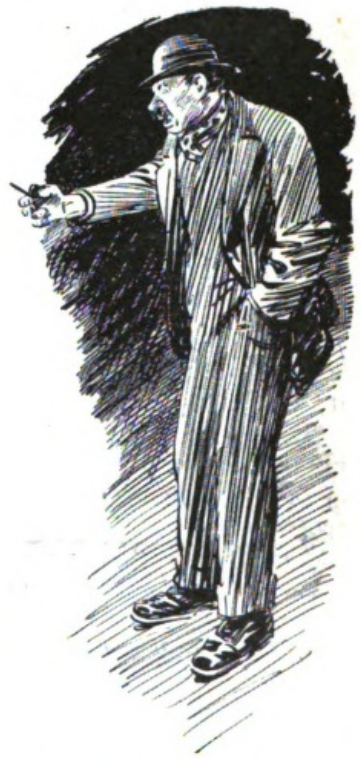
We went at it again, and the more we dug the 'arder the ground got. I never had sich work; and I was just slackin' off a bit for a rest when we had another startler.

A strange voice says, all of a sudden: "Look 'ere—I'm sharin' in that!"

Jerry Stagg fell over his spade, and I sat down whop. Choppy Byles spun round with a jump, and there in the road was a chap standin' watchin' us.

"I've bin sittin' over *'Ome Chips* 'arf the night workin' out that clue," says the chap, "and now I come along and find you diggin' on the very spot. I reckon I share in that treasure."

This was the time when the buried-treasure rage was on, as you'll remember. All sorts o' papers buried money all over the shop, and parties was a-diggin' and pokin' about everywhere after it. We was relieved



"A STRANGE VOICE SAYS, ALL OF A SUDDEN: 'LOOK 'ERE—I'M SHARIN' IN THAT!'"

the chap wasn't up to our game, but it *was* a bit awkward.

"What rot!" says Choppy. "We're buryin' a dawg!"

"Dawg be blowed!" says the chap. "Show me your dawg!"

"Certainly not," Choppy says, very decided. "It's a private dawg. You've done the clue wrong, that's what it is. Go back and do it again, careful."

"I have done it careful," says the chap; "and now I'll stop here and see if I'm wrong or not."

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"No," says Choppy Byles, gettin' nasty, "you *won't* stop here, not when you come to think of it you won't. When we go out buryin' dawgs, private dawgs, we want to be let alone, see? And there's three of us, *with* shovels. No, when you come to think of it, this is what you'll think," says Choppy, speakin' more friendly, and gettin' nearer to the chap, with his hand in his pocket again; "this is what you'll think. You'll think to yourself, 'E's three genelmen buryin' a dawg, a private dawg, what they're very grieved over. *If* I was right about that there treasure,' you'll think, 'why, they're there first anyhow, an' there's three of 'em *with* shovels and other things just as 'ard, and I'd better not make 'em angry,' you'll think. 'I'd better take a friendly quid what they offer me and go away, and write to the editor of *'Ome Chips* for a consolation prize.' That's what you'll think if you're a reasonable chap, as knows what's best and safest."

"Well," says the chap, steppin' back a bit and speakin' milder, "I *am* a-thinkin' something o' the sort, since you put it that way. Only I'm a-thinkin' the friendly quid ought to be two."

Choppy was a hard parter in general, but prompt when it paid. "Here y'are," he snapped out; "two quid—take 'em and hook it, 'fore I change my mind."

So the chap took the two quid and went off along the road. We listened to hear his footsteps dyin' away, and then Choppy grabs a pick himself.

"We'll get this over quick," he says, "before any more 'Ome Chippers comes along. Them papers is a public noosance, upsettin' people's minds like this. But keep a look-out in that there hole, in case that feller's right."

I don't like thinkin' about the job we had. Nobody ain't got any right to ask me to work again for the rest o' my life after what I did that night. That milestone was like them icebergs you read about—about ten times as much down below as up above. And the ground—well, you'd ha' sworn we'd found a iron mine, all solid metal. Choppy dropped his pick soon and put in all his energy stimulatin' Jerry and me, and gropin' about in the dirt for any odd thing *'Ome Chips* might ha' put there.

Well, we did it at last. That is, we got the milestone a-lollin' over sideways in a big hole, and we began sich a fight to get it on the wheelbarrer as we'd never gone through before—not even at Alexander's Park. Jerry and me was down the hole heavin' most desprit at the bottom of the stone, and Choppy Byles was haulin' at the top to pull the thing into the barrer, and the chorus was enough to roast the little birds a-sleepin' on the trees overhead. Our tempers was none the better for all this, and before we got the stone fair on the barrer we nearly had a fight among ourselves. I'd ha' sworn I 'eard Choppy laughin' at us, but he said it was Jerry, an' Jerry said it was us two, and we never properly settled it. But we did get the stone on the barrer at last, filled in the hole, and started off along the road.

It was a pretty straight bit o' road, with trees along the side all very much the same, so it looked as though we could stretch out that mile a good bit without makin' the change look very noticeable. So we went along lookin' for a place as looked as much as possible like the one we took it from, when something else 'appened.

I never see sich a country road as that one was that night; it was like the Strand, pretty near, barrin' the lights an' the evenin' papers. We was just steadyin' up to look at what seemed a good place when we heard footsteps.

"What shall we do?" I says.

"Stand still," whispers Choppy. "P'r'aps he won't notice. Get in front o' the barrer."

Then we heard the footsteps again, and they was all over the road at once; and the next minute the chap comes in among us like a Catherine-wheel, and bang over the wheelbarrer we was tryin' to hide.

"Whash this?" says the new chap, turnin' over very unsteady on the milestone. "What they leave wheelbarrers about in public road for people tummle over for, eh? Wheelbarrers an'—an' tombstones! I say, there's a tombstone on thishyer barrer! D'y'ear? Tombstone. What you want tombstone on barrer middle o' night for?" An' with that he lifts up and sits in the barrer talkin' to us by and large.

"I know what you think," says he; "you think I'm drunk. That's my legs; they're shockin', but *I'm* allri'—sober as judge. Now, what about tombstone?"

"It's all right, old chap," says Choppy, tryin' to haul him up. "It's for a dawg we're buryin'."

The chap sat and wagged his head and chuckled. "Dawg?" he said. "Dawg? You don't seem believe I'm sober. *I* know what you've done. You've bin an' boned thishyer tombstone out o' the churchyard 'long there, to make—make—here, I say, what you goin' to make out o' that tombstone?"

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"You get up, old feller, and come along o' me," says Choppy, "and I'll tell you all about it. I got a drink for you a little further up the road—in a flask. It's a beautiful night for a walk; come along—the drink ain't very far off."

We never knew Choppy had got his flask with him, or it 'ud 'a' been empty long before this, with what we'd gone through. But we got the chap up somehow between us, and him and Choppy went staggerin' off along the road the way we'd come.

Choppy was gone a most rabunculous long time, and me and Jerry pretty well fell asleep on the milestone waitin' for him. When he came at last he was spittin' and snarlin' with rage like an old tom-cat.

"That there drunken tyke's been and lost my flask," he said. "Swigged it empty and then dropped it in the ditch or somewhere—he didn't know. I've bin gropin' all over the road and ditch and burnt all my matches, and had to give it up. But he's fast asleep an' safe enough, up against a stile. These here Nuthatch people owe me a bit more over this; but I'll have it all out of 'em to-morrow. We'll shove this milestone on a bit further still. But spread your coats over it, in case we meet somebody else in this here busy thoroughfare."

So Jerry and me put our coats over it and started off once more. We didn't go far this time—about fifty or sixty yards. We'd made it a pretty long mile by now, and there was a sort o' place here that seemed a good deal like the one the milestone came from, so we stopped. And here we found the first bit o' reasonable luck since we left the churchyard shed; the ground seemed pretty soft.

So we whanged in with the picks and shovels, and soon had a pretty tidy hole. The boss took a hand quite serious this time, for he was gettin' nervous. Not that he was much good. If you get three men as ain't used to it all a-diggin' one hole together on a dark night, you'll find they get a bit tangled up, one way and another. Jerry and me both resigned our appointments several times in that hole, and it was only business considerations as prevented a fight.

Now, we was diggin' this hole just at the foot of the bank by the roadside, and there was a hedge atop of the bank. We'd got the hole, as we thought, pretty near deep enough, and was just a-stoppin' to say so, when there came a most terrifyin' voice from over the top o' the hedge.



"D'Y'EAR? TOMBSTONE. WHAT YOU WANT TOMBSTONE ON BARRER MIDDLE O' NIGHT FOR?"

"Oo — oo — oo!" says the voice. "It's murder! Nothing but murder!"

We looked up, and there was a monstrous sort of ragged head lookin' down at us from the hedge.

"You've woke me up," says the head, "with your horrid language. I may be obliged by circumstances to sleep agin a hedge, but I've got my feelin's. You've got a corpse in that there barrer, covered over with coats, and you're a-buryin' of it. I ain't goin' to stand and see that done, not free of charge, I ain't. I may be a tramp, but I've got my feelin's!"

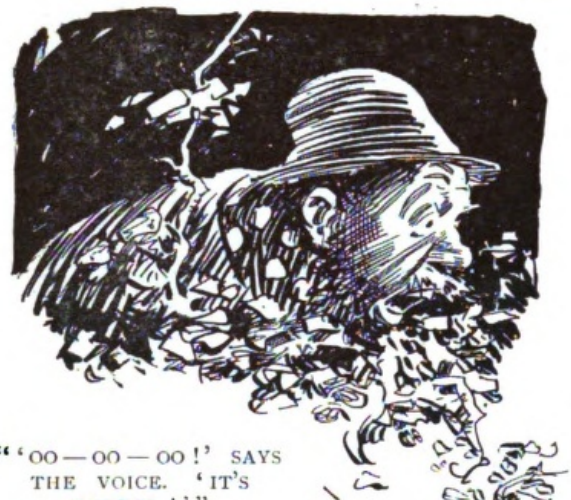
Here was another fine go. To think we should ha' picked on the very spot where this tramp was dossin'! But Choppy spoke up again.

"'S-sh!" he said. "We're very sorry we disturbed you—didn't know you was there. Do you read *'Ome Chips?*"

"Read *what?*" says the head.

"*'Ome Chips*. The best and most 'olesome family paper in the world. Full of excitin' but moral stories, interestin' puzzles, and

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"'OO—OO—OO!' SAYS THE VOICE. 'IT'S MURDER!'"

instructive articles by Aunt Eliza. One penny weekly. We're advertisin' it."

"Are you?" says the tramp. "Well, I'm a nervous chap and always carry a police whistle. I'll blow it 'ard, and advertise *'Ome Chips* a little more."

"No," says Choppy, very hasty, "don't do that. We don't advertise that way—anybody can blow a whistle."

"*I* can," says the tramp. "You hear me!" And he shoved the whistle in his mouth.

"Stow it!" says Choppy, scramblin' up the bank. "Don't do a silly thing like that. You see, we're out buryin' treasure."

"All right, I don't mind that," says the chap in the hedge. "Bury it quick, so's I can come an' dig it up. Or give it me now, and save trouble."

"That ain't likely," says Choppy. "You don't seem to understand liter'y work. We sha'n't bury no treasure here now, when you've spotted the place; not likely, is it? But we'll give you five bob to go and sleep somewhere else."

"Why?" asks the tramp. "I ain't doin' no 'arm, and it's a very nice hedge. No, I don't believe this treasure yarn. My theory's murder. It's a habit I don't 'old with, is murder. I never allow a murder under two quid; and this whistle's a *very* loud 'un. Don't you get no nearer—I'm nervous."

Choppy Byles looked up at the tramp and down at us, helpless. Then he pulled out the money and handed it over. The tramp was off in a jiffy; and presently we could hear him whistlin' a little tune a long way off. I believe he did that to give us another scare.

"Two more this peaceful village owes me," says Choppy. "Just till to-morrow."

So we tumbled that milestone into the hole, holus-bolus, and shovelled in the earth quick and stamped it down. There was a rare lot there was no room for, but we kicked it about among the long grass and made it pretty tidy. And then we went home. We put the things back all right in the churchyard shed, and we crawled very quiet into the Fox and 'Ounds not very long afore the potman.

In the mornin', after breakfast, Choppy Byles says to the landlord, in a casual sort o' way, "I s'pose you're goin' to see the runnin' match this afternoon?"

"Why, yes," says the landlord. "I did think o' goin' over after dinner."

"Where is it?" asks Choppy, innocent as putty. "I don't know my way about here."

"Well," the landlord says, takin' him to the window, "you see the church right away there to the right?"

"Yes," says Choppy.

"Well, the forty-fourth milestone's a little way beyond that, along the road, and the forty-fifth's further on still."

"Further on still?" says Choppy, with a sort o' fall in his voice. "Further on still?"

"Why, yes, o' course," says the landlord. "A mile further on. It would be, wouldn't it?"

Choppy Byles looked round at me and Jerry Stagg with a face like a paper kite.

"What's this mean?" he gasped, as soon as the landlord was out o' the room.

"I'll go along the lane and see," says Jerry. And we both went with him.

We came out at the end o' the lane, and there was the first milestone we'd seen, straight in front of us. We took a look round and went across. It was the forty-third! The forty-third!

The figures was worn, and not particular clear, and the three was one o' them with the flat top and a corner instead of a curl; very much like a five on a pitch-dark night with a match in a wind; but a three all the same.

The three of us stood a-blinkin' at each other over that milestone, as it come to us

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that we'd gone and made the mile a lump shorter instead of longer! And such a lump!

"Look out!" says Jerry, very sudden. "There's Gosling comin' up the lane with another chap. Get behind the hedge!"

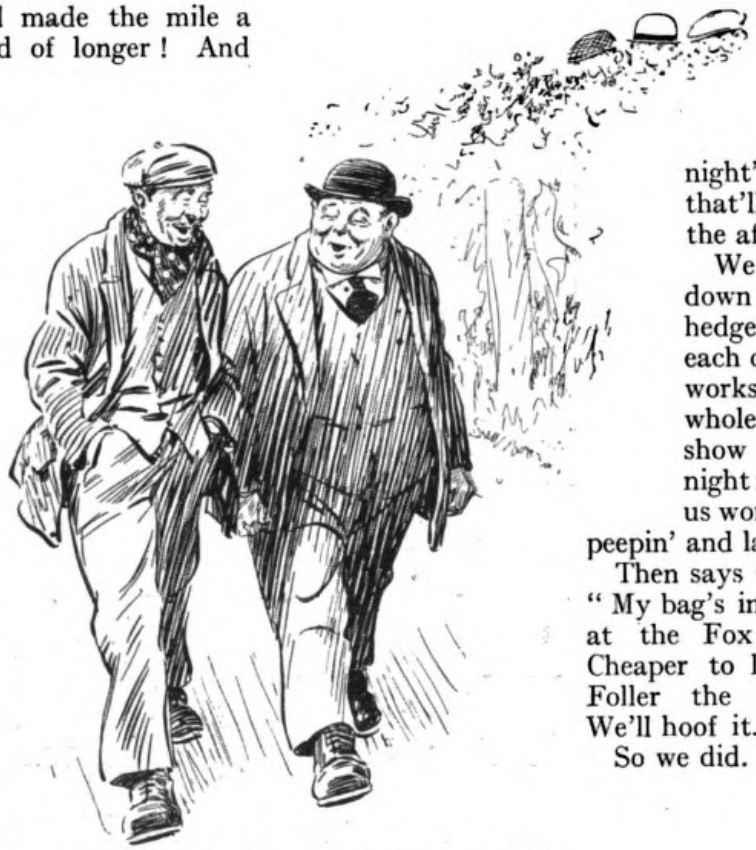
There was a gate close by, and we nipped in like winkin' and stooped behind the hedge. It was Gosling, sure enough, with a pal, talkin' and laughin' like anything. He seemed to have a lot to say, but we only heard one bit, and that was enough.

"Five quid and a silver flask," says Gosling, "not to mention a night's fun. But that'll be nothing to the afternoon's!"

We three just sat down behind that hedge and looked at each other like wax-works. We saw a whole new picture-show of that awful night in two seconds, us workin' and them peepin' and laughin'.

Then says Choppy Byles, "My bag's in the bedroom at the Fox and 'Ounds. Cheaper to leave it there. Foller the railway line. We'll hoof it."

So we did.



"'FIVE QUID AND A SILVER FLASK,' SAYS GOSLING, 'NOT TO MENTION A NIGHT'S FUN.'"



"WE LOOKED UP, AND THERE WAS A MONSTROUS SORT OF RAGGED HEAD LOOKING DOWN AT US."



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Test-Match Cricket.

Some Contrasts and Comparisons.

By J. B. HOBBS. Illustrated by C. Grave.

CRICKET has struck its roots deep into the heart of Empire, and wherever the game is played it is the same in spirit, but in detail very different. Wickets, for instance, present a problem of never-failing interest and variety. At home we get wickets of all sorts, but in no circumstances do we ever behold in England anything like some I have seen on tour. Take the wicket at Johannesburg, for example—a matting pitch stretched in the middle of a playing-ground completely devoid of grass. Not a blade is visible, nothing but the hard, red earth, over which the ball zips and skips like a thing of life. If you are fielding at Johannesburg and one gets past you, it is a shocking waste of energy to run after the ball if it has been anything like hit. In other parts of South Africa you may find a matting pitch with grass out-fielding, and at Cape Town the matting pitch is laid on grass. Here we have something utterly foreign to first-class cricket in England. A ball never rears up or does unexpected things on a matting pitch, but I should say that as a rule it comes a little higher to the bat. They are fast, too, those matting pitches, often a good bit faster than even what is called a fast wicket at home. The bowler has plenty of scope on them, as the surface holds quite well enough to enable a breaking ball to get in its bite and come twisting off the pitch in a way which gives full value for every atom of spin. But the leather does nothing more or less than this on a matting pitch—there are none of those little accidental effects which at times surprise both batsman and bowler on a turf wicket. All this makes a difference, so much that it takes some time to get used to matting after grass, or *vice versa*. This difference tells with the best of players—Aubrey Faulkner, for example. In any part of the globe he would be worth a prominent place in a world's eleven, but on a South African pitch I should write him down as the best all-rounder now living.

The Problem of Wickets.



C. A. Faulkner. George Hirst. F. R. Foster.

A TRIO OF "ALL-ROUNDERS."

All-round Cricketers.

Mention of all-round cricketers reminds me that, although often used, the adjective "great" is, I think, hardly the correct word to apply to this stamp of player. A man may be a great batsman or a great bowler, and I have seen just a few who might fairly be called both. But I have yet to behold a cricketer who is truly great at batting, bowling, and fielding—he may be "great" at one or two, but at the third he is never more than the thoroughly capable exponent whose work lacks the distinctive touch which tells of cricket greatness. Yet the all-rounder is not in the least discounted by this limitation, and will always remain the most useful cricketer to form the backbone of any team. In fact, the supreme artist in but one department of the game can only merit a place in Test cricket in England if he is an extraordinary bowler. Such a trundler, gifted with that spin, length, and bit of "devil" which no training and application can supply, is always likely to spring from nowhere, and find himself skittling out a team in Test-match

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cricket with dramatic effect. And when he does appear he is sure to be played, even if he can scarcely hold a bat and his fielding would hardly be good enough for ordinary Saturday-afternoon cricket.

This, however, marks the limit of the specialist in our very best cricket. There are so many really tip-top batsmen that shaky fielding cannot be overlooked to give a man a chance who might make a century in any cricket. The wicket-keeper



"BLYTHE COULD WRITE A FINE BOOK ABOUT 'BALLS BATSMEN DO NOT LIKE.'"

is an exception, of course, but even he is expected nowadays to be more or less handy with the bat, to be "all-round" at least to the extent of making a useful stand at a pinch.

Yes, the all-round player is the man, and when he is really first-class what a power he is! Take Aubrey Faulkner, one of the first three bats in the world, in my opinion. Suppose he gets out for a duck, as the very best have done times ever since the stone age of cricket. Well, he is quite likely to get good wickets at rummage-sale prices with those insidious googlies of his, especially as he puts them up quite fast for the class of ball. And what an ideal cricket temperament he has, to be sure! F. R. Foster is another of the all-round brigade, and we must not forget George Hirst, Frank Tarrant, and Warwick Armstrong in this connection. And "there are others," plenty of them, but there is no need to write more on the importance and value of the all-round performer.

The mind turns naturally from George Hirst to the gentle art of making a ball swerve during its flight through the air, and I may state at once that in this particular line in the trundling department the Yorkshireman serves up some wonderful samples. I should say he makes a ball swerve more than any other bowler. A couple of feet is nothing at all extraordinary when George is on the warpath, and I think I have seen him do a good deal more than that at times. Undoubtedly he can make a ball swerve at will, but only in one direction. A. E. Relf is the only bowler I know who can make a ball swerve either way to any extent, although J. W. H. T. Douglas does the same sort of thing on his day.

"Swerve."

Swerving a ball is quite an art by itself, and you want the right day and the right ball for it. The ball should be quite new; very few bowlers can swerve enough to be worth mentioning with an old ball, and it must be held in such a manner that two fingers lie straight over the seam. Then it is delivered with a sort of pushing action, so that rotary movement of any kind is reduced to an absolute minimum, and as the ball swings through the air in a dead, lifeless manner it is sure to turn during its flight, if the day is favourable. If there is any wind, it should be in the direction you wish the ball to swing, but you want a dense, dull atmosphere to bowl the swerving ball to perfection. On a bright, clear day even the cleverest "swervers" cannot do a great deal. The rarefied atmosphere defeats their best efforts, and they are comparatively powerless when the air is dry and thin. In Australia and South Africa, for example, where the weather is normally hot and dry, except for two or three overs when the ball is absolutely new, it is no use attempting to make a ball swing in the air. In Australia, at any rate, this is rather a pity, as the Australian wickets are so perfect that the bowler is entitled to what adventitious aid swerve can give him.

Australian Pitches.

A typical Australian pitch is so hard and true that it is next to impossible to make a ball break on it, and even a real master of the art of finger-spin can only turn the leather a mere shade instead of making it "do things" as it would on an English wicket. This undeniably favours the batsman, and in spite of the shimmering heat haze and occasional dust-storms, I should say that a really first-class bat in Australia, once he became accustomed to the new conditions, would find run-getting nearly twice as easy as it is at home. Still, the glossy brown pitch, set in a field of green, so smooth and shiny that small boys might make a capital slide on it, is something one cannot get used to in half an hour. When, however, it is understood and appreciated, the batsman is always on top unless rain comes. This changes everything, for when the clouds do break in the Antipodes it rains with a vengeance. The ground dries very quickly, but if there has been wet enough to affect the pitch, wickets are cheap enough, and a bowler like Colin Blythe would be master of the situation no matter who was batting. But I am writing of something when I mention Blythe on a wicket after his own heart, as the famous left-hander is easily the best slow bowler I have ever seen. He does indeed "bowl with his head," and is continually devising fresh traps full of guile for the discomfiture of the man behind the willow. Every ball he bowls is a study. His brain is working all the time, scheming and planning to send the batsman back to the pavilion. A kind of cricket Mephistopheles I call him, always tempting the batsman to hit the very ball he ought to treat with respect, and working out cunning plots to find in quick time the weak spot of any batsman. I have an idea that Blythe could write a fine book about "Balls Batsmen Do Not Like" and illustrate it with plenty of examples from first-class cricket of the day. What he does not know concerning *the* ball which is no friend to any batsman you care to name is not worth knowing. He has so studied the peculiarities of batsmen in first-class cricket that he must

Balls the Batsman Does Not Like.



"THE BALL WHICH IS NO FRIEND TO ANY BATSMAN."

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have duly entered and indexed in a fairly large ledger all the chinks in our armour.

There are always two balls at least which a batsman does not like. One is the first, which may be anything, and the other the last, which you know so little of that it knocks your middle stump out. Sometimes you get the two in one fell swoop—that you like least of all. The last ball causes plenty of controversy. Very few men can really tell exactly what the one did which removed the bails or uprooted the



"YOU HAVE TO ALMOST CLIMB INTO THE AIR TO GET ON TOP OF IT."

sticks. Back in the pavilion it is funny to hear their statement of what the fatal ball did, for in nine cases out of ten it is quite erroneous. "That was a good one which bowled me. Came right across from six inches outside the off stump," is quite a common remark in the circumstances. Now, you who have been watching at the other end of the pitch know very well that it did nothing of the kind, but that it was a simple good-length one, which got outside the bat in a totally incomprehensible manner. But if you are wise you will not say so—if you do you will not be believed. You had far better agree with the victim, and if you care to add a couple of inches to the break as a salve to his feelings, so much the better for your future relations.

"Yorkers."

No one likes a yorker, especially one on the leg stump early in the innings, before the eye has got accustomed to correctly gauging the flight of the little red imp. A really good yorker is about the best thing to serve up to a man who is the least bit shaky at beginning, and quite a number of trundlers make a regular practice of trying to bowl it, sometimes as the very first ball. George Thompson is the most capable exponent of the yorker I have batted against. I suppose the most disliked ball of all is the one which, pitching a good length, and which in the ordinary way you could play forward to and smother or force away with ease, rears up suddenly, or "stands on end," as we say, and which you have to almost climb into the air to get on top of. If, in addition, it goes away a little, it is even more deadly, and you are lucky indeed if it does not snick the edge of the bat and make its way straight into the eager hands of the slips. Hitch, of the Surrey team, and Buckenham, of Essex, bowl this one at times, as, indeed, does almost every really fast bowler, but N. A. Knox at his best used to bowl it more frequently than anyone else I have ever seen.

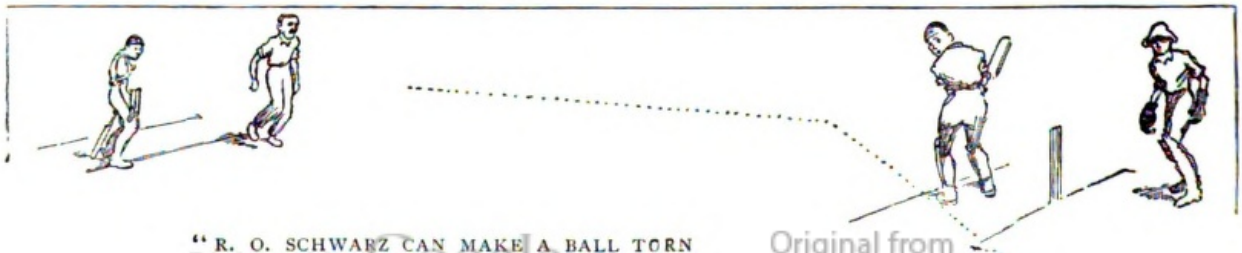
"Googlies."

Googlie bowling is not exactly loved, and my attempt to define the googlie is best expressed in a phrase which might have originated in the Emerald Isle. "A leg break that comes from the off" is my description of a googlie, or, to be more precise, it is a ball bowled with a leg-break action which comes in from the off. A complete turn of the hand at the instant of delivery accounts for the googlie, and when the ball is bowled as it should be the batsman ought not to be able to tell until the ball pitches which way it will break, or even if it will break at all. I have only faced four googlie bowlers who baffle me in this manner—namely, Dr. E. V. Hordern, Aubrey Faulkner, A. E. Vogler, and J. W. Hearne. I can generally tell what the others are putting on the ball. The two



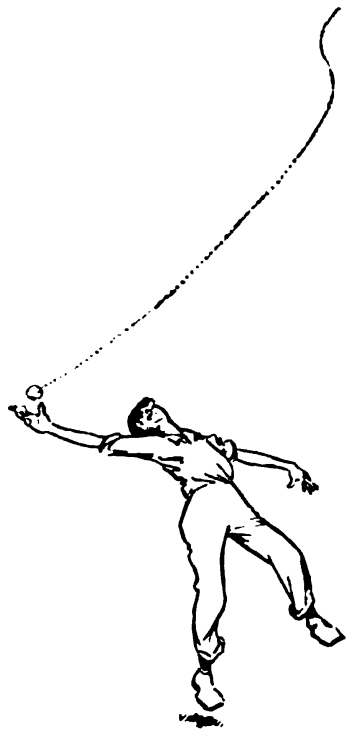
"GOOGLIE BOWLING IS NOT EXACTLY LOVED."

South Africans are marvellously adept at concealing the true cussedness of their particular brand of googlie. The Australian is just as good, or, rather, bad, from the batsman's point of view, and he is something more besides, for of all the googlie bowlers I have ever seen Dr. E. V. Hordern keeps the best length. Every ball he bowled needed careful watching, even on perfect wickets, "down under," and I should not care to say what he might do on English pitches which gave him more scope. R. O. Schwarz is scarcely what I should call a true googlie bowler, because he does not bowl the leg break, but he can make a ball turn tremendously, as I dare say many of our batsmen will have discovered by the time these lines appear in print. He can almost make a ball hum as



"R. O. SCHWARZ CAN MAKE A BALL TORN TREMENDOUSLY."

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"THE BALL SWERVES AWAY AND SPINS OFF HIS FINGER-TIPS."

it flies from the pitch—I should say no other trundler can get quite so much "stuff" on a ball—and as he keeps an unimpeachable length, he is one of those remarkable bowlers who may do almost anything on his day.

The Art of Playing the Googlie.

The art of playing the googlie is, in my opinion, a matter of extremes. You must either go right forward and smother the ball on the pitch, or else wait for the break, keep your eye fixed on the ball until the last possible fraction of time, and play back as far as you dare. From this it will be seen that everything depends on quick and accurate judgment of length, on deciding without the least hesitation whether you will go right forward and play the ball, so that it does not matter what spin it may carry, or stay at home, use your feet, and bring the middle of the bat smack on the leather when you can see everything the ball is doing. The fatal thing is to be caught between two minds—a remark which applies to every ball, googlie or not, but which is much more likely to happen when the batsman is playing a googlie.

Which, to my mind, accounts for the strength of this form of attack. The googlie, more than any other ball, is apt to make the batsman think of two things at once, sometimes perhaps three or four things at once, and before he has made up his mind what he will do he is either out or the bowler has had hard luck. "He who hesitates is lost" every time to the googlie bowler, but the man who acts with decision has the googlie man more than half beaten before he takes his guard against him.

The Strain of Bowling Real Googlies.

So much for playing the googlie; scoring off it is quite another matter. The "hit out or get out" policy is not the least use. If you try to knock a googlie bowler off he will be much obliged to you. Be content to put as much willow as you can in the way of the good ones, and those which are just a little faulty tap with care for a single or a couple. Depend upon it the strain of bowling real googlies must tell, and when the stuff begins to lose its twist and length then is the time to lay on the wood with a vengeance, for there is no easier bowling to flog than the tired googlie. But, although googlie bowling is full of dangerous points for the batsman, I do not believe the googlie man has in his whole repertoire the most deadly ball a batsman has to fear. I think the most difficult ball a batsman has to play is the one which swings on to you, pitches on the leg stick, and in some mysterious way straightens itself. This, in my opinion, is absolutely the hardest ball a batsman has to contend with. "Razor" Smith bowls it as often and as well as any bowler I have seen. Although this one which swings in and straightens is in a class by itself, on account of the final action of the ball, yet the ball that runs away after it pitches is always a terror to play. It is so easy to "edge" one of this sort into the hands of the ever-watchful slips.

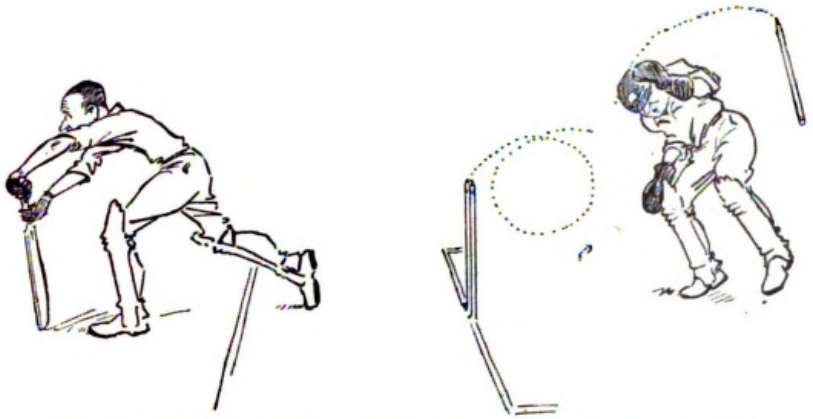
If you do put a ball up anywhere I hope it will not fall within reach of Kenneth Hutchings, for as sure as you do your place at the wicket will know you no more for that innings. What the Kent amateur misses in the way of catches would not give a batsman a real "life" once in twenty years, and I shall put him down at once as quite the safest catch I know anything about, in all positions. The fine art of catching is hardly made the most of in English cricket, and is but little understood by the general public. If a ball is skied and an unfortunate fieldsman misses the catch, how often is it remembered that he has missed the hardest catch in the game? It is always a miss-hit which puts a ball right up in the air, so goodness only knows how many different sorts of spin the ball may have on it as it flies from the bat. Up, up it goes, and then, if there is any wind about, that gets to work and makes the ball curl as it descends. Quite likely it will give a final twist just before it reaches the fieldsman's hands; he makes a quick grab, but the elusive object swerves away, spins off his finger-tips, falls to the ground, and the catch is missed. Then people say, "Oh, he could see the ball all the time." Yet if a ball comes tremendously hard and fairly straight at a man—the kind of catch no first-class cricketer in good trim is entitled to miss, he gets plenty of sympathy if he drops what is called a "hot one." And what showers of praise are bestowed on the slip fieldsman who throws himself at the flying ball and with outstretched arm brings off a wonderful one-handed catch! I admit this is very smart and clever, but not quite the cricket miracle it is written up to be. There is a good deal of luck connected with this extraordinary snap-catching in the slips. If the ball hits the fieldsman's hands smack in the middle the shock of impact brings his fingers right round the leather, and the catch cannot be dropped. But if the

The Fine Art of Catching.



"A WONDERFUL ONE-HANDED CATCH."

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"SENDS THE OFF STUMP CART-WHEELING PAST THE WICKET-KEEPER."

whizzing ball strikes the fingers anywhere near the tips, or either side of the hand, away it goes, perhaps for four.

Sharp work in the slips and fast bowling go together, as W. Brearley must be well aware. I should say he is the best fast bowler in present-day cricket, as he puts up that unplayable one oftener than any other trundler of his type. The ball I mean is pitched a perfect length, comes along like lightning, does just a little after it pitches, makes the batsman shape to do all sorts of things at once, beats him easily while he is shoving his bat forward in an "iffing" sort of way, and sends the off stump cart-wheeling past the wicket-keeper like an acrobat. Such a ball is fair value for the wicket of any batsman, and as W. Brearley seems to have more of that sort up his sleeve than any other bowler, he enters a class by himself on that account. For sheer pace, however, Hitch is quite as speedy,

Some Great Bowlers.



"BREARLEY SEEMS TO HAVE MORE OF THAT SORT UP HIS SLEEVE THAN ANY OTHER BOWLER."

and gets in a real "snorter" at times with dire effect. J. W. MacLaren, the fast bowler of the present Australian team, is not so fast as Cotter, and Cotter is not so speedy as he used to be, to say nothing of his arm having dropped a little. The new man played against us in the last Test Match in Australia is built on bigger lines than Cotter, but seems to lack that little bit of extra pace which makes all the difference in Test cricket.

Another type of fast bowler is the man who does not do anything very swift while the ball is in the air, but makes it nip off the pitch like a flash. F. R. Foster did this with wonderful effect in Australia. His bowling could not be called fast in the ordinary way, but he made the ball zip off the pitch as quickly as if a real fast bowler had delivered it. All the time he was swinging them away to leg in a manner which was simply marvellous, so it is not to be wondered that the best bats in Australia did not like him a little bit.

Foster.

Barnes.

Sid Barnes, the greatest orthodox bowler in the world, is at once brought to mind by the mention of Foster's name. The pair were irresistible, but Barnes was the backbone of the attack. His steady, clever work provided such an admirable contrast to the dashing brilliancy of Foster that between them they always had the batsmen in trouble. What makes Barnes such a grand bowler is not only his high action and the beautiful accuracy of his length, but also the puzzling manner in which he breaks a ball either way at will. Then he "flights" a ball so admirably. By this I mean he makes a ball come up much slower than one would think from his pace and action at the moment of delivery. And as he mixes this quality up with his break with consummate judgment, and keeps such a length—what a length!—he must be written down as a bowler whom it is impossible to praise too highly.

Turning to batting, we find that the perfect Australian wickets have produced a school of correct and polished batsmen, players who take no liberties with the bowling, but are always willing to wait for the right ball to hit. The same prevalence of ideal batting conditions has given us Victor Trumper, the "champagne of cricket." He is the most perfect batsman in his scoring methods I have ever seen. He makes every orthodox stroke quite after the best models, and in addition he has several strokes of his own which it is quite hopeless for other batsmen to attempt. The way in which he hits a good-length ball round to the leg boundary where there are no fieldsmen is enough to break the heart of any bowler, and

Some Great Batsmen.



"BARNES, THE GREATEST ORTHODOX BOWLER IN THE WORLD"

this is only one of his characteristic shots. He is a past-master of every method of scoring four off a ball most batsmen would be content to play with care, and has more strokes of this type at his command than any other cricketer.

Syd Gregory, captain of the present team, is not such a batsman of moods as Victor Trumper. He is a dogged bat, who has topped the averages in Test cricket for Australia. For a man of his inches he hits tremendously hard, and his cut just behind point I should select as the best of his many excellent strokes. Warren Bardsley is the team's representative of that school of the great left-handed batsmen Australia seems to specialize in producing. Exceptionally strong on the leg side, he

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takes toll in that direction of every ball which offers a scoring chance, and when in the right vein has a happy knack of running up big scores in quick succession—as those who saw him make 130 and 136 during that memorable Test Match at the Oval in 1909 will bear witness.

Memorable Test Match.

He seems to have a liking for certain grounds — Leyton and the Oval in particular. Roy Minnett, who played against us in each of the five Tests "down under," is a bat of the punishing type, and a bowler of no mean calibre into the bargain. He hits with tremendous force, and is decidedly the kind of batsman who scatters the spectators near the boundary when he makes up his mind to hit a ball. Others in the



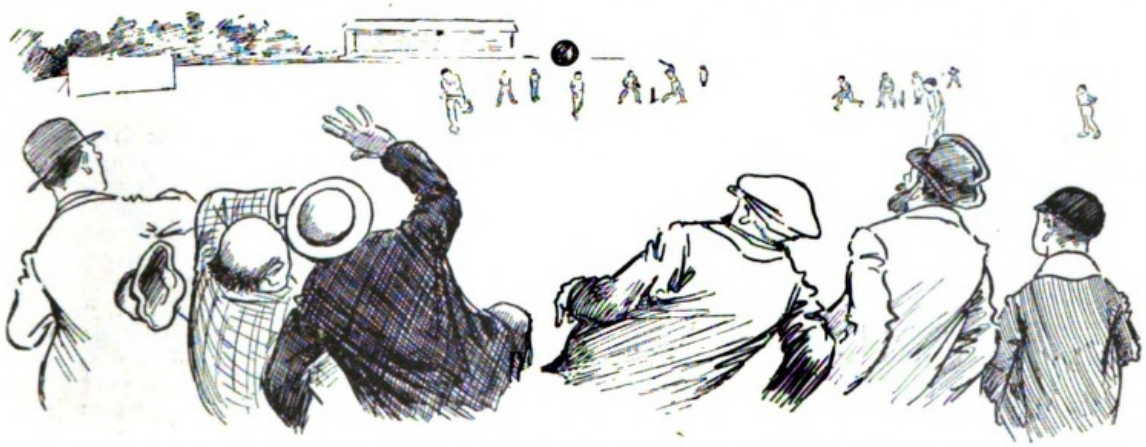
"SYD GREGORY HITS TREMENDOUSLY HARD."

a question of enterprise, of striking the happy mean between rash hitting and over-caution. The latter tendency is most likely to predominate in men new to Test cricket, in spite of the fact that ultra-steady batting is absolutely fatal if it interferes with the natural style of a man, and always seems to me a leaning in the wrong direction in every case, except that of the born stone-waller.

The fortune of the game is always likely to upset the most careful batsman before he has made up his mind that the time has arrived to take the least risk. The bat who likes to spend a couple of hours or so in playing himself in before setting about the bowling in earnest is not only flying in the face of fortune, but, in modern high-class cricket, is also a constant source of encouragement to a bowler. The trundler thinks he has his man afraid of him, and keeps on giving of his very best. Bowlers of to-day refuse to have the edge worn off their attack by the steady plodder, but they are always to be knocked off by a hitter. "When the hitter comes off," I hear the critics exclaim, and I admit that in the best of cricket the man who tries to knock the cover off the ball is usually back in the pavilion far too soon to suit the crowd.

Plodders.

"Playing for keeps" is all very well in its place, and is sometimes the only possible game. But there is no denying the obvious fact that all



"THE KIND OF BATSMAN WHO SCATTERS THE SPECTATORS NEAR THE BOUNDARY."

team who might be mentioned have plenty of runs in them, and if only some of the new men let themselves go I shall not be in the least surprised to see more than one batting reputation made during the tour. But, in my opinion, it will be largely



"THE MAN WHO TRIES TO KNOCK THE COVER OFF THE BALL—



IS USUALLY BACK IN THE PAVILION FAR TOO SOON TO SUIT THE CROWD."

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the while a man is at the wicket he has two main chances—one to get runs, the other to get out. If he treats run-getting as something that



G. L. JESSOP, "THE UNORTHODOXY OF CRICKET."

can wait for half-volleys and full tosses, he is not only unattractive to watch, but is also unsound in the highest cricket sense of the word. Time is against him all the while he is pottering about strictly on the defensive, and there is quite enough luck in cricket, quite enough "glorious uncertainty" to make it unwise to neglect every possible chance of scoring.

Pottering About.

But there is a mean in all things, and the man who scores at a fairly good pace is the best to my way of thinking, and, within reasonable limits, the faster he scores the better he plays.

Beyond a certain limit, however, fast scoring brings us to the unorthodoxy of genius, to such batsmen as Kenneth Hutchings and G. L. Jessop. Having dared to bracket these two, I suppose I had better define what I mean by an "unorthodox" bat. Well, imagine two balls bowled by the same man at exactly the same pace and alighting on exactly the same spot, and imagine a batsman hitting each for four in totally different directions, and you have my notion of an unorthodox bat. Either G. L. Jessop or Kenneth Hutchings would do this, and therefore I call them both "unorthodox," with the added comment that the Gloucester skipper would be more likely to hit both balls for six.

C. B. Fry hits a ball with very great force, but always all along the ground in the most approved style. It is astonishing the power he gets into these strokes. In fact, he hits so hard before the wicket that when I have been in with him I have always kept a wary eye on his bat when backing up—it would be a very serious matter to stop a straight drive from the bat of C. B. Fry with any portion of your anatomy, and I am not at all anxious to make the experiment. I think of all the great batsmen of to-day, C. B. Fry must take first place. He has reduced batting to an exact science, and seems to have worked out with a mathematical formula the right stroke to bring to bear on every possible ball which can be bowled against him. He is a made cricketer, if ever there was one, and has schooled himself to become a far finer bat than many who possess more natural aptitude for the game. Ever watchful and alert, he makes fewer really bad strokes than any other batsman I have ever set eyes on, and he is the most distinguished member of that extremely select circle of great batsmen who are quite at home with those first few overs which spoil the averages of so many. There is a masterful domination about his batting which appears to take the bowling in charge, so to speak, and, taking him all round, I do not know where to look for a living batsman quite the equal of C. B. Fry.

Fry.

A good wicket-keeper must have the eye of a hawk, be as agile as a cat, and as hard as nails, or else "Mr. Extras" may easily be top scorer. Your first-class wicket-keeper must be born to his job. He must have the faculty of intuition very largely developed—intuition which will tell him not only what the bowler and batsman are going to do in given circumstances, but what the ball will do, and frequently he has to make up his mind on the last point



"THE WICKET-KEEPER HAS TO MAKE UP HIS MIND WHILST THE LEATHER IS HIDDEN FROM HIM BY THE BATSMAN."



"C. B. FRY HAS REDUCED BATTING TO AN EXACT SCIENCE."

whilst the leather is hidden from him by the batsman. Imagine a fieldsman being expected to make a catch with another man bang in the line of sight until the last moment, and you will understand what I mean. As this is the case, it is fortunate that England is extremely well off for keepers just now. Strudwick and Smith are as good as anyone need be to keep wicket for England, which is saying a great deal. Neither of them is as good a bat as Gregor McGregor and Dick Lilley were, but they are each more than average "tail-enders." Smith is eminently safe and beautifully consistent, whilst Strudwick is given to bringing off marvellous acrobatic catches which paralyze the batsman and delight the crowd. Carkeek, the keeper of the present Australian team, is good—a Blackham only appears once in a century. It is a thousand pities that Percy Sherwell, who skippered the South Africans last trip, could not make the journey here. I am told by those who should know that his work in Australia occasionally verged on the miraculous. He is a fine bat, a splendid captain, and I should say the best wicket-keeper in the world when it comes to taking the elusive googlie.

The Good Wicket-Keeper.

I regret that my article concludes with notes on fielding, for this department of cricket should never be placed last. In Australia the fieldsman's art is cultivated to a greater

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pitch of perfection than it is in the Old Country. I am speaking now of the general level, not of exceptional fieldsmen, who are more born than made. Such a cover-point as Syd Gregory or G. L. Jessop, for instance, is more gifted than trained, and I should say the same of Gordon White, the South African. David Denton in the long field or at deep third man is another great fieldsman, and the daring work of Hitch on the leg side is something to marvel at. Vernon Ransford is the world's champion out-field, in my opinion. To see him pick up and return a ball in one action when running at top speed is a treat to behold. He does it so accurately, too, always returning the ball either with a catch straight into the hands of the wicket-keeper or bowler, or else a skimming long hop which comes in like a flash of lightning. Pretty work, and as effective as it is spectacular.

Fielding.



"THE DARING WORK OF HITCH ON THE LEG SIDE IS SOMETHING TO MARVEL AT."



"STRUDWICK IS GIVEN TO BRINGING OFF MARVELLOUS ACROBATIC CATCHES."

My readers may be surprised to learn that I consider mid-on to be the hardest place in the field to fill. Many captains think the post the one and only spot for the fielding "rabbit" of their team. This is not my opinion, not by a long way, for at mid-on you can never tell how the ball will come at you, or how hard it will come. Many grand bats depend more on smashing than placing when hitting to the on, and the fieldsman who has to operate against this sort of thing should be as quick as they make them and as daring as he is nimble. He must be able to catch anything, from the lofty skier which does not reach his hands until the batsmen have nearly completed their second run, to the terrific drive which would knock a hole in him if he failed to get hold of the ball. Altogether no place for a duffer, but just the spot where a fieldsman of the highest class is wanted, especially one who can return a ball like lightning when the batsmen are trying to steal a short run.

Mid-on Hardest Place.

Before laying down my pen I should like to say a little concerning a subject which was much discussed not so very long ago. At the time in question we heard a great deal about the alleged decadence of England as a cricketing power. In this connection so many people seem to forget that in cricket, as in all other things, there is an ebb and flow of talent. Sometimes the gods are more kind to our Colonial kinsmen than to ourselves, but in due course the swing of the pendulum comes our way, and we are on top again for the time being. This, to my mind, is the best way to regard the see-saw of form in Imperial cricket, and is at any rate far better than blaming selection committees, writing doleful diatribes about "decadence," and hinting darkly that it is affecting other cherished national institutions besides our cricket.

The Swing of the Pendulum.



"A TERRIFIC DRIVE WHICH WOULD KNOCK A HOLE IN HIM IF HE FAILED TO GET HOLD OF THE BALL."

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JANET'S TROUSSEAU.

By LOUISE JORDAN MILN.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

THE governess stood at the schoolroom window and looked disconsolately out into the April rain, and wished that something would happen —anything, almost—to break her drab monotony.

She had been wishing so for thirty years, ever since she sat—a discontented little girl of five—and hemmed coarse dusters for a Spartan grandmother. And nothing ever had happened. Life had been one long, grey grind.

Womanhood had slowly changed the pupil-teacher into the timid nursery governess, who, with the years, had seared (rather than grown) into Miss Ridley, the governess.

She was earning sixty pounds a year now —and a comfortable "home." Mrs. Armstrong was kind, if preoccupied and rather indifferent. The children might have been very much worse. And so she was duly grateful to fate. She counted her blessings often, and made the most of them, in her naturally sunny little mind.

Such few holidays as she was unable to fill with temporary engagements she spent at Bosham, lodging in a tiny grey cottage that overhung the salt sea—and it was her avarice-dream one day to own its fellow and live her last years there, with one tiny maid (an orphan girl, to whom she'd be kind) and a good dog or two. She hated cats.

But to-day she was frankly miserable. The touch of spring in the April air was maddening. The wine of life ran red, and new growth was teeming everywhere—except for her.

Janet sighed despondently and turned back to her big work-basket.

She thought that perhaps she had a touch of malaria or of some obscure spring malady —though she had never had a day's illness in her life. Or perhaps she was feeling dull and foolish, in sympathy with the general reaction and blight that had fallen upon the entire establishment since the last wedding.

For the Limes had recently suffered an epidemic of marriage. Alice and Maude, the twin daughters, had had a double wedding in January. In February Mrs. Armstrong's maid had married the butler and gone with him to preside over a lodging-house at Eastbourne. In March Frank, the eldest son, had married. And only last week Caroline, Mr. Armstrong's niece and ward, had been married to a neighbouring squire.

Two of the servants were off on a well-earned holiday. The housekeeper had taken to her bed with influenza. Tom—the second son—had gone back to his regiment. And Mr. Armstrong had carried off his wife and the two little girls—Janet's charges—to sunshine and Brighton. The governess was all alone, except for the depleted and fatigued staff of servants.

Servants were her heaviest cross always—an experience not unique among governesses. She was afraid of them, and despised them heartily. Both of which facts they fully realized—and punished.

And, to fill her cup of petty bitterness, Mrs. Armstrong's pet Angora (a savage brute whom the governess disliked more than she did all the servants) had the influenza too, and, in the housekeeper's absence from the helm, had been impertinently thrust into the schoolroom and upon Miss Ridley's unwilling care.

Philip le Bel sneezed. Miss Ridley wiped her eyes. Then, ashamed and self-condemning, she seized a long, striped golf-stocking and fell vigorously to darning it.

She was decidedly hungry before Tompkins came. But Tompkins did come—and less than half an hour late.

Of all the servants in the large establishment this maid was the least considerate to the governess, and least liked by her. She was an ungainly, sour-faced creature of about Janet's own age. The governess never spoke to the maid if it could be avoided, and the servant still less spoke voluntarily to Janet.

Tompkins put down the tea-tray, but, to Miss Ridley's surprise, she did not go. Janet looked up, and Tompkins began to arrange the tea service a little more attractively. Janet noticed that the woman looked bright and happy, and wondered at the transformation.

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"The cake is extra nice, miss," said Tompkins, "and the toast is very hot."

Miss Ridley was speechless with surprise.

"Can I do anything else for you, miss?"

"No, thank you, Tompkins," said the amazed lady.

"I've given notice, miss. I'm going to be married."

Miss Ridley gasped. Tompkins—plain, unattractive, old-maidish Tompkins—a bride! What next?

"Indeed, I hope you'll be very happy, Tompkins."

"Thank you kindly, miss. I'm sure I hope so. And I know it will be my fault if I'm not." And when the girl had closed the door Miss Ridley almost thought she heard a suppressed humming go with Tompkins down the hall.

She got up and went to the window for a moment. The rain had ceased and the sunset was very beautiful. How fresh and sweet it all looked! And, secure in the family's absence and the housekeeper's illness, Anne, the youngest and prettiest housemaid, a girl still in her 'teens, was sauntering down a garden path with the good-looking groom. The very servants found their share of life's blessing. But none for her!

She shook herself and marched back resolutely to her tea. She ate and drank—and it did her good. Tompkins had brought her cream—rich, yellow cream. Then she went to the departed twins' old dressing-room. Brave with every luxury, necessity, and absurdity of twin lavish trousseaux, they had bestowed a large collection of old clothes upon Janet, bidding her do anything she liked with them.

She wondered what use she could make of the dainty, half-worn things. It was an inflexible rule of Mrs. Armstrong's *ménage* that no garment that had been worn by a member of the family should ever be given to a servant—and it was quite out of the question that Janet should take any of them for her own use. She was far too proud for that. In fact, the idea never crossed her mind.

How pretty they were—some of them!

She got up and put the litter of delicate apparel away. She'd go through it to-morrow, perhaps. She could not to-night.



"I'VE GIVEN NOTICE, MISS. I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED."

Heaven knew she coveted from no woman, but a sudden, sharp wish had come clearly out of the indefinite dark of her discontent, her strange, pathetic malady, born of the spring and the multiple wooings and weddings. It was this—she wished that in all this world there were some one man—not young, or handsome, or rich, or learned, but leal and strong—to desire her and care for her; to take her from the drudgery and the monotony.

Then she flushed furiously and called her-

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self a " vulgar goose," and stuffed the sisters' dainty gowns ruthlessly into wardrobe and drawer.

She had had lovers of a tepid sort in her younger days. But one, whom she had only liked, had been too poor, too nearly invalid; one she had not even liked.

She was thinking of them both as she went back to her mending. And she thought of Tompkins with the new comeliness on her face, the new kindness in her eyes, the new softness in her voice. Ah! she had it! She would beg Mrs. Armstrong to relax—just this once—her rigid rule, and allow her to give the plainer of the twin brides' discarded raiment to Tompkins.

Tompkins was in the schoolroom when the governess opened the door. The tea-tray had disappeared, and the maid was putting all tidy.

" I brought a letter up to you, miss," the servant said. " And shall I take the cat away? "

" Please do," said Janet, really gratefully.

" Good night, miss," said the maid, grasping the wheezing basket in both arms. " It's my night out. James will bring your supper. I hope it's good news, miss."

Janet sat and gazed at her letter, rather dazed. She turned the envelope over. The handwriting and the firm name on the back told her equally little—nothing. Nor did the postmark tell her more. She knew no one in London, W.C.

The letter was brief—but she had to read it more than twice before she half understood it. Then the lonely woman leaned back trembling against the huge mending basket and let the slow, silent tears have their gentle way with her,

Messrs. Grant and Slaughter—so they wrote—regretted to inform her that her cousin, Andrew Wilson—whom she had particularly disliked—was deceased; they begged to inform her that he had died intestate; and they were pleased to have the honour of informing her that her share of their late client's estate was about two thousand pounds; they awaited her commands; and they were her obedient servants.

" Good news "! She thought no news had ever been half so good.

But after a few days she began to wonder if it were so very good, after all. She was afraid to face life alone—just yet. After much feverish thought and counter-thought she concluded that for the present, at least, she would leave life as it was. After all, two thousand pounds was not much. She would let it grow a bit. Eighty pounds a year was little enough for her to live on in her old age. Even with the income of her careful savings added, the little cottage would need to be tiny indeed, and the mistress's economy minute.

Her decision once reached, she felt her old, sunny self again, and moved about the empty rooms with many a smile and soft snatch of song. There was a fly, of course, in her ointment—a big, black, buzzing one; it was the necessity of seeing Messrs. Grant and Slaughter. In the absence of her pupils her time was all her own. So she chose a bright and genial day and made an early start for her two hours' journey to London.

Emboldened by her new wealth, she wore her best dress and took in her purse a five-pound note and some change.

She never remembered much of that journey to Euston. No one came into her carriage, and she soon was lost in a deep thicket of dreams. At Euston she took a hansom. She looked longingly at a taxi-cab; but, really, she didn't dare.

It had seemed to her, when she had dressed that morning, that she would have looked very well indeed had it not been for her hat. The soft grey gown was fresh, and no discredit to anyone. Her gloves and boots were perfect, for her hands and her feet were beautiful, and she was very vain of them. But the wretched hat spoilt everything. Looking into her own glass in the early morning light, she had been ashamed of the poor old thing. Looking at it now, in the hansom's tiny mirror, it was positively impossible.

She pushed up the little trap-door and changed her destination to Bond Street. She was very frightened at the great milliner's. But she fell into kind hands and well trained. And she spent three guineas on a hat!

The hat was immensely becoming, and under it the gentle face of the excited little woman glowed like a rose.

The servants of the great solicitors were as well trained as the servants of the great milliner, and at Essex Street Janet fell into deft and practised hands that soon put her at ease. The clerk who had her matter in charge, or, at least, who attended to her, told her that his name was Smith, and added that there were several Smiths in the firm's employ, but that he was William Smith, should she be good enough to need him again.

The estate had not yet been quite settled. But up to two thousand pounds Messrs. Grant and Slaughter would be very pleased to honour Miss Ridley's drafts. Her inherit-

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ance could not well fall under twenty-three hundred pounds, and might possibly reach two or even three hundred more. He, William Smith, put it down at very nearly exactly twenty-five hundred. And there were a few knick-knacks—pictures, clocks, books, etc.—that must be amicably divided among the heirs or sold to the highest bidder.

"Please attend to it all for me, and do just as you think best. I do not understand such things in the least," said Janet, impulsively.



"'PLEASE ATTEND TO IT ALL FOR ME, AND DO JUST AS YOU THINK BEST. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND SUCH THINGS,' SAID JANET."

William Smith smiled, a wonderful, kindly smile that lit the dull little room with friendliness, and made his somewhat ovine face fairly handsome.

"We shall be delighted to do that, madam, of course, if you so instruct us—and honoured. But would you not rather have outside advice? We already represent several of the other heirs."

"I usually know whom to trust," said the woman, shyly but firmly, "and I should not know whom else to get."

"Mr. Armstrong would doubtless advise you as to another firm. I noticed that it was at his country home that I addressed you."

"You know Mr. Armstrong—Mr. Neville Armstrong?"

"I was his fag at St. Paul's. He has been a man of success, and my lines of life have stayed in humble places. But we were great friends thirty years ago, and even now we lunch together sometimes. I do not know his family. I live very quietly, of course, at Highgate, with an invalid sister."

"That settles it," said Janet, firmly. "You are to take charge of my little matter, if you kindly will."

Smith bowed. "Our firm will be pleased and honoured," with old-fashioned and elaborate courtesy. "And I shall be delighted to give your instructions my best attention, madam—my very best attention."

Janet thanked him and went away.

On her return she did not mention her inheritance to anyone. She was too shy. And she feared that her employers might feel, as she did, the grotesqueness of so rich a woman working.

The lawyer's clerk kept his word well. He secured all he honestly could to Miss Ridley. And in a few weeks Janet found herself the actual possessor of twenty-four hundred and seventy-six pounds eleven shillings and fourpence, and an old-fashioned but exquisite set of seed pearls that had belonged to the dead man's mother.

Before her fortune was finally collected

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and adjusted it had been necessary for Janet to make several journeys to London. She surprised herself even more than she did Mrs. Armstrong by the ease and intrepidity with which she asked for a day's freedom. But William Smith was less deliberate than lawyers are apt to be, and now there was no further need of Miss Ridley in Essex Street.

Beyond the three-guinea hat, she had as yet bought nothing for herself. But with tact as infinite as it was needless she had found out what Tompkins most needed and had supplied it, even making some trifles with her own hands, marking and arranging with lingering, beneficent fingers.

Tompkins, dumb with gratitude and surprise, took the governess's bounty and departed with scarcely a word. But Miss Ridley hardly noticed it. Her pleasure had been in the doing, and her life had long accustomed her to a paucity of thanks.

But she soon felt as occupationless as Othello (it was probably her sole point of resemblance to the Moor), and began fidgeting for some other self-indulgence.

She sat by the open window one warm evening, listening to a nightingale that often sang on such nights in the old beech tree. Her ready tears welled gently as the liquid loveliness of the song and the queenly perfume from the bloom-heavy rose-trees swept her senses, as skilful fingers sweep a harp.

She shook herself impatiently, for she had little patience with her own sentimentalities. To-morrow she would settle down to a course of stiff, solid reading, and lead once more a sensible life.

"You are a moon-struck old maid!" she told herself, disgustedly.

Then she slipped again to musing. She wondered if Tompkins were reasonably happy. "At all events," she thought, softly, "she had a nice outfit. Oh! how I wonder how it feels to have a trousseau!"

It was at that precise moment that the impish inspiration seized her. And, as ill luck, or good, would have it, it was at that precise moment that Mrs. Armstrong opened the door and came in.

If Janet had taken a moment to think she would never have done it. But the schoolroom lights were not lit, and, before she thought, the words were out, her bridges burnt.

"Mrs. Armstrong," she said to that astonished lady, "I believe it isn't legal to give notice after noon, but, as you're here, perhaps you'll let me tell you now that I must leave you" (her voice broke a little) "when—when you can conveniently let me go. I don't want to put you out. I don't want to hurry you, either. And I shall feel leaving my girls very much indeed. But the fact is—I am going to be married."

"Well, I never!" The words were not as congratulatory or as deft as each woman could have wished, nor was the gasp with which Mrs. Armstrong sank into the chair from which Janet had just risen. And the speaker, who was a kind woman, realized it in a moment, and made all possible amends. She drew the governess on to an adjacent chair and flooded her with questions and confusion.

Janet answered as little and as vaguely as she could. But Mrs. Armstrong would not be denied, and in fifteen minutes Janet, who, since her confirmation, had never told even a white fib, had told thirty-one black lies; and, pushed to the wall, had, in her panic, seized upon the first masculine cognomen that her attendant sub-consciousness handed up, and announced that she was about to become Mrs. William Smith.

It was not until the next day that she realized that she had given the name of an actual man, and of a man whom she actually knew. Her remorse and confusion were abject. She thought of telling Mrs. Armstrong everything, but she simply could not screw her courage to that sticking-point.

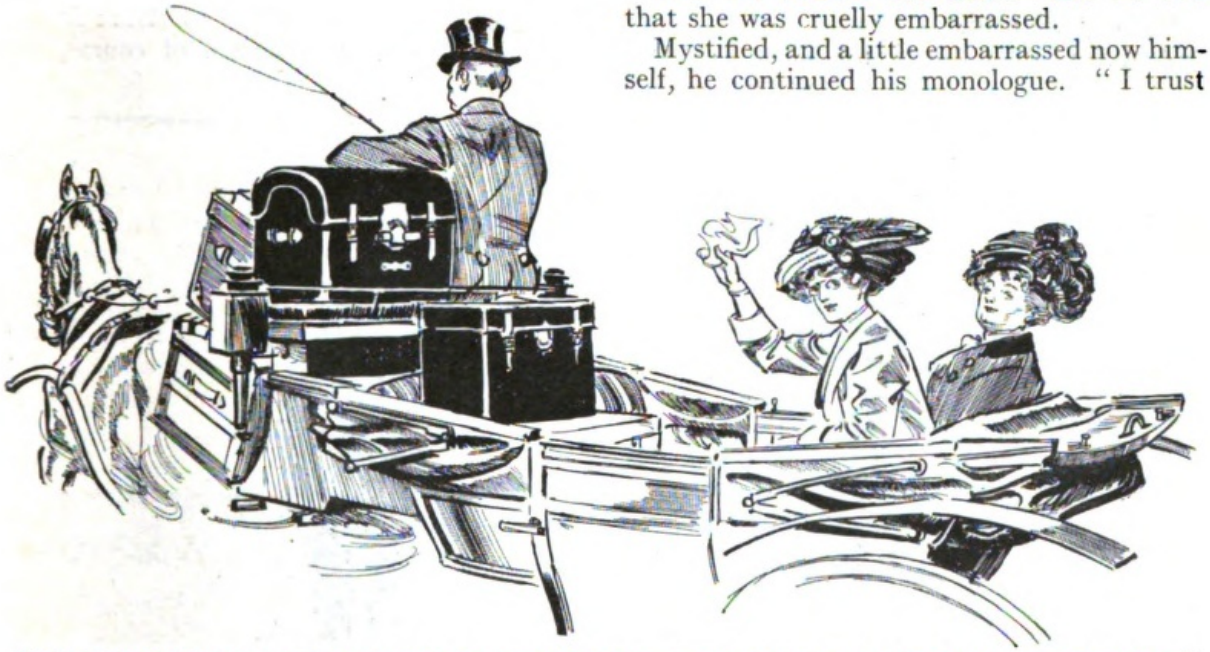
Everyone was very kind. Everyone was interested. Mrs. Armstrong arbitrarily cut the children's lessons down to a fragment, and pressed day after day of leisure for the nuptial shopping upon the bride-elect.

It was a wonderful trousseau. Three hundred pounds she spent on it, and another hundred went for the diamond ring she now wore; for Janet was marrying well—an old acquaintance who had made money in Queensland, or inherited it from there. She spoke with embarrassed vagueness. She might have married him fifteen years ago, if she had cared to. And Mrs. Armstrong wondered much, and did the handsome thing in solid silver forks, each engraved with a striking "J. S." Wedding presents began pouring in upon her. That was her major trouble. She could not refuse them, and so she resolved to return their full value sooner or later, even if it beggared her. In truth everyone had liked the gentle creature, and everyone was genuinely glad that the autumnal love-story, of which she said so little, looked so glowing.

The night before she left the Limes Mrs. Armstrong herself helped with the packing,

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and every maid in the house made some excuse to proffer assistance. The next morning Janet drove to the station, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed, triumphant. She had six boxes and a luxurious impedimenta of bags and rugs. Mrs. Armstrong stood on the station platform until the train pulled Londonward. And Janet was left alone with her lie, her trousseau, her dismay, and her unplanned future.



"THE NEXT MORNING JANET DROVE TO THE STATION, PINK-CHEEKED, BRIGHT-EYED, TRIUMPHANT."

Six weeks later—it was mid-November—the head clerk of Messrs. Grant and Slaughter, dressed in deep black, was strolling aimlessly beside the sea in a tiny Mediterranean town.

"What on earth!" he said, with sudden animation and active amazement, and quickened his pace. "I thought I could not be mistaken," he said, tritely, to the woman he overtook, a trim, slow-moving figure in unmistakable Scotch tweed. "How do you do, Mrs. Smith?"

Janet wheeled round in panic.

"Oh!" was all she said.

"Yes," he admitted, "it is the last place on earth to meet London friends in. I have just come from Rome, where I was sent to see an important client. My errand finished, I had a month's holiday granted me. I came here because I was here once, on a walking tour, with my father, many, many years ago, and I thought I'd like to recall old days if I could. I am all alone now. My sister died two weeks before I left England."

Janet tried to say something, but her voice would not come.

He went on quickly: "You are here more pleasantly. I am very glad. Armstrong mentioned one day that the lady who had educated his daughters had just married, and to a gentleman of my full name. I thought it a pleasant coincidence; but, of course, I did not mention that I had had the pleasure of meeting Miss Ridley—as I remembered how particularly you wished that the Armstrongs should not know of your inheritance."

Still the woman was dumb—and he saw that she was cruelly embarrassed.

Mystified, and a little embarrassed now himself, he continued his monologue. "I trust you will permit me to know my lucky namesake, and have the pleasure of congratulating him in person."

Janet shrank against a motherly oleander tree, then burst into tears.

Mr. Smith felt greatly relieved. He could not, in the least, imagine what this woman's trouble was, but he was cordially glad to see her "cry it out."

His eyes fell upon her hands. Both were bare and ringless. He pursed his lips, as if to whistle, but emitted no sound—a well-established trick of his cloth. So—the man had jilted her at the last, or the lovers had quarrelled. But, no, Armstrong had distinctly spoken of the marriage as having taken place.

Janet had buried her face against the old oleander's trunk—but her sobs were ceasing.

She turned a stilled face to him, as defiant as it was pitiful. "Plucky, after all," was his mental comment. "That mouse of a woman is going to do or say something heroic now. You never know that type—never."

"Yes," said Janet, abruptly, in answer to his offer of help, "you can be of service.

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You can listen to me." The lawyer bowed his head. To listen was a large part of his craft, and a part in which he had had life-long training. "And when you have heard, you will have no further wish to serve me."

"I think you are mistaken," he said, gravely. "But let us sit down."

He meant to hear it all, if he heard any. And he thrust her gently down on to a natural seat on the oleander's twisted roots, and sat down himself.

"Now," he said.

And she began, eagerly: "When I begged you to be very careful not to mention my money to the Armstrongs—to Mr. Armstrong—I had no object but the one I gave you. I felt that I must go on teaching, because I'd be too lonely doing nothing, and there was nothing else I could do. And I felt that I'd be more comfortable teaching if I went on just as I was, and said nothing about the slight change in my circumstances. I think I was ashamed to own to Mrs. Armstrong that I hadn't a friend or a relative on earth near whom I cared to live, to whom I could look for some companionship, if I were to give up my occupation as a governess."

"I know," said the man, slowly. "I was thinking, as I walked along here, just before I saw you, that I was the loneliest creature on earth. I loved my sister very tenderly. I gave up all other ties or friendships to be the more with her. She needed me, and I wanted nothing but her. She was like you," he said, impulsively; "you reminded me of her the first day you came to Essex Street. She lacked your fine health of course, but you were very like in several ways—very like. I miss her terribly—terribly. But I wonder, if I could have known how horribly lonely I'd have been after she went, if I should have had the courage to abstain from all other interests—all other ties. But that's idle thinking. It's too late now."



"JANET HAD BURIED HER FACE AGAINT THE OLD OLEANDER'S TRUNK."

Janet went on quickly, afraid to lose her courage.

"I was tired of being called an old maid—of being *called* one, not in the least of being

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one. I'd been one so long," she added, with unconscious pathos, " that I was so used to it, that I couldn't possibly have liked anything else—endured anything else."

" I wonder ? " he said, musingly. He had guessed her secret now—in part.

" I told Mrs. Armstrong that I was going to be married—just to see her astonishment—yes, and the servants'." She was determined to tell the stark, abject truth now. She would make her humiliation complete. That much medicine she could give her soul. She went on rapidly, relentlessly. And William Smith listened to her with a welling heart and eyes on the far horizon.

" I think, perhaps, I had a brain-storm, or some queer, old-maid's dementia. I took four hundred and fifty pounds of the money, you remember ? "

Smith nodded kindly.

" I bought a trousseau. I spent three hundred pounds on clothes."

" No ! " gasped Smith. To him this sum —in relation to apparel—seemed Homeric.

" Three hundred pounds. And I spent another hundred for an engagement-ring."

The man's thin lips twitched, but his eyes were misted.

" And I took fifty for my wedding trip. I had to pay all the expenses, you see, because there was no husband—not the sign of one. No one ever wanted to marry me." She had forgotten the two pale suitors of her youth, honestly forgotten. " And there was no one I ever wanted to marry. I was lying from beginning to end."

" I don't see the harm," he said, gently.

" Neither did I—then. But afterwards I did. They began giving me wedding presents."

The lawyer laughed.

" Oh, don't ! " she cried. " Don't you see the horror of it ? I am a thief—a common thief. I tried to confess—again and again. But I couldn't. So I went on with it to the end. And I must have nearly a hundred pounds' worth of stolen goods. I can't eat, I can't sleep. If only I could get clear of that ! "

" We'll find a way," he said, gravely.

" That has been the hardest thing to bear —that and the utter loneliness. But it isn't half as hard to speak of as something else is. I mean the name."

" My dear lady," he said, imperatively, " the name is very honoured. I wish I had a more individual claim on it, that I might the more feel that something of mine had been of service to you."

" How good you are ! " Janet said, brokenly. " Of course, I did not think of the name being your name."

" Of course not. I quite understand."

Each was very red—at this point—but neither looked even towards the other.

" Mrs. Armstrong cornered me. She would know his name, then and there. And I couldn't think. I had to say something—and I said the first thing I thought of. I said——"

" William Smith," he finished for her, softly, and with a whimsical smile. He would have laughed, but he was too kind.

" I wish I could tell you how ashamed I am."

" You have nothing to be ashamed of—nothing," he said, roughly. " Put that out of your head. And you are not to hide and shrink. We are not going to have it. Hear my plan.. I still have three weeks of my holiday left. I shall spend them here. And we will put our heads together. Two heads are better than one, you know, especially when one of them is a lawyer's head. We'll find a way to put all right, never fear."

" How good you are ! But do you think I'll allow it ? "

" You will have to. Do you imagine that you are the only lonely person in the world ? I want to stay here and help you. I have no place else to go. My sister's death has left me desolate and friendless. I can't go back to Essex Street before my leave is up. I should be ashamed to. Yes," he said, in emphatic answer to her swift look; " we are in the same boat. I understand it all, because I've felt it all. Do you think it's only a woman's soul that cries out for home and family, and is *ashamed*, as well as sorrowful, for having neither ? You trusted me before, about your money. Trust me now, for these few weeks. We will take our hard-earned holiday—and enjoy it. And find a much better way out of your perfectly harmless little device than exile. Trust me."

He held out his hand, and she laid hers in it.

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Twelve-Object Pictures.

A PUZZLE FOR ARTISTS.

WE have entitled this article "A Puzzle for Artists," and a puzzle it may well be called. It consists in bringing into one picture a stated number of objects as incongruous and diverse as possible—so much so that at first sight it might well be thought that the task was an utter impossibility. Herewith is the problem which we set before a number of eminent black-and-white artists:—

Can you construct a picture from the following list of objects, introducing every item but nothing else except by way of background, and at the same time making your picture tell a coherent story?

1. A Flying Machine.
2. An Egyptian Mummy.
3. A Pretty Girl.
4. A Swell.
5. A copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.
6. A Dog.
7. Sherlock Holmes.
8. A Shadow.
9. A Hospital Nurse.
10. A Cow.
11. A Barrel-organ.
12. A Beggar with a Wooden Leg.

The following are the results we have received, and we think our readers will agree that our artists have succeeded in displaying remarkable skill and ingenuity with the materials at their command.

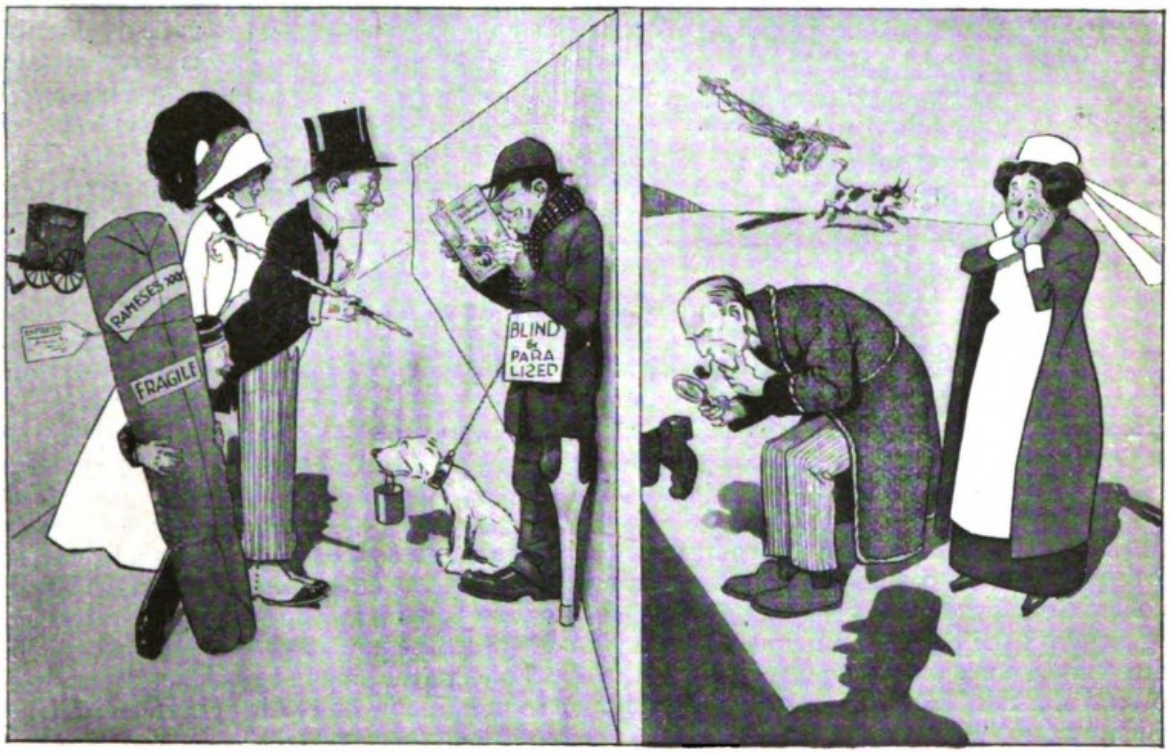
Our first solution comes from Mr. H. M. Brock, R.I., who has entitled his drawing "The Attempted Abduction of the Duchess." His plot is, briefly, as follows: The swell has abducted the pretty girl, otherwise the Duchess, and has had her conveyed to a lonely spot on the coast, hidden inside the mummy-case. The aeroplane is at hand to take the girl across the water, and it will be seen that the swell, although, doubtless, a villain of the deepest dye, has at least some consideration for the welfare of his captive, for he has brought the hospital nurse with him in case of need—a necessary precaution, for the girl's journey in the mummy-case appears to have disagreed with her. This dastardly plot,



"THE ATTEMPTED ABDUCTION OF THE DUCHESS"—MR. H. M. BROCK'S SOLUTION.

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however, is, it is quite clear, doomed to failure, for Sherlock Holmes is hot on the trail, taking cover behind the cow. Also what appears to be a wandering one-legged beggar with a barrel-organ is really a Scotland Yard detective in disguise, busily engaged in taking notes. Finally, the purchased the mummy, neatly wrapped up in brown paper, as an ornament for the home —and what more natural? The pity of it is that Mr. Leete has introduced a messenger-boy to carry the mummy, a character not on the list supplied him, but his working out of the problem is in many ways so good that



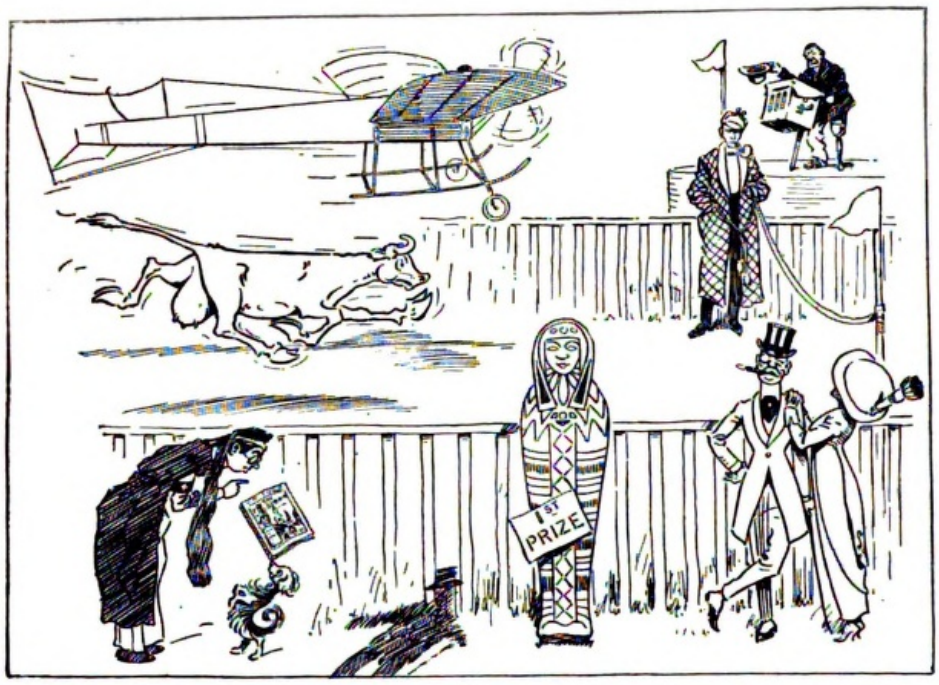
"THE MYSTERY OF THE LOST LEFT LEG," BY MR. A. LEETE.

shadow is that of a policeman guided to the spot by the dog, who has scented from afar a copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, dropped by the conspirators. This is a capital solution of the problem; Mr. Brock has not only introduced every item on the list, but he has given each one a plausible part in the working out of his plot. In one respect only he is open to criticism, for he has given us only a mummy-case, instead of a mummy.

Mr. Alfred Leete has only used the cow and the aeroplane as minor details in his otherwise extremely entertaining and ingenious picture; they do not come into the plot, and neither does the organ. This artist's central figure is the wooden-legged beggar, placarded "Blind and paralised," and accompanied by the dog, but his blindness is only assumed for business purposes, for, as will be seen, he is deep in the pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The girl and the swell have caught him "off duty," and are evidently highly amused. These young people have, seemingly, developed into a newly-married couple and have he may be forgiven. His beggar is really a most fraudulent person; his wooden leg is a sham, and he has thrust his real one through a hole artfully contrived in the fence. On the other side of the fence Sherlock Holmes, having been fetched by the hospital nurse, whose professional instincts were doubtless aroused by the sight, is wrestling with the problem of "The Mystery of the Lost Left Leg." The shadow, Dr. Watson, looks on approvingly.

The aeroplane and the cow are the most prominent features in Mr. Starr Wood's masterpiece, representing a racecourse scene, which he has entitled "Aeroplane *v.* Cow —a race meeting of the future, only to be seen in the Strand." The race is evidently a handicap, for the aeroplane is winning by a short plane only. A very solemn-looking Sherlock Holmes holds the tape, and Mr. Wood has cleverly disposed of the difficult problem of the mummy by making it the first prize. The girl and the swell play the parts of spectators, but are seemingly more intent on their own affairs than in the result

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MR. STARR WOOD CALLS HIS EFFORT "AEROPLANE *v.* COW—A RACE MEETING OF THE FUTURE, ONLY TO BE SEEN IN THE STRAND."

of the contest; and this, of course, is a weak point in his composition, as the puzzle is only partially solved. The wooden-legged beggar plays the barrel-organ, but apparently with faint hope of pecuniary gain. The hospital nurse is seen admonishing the dog, which, with no little acrobatic skill, is balancing a copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE on its nose. And, finally, the shadow is apparently that of a gentleman who is inspecting the prize—possibly he is the owner of the aeroplane.

Mr. Harry Rountree breaks entirely new ground, having put all the items on the list in an American Dime Museum. The swell is escorting the pretty girl round the show. The mummy has become one of the exhibits, and so has the hospital nurse in the shape of a waxwork figure of Florence Nightingale. Holmes is also a waxwork and has a dual personality, as he is disguised as the wooden-legged beggar; he also plays the organ and holds, appropriately enough, the copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Another exhibit is the flying machine, probably the first ever made, as, also, is the dog, which has acquired three and a half tails in order to qualify him as a freak, and for a like reason the cow has developed six horns. The remaining item, the shadow, is the proprietor of the museum, seen through the window, exhorting the populace to step up and see the finest show on earth. Here once more is

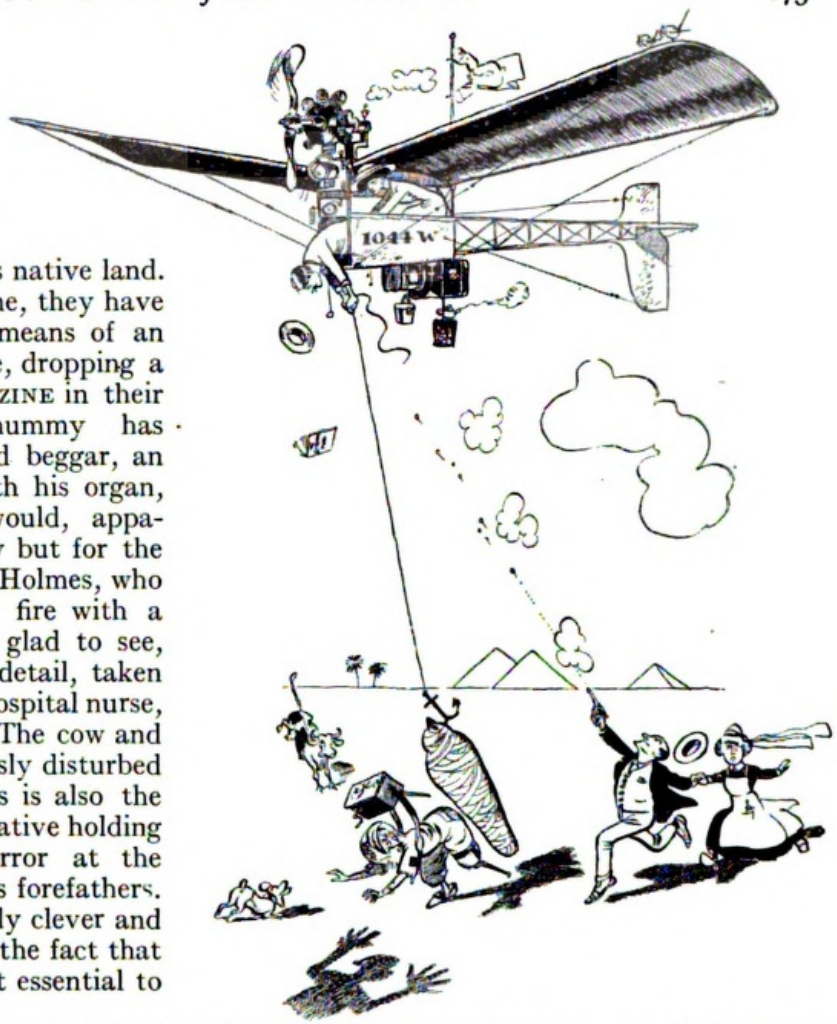


MR. HARRY ROUNTREE HAS PLACED ALL THE ITEMS IN THE LIST IN AN AMERICAN DIME MUSEUM.

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a complete solution—perhaps the most plausible of the whole ingenious series.

Mr. René Bull, with an Egyptian background, has pictured the swell and the pretty girl in the act of stealing the mummy from its native land. Operating from the aeroplane, they have successfully hooked it by means of an anchor at the end of a rope, dropping a copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE in their haste. The swinging mummy has knocked over the one-legged beggar, an Egyptian one this time, with his organ, and the daring thieves would, apparently, have got clean away but for the prompt action of Sherlock Holmes, who has dashed up and opened fire with a revolver. Holmes, we are glad to see, has, with his keen eye for detail, taken the precaution to bring the hospital nurse, in case he wings his man. The cow and the dog are obviously seriously disturbed at what is taking place, as is also the shadow, which represents a native holding up his hands in pious horror at the desecration of the land of his forefathers. This composition is extremely clever and amusing. Its defect lies in the fact that the cow and the dog are not essential to it, and seem to be there by accident.



MR. RENÉ BULL'S SOLUTION.



"SHERLOCK HOLMES TRACKING A THIEF TO HAMPSTEAD HEATH," BY MR. FRED BENNETT.

The following is Mr. Fred Bennett's explanation of his picture. The mummy has been stolen by the swell, who has used the cow as a means of carrying off his ill-gotten gains. Sherlock Holmes sets out to discover the thief, and has tracked him to Hampstead Heath on the aeroplane and there denounced him. This has caused the pretty girl, who is betrothed to the swell, to

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faint, thus requiring the services of the hospital nurse. The dog is also upset by what is going on, and barks furiously, while the beggar again plays the organ. The shadow is that of an interested spectator, who comes on the scene with THE STRAND MAGAZINE in his hand.

Mr. George Morrow, in explanation of his rendering of the subject, has supplied the following alleged newspaper paragraph: "A few days ago a cow, frightened by an aeroplane, ran amok in the principal street of Dullcaster; several persons were slightly injured. Mr. Sherlock Holmes witnessed the occurrence from a shop where he was making some investigations." This, of course, makes everything perfectly clear—the cow in its wild career has tossed the wooden-legged beggar, who has been playing the organ, and has knocked down the mummy, exposed for sale in the doorway of an old curiosity shop, at the clearance-sale price of 12s. 11¾d. The swell, the girl, the dog, and the hospital nurse form the panic-stricken crowd, one of whom has dropped the copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Sherlock Holmes comes to the door of the shop to see what the row is about, and the shadow is that of a policeman intent on the arrest of the cow. This is a complete solution, as all the objects come naturally into the picture.



"AN EXCITING OCCURRENCE AT DULLCASTER," BY MR. GEORGE MORROW.



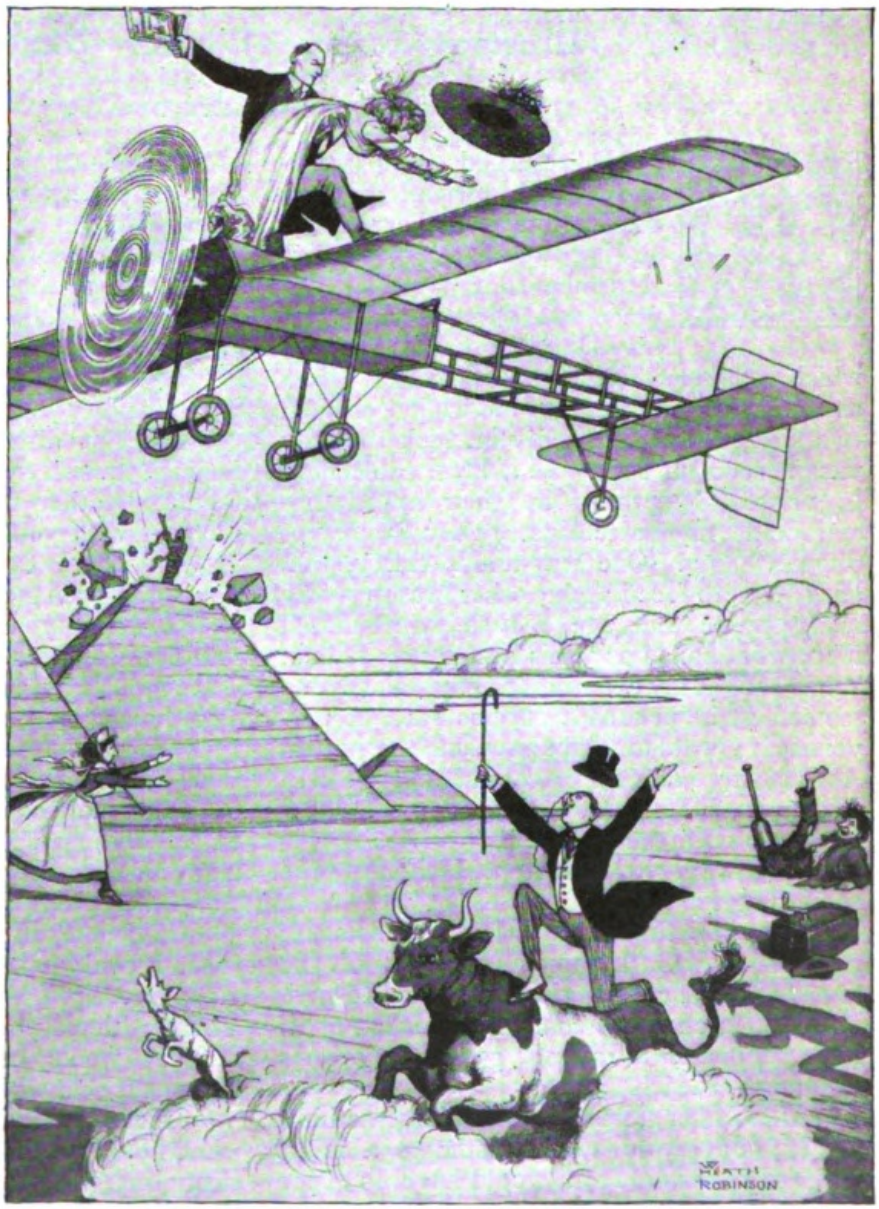
"THE PLOT IN THE MUSEUM," BY MR. H. M. BATEMAN.

Mr. H. M. Bateman has

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given us a characteristically ingenious solution. His theme is "The Plot in the Museum." The swell and the hospital nurse are the "villains of the piece," and they are met in the museum to mature their nefarious plans. The nurse hands her accomplice a bottle of poison, but there is danger in the air—the pretty girl is sitting close by, with the copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE in her hands, and may detect their dark deed. Fortunately, at the critical moment, the aeroplane appears at the window and distracts her gaze, while at the same time the beggar, playing the organ (these two items appear to be almost inseparable), also helps to attract her attention. Everything appears to favour the conspirators, but they have reckoned without Sherlock Holmes, who is round the corner and has overheard everything. The cow and the mummy figure as museum exhibits, and the dog stands tearfully at the door of the building gazing woefully at a placard that forbids his entrance, while a menacing shadow descends on him in the shape of a vigilant attendant. This is in every point a complete solution.

Mr. W. Heath Robinson, past master in the realms of humorous art, has evolved a delightfully fantastic blending of the various items. He has given us an Egyptian setting wherein Sherlock Holmes has carried off the pretty girl under, or rather above, the eyes of her *fiancé*, the swell. Holmes has abducted the lady by means of the aeroplane, and flourishes the copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE in his disengaged hand. The distracted lover has given chase, and for want of a swifter steed has enlisted the services of the cow. In his mad career he has frightened the dog out of its wits and knocked over the wooden-legged beggar who was playing the organ, whereat the hospital nurse arrives hurriedly to render first aid. The shadow is that of a policeman hot-foot on the scene, while the mummy, disturbed from his rest by the advent of the aeroplane, bursts excitedly through the apex of a convenient pyramid, thus completing all the necessary items on the list. A most ingenious composition, which, perhaps, errs a little on the side of the fantastic.



"UNUSUAL BEHAVIOUR OF SHERLOCK HOLMES," BY MR. W. HEATH ROBINSON.

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JUDITH LEE.

The Experiences of a Lip-Reader.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.

XII.—Mandragora.

I HAD returned from week-ending with a friend, and was having lunch at the railway-station dining-room before returning to my work. The place was crowded with that miscellaneous assemblage which is the peculiarity of such places. Just as the waiter had brought me what I ordered two men, coming hurriedly in, took the only vacant seats in sight—at a little table next to mine. Something in their appearance attracted my attention. They were of different ages. One was about thirty, tall, dark, square-faced; the other was possibly nearly twice that age, a little, white-haired man, who looked as if his health was failing. What caught my attention chiefly was that he seemed to be in such a curious state of nervousness; watching him gave one the jumps. At last his companion commented on it—they were sitting sideways to me, so that I could see both their faces.

"If I were you, Hutton, I should take something for it."

It was the first time either had spoken; perhaps it was the unexpectedness of the remark which caused the elder man to give a sort of lurch in his chair. He looked as if, for a moment, he did not grasp the other's meaning; then he sighed.

"Ah, Walker, I wish I could take something for it; but—who can minister to a mind diseased? Mandragora would have no effect on me."

An unpleasant look came upon the other's face as he said:—

"I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense. What do you suppose is the good of it?"

"There is no good in it—that's the worst of it; there'll never be any good in anything any more—we've murdered goodness. You're a different type of man from me."

"Thank Heaven!" The speaker took a long drink from his glass.

"For one thing, I am nearer the grave than you are; perhaps that's why I'm so much more disposed than you to think of what's beyond it. I never thought that I should go to the Judgment Seat with such a crime to answer for. I don't know what I shall say when I get there."

"If you don't stop talking like that, taking up that pose, you and I will quarrel."

"I'm not afraid of that, Walker; I'm inclined to wish that you and I had quarrelled before. Rather Dartmoor with Young than torment with you."

"Hutton, I can't think what's come to you; you used not to be this kind of man. You'll worry yourself into actual illness if you don't look out."

"I'm a sick man already—sick unto death."

Although they were unaware of the fact, I had become more absorbed in their conversation than in my lunch. I thought, as he said that, how he looked it. There was a quality in the coming shadow which seemed to be upon his face which went to my heart. His companion went on:—

"Of course, if it pleases you to feel like that, I can't help it, can I? Only let me give you a tip. You played a trick on George Young; don't you try to play a second on me. It won't benefit you to go to the Judgment Seat with two crimes to answer for."

"That's true. Don't I know it? That's what holds me in bonds. I'd have made a clean breast of things before this if I were the only one who would have to suffer."

The younger man regarded his companion fixedly, a savage something coming into the expression on his face.

"Hutton, we did this thing together, but the first suggestion came from you. If I thought that because of any sophistical nonsense, or because your digestion was out of order, you were meditating putting me where we put him, I'm not sure that I wouldn't kill you."

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"I wish you would kill me, Tom; if it weren't that you'd have to pay the penalty, I'd say do it at once. I dare not determine my own life, but—God forgive me for saying so—if someone would do it for me I'd be grateful."

His sincerity seemed to impress his younger companion, who looked at him as if seeking words with which to answer; then, as if finding none, he summoned the waiter, paid their joint bill, and rose from his chair.

They went out. They had got through their lunch in a very few minutes. Since their entry I had barely touched mine. I had, before I knew it, become a confidante in a tragedy in circumstances which had deprived me of the little appetite I had had. I sat with that old man's face in front of me long after they had gone.



"IF YOU DON'T STOP TALKING LIKE THAT YOU AND I WILL QUARREL."

For days afterwards I kept asking myself what was the nature of the tragedy which made that old gentleman so willing that his companion should kill him.

In the late summer of that year I went to a seaside town, which I will call Easthampton. I believed it to be an obscure hamlet, until on getting there I found it impossible to rent a bed and sitting-room, either for love or money. It seemed that every house in the place was crammed to the roof. When I had received the same answer for about the twentieth time, I asked the fly-man, who was taking me from one likely house to another, if there was still another he could think of.

"I can't say, miss, that there is—at least, there is a cottage in the fields about half a mile along the shore in which you might find accommodation; but I can't say that I know much in its favour."

There was something in his tone which, ordinarily, might have prompted me to ask him what he meant; but there was my box, and there was I, and neither of us wanted to go back to town. I told him to drive me to that cottage. It turned out to have just the accommodation I was looking for, and to be quite a charming cottage in itself. It was not overburdened with furniture, but there was all I needed, and the rooms were spotlessly clean. Then I liked the landlady; she was quite a pretty woman, possibly not more than twenty-six years old. She told me she had one child, a girl of six, and kept no servant, but did all the work herself.

I was never in more comfortable quarters. I had been threatened by one of those nervous collapses which do come to me when I have been overworked, and rest, comfort, and fresh

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air were the three things of which I had need. I found them all three at Laurel Cottage. And my landlady was a most charming person; no make-believe lady, but a very real one. She was very reticent. She told me that her name was Mrs. Vinton, and that she was a widow; her husband had been dead three years. Since she was practically my sole companion, I saw a good deal of her. Mine being the only sitting-room the house contained, I asked her to share it with me—she and her little girl.

I never met a woman who had a finer gift of silence. She would sit for hours and say nothing. Not because she had nothing to talk about; she was not only a highly-educated woman, but she had seen a great deal of the world. What cause she had for silence I could not tell.

One evening, as I was going to my room to change my blouse for dinner, the door of the bedroom which she shared with her small child was wide open. She was putting the maid to bed. The child, kneeling at her mother's knee, was about to say her prayers, and the mother, bending over, said to her:—

"I want you, Nellie, to pray for papa to-night very specially indeed; it's his birthday."

Tears fell from her eyes on to the child's fair hair. I had left my walking shoes downstairs and was moving very quietly; I suppose that was why she had not heard me come.

The very next day something else occurred. I made another intrusion on her confidence—I protest, quite unwillingly. It was when I was passing the kitchen-window, which, like the bedroom-door on the previous evening, was wide open. I could not help seeing that Mrs. Vinton was on her knees beside the kitchen-table, that she had a photograph in her hands, that tears were streaming down her cheeks, and that her lips were forming words.

"My dear, my dear! May the Lord God bless and keep you, and send you back to me before my heart is quite broken."

Plainly there was a skeleton in this lady's cupboard. Why did she say her husband was dead, if she prayed the Lord God to send him back to her? It struck me that if he were to come back to her before her heart was broken he would have to be pretty quick. That some secret grief was eating into her soul was pretty clear.

It was the following evening, after dinner. We were at my sitting-room window, looking out across the wheat-field which divided us from the sea. Although she had done her best to hide it, I felt pretty certain that she had been crying nearly all day long.

"If you are not careful, Mrs. Vinton, you will make yourself ill."

With this remark I broke a silence which was becoming almost painful. She started, and her cheeks were flushed.

"Why do you say that?" she asked, with startled eyes.

"Because it is so obvious. I wonder if you'll forgive me if I say something? Do you know that each of us has been keeping a secret from the other?"

"What do you mean?" Her surprise seemed to increase.

"The secret I have kept from you is that I have the gift of seeing what people say by merely watching their lips, even if they are speaking to themselves."

"I don't understand. How can you possibly do that?" Her eyes seemed to grow larger; they were very pretty eyes.

"The secret you have been keeping from me is that your husband is still alive."

I had done it then. She got off her chair with quite a jump.

"Miss Lee!"

I thought she was going to say things to me—pointed things; she would have been quite justified. What she actually did was to collapse in a sort of heap on to the floor, pillow her head on the seat of the chair on which she had been sitting, and burst into tears. It was my turn to be startled. Kneeling beside her on the floor, I put my hands on her shoulders, whispering:—

"I am so sorry to have intruded on your sufferings, but I could not help it. I would not have said a word about it, only I felt you were in such trouble, and I thought that I might help."

She stood up, the tears still streaming down her cheeks.

"I am ashamed of myself, Miss Lee. I have been ashamed ever since I told you I was a widow, and afraid because I knew you would find out. I suppose someone has been telling you something?"

"Not a word; all I know you have told me yourself."

I explained to her how that was. Her tears ceased to fall; the expression on her face was like a note of exclamation.

"You see, it is because of this gift I have of reading people's most secret thoughts—sometimes, as in your case, even against my will—that I thought I might be of some little

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help to you. That gift of mine has been of help to people now and then."

"I don't see how you can be of help to me. It's quite true, as you say, that my husband is alive; but he might as well be dead, because he's in prison."

She said it with what I dare say she meant to be an air of defiance; but even as she spoke she shuddered, and she put her hands up to her face.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vinton; I did not guess it was that way. Please forgive me. Still, perhaps I can be of help to you."

"My husband was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude; he has served three.



"SHE PILLOWED HER HEAD ON THE CHAIR AND BURST INTO TEARS."

In those circumstances I don't see what help you, a perfect stranger, can be to me. I had a little money when—when it happened, but it is nearly all gone. I thought to make a little by letting lodgings, but I have not made enough to pay the rent even of this cottage."

"I might at least be able to send you some lodgers."

"Do you think people will come and lodge with me when they know who I am? They whisper all sorts of things about me in Easthampton, I know. I don't suppose anyone knows the whole truth about me. I have done my best to hide it, but even as it is they shun me as if I were the plague."

I was at a loss for things to say, the situation being one for which I was so utterly unprepared. Presently she gave me unlooked-for help, while inflicting on me what was very like a snub.

"This is a subject, Miss Lee, on which you have forced my confidence—I am not sure quite fairly. Whether you go or stay, on one point there must be no misunderstanding: it is a subject on which you must never speak to me again. But before quitting it for ever, I should like to make myself clear to you on one matter: the jury found him guilty, the judge sent him to prison for fourteen years, the world thinks that punishment well merited—but I know that my husband is innocent."

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She turned to leave the room, but something made it impossible for me to let her go.

"Mrs. Vinton! One moment, please! Don't you see that if your husband is innocent that is just the point on which I might be able to help you?"

Again her manner was not encouraging.

"Help me? You? How can you help me? You will have to work a miracle to restore my husband to his former place among his fellow-men. Yet I tell you he is innocent."

"Even miracles may be worked. You say that he is innocent. I have sufficient confidence in your judgment, Mrs. Vinton——"

"My name is not Vinton; nor is my husband's—his name is George Young." I suppose it was because I started that she added: "Now you will probably adopt a different tone; in common with all the world, you held my husband to be guilty."

"I know nothing either of your husband's innocence or guilt. Nearly four years ago I left England for a long tour round the world. Your husband's trial must have taken place while I was away. If there was an account of it in any of the few English papers I saw during my absence I never read it."

"I saw you start when I said my husband's name was George Young. If you did not know it, why start as if you did?"

Her tone was suspicious, even resentful.

"You have heard how the mouse helped the lion," I said. "I honestly think it is within the range of possibility that I may be able to help you. You say your husband's name is George Young. Tell me about him. With what was he charged?"

Abandoning her intention of quitting the room, she had sunk upon a chair. Her words limped a little.

"My husband was managing clerk to a firm of solicitors. He was about to be made a partner when it was discovered that, among other things, a large number of securities which had been entrusted to his principals for safe keeping were missing. They were very fond of George, and for his sake as well as their own they did their best to try to conceal the facts in hope of restitution. There was a trust fund of rather more than twenty thousand pounds, of which they were custodians; when the trustees wanted the money it was gone. They charged George with taking it. Other charges were made against him in the course of the trial, but it was on that charge that he was found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude."

The story, told thus baldly, did not sound very lucid, but my thoughts were travelling in a direction of their own; they were in that railway refreshment-room in which two men were lunching at a little table next to mine.

"What was the name of the firm by which your husband was employed?"

"Hutton, Hutton, and Walker. Young Mr. Hutton had died some time before the discoveries were made. The firm consisted of old Mr. Hutton, the senior partner, and Mr. Walker."

"Was his name Thomas Walker, and did Mr. Hutton sometimes call him Tom?"

"You know the firm—or do you know Tom Walker? His name was Tom. I was almost engaged to him once, and should have been quite if George had not—well, you know."

A faint flush tinged her white cheeks. I wondered if that had had anything to do with the position Mr. Walker had taken up.

"Is Mr. Hutton a little man, all a bundle of nerves?"

"His nerves were strong enough before the trouble began; he was a very able man. His health broke down after it was over; he grew old all of a sudden. Now he is ill and, I believe, unhappy—at least, he says so. It seems to have been almost as great a trouble to him as to me. Once he found out where I was and came to see me; he was so changed that I hardly knew him. I cannot help thinking that he has my movements watched, because when I came here I not only concealed my address, but I changed my name. Yet the other day he wrote to me a curious, rambling letter, parts of which almost suggested that he was in his second childhood. He is at Torquay, and hints that he does not expect to leave it again alive."

"What is his address at Torquay? It is just possible that I may go and see him."

When she had given me old Mr. Hutton's address at Torquay, and had gone to bed that night, I was convinced that something like a gleam of hope had come into her life, the responsibility for which lay on me.

I went to Torquay the very next day, and a tedious journey it was. On arrival I put up at an hotel on the Strand, dined, spent a very dull evening, and went to bed. The next morning, when, waking up, I remembered where I was and what I was there for, I asked myself what on earth I was to do. However, I dressed and had breakfast, then went into the public gardens on the other side of the road, armed with a book and a newspaper.

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"I WATCHED, SO FAR AS I COULD, WHAT WAS BEING SAID BETWEEN THE TWO."

After I had had enough of reading I began to walk about. There were not many people in the gardens. There was an elderly woman alone on one seat, who was certainly an old maid, and a very old lady alone on the next, who looked as if she never could have been young, and on the third there was an old gentleman——

I stopped as I was approaching that old gentleman, suddenly conscious of a little catching of the breath. I had seen that old gentleman before—once; it was to see him a second time that I was there. He sat back in his seat, with his eyes closed; but not even the most unobservant could have supposed that he slept—there was a look upon his face which no sleeper ever has. He looked to me like a very sick man indeed—smaller than when I had seen him first, as if he had lost both flesh and vitality.

I was wondering whether or not to address him, and what method of address to employ, when I had another little shock of surprise. Someone else had entered the gardens—a tall, upstanding, quite young man. It was the square-faced man who had sat with the other at the adjoining table. He struck me as being the kind of man who does observe. I had an uncomfortable feeling that he had noticed me on what was likely to prove that momentous occasion. He eyed me as we passed each other, as if my face was not entirely unfamiliar, as if he were asking himself where he had seen it before.

He went one way, I the other. I had no doubt that he was making for the old man on the seat. Turning into a side-path upon the left, I turned again into another narrower path which ran parallel with the broad one I had left. I retraced my steps along it.

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Between the intervening shrubs and trees I could see the seats on the broader walk. When I came abreast of the one on which the old man had been sitting he was talking to the new-comer. A clump of rhododendrons was between us, high enough, unless particular search was made for a suspected presence, to serve as a screen. Standing as far back as I could without losing sight of the two men's faces, I made it serve as a screen for me, and I watched, so far as I could, what was being said between the two.

The younger man came up while the elder still had his eyes closed. He stood for a moment observing him, then he greeted him, "Good morning."

The old man opened his eyes, looking up at him as if he were not quite sure who he was; then he said:—

"It will never be a good morning to me again—never—never!"

The other smiled ironically.

"Isn't that rather a strong thing to say on a morning like this, when the sun's in a cloudless sky?"

"Nor will there be any sun again for me—ever; for me there is only outer darkness."

I could see from the look on the younger man's face that he sneered.

"Aren't you slightly melodramatic? Didn't you sleep well?"

"I have not slept well since the day on which George Young went to jail; his going murdered sleep. All night I lie in agony."

"You were saying the other day how you longed for something to give you sleep; here is something."

The speaker took out of a waistcoat-pocket a small blue phial, offering it to the old man on his open palm. The old man looked at the phial, and then up at the face of the person who offered it.

"What is it?"

"Mandragora."

"Will it give me sleep?"

"If you choose, sleep which will know no waking."

The two men exchanged looks—such strange ones; then the elder took with tremulous fingers the phial off the other's palm. Then, when he had got it, he shut his eyes again. The younger, without another word, left the gardens.

I waited. If I could help it I was not going to lose sight of the phial which was in the old man's hand. Presently an empty bath-chair came down the walk. The chairman, assisting the old man to enter, began to draw him away. I followed. They stopped at what I recognized to be the house in Belgrave Road which Mrs. Young had given me as Mr. Hutton's address. The old man entered the house leaning on the chairman's arm. I walked up the road, then back again.

Twenty minutes had elapsed since the old man entered. It was one of those lodging-houses in which the hall-door proper is never closed in the daytime. Turning the handle, I passed into the hall. I had noticed that the bath-chairman had led the old gentleman into a room on the left. After momentary hesitation I turned the handle of that room and, without any sort of ceremony, passed in. It was, as I had expected, a sitting-room. There was a big arm-chair on one side. On this, propped up by cushions, was the old man. I perceived in an instant that my intuition had not been at fault, that I was only just in time. He had a small blue phial in his hand; the cork was out; he was in the very act of raising it to his lips. I crossed the room, and it was in my hand almost before he knew it. There was no label on the phial, but one sniff at its contents was enough to tell me what it was.

"Do you imagine, Mr. Hutton, that by committing suicide you'll escape the consequences of crime? That when you stand before the Judgment Seat you'll be able to excuse yourself by pleading that you murdered yourself because you had murdered another?"

He stared at me as if I were some supernatural visitant; his jaw dropped open, his head fell back, he was one great tremble. I went on:—

"When you allowed George Young to be sent to prison for the crime of which you were guilty, you practically committed murder; you slew the better part of him, his character and reputation—to say nothing of the unceasing torture which you propose to inflict on him for fourteen long years. Conscience has you by the throat; God punishes in this world as well as the next. Do you think this will save you from the wrath to come?"

I alluded to the phial. He stammered out a question:—

"Who are you?"

"I am the voice of the avenging angel, calling you to account for the evil you have done and still would do. You foolish old man! Are you so ignorant as not to know that only through repentance comes forgiveness? Repent—there is still time—and God's infinite mercy will give you peace at last."

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He gasped; I thought every moment he would collapse.

"If I only thought it! If I only could believe it!"

"Surely your own common sense must tell you that there is at least more chance that way than this?" I held out the phial.

"I do not know who you are, where you come from, what you want with me; but—if I only could believe that by doing what you say—I could be at peace again with God and man!"

He did believe before I had done with him, or, if his faith was not so perfect as it might have been, he did as I wished. He made a complete confession of the whole painful business. I wrote down every word he said. Then I read over to him what I had written; the landlady was called in, and in her presence and mine he signed it.

When I was alone again with Mr. Hutton I was struck by what I have noticed on other occasions—that there is some truth in the saying that "open confession is good for the soul." Confession had done him good—visible and obvious good; he owned as much. His tongue once unloosed, he became positively loquacious. He told me many things about himself which enabled me to understand the situation better than the bare outlines of the formal confession he had just now made.

His son had been the thief, his only child. When detection threatened, to escape punishment he had poisoned himself. How he had obtained the poison remained a mystery. And not only so, the tragedy had been handled in such a fashion as to make it appear that George Young had been to blame for it. At the trial certain evidence was produced that made it seem that he had been Young's victim; that he was of such a sensitive nature that, rather than face what must be the result of George Young's villainy, he preferred to die. As I heard this part of the tale I thought of the phial which had been given to the old man, and I drew my own conclusion.

When I left Mr. Hutton I returned to my hotel, to find a telegram awaiting me. It was in answer to one I had sent while I had been following that bath-chair. I smiled as I read it; I glanced at the clock—and I thought I saw my campaign finished. I had learnt from Mr. Hutton where Mr. Thomas Walker was staying; he was in a house in the higher part of the town, which belonged to a relative of his, and of which, in his relative's absence, he was, with the exception of some sort of servant, the only occupant. About a quarter to four, at which time the London express reaches Torquay, I went to call at Mr. Thomas Walker's, leaving at my hotel a note for a person whom I told them I presently expected.

The address the old man had given me was Tormohan, Ilsham Road. Any idea I might have had of introducing myself to Mr. Walker as I had done to Mr. Hutton vanished directly I saw what kind of place Tormohan was. It was shut off from the main road on which it stood by a high wall. Admission was gained by a gate which opened on what was presumably some sort of passage. The way to get that gate to open was to pull at the old-fashioned bell which hung beside it. I pulled; when nothing particular happened I pulled again. I pulled four times before the door was opened a few inches, and the square-faced man looked through the opening. Rather an odd dialogue took place, which I commenced:—

"Mr. Thomas Walker?"

"Who are you? What do you want?"

"I wish to see you on very important business, and my name is Judith Lee."

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"It is possible; but I think I shall be able to satisfy you when you have allowed me to enter."

He opened the door just wide enough to allow me to enter, and I went in; the moment I was in he closed it. We were, as I had expected, in a sort of passage covered with a glass roof. He led the way to the house; I followed. We passed through another door, which this time was opened by turning a handle. We went into a dark hall, and then into a room at the back which was shadowed by a big tree, which grew nearly up to the window. When we were in the room he eyed me with what I felt were inquiring glances.

"Did I understand you to say that you are Miss Lee? On what business, which is of such great importance, do you wish to see me? I should have told you, if you had not said your business was so very important, that I was alone in the house; the woman who acts as servant is out, which explains why you were kept waiting at the door and why I answered your ring myself."

The thought of the innocent man, despairing, desperate with a sense of wrong, wearing his life out within the prison walls, which must seem to him like some hideous, mocking, unending nightmare, and of the woman, young, pretty, gentle, delicate, refined, with her white face, hopeless eyes, broken heart, longing with a longing which she knew never would be

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gratified for the beloved husband of whom she had been so foully and cruelly bereft—these rose before me, moving me to sudden rage, so that I broke into language which amazed Mr. Thomas Walker.

"The business which has brought me here is to tell you that you are a contemptible, cowardly, murderous scoundrel, and that the hour is struck in which your sins are going to find you out. That, in the first place."

He stared as if he wondered if I were mad; then he smiled oddly.

"That, in the first place. And in the second?"

"In the second, I am going to enter into details, by way of recalling certain facts to your recollection." Then I jumped at my fences without stopping to consider what was on the other side. "How many years ago is it since you began to incite young Frank Hutton to rob his father?"

At that he did change countenance; I had found a safe landing on the other side of the fence.

"What on earth are you talking about? Who are you, and what do you want with me?"

"You taught Frank Hutton to be a thief; in a small way at the beginning, on a large scale later on. You shared his ill-gotten spoils; yet, when detection threatened, you so played upon his fears that you induced him to commit suicide, in order to escape the consequences of what were more your misdeeds than his. Did you, a lawyer, forget that when A assists B in committing suicide A is guilty of murder? When you put the poison within Frank Hutton's reach, knowing perfectly well the use he was about to make of it, you committed murder; for that murder the law is presently going to call you to account."

The way in which he looked at me! I already began to suspect that his fingers were itching to take me by the throat. He merely said:—

"Is that so? May I ask from what quarter you have acquired the facts on which you base your rather surprising observations?"

The feeling was growing momentarily stronger in me that this man was one of those unspeakable creatures who are dangers to whoever they are brought in contact with.

"Not content with destroying young Frank Hutton, soul and body, to cover your own offences, you proceeded to wreck his father's happiness and to lead him into crime. You lied to him about his son; you were so skilful as to be able to make him believe that his boy was the sole offender, and then, pretending that it was your desire to spare him shame, you put it into his head to lay the burden upon an innocent man. You were so skilful as to make it seem that the suggestion came from himself and not from you. You unutterable thing!"

This time when I paused he said nothing. I was aware that he was all the more dangerous on that account.

"You made black seem white; you manufactured false evidence; you lied, and lied, and lied—and George Young was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. Thief, murderer, liar, you have succeeded in doing that! I have no doubt you hoped that you were safe at last, you short-sighted fool! The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine—your sort they grind to powder. You are already being slipped between the stones; your course has run."

The grimace which distorted his face was rather a grin than a smile as he asked:—

"In the name of all that's marvellous, from what mad-house have you been permitted to escape?"

"When you planned that grand *coup*, putting the onus of all your guilt upon an innocent man and shutting him up for fourteen awful years, you overlooked one small point: that all men are not devils, that to some is given the saving grace of repenting their sins. And so poor a judge of character are you that you were unaware that your own partner, your first victim's unhappy father, was one of them. From the moment he sinned he began to repent."

He interrupted me, speaking, for the first time, savagely.

"Have you been talking to old Hutton? Has he been coaching you in this tissue of nonsense?"

As before, I left his questions unanswered; I simply went on.

"Fortunately for himself, your partner was one of those who cannot know happiness unless his conscience is clear and he is at peace with God. Better be whipped in this world than through all eternity. You had his son in your mind. By inciting him to self-murder you believed yourself to have escaped one danger. You hoped, by inducing the father to imitate his son, you would escape another. To-day—only a very little while ago—you murdered him."

His skin became livid, his lips trembled, words stuck in his throat, fear touched his heart.

"What—what do you mean?"

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I believe he meant to say more, but could not. He shrank back from me as if in physical terror. I gave him no quarter. I held out my right hand, palm uppermost. On it was the small blue phial.

"Do you recognize that?"

He looked at it as if it were some dreadful thing; again he stammered his question:—

"What—what do you mean?"

"This morning I saw you give that phial to your partner, Michael Hutton. He has long had it in his mind to escape from the weight of remorse which has made life intolerable to him, as you are well aware. I saw you give him this phial a few hours ago in the public gardens. He said to you,



"HE HAD ME BY THE THROAT BEFORE I HAD EVEN REALIZED THAT DANGER THREATENED."

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'What is it?' You replied, 'Mandragora.' He asked, 'Will it give me sleep?' You said, 'If you choose, sleep which will know no waking.' You let him take the phial between his shaking fingers, and you walked off, knowing that you had left death behind you."

There was a momentary silence; he cast shifty glances round him, as if he sought on every side some way of escape, finding none. Presently he asked, moistening his parched lips with the tip of his tongue before he was able to pronounce his words:—

"Is—is old Hutton dead?"

"Do not imagine that that will profit you. He made complete confession. The whole story is set down in black and white, signed by his own hand. This phial will avail you nothing."

Suddenly I realized that he was eyeing the tiny glass bottle with a new expression in his glance.

"I don't believe it's empty." He said it almost as if he were speaking to himself. He drew closer. "I don't believe the contents have been touched."

He made a sudden grab at the phial; I withdrew it just in the nick of time. There was the sound of an unmusical bell.

"Who is that?" he asked.

I said: "Had you not better go to the door and see?"

He looked at me. I suppose he saw something on my face which set his own thoughts travelling.

"Is it someone for you?"

"It is someone for you—at last!"

"Is that so? Someone for me—at last."

He stopped; there was silence. The bell rang again. I was just about to suggest again that he should go and see who was at the outer door when—he leaped at me. And I was unprepared. He had me by the throat before I had even realized that danger threatened. I was to blame; I ought to have been on my guard. As it was, so swift were his movements, so strong his grip, that I was already finding it hard to breathe before I had a chance to pull myself together.

I am a woman, but no weakling. I have always felt it my duty to keep my body in proper condition, trying to learn all that physical culture can teach me. I only recently had been having lessons in jiu-jitsu—the Japanese art of self-defence. I had been diligently practising a trick which was intended to be used when a frontal attack was made upon the throat. His preoccupation, his insensate rage, his unpreparedness, which was even greater than mine had been—these things were on my side. Even as, I dare say, he was thinking that I was already as good as done for, I tried that trick. His fingers released my throat, and he was on the floor without, I fancy, understanding how he got there. I doubt if there ever was a more amazed man. When he began to realize what had happened he gasped up at me—he was still on the floor: "You—you——"

While he was still endeavouring to find adjectives sufficiently strong to fit the occasion the inspector for whose attendance I had telegraphed to Scotland Yard came into the room. In the note I had left at the hotel I told him to follow me at once, and if he was not able to obtain instant admission to the house, then he was to use means of his own to get in quickly. I had had a premonition that I might have trouble with Mr. Thomas Walker. The inspector had some skeleton-keys in his pocket which had once been part of a skilful burglar's outfit; when there came no answer to his ringing he promptly opened the front-door with them.

Mr. Thomas Walker understood what the new-comer's presence meant; he needed no explanation. In the struggle I had dropped the blue phial, a fact which he realized quicker than I did. Before I knew it had fallen he, still on the floor, had snatched it, had the cork out, was putting the bottle to his lips.

"Stop him!" I cried. "It's poison!"

I cried too late; before we could reach him he had emptied the phial. He was dead, as quickly as if he had been struck by lightning. The phial had contained sufficient cyanide of potassium to kill fifty men. The death he had meant for his partner was his instead.

The following morning I returned to Easthampton. I had told myself, more than once, what a foolish person I was to meddle in such unpleasant matters, which were no concern of mine; but when I explained to Mrs. Young what had happened, and saw the look which came upon her face as she listened and began to understand, I was not so sure that I had been foolish after all.

Representations were made to the authorities. Michael Hutton's confession was placed before them, together with certain facts which came to light when examination was made of Thomas Walker's papers. George Young was pardoned—for what he had never done. Old Mr. Hutton was arrested; he died before the magistrate's examination was concluded. It was found that he had made a will by which all he possessed was left to the man he had so cruelly injured.

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Artists' Opinions on Ladies' Dress.

The photographs in this article, numbered 1 to 6, were submitted to certain well-known portrait painters, whose opinion was asked as to how these dresses appeal to the artistic eye, and which of them they would prefer to paint. They were also asked to state whether, in their opinion, the artist of the present day has the same opportunities with regard to the costumes of his sitters as the great portrait painters of the past, some of whose works are given for purposes of comparison. Our lady readers will be pleased to find that, on the whole, the dresses of to-day compare favourably with those of any former period.



ELEONORA DE TOLEDO—BY BRONZINO.
From a Photograph by Alinari.



"LA BELLA"—BY TITIAN.
From a Photograph by Hanfstaengl.



MARIANA OF AUSTRIA—BY VELAZQUEZ.
From a Photograph by Hanfstaengl.

Mr. H. DE T. GLAZEBROOK.

RUSKIN held the opinion that no portrait was really worth painting unless the sitter was beautifully dressed. And with this dictum I am rather inclined to agree, for, although the styles generally worn to-day may not be quite so gorgeous as those of mediæval times, it is my personal opinion that artists of to-day have equal opportunities of making beautiful pictures in modern dress with painters of days gone by.

Past a doubt some of the old Court painters produced wonderfully effective dresses in their portraits, but as the very nature of their "positions" practically compelled them to flatter their Royal sitters—and to flatter them more than a little—it occurs to me that they probably felt that they must allow their artistic talent a particularly free hand when dealing with the sitter's dress as well as her face.

As far as I am personally concerned, I have no particular choice of period,

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and I would as lief paint modern costume portraits as those of any other time, for I believe in painting what one sees around one every day.

Of the many pretty dresses here shown, I should prefer to paint Nos. 1, 2, and 3, in the order named. In dealing with No. 1, I may, perhaps, be allowed to state that I should also like the model to have red hair and a complexion suggesting paleness, for the simple reason that too dark a type of sitter would, I think, probably clash somewhat with the style of the dress and coat shown in that illustration. Photograph No. 2 suggests a charming gown for a young girl, and this picture and photograph No. 3 are obviously designed for two opposite types of wearer.

In conclusion, I should like to say that the illustrations as a whole all appeal to me as being in excellent taste and, from an artist point of view, extremely picturesque.

Mr. J. LAVERY, A.R.A.

As an expression of personal opinion, I feel quite convinced that old-time artists would undoubtedly have produced pictures of equal merit to those which helped to gain them their reputation had they been set to paint subjects dressed in fashions that are the vogue to-day, for modern dress most certainly possesses many attractive "features" from an artist's point of view, and, in addition, presents opportunities for artistic treatment that have been equalled by few periods of fashion.

Were I to dress a model in modern fashion I should ask for nothing better than some of the styles depicted in the attractive photographs shown in this article, of which Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 strike me as being particularly pleasing. No. 3 is certainly a most "paintable" dress, as I know by experience, for quite recently I received sittings in Paris from a lady who wore a gown



PRINCESS MARIA LUISE DE TASSIS—BY VAN DYCK.
From a Photograph by Hanfstaengl.



THE HON. MRS. GRAHAM—BY GAINSBOROUGH.
From a Photograph by Hanfstaengl.



MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR—BY BOUCHER.
From a Photograph by Hanfstaengl.

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1.
From a Photograph by Schneider.

similar in almost every detail to that shown there, and, curiously enough, I selected that costume as being most likely to make an effective dress for me to deal with on canvas.

Apart from what I might almost call personal associations with the costume shown in photograph No. 3, I really think that Nos. 2 and 1 should have preference over this style. Of the two I am inclined to think that I should prefer to paint the latter, for the cloak produces some graceful lines that frame the gorgeous material of the dress in a most appealing manner.

As a final expression of opinion, may I add that I consider that the lot of a portrait painter would be a more enviable one than it is were all his sitters to select costumes as artistic and pleasing as those shown in this article, which cannot fail, I think, to prove of very great interest to women who study the dress question, and what woman does not?

Mr. WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

I am inclined to think that present-day fashions offer opportunities at least equal for artistic treatment to those of any time, and I have no manner of doubt that the genius of the old masters would have shown itself as thoroughly capable of dealing with modern styles as it dealt with the particular fashions in vogue when they painted their masterpieces.

As a matter of personal inclination, I should ask for nothing better than to be called upon to paint some such subjects as are shown in the illustrations put before me. Were I to have to dress a model in modern costume I might say, too, that I should certainly go to the heads of

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some well-known fashionable firms to select a suitable design, for the originators of such designs are in every respect really clever "artists" in their own particular walk of life, and thus I should feel quite prepared to "stand on" the judgment of such specialists.

Which costume appeals to me most? On the whole, I feel disposed to select photograph No. 1, for the graceful line of the cloak adds greatly to the effect of the picture as a whole, while its soft folds offer still further scope for artistic treatment. I feel bound to say, however, that, on the whole, all the other styles shown in the photographs also strike me as being in excellent taste, though in dealing with such styles as those shown in photographs Nos. 4, 6, and 5 particular care would have to be taken if the models were standing — which they should not be — not to make the picture too much like a fashion-plate. Photographs Nos. 3 and 2 both lend themselves to the painter's art, and really I have seldom seen a collection of dresses more suited to help a portrait painter to give of his best work.



2. *From a Photograph by Reutlinger.*

Mr. G. SPENCER WATSON.

The query as to whether artists of the present day have opportunities equal to those of the past, I am inclined to answer in the affirmative.

The dresses shown in photographs Nos. 1, 2, and 3 strike me as being particularly well suited to the wearers, though, speaking purely as an artist, I should in each case prefer to have seen the subjects seated, for the general effect in

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each picture would then have been rendered "softer."

It seems to me that the chief trouble in dealing with fashions in dress of long years ago largely lies in the fact that we present-day mortals only know them through the eyes of artists who depicted them on canvas in their own day. And so, actually, how can one form any definite opinion that the general mass of the people in their time were in any way more picturesquely dressed than are we to-day? To form any really sound opinion on such a subject, I am sure it is necessary to see the depicted dresses worn by living flesh and blood.

However, as we are used to modern costume, and as women to-day seem to possess the knowledge of how to wear their clothes to the best advantage, and would probably fail utterly if called upon to exhibit the styles of the past to equal advantage, I cannot help thinking that a present-day artist has at least equal chances with the masters of old.

Mr. RICHARD JACK.

I scarcely think that present-day fashions are as picturesque as those of most other periods, although I feel bound to state that the photographs here shown are in every respect quite charming. The old fashions, which included frills and ruffles, were, perhaps, more pronounced in character than are the various fashions of to-day, but they could, I think, be more readily adapted to the individual wearer. To-day, unfortunately, there would seem to be a too-faithful and slavish following by the majority of wearers of some particular phase of dress which is, as a matter of actual fact, probably only really suitable to certain types of faces and figures.



3.

From a Photograph by Schneider.

"What will suit one woman in every way will almost make a Guy Fawkes of another," is an up-to-date version of an old-time saying which

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the fair sex as a whole, I think, might certainly always bear in mind—with advantage to themselves. For example, take photograph No. 2 and imagine for an instant the costume there shown being worn by a big and generously-developed woman! The result would most certainly be far from pleasing, and yet it is an undoubted fact that many such women would not hesitate for a single instant to dress themselves in such a style after seeing this picture, in which obviously the dress suits a slightly-built wearer to perfection.

Of the styles here shown I should personally prefer to paint No. 1, which strikes me as being particularly attractive, in that the whole effect does not appear too obviously to belong to any particular period. I must also have a good word to say about photographs Nos. 3 and 2, for both strike me as being likely to make attractive features, although, by the same token, I should like both photographs more were the models seated.



4.
From a Photograph by Schneider.

If only women of to-day would think intelligently for themselves before choosing their dresses, and would have a care to avoid unsuitable extremes in styles, I have little doubt that present-day fashions would be as "all-roundly" artistic as any other period. I fear, however, that the opinion of an artist on such a subject as this will carry but little weight with women when they find themselves confronted with the dictum of the head of a fashionable dressmaking firm.

Mr. F. CADOGAN-COWPER, A.R.A.

My personal opinion is that modern dress is far too meaningless to be really artistic — I am speaking, of course, from the strictest definition of the word —and I cannot help thinking that it would be necessary to go back at least thirty or forty

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years to trace any scheme of costume which could justly be said to have had any really sound foundation of idea in its conception.

In the Middle Ages the materials used in dress fabrication were far fewer—and probably considerably finer—than is now the case, and dresses, too, were built up by the blending of merely one or two materials into a harmonious whole, the main motive of which was worked out to result in graceful, flowing lines. To-day, however, the general run of dressmakers seem prepared to crowd silk upon silk and lace upon serge without—ostensibly—having any particular reason for so doing. Still, I feel that modern dress could probably be made quite artistic, though this result could perhaps only be attained by following a fixed idea which is certainly not usually a common policy these days, for when a dress has a frill here, a bow there, and some extra trimming somewhere else, without there being any apparent reason for these additions to appear in the scheme at all, the result seems to me to be doomed to failure from an artistic point of view.

It will be seen, therefore, that, in my humble opinion, artists of the past held better opportunities for dealing with contemporary women's dress than do those of to-day, though I still feel considerable doubt as to which period in history presented the best opportunity for immortalizing dress on canvas.



5.
From a Photograph by Schneider.

To select from the photographs placed before me, I would add that, were I to choose a modern dress to paint from, my selection would fall upon photograph No. 2, for the simple reason that here we have a simple and tasteful dress, the sleeves and trimming of which are in strict harmony with the remaining effects of the costume. Photograph No. 1 also strikes me as possessing not a few good points, and is, in my opinion, by far the most attractive of the gowns shown in the various illustrations.

Mr. J. H. F. BACON, A.R.A.

In dealing with dress in its various periods it is difficult indeed to come to any satisfactory conclusion as to which particular style presents, or has presented, the best opportunities to contemporary artists. My own experience alone goes to prove this, for

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6.
From a Photograph by Schneider.

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some years ago I should most certainly have considered that the dresses worn about the year 1840 were certainly not "too attractive," and yet, when it so happened that I came to dress a pretty model in this style, I remember the thought crossing my mind, "Well, now, I do not wonder for an instant that men ran off with girls in those days when their parents failed to regard them in the light of eligible suitors," for the effect struck me as being particularly alluring.

As far as old-time masters are concerned, I can only say that it seems to me that if an artist has the necessary "touch" to produce a great picture, he could do so in almost any period, though I must add that I have a personal feeling that certain types of modern fashion lend themselves as readily to artistic reproduction on canvas as those of any other kind.

To give my opinion on the various illustrations I find myself confronted with, I may say that photographs Nos. 1, 2, and 3 strike me as being very, very charming—I select them in the order named—and I may add that I feel that it would be hard indeed to find a more "paintable" effect than that suggested by the style shown in the first of these illustrations.

For a young girl, "a woman in chrysalis form," photograph No. 2 is charmingly simple. I feel bound to add, however, that the fashion there shown could only possibly be worn to the best advantage by a girl with a figure as willowy and graceful as that of the wearer of the dress shown in the photograph. "So many women, so many fashions in dress," is a trite saying which many members of the fair sex all too frequently overlook.

Mr. BYAM SHAW.

Speaking strictly from an artistic point of view, I do not think that any one particular period of dress can be said to claim any real advantage over any other period. Thus, artists of the past were probably of the opinion that the fashions of the particular period in which they happened to live were perfectly hideous—I am thinking at the moment mainly of the mid-Victorian period—and yet, all the same, even in these so-called advanced days a large section of the public have, seemingly, a decided weakness for crinolines; indeed, recent precedent would suggest that a crinoline play has only to be produced to prove an instantaneous success.

As I view the matter, it occurs to me that it is quite probable that the dresses of to-day possess the advantage of giving a better idea of the figure of the wearer than those of most other times, and, this being so, it is obviously merely a question of the artist possessing the requisite art to enable him to produce a really artistic picture of a wearer garbed in any style of fashion.

Confining my attention to the dresses shown here, I may say that I prefer photograph No. 5 to any of the others, although most of them possess distinct merit. In my opinion the actual type of dress worn does not make a great deal of difference to a picture, always providing that the artist takes an artistic view of things.

Mr. ELLIS ROBERTS.

It is my decided opinion that the leading artists of any period would be successful with modern dress, for surely it would be bordering on treason to suggest that men possessed of the genius of Van Dyck, Romney, or Reynolds, to cite a few well-known names, could fail to produce beautiful effects on canvas, no matter how greatly their artistic inclinations might be hampered by the particular style of costume selected by their sitters.

Personally, I prefer to paint modern dress in preference to any other period, although I must confess to sometimes experiencing no small amount of difficulty in dealing to the best advantage with tight and straight-hanging skirts, which I frequently find can only be made "paintable" by the addition of artistic drapery of some kind.

To turn to the exceedingly attractive photographs shown in this article, I feel bound to say at once that No. 1 appeals to me as providing the most paintable and artistic dress. Thus, the cloak is certainly a most welcome addition from the standpoint of an artist, and were some such drapery added to photograph No. 2 to relieve the extreme "deadness" between the waist and knee, I should have the greatest difficulty in choosing between the two pictures.

Naturally, I do not mean that a fur evening cloak should be added to a summer dress. All I wish to point out is that if the wearer in photograph No. 2 had happened to be seated, and also to have had, say, a long scarf drawn across her knees, the effect would prove of great assistance to an artist endeavouring to show off the sitter to the best advantage.

Let me hasten to add that I make no doubt that all the other dresses shown in the illustrations are excellent—in their own way—as dresses, but all the same, from a portrait painter's point of view, photograph No. 4 and photograph No. 2 must be put on one side owing to the obvious difficulty of dealing with the long, straight lines extending from the waist downwards. Again, No. 6 must be ruled out of order on account of the effect of the dress being so markedly "slit up" into three distinct sections that it seems to me that the eye of the beholder would almost inevitably be attracted at once to the pattern on the lowest portion of the skirt, with the result that the face, which, after all, is the principal feature of the portrait, would not improbably be largely overlooked, in which case—well, really, an artist might just as well paint a lay figure.

As far as the other photographs are concerned, No. 3 appeals to me as possessing many good points, and if I had to "place the first three" this picture would occupy third place on my list, though here, again, I should prefer to paint the wearer sitting down.

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The Marriage Plate.

By "OUIDA."

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

The following story possesses an interest apart from its own. It was written by "Ouida" many years ago, but for some reason or other was never published. The manuscript remained in the hands of a friend, who has now placed it at our disposal. It is a most characteristic story, which exhibits all "Ouida's" well-known powers of description, and also the passionate love of animals which is so often conspicuous in her writings. This little story might be called a companion to "A Dog of Flanders."



T was a very old plate, old as the hills, or so the people thought; one of those round plates with a circular well in the centre to hold sweetmeats, which were called marriage plates in the old time, and were painted for brave bridal festivities by Maestri Giorgio and Orazio Fontana and all their lesser brother artists. It was curiously painted in polychrome, like most of these plates, with a scriptural theme, the nuptials of Rebecca and of Isaac; all the personages were in sixteenth-century garb, and the whole was brilliant with those iridescent hues, those reflections as of mother-of-pearl and of gold, of which these early artists had the mastery, and a motto ran round its outer rim in black letters, and the bridegroom offered to his bride a shield emblazoned with many gorgeous quarterings and the coronet of a duke.

It hung framed in a round, worm-eaten bit of wood on a rusty nail amongst the dried herbs and the kitchen ware in the house of Giudetta Bernaceo, and it was an article of faith with Giudetta and all her kith and kin that it must never be touched or woe would come; dust all round they might, but touch it never. That it brought good luck hanging there, and would bring evil if removed, they believed as devoutly as they did in their priest and their saint. Giudetta would cross herself sometimes when she looked at the plate as if it were a *pietà*. It brings good fortune, she would always say. She was over eighty years of age. "I have lived to bring up 'Faello," she would say, and think all mercies of Heaven comprised in that phrase. 'Faello (Raffaelle) was her great-grandson, the only male left of her stock, though a tribe of his little sisters had clustered round the soup-pot and grown up with him—rosy, vigorous little maidens, strong as donkeys, and useful indoors and out, as Tuscan country girls always are from their infancy.

'Faello was now a youth of eighteen, handsome and robust, honest and brave, and the obedient right hand of his great-grandmother. Their cottage stood on a wind-swept hill just underneath Impruneta; their sole wealth was two mules and a cart, and their means of livelihood came from carrying to and from the city the earthen vases and pots for which Impruneta is famous.

'Faello was a proud, silent boy, serious and steady, and loved his grandmother, his young sisters, and his dog Pastore.

Perhaps in his heart he put Pastore first. Pastore was one of the beautiful, tractile sheep-dogs of the country, dogs that would adorn a palace and might lie on a queen's robes, dogs that are the very *beau ideal* of their race—brave, gentle, generous, and full of grace.

Whatever the season, one of the mules and 'Faello and Pastore went down the long, stony, steep hill every day together. For it was only so they could keep the soup-pot full and the wolf from the door. The wolf was terribly near sometimes, especially when the fresh grist-tax came, and the hand of the State

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snatched at the bread of the poorest poor. But the wolf never came quite in. "It is the blessed marriage plate," said Giudetta. "It is the mules and me," thought 'Faello, and then was afraid the thought was wicked, for he was a reverential and dutiful lad. A handsome lad, too, as Giudetta thought proudly, when she looked at him in his clean saint's-day shirt with a flower behind his ear and the sun in his large brown eyes and on his gleaming auburn locks.

Then, one day, old Giudetta died almost suddenly, as the very old do, like the low flame of a lamp that is spent. She was sitting on her settle by the fire at Cippo (Christmastide), and fell back never to rise again. As 'Faello caught her and the terrified children clustered round she lifted her trembling finger to the wall where the marriage plate hung.

"Never move it," she muttered; "never move it. Promise."

"I promise," murmured 'Faello, paralyzed with the awe of that strange look which he saw on her face, and which yet he did not know was death.

Giudetta nodded her head, and her



"'NEVER MOVE IT,' SHE MUTTERED; 'NEVER MOVE IT, PROMISE.'"

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hands clasped and moved feebly about her rosary of wooden beads. Then she opened her eyes with effort and struggled to speak.

"Unless the dear God were to wish it," she said. She was afraid to seem to wish what God did not. And that moment, as 'Faello kissed her, she died: one of the innumerable, simple, cleanly, honest, toil-some lives of pain and love that are swept away like the dead leaves by the winds in autumn.

'Faello was eighteen on the morrow. He had been born on Christ's day. All night long he sobbed in his rough bed. The next night the body was borne up the hill to its grave, the children bearing the torches that blew about in the chill, windy air and shed their red gleam on the snow.

On the morrow he rose and harnessed the mule. The poor have no time for the luxury of grief. Without the brave old lady's spirit in his home, 'Faello felt lost.

The little there was he and his sisters inherited. The cottage they rented, but the things in it, the cart and the mules, were their own. Candida and Venia, the two elder girls, were old enough to keep things as they had been.

Pastore loved them all with that infinite forgiving tenderness of which dogs and a few women are capable. They were good to him. He very often, indeed, had not enough to eat, but then they themselves had not either. They were very gentle with him, and he lived in the house as one of them, seeing his brethren beaten, kicked, starved, chained, and left out in the bitter snowstorms of the winter nights. Pastore thought his home was heaven.

And 'Faello loved him with a great love. Whenever he had had a holiday in any of the nine years since Pastore first had come to him, a round ball of white wool three months old, Pastore had been his playmate and comrade in preference to any other.

And there was a maiden—just the last month or two—who had looked at him as he passed her, not furtively, as did the others, but openly, yet sweetly, with clear blue eyes that made him think of the Madonnas in the King's galleries down in the city. He had never spoken to her, or would have thought of speaking to her. She was the daughter of one of the master potters whose huge red amphoræ he bore down into Florence, and she had but lately come from a convent, where she had been reared and taught delicate handiworks. She was as far removed from him as if she had been a noble's daughter; still he loved to think of her—as he thought of the saints. That was all.

Once she had patted Pastore. 'Faello had kissed Pastore where her hand had rested, and then had coloured—foolishly.

Now, in this sweet spring weather, when these sweet blue eyes glanced at him one day and ever afterwards he saw them in the blue of the sky above and the blue of the gentians down by the brook, a sore trouble fell upon him. One of his mules died, and a little later the other broke its leg and had to be slain on the road. It was almost as great a loss to 'Faello as if his own feet had been hewn off; without his mules his power of working was gone. He had no money to buy another. He had to hire a mule, but the day's hire almost swallowed up the day's wage. The soup-pot was almost empty, or only simmered with a few herbs and a little parsley in the water. 'Faello himself only ate bread, and as little of that as he could, that he might not send Pastore starving to bed.

One day—a saint's day, when he was at home—a man came by, and, asking for a draught of drink, said, "I think you have a curious old plate. May I see it?"

"Surely," said 'Faello, and pointed at it on the wall.

The man was about to take it down, but 'Faello stopped him. "You must not do it. We never touch it."

"Never touch it?" said the man, not comprehending, and got leave to light a lamp-wick and look at it. "It is odd and old. I will give you five francs for it," he said, as he blew the light out.

'Faello answered, "It is not to be sold."

"Nonsense!" said the man. "It is of no use hanging there. Say ten."

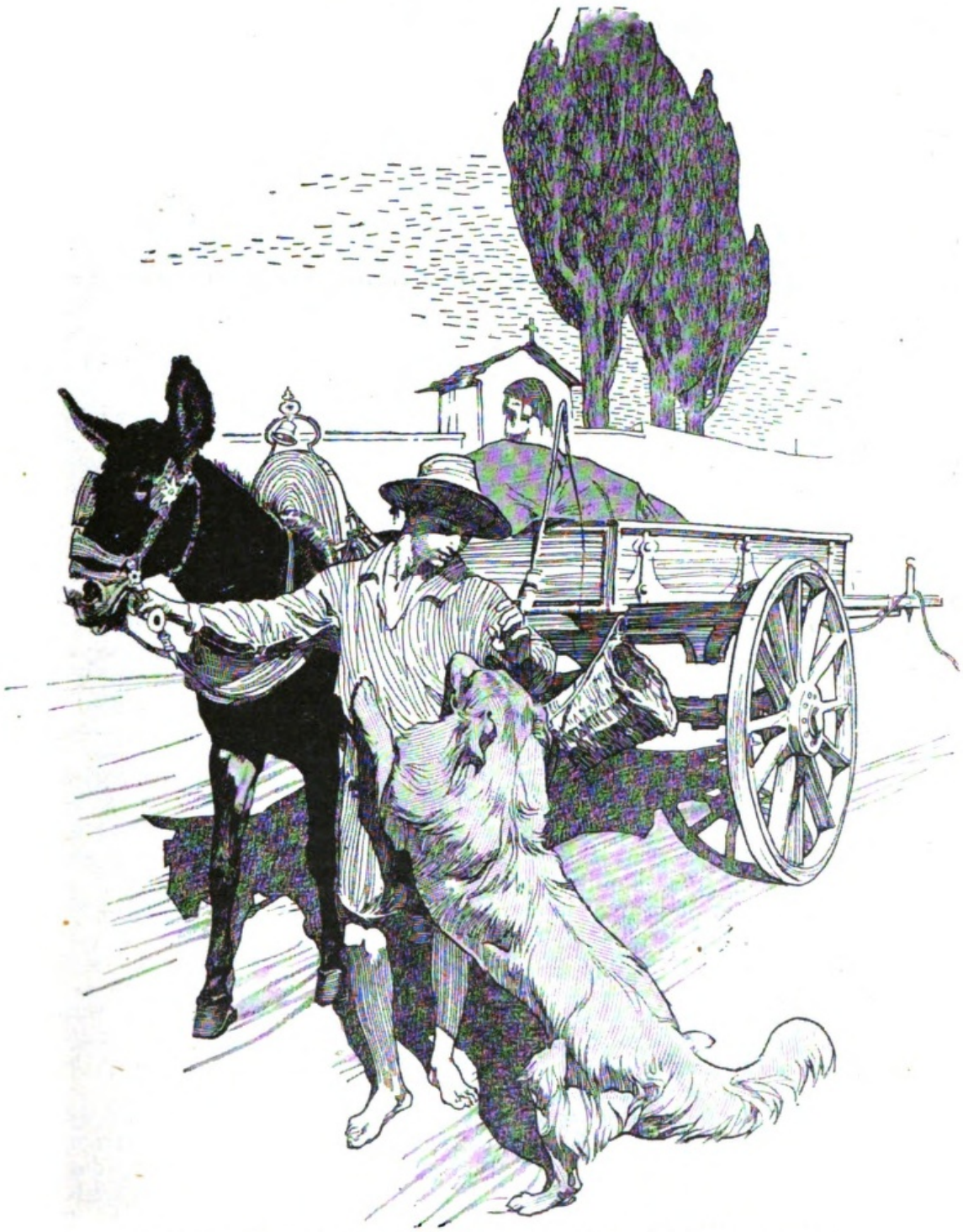
'Faello shook his head. The man slowly bid twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty, and so on, till, in half an hour's time, he reached two hundred francs. "Two hundred francs!" 'Faello shivered. It would buy a mule. But he still shook his head and answered, "It is not to be sold."

The man flung himself out of the door in a fury and fume. He was a wicked dealer from the city, and had recognized the plate as old Gubbio ware of the finest.

"The wooden-headed young madman!" said the dealer, with a curse. "What can he want with a marriage plate on his wall? May an apoplexy take him!"

But no apoplexy took 'Faello, although he went down through the dust in the torrid heats of the summer every day and only lived on a lump of bread and an onion; even wine

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"PASTORE JUMPED ON HIM AS THEY WENT FORTH TO THEIR LABOUR."

he could not afford, for the autumn's vintage had been a bad one.

One day in hot August he rose as usual and went and got out his cart as the first tinge of rose blushed in the east above the opposite mountains. Pastore jumped on him as they went forth to their labour; hungry, both of them, for they never ate till midday, and then not one-half that either needed. 'Faello went to the potter's yard and found an unusually large load awaiting him there. There had come a great order for flower-pots, large and small, from a nursery garden down in the city. There was also another errand. The foreman gave him a little packet, sealed. "It is all notes," he said; "you are to pay them into the bank. The master knows you are honest, so he is not afraid to trust you. Pay them in as soon as you get to the town and have delivered the pots."

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'Faello coloured with pleasure. It was the first kindly word or recognition of his honesty that Ser Baldassare had ever given him—and the potter was Dea's father.

With a lighter heart than he had known for days and months, 'Faello cracked his whip in the air and started off beside his mule, Pastore running forward as his habit was, a big, snowy, curly form bounding about in the soft light of the daybreak. 'Faello felt happy. It seemed almost like being nearer Dea to think that her father would trust him with the money that all Impruneta was aware that the potter loved better, as some said, than his very soul itself.

The sun rose in all its glory, and the golden light of it spread itself over all the vastness of Valdemo; the chimes of the Certosa rang for the first mass; 'Faello fell on his knees in the dust by a wayside cross, said a prayer, and rose almost happy.

Pastore, pausing as he prayed, leaped on him when he rose. 'Faello kissed him.

"It is nothing to be honest," said 'Faello to his dog; "but, oh, dear! Pastore, it seems such a great thing when people trust you because you are." Pastore trotted onward, waving the white plume of his tail, perhaps thinking that dogs are always honest, but do not get very much credit or comfort for it from those they serve.

As the day was fully up they reached the town, empty, silent, full of long shadows, with the fragrance as of a garden in it everywhere, from the bunches of carnations and roses and wallflowers piled at all the street corners, waiting for the buyers that would come out a little later.

'Faello and Pastore stopped a moment to drink a draught of water at the big bronze trough at the end of the street, and then took their cartload across the city to the place of its destination. By the time the vases were all unloaded it was eleven o'clock; both dog and youth felt sore pangs of hunger. "We will pay the money in and then eat, Pastore," said 'Faello, and went leisurely with his emptied cart back again through the town to the bank he had been bidden to seek. He left Pastore on guard as usual at the head of the mule and entered the glass doors of the bank. They made him wait some time up on a second floor, shut up in a close little room; they were busy, for it was a market day, and they kept him nigh three-quarters of an hour while they wrote out the receipt for the notes he had brought. 'Faello felt the time very long; it was suffocatingly hot in this shut-up room, hotter than in the streets, and he was very hungry, and felt sorry for poor Pastore sitting down on the scorching stones with an empty stomach in the blazing sun. Still he was not uneasy; the cart and mule were safe, for no one would touch either with Pastore there on guard.

When at last they told him he might go, and gave him the receipt for Ser Baldassare, it was full noon; and an August noon in the streets is good neither for man nor beast. He hurried lightly down the stairs and ran out, joyous to be free; but at the threshold he stopped stupidly and stared up the street and down. Pastore was not there; neither was the mule nor the cart.

He thought he must be dreaming; the hot air made him blind and dizzy. Then he put his hand to his mouth and shouted the dog's name again and again and again.

A shoeblack who was dozing near, in a little niche where some shade was, wakened by the noise, came and shook him by the arm.

"Do not yell like that, boy; they will take you up too. They lassoed your dog half an hour ago."

"What!" said 'Faello, with a shriek that seemed to him to rend his very life out with it.

The shoeblack nodded. "They lassoed him. You know the law—no dogs loose in the street. They came up behind him, and pouf!—the thing was round his neck and he throttled and on his back before you could whistle. They do it always, you know. Don't look like that. He was alive when they hauled him in the barrow."

"And the cart—the mule?" stammered 'Faello.

"Oh, somebody walked off with them once the dog was gone. I saw it all, but it was no business of mine. Why, how you look!"

The voice of 'Faello rang down the emptiness of the street in a piteous scream.

"Pastore! Pastore! My dog! my friend! my brother! Oh, the fiends!"

"Quiet!" said the shoeblack. "If you call names they will arrest you. They took my boy up the other day for wrestling a bit to save his dog. Don't make a noise, but run; they won't have killed him yet, most likely, though he was half strangled as it was, poor brute! Run!"

The man told him where to go, and 'Faello ran, with bare, trembling feet, on the burning stones. The loss of his mule and his cart he had forgotten. He tore through the city like a madman. It was the intense, dry, pitiless heat of the August midday, which

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drives all creatures within doors, and the whole town was as quiet as a graveyard, and all the shutters were closed as for a death. The scorching rays beat on his bare neck and the sweltering pavement blistered his bare feet, but he took no heed. He only thought of his lost friend.

When at length he came to the place which the shoeblack had bidden him seek he looked like a mad dog himself; his eyes were blood-shot, his tongue parched, his lips covered with thin white foam. He beat on the doors with both hands.

"My dog! my dog! I am come for my dog!"

The doors opened slowly; an official, angry and stern, looked out, and asked how he dared invade their rest like that. A barefooted boy, dusty and ragged, is never a creature that commends itself to the law.

"You stole my dog—you strangled him!" cried 'Faello, beside himself. "They say he is here. I will see him, or I will kill you—everyone! Let me in! let me in! I am come for my dog!"

"Get out, fool, or I will give you to the guards," said the Jack-in-office, and kicked his foot off the sill and shut the doors again.

'Faello beat on them with all his might.

"Thieves! assassins! stranglers! Let me in—let me in! What right have you to touch my dog? He was doing his duty; he was guarding my cart. You murder him, and the cart is stolen. Listen! listen! listen! I love him better than myself. He hungers with me and plays with me, and we are brothers. How dare you touch him? You lassoed him! Oh, dear God! to think of it! Oh, my dog! my dog! Listen! I will do any work you like for you if you will just let me see my dog! You shall put me in prison if you will only let me take his place and will send him home to the children. Will you? Will you? Do you hear?"

But his cries were only echoed dully back by the closed door and the dead wall—emblems of the human cowardice and the human injustice that make a hell of earth for earth's dumb creatures.

He beat at the wood and the stone, and wept to it and prayed to it and cursed it, and then stood dumb and stupid, the sun beating down on his head.

"What shall I do?" he muttered. "Oh, dear St. Rocco, you love dogs—help Pastore! Help him! help him!"

Then all grew dark and he fell down, and the vertical rays beating on him seemed to dart like fire through his brain.

When he woke again to the light of day he had been drawn into the shade of an archway and the shoeblack was bending over him.

"I thought I would follow you. I am glad I did," said the shoeblack. "Are you better? It was the sun. Cover your throat from the rays. You look stupid——"

"The dog!" muttered 'Faello, between his dry lips, and staggered up on to his feet.

"You should have come and asked humbly. They would have let you in then. What is the use of calling them names? They are too strong for us. They are the right side of the door and we are the wrong. Only that it is noon and not a guard about they would have put you in prison for all those words. Oh, yes; a blacksmith that I know, he is in for three weeks because he helped a fine black dog to slip out of the lasso. He had never set eyes on the beast before, but he felt sorry. Oh, yes; these are fine times; this is the freedom, you know, we old fellows fought for. Lord! the fools we were to fire a shot! Every bullet then brings us a tax now. Fine times! Wait a bit, you, here; keep in the shade; you look blind still, boy. I know your dog. I will go see if he be alive there."

'Faello leaned his back against the archway and waited; his brain seemed all on fire and spinning like a woman's wheel. If he had been shown then the men who had taken his dog he would have leapt on them and killed them. Petty laws breed great crimes. Few rulers remember that.

After moments that seemed to him years the shoeblack returned.

"He is alive," he said, quickly, "but he looks bad and they have muzzled him. They think him dangerous. They will kill him at night if he be not bought back—poor brute!"

'Faello moaned aloud.

"They want five-and-twenty francs for contravention, and five-and-twenty more because he bit them before the rope was quite tight. You will not get him back for less."

"And I have not fifty centimes upon earth!" 'Faello's head fell on his chest and he sobbed bitterly.

The shoeblack shrugged his shoulders and stood silent. "It is freedom," he said at last. "It is what we fought for, we wise-acres!"

'Faello did not hear him. Every muscle and nerve of his body quivered.

His dog would die for want of fifty francs!

"Can't you get the money, since you take it so to heart?" said the shoeblack. Then he lowered his voice and added: "They want to kill him. That is, he's a fine big dog.

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A surgeon has had his eye on him some time; the surgeon means to get him, to cut him up alive, or burn him to death after gouging out his eyes. They think to find God in that way—these gentlemen."

'Faello gave one shrill, weak cry, like a wounded hare's; then, fleet as the hare, he wrenched himself out of the man's grasp and tore once more across the wide, white waste of the sun-parched streets and squares.

The strength of lions seemed to have flowed back into his veins. "The devils! oh, the devils!" he moaned as he flew.

He had no clear-shaped thought of what to do, but he said to himself that he would have the fifty francs that day if he seized the silver off a church altar or dashed his hand through a goldsmith's window. He would try all honest ways first, but if they failed—he would go to the galleys himself sooner than let Pastore go to the torture.

Suddenly a hope flashed across him. Would Ser Baldassare lend it? He had not touched bit or drop since the previous night, his clothes were wet with sweat as with water, he saw the blinding dust of the road through dizzy eyes, the nerves of his temples were beating like sledge-hammers, but he held on straight along the way he knew so well that he could have traversed it blindfold, with that strength of desperation which sustains the panting stag and the jaded fox as they race before the hunters.

How he returned he never could tell; he ran and walked, ran and walked alternately, as a sleep-walker might in a dream; but, go as fast as he would, it was four by the clock when he reached Impruneta and staggered into the yard of the master potter.

Could he see Ser Baldassare?

He had never in all his life asked such a thing before.

"He has lost the money," thought the foreman, and ran and called Ser Baldassare as he never would have done for any other woe.

"You scoundrel! you have lost the money! To the Pretura you shall go!" cried the potter, rushing out with a face of purple.

'Faello put his hand in his belt and pulled out the banker's receipt. The potter snatched at it suspiciously, read, and, satisfied, grumbled angrily: "Why had he been frightened all for nothing?"

'Faello, with a few gasped words, told his tale, the great tears rolling down his cheeks and stifling his voice, and ended with a piteous prayer to be lent the fifty francs.

"Oh, dear master," he moaned, as he sank on his knees in the dust, "if it were anything for myself I would not dare to pray for it. But it is for Pastore—the innocent soul, the dear, tender, honest, loyal thing that loves me as my sisters never can. Oh, dear master, Pastore is nine years old. All these years he has guarded your vases in the town, summer and winter, waiting for me, and will you let him be tortured to death when you can save him? Oh, master, master! I will work every night, every feast day, every holiday, till I have made the money up to you. The saints will not be angry; they will know very well why I do it. Oh, hear me, pray—lend me the money and I will slave for you, do the mule's work as well as my own—anything, anything, anything! They will torture him to-night if you do not!"

He paused suddenly, his great eyes, swimming and agonized, fastened on the face of his employer, hanging breathless on the answer of the mute lips as for his own sentence of life or death.

Ser Baldassare pursed his mouth and was silent. Then he smiled a little.

"There are plenty of dogs; you can get another. No; I cannot give a lad like you such a sum."

'Faello, without a word, rose to his feet, staggered a little, and went out of the yard.

"A likely story!" said the foreman, with a sneer. "The boy has been drinking in Florence."

'Faello, staggering still, went out of the gates into the road. The heat had lessened somewhat with the passing of noon, but hot, sickly vapours were in the air; the cloudless sky was of a pallid, unnatural hue; not a leaf moved or a bird sang in the parched trees; there was only the noisy, monotonous hum of the tree-crickets that never ceased, and was like the din of machine wheels.

'Faello stood still and looked up with his smarting, bloodshot eyes at the pale heavens. He was a pious, tender, God-fearing lad, but as he stood there he doubted God. He might have done some desperate thing, for the Law, perhaps, makes more criminals than it cures, but at that moment a hand touched his, and, starting and looking down, he saw Dea.

"I have only five francs, but pray take these," she murmured, as she slid the money towards his fingers. "Tell me—could you not sell that plate they call a marriage plate?"

'Faello drew a shuddering sigh. So deep was his misery, so utterly was his heart with his imprisoned and martyred dumb friend, that the presence and touch even of Dea

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could produce no animation in him. He was in the absolute abstraction of an overwhelming grief.

"The marriage plate!" he echoed. "But I promised—I promised."

"But she said 'unless God were to wish it.' Your sisters told me so. God would wish it now," murmured the girl; then, hearing a step, fled away back to her father's house.

'Faello stood alone, her little five-franc note curled in the palm of his hand.

"God would wish it now!"

He muttered the words to himself again and again. Oh, if he could but be sure! He tried to think and see whether this were but a temptation assailing him, or whether the voice of Dea had been as the voice of Heaven.

He prayed in dumb, inarticulate fashion, as Pastore himself might have prayed, to have light shed on him to see his path aright. He dropped down a moment on a wayside stone and covered his face and tried to think.

Yes—surely God would wish it! Surely God would desire him to save the life of an honest, innocent, loving creature from the most fiendish torments of man rather than desire him to keep the mere empty form of a soulless promise! Surely the dead would wish it, too!

She saw him now—that 'Faello believed as he believed that the sun shone upon him. She would not be angered; she would not think it disobedience; she had said "unless God were to wish it." And God must wish it now; God, who had made Pastore, and must have some little love for him, some little heed.

'Faello rose to his feet. His face was white as the dust beneath him, but his resolve was taken.

"I shall do right; God must wish it," he



"IN ANOTHER MOMENT, WEEPING AND LAUGHING, HE HELD PASTORE AGAINST HIS BREAST."

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said in his heart, and felt in a dull, vague way that if God did not, His service had little worth in it and little truth.

Then he went straight to his home, seized the marriage plate from the place where it had hung for a century, and carried it with him into the open air. At any other time a terrible fear would have haunted him touching that sacred thing, but now all his mind and heart and soul were with the doomed dog; he had room for no other remembrance. Yet, as he passed the threshold, he uncovered his head and crossed himself.

"Nonna mia—you are not angry, nor God either? The saints send me that I be in time!"

How he reached Florence he never knew. Showing the plate to a man who had a fleet horse, he was taken in as fast as the wind would have blown, but he had no consciousness of what he did or how he went.

He made his way straight to the dealer and laid the marriage plate down before him. "Here it is," he muttered; "give me your hundred francs."

"Is the boy honest?" murmured the person who all the while held the plate.

"Quite. The plate is his own."

The other drew out a hundred francs in gold and looked curiously at 'Faello. 'Faello snatched them and flew as a swallow flies, straight through the town to the dog prison. Again he beat on the doors and shouted aloud, but this time the door unclosed and let him enter, for this time he cried, "Let me in! I bring the money!" It is the "Open Sesame" of the world.

In another moment, weeping and laughing, he held Pastore against his breast and bathed with his happy tears the dog's wounds.

'Faello was carried home by the shoeblack. He lay insensible, and Pastore lay on the straw of the cart at his feet, and on the pallet of his bed at night.

It was many weeks before he was well again. The sun had stricken him.

When he could rise at last the great heat had passed; the earth was moist and green, the woods rejoiced, and the vines were heavy with purpling grapes. He stood at his door



"TWO YEARS LATER HE MARRIED DEA—

A person standing near stretched out his hand and took the plate before the dealer could.

"I will have it; but it is worth much more, surely. Wait awhile——"

"Not a moment! The hundred francs!"

and held the dog's head against him and thought how lovely life was.

"We shall have to work very hard, Pastore," he murmured. "The cart is stolen; there's the stolen mule, too, to pay for; the medicine will have cost a great deal, and the children

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must owe to the baker. Never mind. We are together. I am young, and it will soon be all right again. Oh, my dog—my dear dog!"

And then, with a sudden blush, he thought of Dea—Dea, whose little five-franc note he had unconsciously kept clasped in his hand all the while, so that it had come home with him and throughout his illness could not any way be loosened out of his grasp.

At that moment there approached him the stranger who had bought his marriage plate. The stranger greeted him with courtesy and gentleness, and had brought the plate back with him.

"You sold this for a necessity?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea of its value?"

"I thought it of none."

The stranger smiled, and, turning the back of the plate, showed him four letters, placed thus :—

V
O F
F

and a date : 1538.

"It is the work of Orazio Fontana, of Castel Durante," he said. "The name tells you nothing? Well, he was a great man, the greatest of all the pottery painters of Urbino in a long-past time. The plate is worth fifteen hundred francs. I am not a dealer. I bring you the sum that is just. For the rest, I have heard your story. I am a foreigner, but I am very attached to your country, and I have estates close by here. I will find you a good post; you will live on them, and Pastore shall have no need to risk his life in the city."

'Faello listened, stupefied. Misfortunes he could understand, but this——

When the truth in all its ecstasy broke in at last on him his face shone like the light of the morning.

"God *did* wish it!" he cried aloud.

Two years later he married Dea, and Pastore headed the wedding procession.



AND PASTORE HEADED THE WEDDING PROCESSION."

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The Hero of Ball's Bridge.

By EDWARD PRICE BELL.

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier.

LUNCH hour in the roundhouse. Hammers and files and lathes were still.

All over the vast building, with its tenanted locomotive stalls radiating from a turntable like gigantic spokes, the workers were munching their thick ham-sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. Seated singly or in groups—in smudgy overalls, bareheaded, elbows on their knees, mostly silent—they ate reflectively.

Under their feet were black, oily floors; above their heads an unbroken gloom of settled locomotive smoke. So begrimed were the windows that only a subdued light entered from the sunlit world without. Here and there stood copper oil-cans, tins of axle-grease, greasy benches. On the surface of the water in the pits under the engines appeared filmy, greenish layers of diffused oil. The floor was littered with greasy waste. From afar sounded the puff and bump and screech of switching operations in the yards.

In that segment of the circle devoted to passenger engines there was a window of a different sort—wide, lofty, spotless. Through it broke a flood of light, vividly relieving a huge passenger locomotive with "No. 6" on its brass number-plates. Long, lean, and towering was this monster, stripped to split and cheat the wind. Pilot, head-lamp, smoke-stack, steam-dome, safety-valves, cab, the great double driving-wheels, every bar and rod, every bit of brass, was polished until it shone—such grooming as skilled valets might give to a fastidious monarch.

At a little distance from this locomotive there was a solitary man—silent, busy, with fine fair hair, blue eyes, a fresh complexion, and the face and manner of a boy. It was a raw-boned figure, the body long, the chest deep, the hands big—a lumbering conformation, with the atmosphere of the country heavy about it. Before the man, stretched on rude frames, were two canvases, each supported on a step-ladder. One, apparently quite finished, was a picture in oils of "No. 6." The other, just growing into form and expression under the brush of the artist, was likewise a painting of the great locomotive; but, whereas the former represented the engine as it stood motionless in the roundhouse, the latter showed it speeding through a grey night, with a hill-and-valley landscape, trees, and—round a gentle curve ahead—an old-fashioned covered wooden bridge spanning a river.

Suddenly, at the sound of a deep breath, the flaxen-haired artist, who had been sunk in his mysteries of light and shade, of tone and colour, turned abruptly. Near at hand, gazing at the twin canvases, stood a bulky man, with a heavy, bearded face and broad, furrowed brow. His hat was in his hand, and he had been mopping his massive countenance with a dotted silk handkerchief. His hair was a dense, unparted mat of neutral-hued curls. His eyes, blue as those of the painter, looked strangely bright and beautiful in their narrowing boundaries of wrinkles and bushy brows.

"I call that great work!" averred he.

The artist was speechless. In the first place, he had been not a little startled, and, in the second place, he well knew, and—like tens of thousands of his fellows—stood in unreasoning awe of this bulky man with the curly hair and the blue eyes and the powerful face. Kerlew Crawford was the man's name; "Curly" Crawford, or, more often, "Old Curly," was what his army of employés was

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wont to call him — when he was not in evidence.

"Old Curly" was no less a person than the president of the road. He had risen from the duties of an engine-wiper. A homespun genius who never had lost his primitive quality, of all the officials of the company he was the most masterly, the most tireless, and the most ubiquitous. From end to end of the system there was scarcely a man who did not know him by sight, and thousands of them had felt the pressure of his capacious hand.

"How do you happen to be here?" asked "Old Curly."

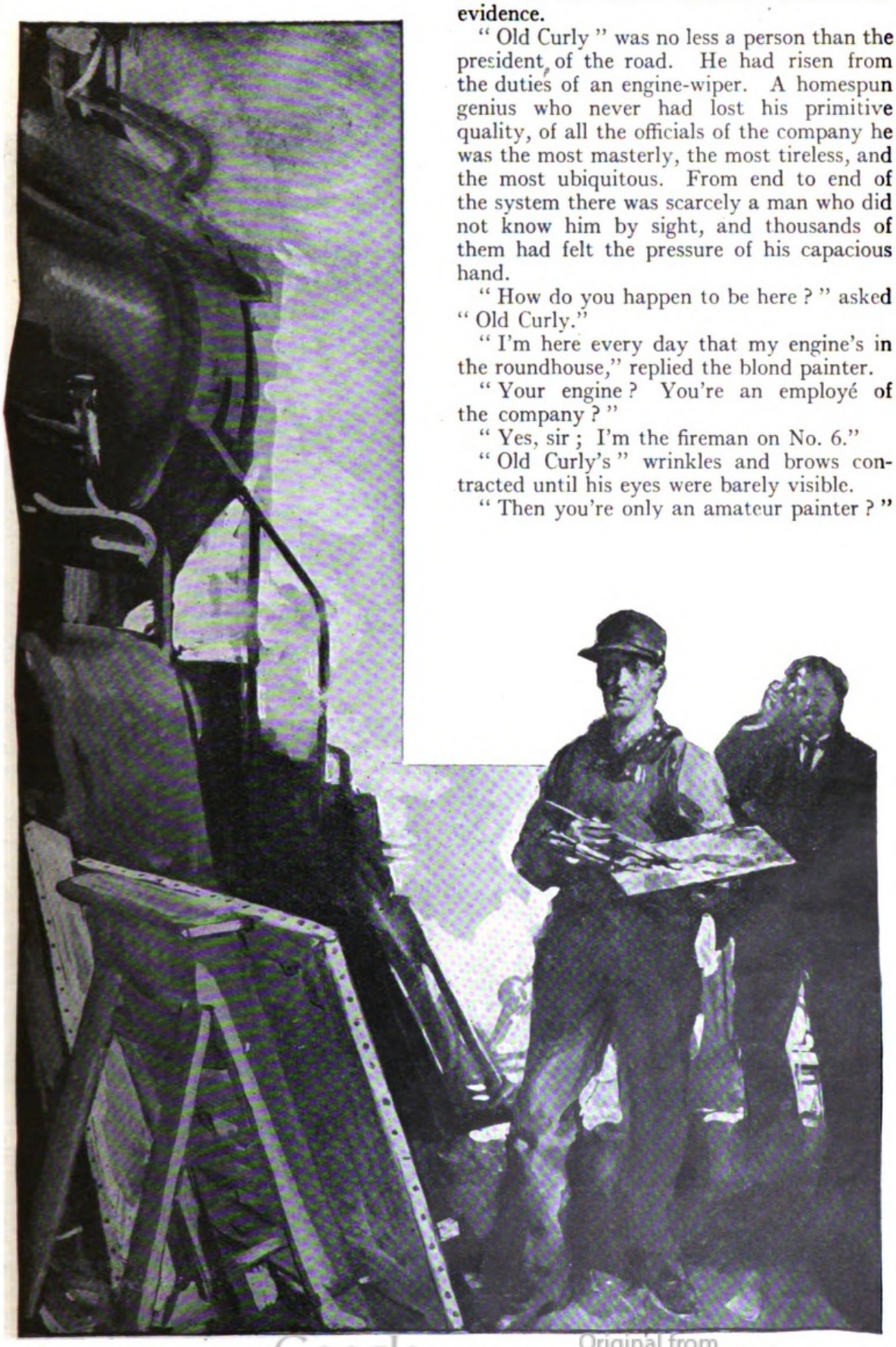
"I'm here every day that my engine's in the roundhouse," replied the blond painter.

"Your engine? You're an employé of the company?"

"Yes, sir; I'm the fireman on No. 6."

"Old Curly's" wrinkles and brows contracted until his eyes were barely visible.

"Then you're only an amateur painter?"



"BEFORE THE MAN, STRETCHED ON RUDE FRAMES, WERE TWO CANVASES."

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"That's all, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Byers—Dutton Byers."

"Byers? I knew a man named Byers. He died under his engine at the collision of Cedar Curve."

"He was my father, sir."

"No!" cried "Old Curly," gutturally, staring at the young man, his face grave and retrospective. "Yes," assented he, finally, "you *look* like Byers—the best engine-man we ever had in the service. If I had studied your face a little I should have known you. I shall never forget your father's strong, humorous mouth. Poor fellow! He could have jumped if he had chosen to—like the fireman."

"Old Curly's" eyes went back to the unfinished likeness of the locomotive.

"Not lines," commented he, "but life. Observe that smoke breaking back horizontally from her truncated stack. Note those flying wheels and that angry furnace-flare streaming into the dark. One can feel her breathe, see her oscillate, hear her drivers thundering on the road! Do you know, boy"—turning to the painter—"*I* had a son, and he was an artist, too. He died last year of pneumonia, going so quickly that, though I came by non-stop special from the other end of the line, he was dead when I got home. My boy could *draw* wonderfully; but I do not think he ever would have been able to *paint* as you paint. Where do you come from?"

"I was born in the hills behind Ball's Bridge."

"Indeed! Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you live with her?"

"Oh, yes—when at home."

"Where?"

"Of course you know the big grey flour-mill at Ball's Bridge?"

"Certainly."

"Perhaps you recall a small green frame-house on the rise across the river from the bridge?"

"I do—distinctly."

"Mother and I live there."

"Dear me!" muttered "Old Curly," reflectively. "Over and over again I've hunted in those woods, and fished and boated and swum in those waters. Scores of times I've passed within a stone's-throw of your door. One night, on a fishing jaunt, I slept in the grey mill. I doubt if there's a lovelier spot on earth than that at Ball's Bridge. Tell me, boy; have you ever attended a school of art?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever thought of doing so?"

"Oh, yes—many times—but——"

The whistle blew, the clatter of the round-house was resumed, and Dutton Byers started rapidly to put away his brushes and paints. Someone appeared with an urgent call for the president, and, when the artist-fireman lifted his eyes, he saw "Old Curly" hastening away through the maze of shining locomotives and grease-smudged men.

Night had fallen at Ball's Bridge—night, after a rare and happy day to Jennie Byers, mother of Dutton Byers, artist-fireman. From her weekly trip to market with her butter and eggs she had returned with enough money to bring her ten-years' savings up to a point fixed long before. Silver coin, as little by little she had earned it, she had changed into bank-notes, to be carefully laid away between the lids of her big Bible. For Mrs. Byers, trim and modern though she looked, was an old-fashioned woman—a woman who deemed the holy Bible a perfectly safe depository for the fruits of honest toil.

With a singularly deep and sweet smile, Mrs. Byers closed the huge book, restored it to its high shelf in a corner of the room, and returned to her lamp-lit centre table.

"Now," mused she, "for the great surprise. I'll tell Dutton when he comes home to-morrow."

Life tinted her cheeks as it had not tinted them for many a month before. Her figure, plainly garbed, was very slender, her face firm and delicate, her eyes a darker, finer blue than those of her boy. Individuality, thought, faith, work, self-denial, the critical and judicial temperament, a nature deeply tinged with pride, the power of swift resentment, yet—for that which was pure, beautiful, just—the power of an infinite response—all these seemed eloquently to speak in this widowed mother of a gifted son.

Ten years' savings!

At long last her boy should quit the railway. What grief, what fear, had beset her heart when he took up that calling!

"Sooner or later, Dutton," she had declared, "everybody who works on the railway is killed or crippled."

"Oh, no, mother; only an occasional man. Our tiny tract of clay here won't support us. You've done much more than enough for me. I must go to work. I'll keep on with my painting; possibly some day my pictures

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will sell. Then I'll come back and spend the happy years with you—you to whom I owe everything, you who always seem more to me than my very soul. Mark you, mother! My mind's made up that you and I, while life lasts, shall keep intact the golden link of our comradeship at Ball's Bridge."

Now her boy should quit the road! Now, meagre though the total of her savings, her boy should have his chance!

Peering up through the dim light towards the mantelpiece, Mrs. Byers noted that the hour-hand of her little rosewood clock was nearing ten. Ten o'clock, or just about ten, was when Dutton's train, night after night, shot like a meteor through Ball's Bridge. Dutton always greeted his mother as he passed, inheriting the custom from his father. In bygone days, not only a slender, anxious woman, but a wonder-thrilled little boy, watched for the passing of the train. As the locomotive neared Ball's Bridge the furnace door would be flung wide, the red glare would beat for a moment in a grizzled, smiling face, and a brawny hand would signal across the dark. The grizzled face had disappeared from the red glare now, making way for a ruddy young visage under a crown of flaxen hair. But Mrs. Byers did not see the young face only; behind it—more vividly, she often thought, than of yore—she nightly saw the grizzled face, too.

Turning down the lamp, Mrs. Byers crossed the room to the open door, stepped out, and stood bare-headed and without a wrap in the soft breath of the summer night. At the top of the knoll, close by, stood a thick-trunked beech. The lonely woman took her stand beside it. The grass beneath her feet was dry and crisp. The leaves of the big beech, and of all the trees about, had been curled and browned by the sun. Below lay the river, widened and deepened into a great mill-pond, its bottom a majestic concavity of stars. Spanning the light and shadow-glorified water, sombre and romantic, stretched Ball's Bridge, a sturdy and picturesque survival of the ante-steel age. On the other side of it, vague and tall, loomed the grey mill, its giant water-wheel idle, its falls making sonorous music in the stillness of the night.

Ineffably sweet was it all to Jennie Byers. The grass, the leaves, the ripples and star-glints in the river, the melodious tumult of the falls, brought the happiest years of her life rushing back on her. Here she had loved a stout-hearted man. Here she had found the artist in her boy. Again the lusty lad was sitting by her side, pondering the sky and the water, following the flight of birds, repeatedly catching for her aspects of beauty she had not discerned.

What a strange, wild boy altogether!

Tiring of watching and talking, he would spring into the woods, bound about like a frightened roebuck, and finally come back, laughing and glowing, with broken twigs in his hair and deep scratches on his face. Then, throwing off his clothes and mounting the pier, he would flash with a clean-cut "zip" into the deep water. The mother's heart would leap into her mouth; but, gradually, as the boy floated and swam, on his breast, on his back, turning and diving and treading, she would lose her dread in sheer delight at the spirit and splendour of his athletics.

On a sudden Mrs. Byers was startled out of her reverie by the thought that it must be considerably past ten.

What had happened to Dutton's train?

"Nothing," she told herself. "It has been late before."

Quietly observing the dim figure of the mill, with the spray of the tuneful falls about its base, Mrs. Byers slowly had her attention fixed by an odd, flickering light. At first it showed for barely an instant; she took it to be the gleam of a fire-fly. But, coming again, it grew brighter, and was less unstable. The area of illumination increased. Were workers within assembling with lanterns? The dark mass of the building became broken by luminous squares. Across the water, running straight to Jennie Byers's eye, wavered a band of red-shot light. Through the windows burst on the view the rough inner timbers of the mill. The spray from the falls, mounting and spreading, glistened like a jewelled vestment. Two distinct roars now—that of the falling water, and that of some new, fierce force, gathering scope and power like a rising tempest.

Wildly, numbly, Mrs. Byers stared about her.

Everything had taken on a weird and beautiful aspect. Trees, hills, water, the very air—ruby!

For a brief space, on that lonely hill-top, dead silence.

Then a choking sob, a heart-stricken cry, and among the roots of the big beech lay a motionless figure.

Dutton Byers had stoked the spacious furnace of "No. 6," banged shut the thick steel door, and was standing in the middle of the cab, shovel in hand.

Seriously delayed by a freight-wreck, the

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night express was whipping the maximum time-schedule to a sorry tatter.

Glide and hiss and blaze. "No. 6" pierced the tunnels and black ravines like a shooting star.

"Dutton!" suddenly shouted the driver, without removing his eyes from the track. "Do you notice an unusual flare above the trees beyond the curve?"

Looking intently for a moment, Dutton turned, dropped his shovel, and sprang on the high-heaped coal in the tender. Well above the top of the cab, standing firm lest the wind shrieking over the locomotive hurl him into space, the young man shaded his eyes with both hands and studied the phenomenon with knitted brows.

"Blessed if I know what to make of it," said he, jumping back to the driver's side.

"Looks like the glow of a city," suggested the driver.

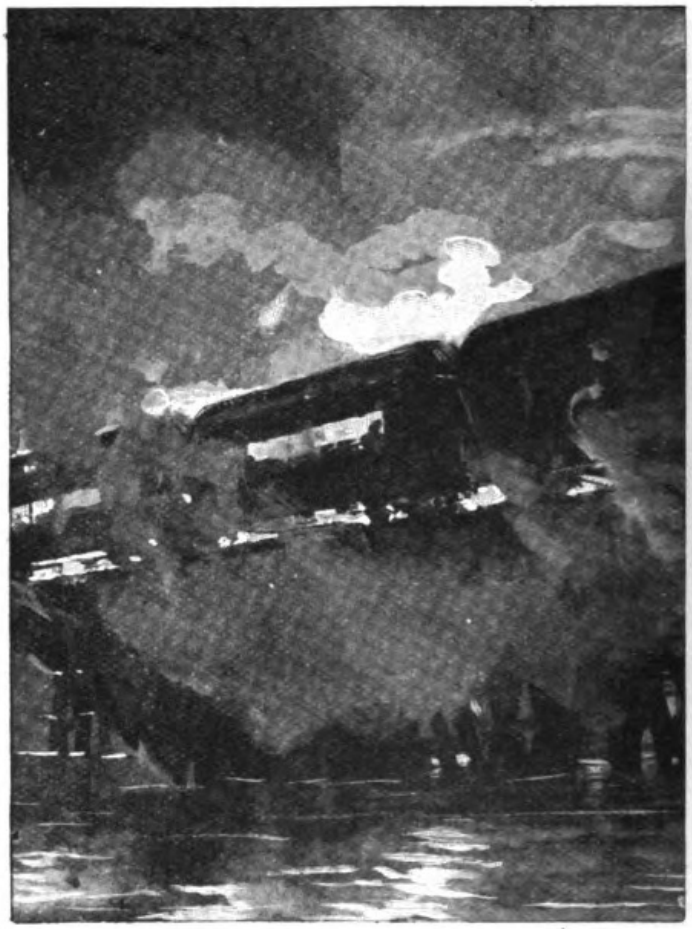
"Yes; but it can't be. We're only nearing Ball's Bridge."

Less than a minute later "No. 6" rounded the curve and set herself on the straight flight to the river. Simultaneously, with a kind of cataleptic movement, the driver's hands fell heavily on his levers. Bump and lurch and shriek! The locomotive gave the sensation of resistlessly toppling forward. The train seemed to be doubling up on itself. Ear-splitting noises burst from sliding wheels and crashing bumpers. Beams and panels sounded as if they were parting and shivering. Coal streamed from the tender-top in a galling fusillade. Dust, sweeping up from the right of way, poured into the engine-cab. So thick became the air—thick with earth-dust and coal-dust—that the two men peered through it painfully, like distressed wanderers in a mountain blizzard. Lurid streaks cleft the dusk. Was it an earthquake, a volcano? Only a flash of time was required to reveal, beyond the possibility of illusion, that Ball's Bridge, from end to end, was a leaping length of flame!

Dutton Byers sprang to his window.

Leaning far out, he beheld, not only the blazing bridge, but, off to the right, sketched in fire, the crumbling frame of the mill, with blackened grass-spaces between, dotted with glowing tufts of turf.

"Jump!" shouted the driver.



The spectacle seemed to weave about the young man an unbreakable spell.

"Jump!" came that deep cry again.

Not a muscle moved. The older man stared at his companion in a puzzled, pitying way.

"Dutton, aren't you going to jump?"

Not a word, not a sign.

The driver leapt forward, seized the fireman by the shoulders, and strove to drag him from his place. The long, stalwart body was immovable.

"Dutton"—the driver's voice broke into an agonized treble—"we've done everything humanly possible. Jump!"

Mayhap a voice was speaking to the young man out of a compelling moment in the past. Mayhap, in this crisis of his destiny, his intellect, his will, was firm-held by a memory-replica of that other crisis at Cedar Curve, when another man from Ball's Bridge had not known how to quit his post. At all events, fast there in his straitened window, for him there appeared to be nothing in the great world but those gleaming parallels. He was clinging to them as a storm-smitten mariner clings to his course—as foresight and faith, deep-based in character, cling to

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"'NO. 6' SHOT INTO THE FIERY CAVITY OF BALL'S BRIDGE!"

eternal principles in scorn of temporal vicissitudes and menace.

"Jump!"

It was the driver's last desperate appeal. An outward-flashing shadow, and he was gone. Then, and not until then, did Dutton Byers move. With a profound shock it came home to him that he was alone—that everything hung on him. The sense of responsibility made him dizzy. The thought of that long string of carriages laden with human life was like a crushing weight. For a second he gripped his head despairingly between both hands. Then he struck out savagely, as one beating off phantom adversaries. The effort seemed to steady his faculties. His eyes lost their pained haze—became lit by definite purpose. Scarcely more swiftly works the electric spark than worked Dutton Byers when he had conquered that sharp onset of weakness and despair. One leap, and he was across the cab and had seized the driver's levers. The air-brakes let go, the throttle swung wide, and with a mighty roar "No. 6" shot into the fiery cavity of Ball's Bridge!

The gambler's chance?

Not this to Dutton Byers; mere obedience to that fundamental of his nature which could accept defeat only after the last conceivable blow were dealt in vain for victory.

Huddling close in his seat, eyes and lips hard-shut, hands tight on the levers, unflinchingly he awaited the issue. Flames rushed against the glass before and beside him. Lambent fire, curling in as the cab sped past, singed his eyebrows and hair, cracked his hands and face, ignited his mechanic's jacket. Everything seemed to reel and sway. Dutton's fancy rang with the crash of timbers. Partly opening his eyes, he saw telegraph wires writhing, falling, and breaking to pieces before the flying smoke-stack. The beech-tops on the bluff were incandescent towers. Firebrands, dropping and hissing, sent shafts of water hurtling into the air. Blue and black smoke rose in a dense fog, blinding the eyes, stinging the nostrils and throat, oppressing the lungs. Surely an hour, an age, was passing! Why not, in mercy, the great plunge?

And then *came* the great plunge—not into the water, but into a wonderful world of relative stillness and coolness. The awful din fled away with the suddenness of shadows

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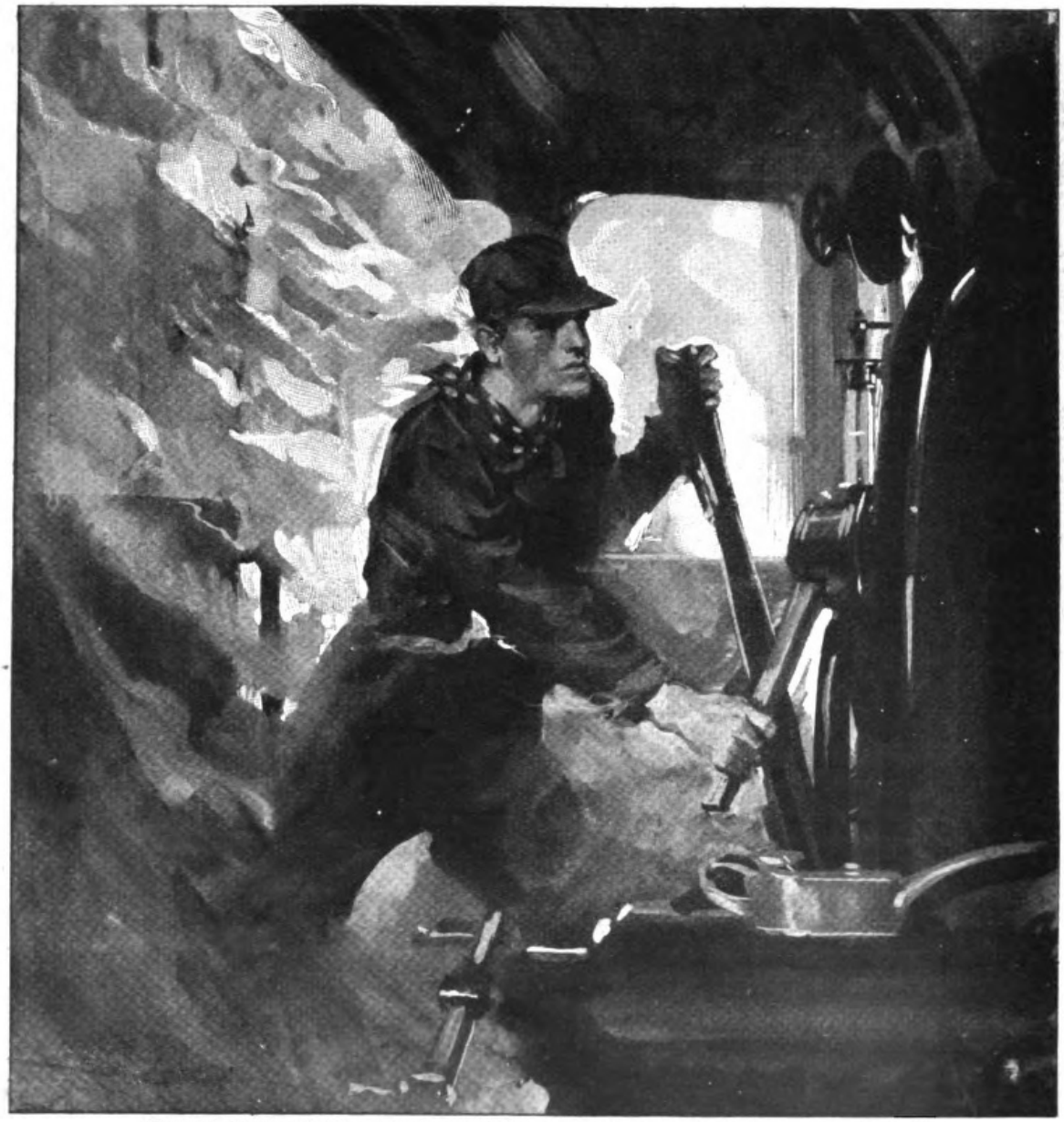
surprised by the sun. The fire was no longer rushing against the glass, no longer curling into the cab, no longer searching out Dutton Byers's ultimate powers of endurance. The young man, rising from his levers, glanced quickly from side to side. On the left echoed the sombrous woods. On the right slept the starlit valley. Dutton Byers looked back. He blinked his burning eyes and looked again. Then he put the brakes hard on.

Every carriage had cleared the fire.

The train was safe!

Sunshine on the trees and flowers.

"So delighted to see you're going on well!"



"BLUE AND BLACK SMOKE ROSE IN A DENSE FOG, BLINDING THE EYES."

exclaimed "Old Curly," bringing all the expressive kindliness of his face to bear on the pinched features of Jennie Byers. "I'll stay only a minute or so. Just called to see you—you and that fair-haired boy of yours who staggered the world at Ball's Bridge. By the way, did you hear of the Dutton Byers Fund? It's mounting into thousands; looks like it would never stop going up. And, whatever it comes to, I intend to double it. *My* artist boy, you may know, Mrs. Byers, died. Great and peculiar will be my joy in doing what I can to help *your* artist boy to the top of his profession. No! Don't thank me. Don't say a word! And don't cry!"

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LEGAL WIT.

By MEMBERS OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

Illustrated by Geo. Morrow.

THERE are those who contend that we have no legal wits of to-day; who sigh for the days when the Bench and Bar were enlivened by the merry quips of Sir Frank Lockwood, Montagu Williams's sly jests, and the more ponderous humour of Serjeant Ballantine. Even Mr. Justice Darling, "the sprightly Ariel of King's Bench," as he has been termed, whose levity, it has been whispered, does not always commend itself to his brother judges—not to mention a certain section of the public who consider that mirth and the law should be as far as the poles apart—has actually stated in his delightful book, "Scintillæ Juris":—

"It is a common error to suppose that our law has no sense of humour, because, for the most part, the judges who expound it have none."

"For the most part"! If Mr. Justice Darling includes himself in the indictment he must assuredly suffer severely from the bump of unconscious humour, an affliction borne with much resignation by the irrepressible Mr. Plowden, who plaintively says, in his autobiography, "Grain or Chaff?":—

"Often I have sat on the Bench suffering from a violent headache or an attack of neuralgia, in a most melancholy frame of mind, and have been amazed, when I opened my newspaper the following morning, to find some of my remarks headed, 'More Funny Plowdenisms.'"

Referring again for a moment to Mr. Justice Darling, it is interesting to note that he entered upon his profession as light-heartedly as he has continued to follow it.

"When I was young," he says, "I was very idle, and my guardian asked me what I was going to do to earn my living. I think he gave me the selection of several unpleasant ways—all ways seemed unpleasant. I knew nothing about them, and so I said: 'Oh, very well, I'll be a solicitor'; and I began to be a solicitor, but it appeared to me after a short time that I might not be so idle as I wished. I made the acquaintance of a few other people, who said to me, 'If you really wish to be completely idle, probably for the rest of your natural life, you had better be a barrister.' And so I became one, and I can assure you that for several years—indeed, for many years—I realized the height of my ambition."



"IF YOU REALLY WISH TO BE COMPLETELY IDLE, PROBABLY FOR THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE, YOU HAD BETTER BE A BARRISTER."

This item from Mr. Justice Darling's reminiscences recalls a story told by Lord Loreburn concerning his choice of a career.

"When I was leaving Oxford," says his lordship, "Jowett, who was then Master of Balliol, politely asked what path I had decided to follow. 'I think of going to the Bar,' I replied. 'You will do no good at the Bar—good morning,' was the disconcerting reply. Years later I visited Oxford, met Jowett, and

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"YOU WILL DO NO GOOD AT THE BAR—GOOD MORNING."

had a long chat. No reference was made to the unfortunate prophecy until we were parting. Then, as if an afterthought had occurred to him, the famous master said, 'By the way, Mr. Reid, I told you you would do no good at the Bar. I beg your pardon—good morning.'"

By the way, it was Sir Rufus Isaacs who once gave the following as the royal road to the Woolsack:—

"There are but three things essential to success at the Bar. The first is high animal spirits; the second is high animal spirits; and the third is high animal spirits. If, in addition, a young man will take the trouble to read a little law, I do not think that it will impede his profession."

Here is a story Lord Coleridge is rather fond of telling against himself. He was addressing a large audience of 'Varsity men at Oxford, when he used the phrase, "We must remember not merely the beauty of the individual colleges, but the beauty of Oxford as a whole. And what a whole it is!" "Hear, hear!" yelled the 'Varsity men. "Yes; what a hole!" they groaned. "What a beastly hole!" Then it dawned upon Lord Coleridge that this was a thing he might have expressed otherwise.

And it is only a short time ago that Lord Alverstone, speaking of the portrait of himself painted by the Hon. John Collier, remarked that the pleasure of being painted by such a distinguished artist was not without its alloy.

"The other day," he continued, "a friend of mine, looking at this portrait, said: 'Do you think you would like to be as wise as Collier has made you look?' 'I should,' I replied. 'Well, you can't,' said the friend."

Here is another story which Lord Alverstone tells against himself with immense gusto. When he was only Richard Webster he was acting, on one occasion, as junior to Sir Douglas Straight, the late editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The defendant, for whom they appeared, was a very irascible old gentleman. Sir Douglas Straight was called away during a portion of the proceedings, and the conduct of the case was consequently left for a time in the hands of his junior. The next morning a note arrived from their client saying, "For Heaven's sake let us have no more of Webster's melancholy performances."

Another of his stories concerns a little loan which he once made to a needy friend. He lent the latter a sovereign, and then bet another friend that he would one day get his



"DO YOU THINK YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE AS WISE AS COLLIER HAS MADE YOU LOOK?"

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money back. The second friend was very doubtful, however, and took the bet with alacrity. Some time afterwards Lord Alverstone met the latter gentleman, who sarcastically inquired: "Well, have you received the money from poor R—— yet?" "No," replied his lordship; "and I shall not press him, for I have received a letter from him which is worth the money." The letter read as follows: "As the date has arrived when the £1 has to be repaid, please find a postal order for that amount, for I'm hanged if I can.—Yours," etc.

One of the wits of the Bench is undoubtedly Judge Rentoul, who takes such a pessimistic view of the legal profession that he has placed the average earnings of barristers at the English Bar at the low figure of two pounds three shillings per week. And yet barristers are held in higher esteem than M.P.'s, if one may judge from this story, which Judge Rentoul tells of an occasion when he was presented with an address setting forth his services to local government.

"I noticed," he says, "that in the address 'M.P.' appeared in very small letters, while underneath, in very large letters, were the words, 'barrister-at-law.' When I pointed this out to the artist the latter replied: 'I know what I'm about. I did that purposely. Any duffer can be a member of Parliament, but it requires a very clever man to become a barrister.'"

It is Judge Rentoul, too, who tells the story, apropos of the peculiar acoustic properties of the new Old Bailey, that when, on one occasion, he sentenced a prisoner to six months' hard labour, the echo of his words came from the back of the court so distinctly that the prisoner turned to the warder at his side and said, anxiously, "Are these yere two sentences to run concurrently?"

Judge Avory has been accused of never making a joke. This, however, is scarcely correct, for on one occasion the counsel opposed to him in a certain case quoted a text from the book of Job to emphasize a point.

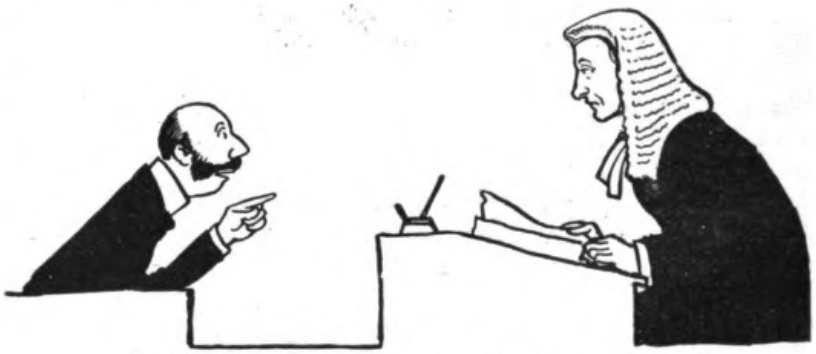
"I do not think that such evidence is admissible," said Mr. Avory, gravely, "seeing that you cannot put Job in the witness-box."

How the worthy judge came to throw over politics is thus related in his own words. "I defended," he said, "a large number of strikers—at Maidstone, I think it was—who had fallen foul of the law, and they all got off. Within three days of the verdict I was invited to stand as the Radical candidate for that part.

"A few months later I prosecuted a number of Socialists and extreme Radicals who had created a disturbance in the vestry hall in the same district. The men were convicted, and within a few days I was invited to stand as the Conservative candidate.

"I considered the two offers, and decided to refuse to have anything more to do with politics."

And the Bench still chuckles when it recalls the story of the witness who proved too good for Judge Avory. "Let me see," he said to a witness for the other side, "you have been convicted before, haven't you?" "Yes, sir," answered the man, "but it was due to the incapacity of my counsel rather than to any fault on my part." "It always is," said Mr. Avory, with a grim smile, "and you have my sincere sympathy." "And I deserve it," retorted the man, "seeing that *you* were my counsel on that occasion!"



"YOU WERE MY COUNSEL ON THAT OCCASION!"

First briefs, quaint witnesses, and sport and recreation naturally furnish some of the best stories told by legal luminaries. As becomes good and ardent fellow-fishermen, for instance, Mr. Justice Bucknill and Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane have some good yarns to tell. Pride of place, perhaps, should be given to that related by the latter at the Hotel Cecil one night to a convivial gathering of members of the British Sea Anglers' Society. The story was one of the Spey, and came from Mr. Justice Deane's keeper, a very keen fisherman, but an equally keen Sabbatarian, whose previous master let his fishing to a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion. One day, after a succession of bad days, this gentleman said to the keeper: "Munro, I don't see why we should not fish to-morrow."

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"FISHING FROM THE SIDE OF A STEEP BANK, HE SUDDENLY LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL IN."

The morrow was Sunday, and Munro told him it was very unfortunate to fish on the Sabbath, and that something always happened.

The ardent angler, however, said he was not afraid, and so they went out fishing. Presently they came to a deep pool, and the angler, fishing from the side of a steep bank, suddenly lost his balance and fell in. "I don't know what it was," he said, after Munro had pulled him out, "but I was feeling quite all right when something seemed to impel me forward into the water."

"He was quite right," Munro told the judge on the quiet. "Something did impel him forward; he was impelled by me." Moral: Do not try fishing in Scotland on a Sunday.

"I have been a fisherman all my life," says Mr. Justice Deane, "and my first real acquaintance with Mr. Justice Bucknill was as a fisherman. We happened to meet unintentionally at Plymouth. We awoke one morning to find our yachts side by side, and we agreed to go out and have a day's fishing off the Eddystone. We had a roughish time of it, but it was one of those happy days that serve to cement a friendship once it has begun."

And it is Mr. Justice Bucknill who tells this fishing story. "I am a born poacher," he says. "Once, when shooting in North Wales with a member of the Chancery Bar, I divested myself of coat and vest and showed my friend how to 'tickle' trout in a wayside stream. My movements were watched by a local lad who accompanied us on our shoot, and the following year, visiting the neighbourhood, I inquired for the boy. I was told: 'He is in prison for "tickling" trout. He saw you do it last year. He has been doing it himself since, and they caught him.'"

Mr. Justice Eve's penchant for caravanning and holiday-making in remote corners of the country is well known to many people, and his experiences have been varied and unique. Once he was tricked of twopence. "I visited a fair," he says, "and went to see a mermaid, which was represented to be half-lady



"I DIVESTED MYSELF OF COAT AND VEST AND SHOWED MY FRIEND HOW TO 'TICKLE' TROUT IN A WAYSIDE STREAM."

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and half-fish. The thing I saw was stuffed, with the head of a monkey and the tail of a fish. I had paid twopence, and felt so angry that I was inclined to smash it."



"THE THING I SAW WAS STUFFED, WITH THE HEAD OF A MONKEY AND THE TAIL OF A FISH."

There is a tale told in the Temple that when Mr. Justice Eve took silk, in 1895, he circulated the usual notice of his intentions to his seniors, according to the etiquette of the Bar, and from one of them received the following reply :—

"My Dear Eve,—Whether you wear silk or fig-leaf I do not care.—A. DAM."

One gets a very good illustration of the wit of Mr. Justice Eve, however, from a speech which he made at the Savage Club on the occasion of the annual dinner in December of last year. He proposed the toast of the club, and confessed that in preparation for his task he had "studied certain works on the habits and customs of savages, from which I gathered that it was the custom among certain tribes that captives taken in war were kept for a time and fattened for barter. When the fattening process was complete the 'fattee' was led round the tents of the tribe and would-be purchasers chalked on his body the particular joints they would desire. Let us suppose a state of politics in which such a custom was found prevailing.

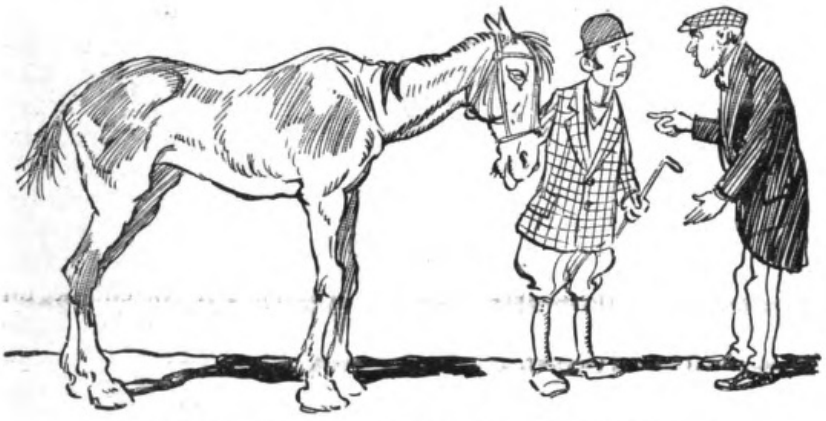
"With what alacrity the Suffragists, if they could catch him, would chalk out the Prime Minister. How much of Mr. John Redmond would be left for the second day's soup if Mr. Healy and Mr. O'Brien had a cut at him on the first day? I believe there are some persons here who would not be averse from a state of things which would give them the opportunity of bespeaking a nice brisket, with plenty of crackling, from the pachydermatous hide of the Great Spoliator of our domestic servants. They might prefer a chunk off the 'cheek' of a colleague who has recently gone to sea, or a luscious steak or a whole round of prime-fed Scotch beef from the redundant quarters of the Modern Napoleon. I cannot imagine that anybody who has not cultivated a depraved appetite for drumsticks and scrag-ends of neck of mutton could anticipate with any gastronomic pleasure the dismemberment of the senior member for the City of London (Mr. Balfour), or the carving up of the member for the University of Oxford" (Lord Hugh Cecil).



"IF YOU EAT THREE OF THEM AND AIN'T SICK IN FIVE MINUTES, I'LL LOSE ME BLOOMIN' CASE!"

And it was at a dinner some time ago of the Law Students' Debating Society that Sir Rufus Isaacs, who, like his redoubtable opponent in many cases, Sir Edward Carson, just "drifted" to the Bar, told an amusing anecdote of one of his early briefs. His client, a fruit merchant, was being sued by a costermonger, who alleged that certain figs he had purchased were unfit for human food. The costermonger, who appeared in person, did not take kindly to the process of cross-examination to which Mr. Isaacs subjected him. "Look you 'ere, guv'nor," said the exasperated suitor, turning to Mr. Isaacs, "some of these 'ere figs is in Court; if you eat three of them an' ain't sick in five minutes, I'll lose me bloomin' case!" The judgecalled upon Mr. Isaacs to make the experiment, but the learned gentleman declined

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"THE SORT OF HORSE IT WAS CAN BE IMAGINED."

to risk his professional reputation in so unusual a manner, and suggested that his client should undergo the ordeal. "What will happen," whispered the fruit merchant, "if I don't eat those figs?" Counsel intimated that he would lose his case. "Well," was the reply, "I would rather do that than eat those figs."

This recalls the following story, told by Mr. Marshall Hall, of a County Court action in which he took part. "I remember many years ago being taken down to a County Court. I looked at the brief and found that the whole amount to be sued for was six pounds, while my own fee was more than five times that sum, and I could not make the matter out. It was an action for trespass—seizing a horse in execution, and the sort of horse it was can be imagined—and in the end I won. The case took the whole day. Then, when it was all over, I heard that there was a bet of five hundred pounds depending on the result of the case. The parties were all horsy people, and they knew they would get a fair run for their money, and they used me for the purpose of a gamble."

One, perhaps, should refer to Mr. Justice Lawrance, who retired at the beginning of 1912, after serving as a judge of the King's Bench Division for twenty-two years, as a sarcastic rather than a humorous judge, although on one occasion he astounded the Court by innocently asking, in a case in which a barmaid, suing for breach of promise, said her acquaintanceship with the defendant began by his coming in and asking for "a Scotch," "What's a Scotch?" while trying to look as grave as another judge who once asked, "Who is Dan Leno?"

Concerning his suavity, however, many stories are related of Judge Lawrance, but the following must suffice. He was once passing sentence on a man, and in the course of his preliminary remarks he referred to him as "a professional burglar." The prisoner raised loud protests from the dock. "Here," he exclaimed; "I dunno wot you mean by callin' me a professional burglar. I've only done it once before, an' I've been nabbed both times."

Mr. Justice Lawrance beamed upon him. "Oh, I did not mean to say," he remarked, in his most suave manner, "that you had been very *successful* in your profession."

Mr. Justice Channell has a pretty turn of wit which on occasions is inclined to startle witnesses. Once, in reply to a question, a witness indignantly retorted that he had been "wedded to truth from infancy."

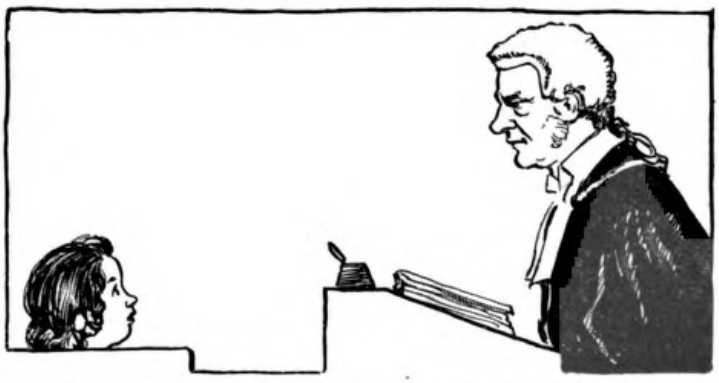
"That may be," said Sir Arthur; "but the question is, how long have you been divorced?"

Another time a little girl was before him, and he proceeded to ascertain whether she knew the nature of an oath. The child replied that she would go to heaven if she told the truth, but would go to the other place if she told lies.

"Are you sure of that, my dear?" said the judge.

"Yes, my lord, quite sure."

"Let her be sworn," said the judge; "she knows more than I do."



"'LET HER BE SWORN,' SAID THE JUDGE. 'SHE KNOWS MORE THAN I DO.'"

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Disentangling Old Percy.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

DOESN'T some poet or philosopher fellow say that it's when our intentions are best that we always make the most poisonous bloomers? I can't put my hand on the passage, but you'll find it in Shakespeare or somewhere, I'm pretty certain.

Anyhow, it's always that way with me. And the affair of Percy Craye is a case in point.

I had dined with Percy (a dear old pal of mine) one night at the Bank of England—he's in the Guards, and it was his turn to be on hand there and prevent any blighter trying to slide in and help himself—and as he was seeing me out he said, "Reggie, old top" (my name's Reggie Pepper)—"Reggie, old top, I'm rather worried."

"Are you, Percy, old pal?" I said.

"Yes, Reggie, old fellow," he said, "I am. It's like this. The Booles have asked me down to their place for the week-end, and I don't know whether to go or not. You see, they have family prayers at half-past eight sharp, and besides that there's a frightful risk of music after dinner. On the other hand, young Roderick Boole thinks he can play piquet."

"I should go," I said.

"But I'm not sure Roderick's going to be there this time."

It was a pretty tricky problem, and I didn't wonder poor old Percy had looked pale and fagged at dinner.

Then I had the idea which really started all the trouble.

"Why don't you consult a palmist?" I said.

"That's not a bad idea," said Percy.

"Go and see Dorothea in Bond Street. She's a wonder. She'll settle it for you in a second. She'll see from your lines that you are thinking of making a journey, and she'll either tell you to fizz ahead, which will mean that Roderick will be there, or else to keep away because she sees disaster."

"You seem well up in this sort of thing."

"I've been to a good many of them. You'll like Dorothea."

"What did you say her name was—Dorothea? What do I do? Do I just walk in? Sha'n't I feel a fearful ass? How much do I give her?"

"A guinea. You'd better write and make an appointment."

"All right," said Percy. "But I know I shall look a frightful fool."

You would hardly believe the trouble it took to bring him to the scratch. In the end I took him round myself and left him there, and about a week later I ran into him between the acts at the Gaiety. The old boy was beaming.

"Reggie," he said, "you did me the best turn anyone's ever done me, sending me to Mrs. Darrell."

"Mrs. Darrell?"

"You know—Dorothea. Her real name's Darrell. She's a widow. Her husband was in a line regiment, and left her without a penny. It's a frightfully pathetic story. Haven't time to tell you now. My boy, she's a marvel. She had hardly looked at my hand when she said, 'You will prosper in any venture you undertake.' And next day, by Jove, I popped down to the Booles and separated young Roderick from fourteen pounds seven and six. She's a wonderful woman. Did you ever see just that shade of hair?"

"I didn't notice her hair."

He gaped at me in a sort of petrified astonishment.

"You—didn't—notice—her—hair?" he gasped.

Just then the bell rang, and I had to nip back to my stall.

I can't fix the dates exactly, but it must have been about three weeks after this that I got a telegram, "Call Eaton Square immediately.—FLORENCE CRAYE."

She needn't have signed her name. I should have known who it was from by the wording. Ever since I was a kid Percy's sister Florence has oppressed me to the most fearful extent. Not that I'm the only one. Her brothers live in terror of her, I know. Especially Lord Weeting. He's never been able to get away from her, and it's absolutely

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broken his spirit. He's a mild, hopeless sort of ass, who spends all his time at Weeting and has never been known to come to London. He's writing a history of the family or something, I believe.

You see, events have conspired, so to speak, to let Florence do pretty much as she likes with them. The family affairs have got themselves into a bit of a muddle. Originally there was Percy's father, Lord Worplesdon; Percy's elder brother Edwin, who's Lord Weeting; Florence, and Percy. Lady Worplesdon has been dead some years. Then came the smash. It happened through Lord Worplesdon. Most people, if you ask them, will tell you that he is bang off his rocker, and I'm not sure they're not right. At any rate, one morning he came down to breakfast, lifted the first cover on the sideboard, said, in a despairing sort of way, "Eggs! Eggs! Eggs! Curse all eggs!" and walked out of the room. Nobody thought much of it till about an hour afterwards, when they found that he had packed a portmanteau, left the house, and caught the train to London. Next day they got a letter from him, saying that he was off to the Continent, never to return, and that all communications were to be addressed to his solicitors.

And from that day none of them had seen him. He wrote occasionally, generally from Paris, and that was all.

Well, directly news of this got about down swooped a series of aunts to grab the helm. They didn't stay long. Florence had them out, one after the other, in no time. If any lingering doubt remained in their minds, don't you know, as to who was going to be boss at Weeting, it wasn't her fault. Since then she has run the show.

I went to Eaton Square. It was one of the aunts' houses. There was no sign of the aunt when I called—she had probably climbed a tree and pulled it up after her—but Florence was in the drawing-room.

She is a tall woman with what, I believe, is called "a presence." Her eyes are bright and black, and have a way of getting right inside you, don't you know, and running up and down your spine. She has a deep voice. She is about ten years older than Percy's brother Edwin, who is six years older than Percy.



"'YOU—DIDN'T—NOTICE—HER—HAIR?' HE GASPED."

"Good afternoon," she said. "Sit down."

I poured myself into a chair.

"Reginald," she said, "what is this I hear about Percy?"

I said I didn't know.

"He says that you introduced him."

"Eh?"

"To this woman—this Mrs. Darrell."

"Mrs. Darrell?"

My memory's pretty rocky, and the name conveyed nothing to me.

She pulled out a letter.

"Yes," she said; "Mrs. Dorothy Darrell."

"Great Scot! Dorothea!"

Her eyes resumed their spine-drill.

"Who is she?"

"Only a palmist."

"Only a palmist!" Her voice absolutely boomed. "Well, my brother Percy is engaged to be married to her."

"Many happy returns of the day," I said.

I don't know why I said it. It wasn't

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what I meant to say. I'm not sure I meant to say anything.

She glared at me. By this time I was pure jelly. I simply flowed about the chair.

"You are facetious, Reginald," she said.



"HE LIFTED THE FIRST COVER ON THE SIDEBOARD AND SAID, IN A DESPAIRING SORT OF WAY, 'EGGS! EGGS! EGGS! CURSE ALL EGGS!'"

"No, no, no!" I shouted. "It slipped out. I wouldn't be facetious for worlds."

"I am glad. It is no laughing matter. Have you any suggestions?"

"Suggestions?"

"You don't imagine it can be allowed to go on? The engagement must be broken, of course. But how?"

"Why don't you tell him he mustn't?"

"I shall naturally express my strong disapproval, but it may not be effective. When out of the reach of my personal influence my wretched brother is self-willed to a degree."

I saw what she meant. Good old Percy wasn't going to have those eyes patrolling his spine if he knew it. He meant to keep away and conduct this business by letter. There was going to be no personal interview with sister, if he had to dodge about London like a snipe.

We sat for a long time without speaking. Then I became rather subtle. I had a brain-wave and saw my way to making things right for Percy and at the same time squaring myself with Florence. After all, I thought, the old boy couldn't keep away from the ancestral for the rest of his life. He would have to go to Weeting sooner or later. And my scheme made it pleasant and easy for him.

"I'll tell you what I should do if I were you," I said. "I'm not sure I didn't read some book or see some play somewhere or other where they tried it on, and it worked all right. Chap got engaged to a girl and the family didn't like it, but, instead of cutting up rough, they pretended they didn't object, and had the chap and the girl down to stay with them. And then, after the chap had seen the girl with the home-circle as a background, don't you know, he came to the conclusion that the shot wasn't on the board, and broke off the engagement."

It seemed to strike her.

"I hardly expected so sensible a suggestion from you, Reginald," she said. "It is a very good plan. It shows that you really have a definite substratum of intelligence; and it is all the more deplorable that you should idle your way through the world as you do, when you might be performing some really useful work."

That was Florence all over. Even when she patted you on the head she did it with her knuckles.

"I will invite them down next week," she went on. "You had better come, too."

"It's awfully kind of you, but the fact is——"

"Next Wednesday. Take the three forty-seven."

I met Percy next day. He was looking happy but puzzled, like a man who has found a sixpence in the street and is wondering if there's a string tied to it. I congratulated him on his engagement.

"Reggie," he said, "a pretty rum thing has happened. I feel as if I'd trodden on the last step when it wasn't there. I've just had a letter from my sister Florence asking me to bring Dorothy to Weeting on Wednesday. Florence doesn't seem to mind the idea of the engagement a bit; and I'd expected that I'd have to put myself under police protection. I believe there's a catch somewhere."

I tapped him on the breast-bone.

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"There is, Percy, old lovely," I said, "and I'll tell you what it is. I saw her yesterday, and I can give you the straight tip. She thinks that if you see Mrs. Darrell mingling with the home-circle, you'll see flaws in her which you don't see when you don't see her mingling with the home-circle, don't you see. Do you see now?"

He laughed—heroically, don't you know.

"I'm afraid she'll be disappointed. Love like mine is not dependent on environment."

Which wasn't bad, I thought, if it was his own.

I said good-bye to him and toddled along, rather pleased with myself. It seemed to me that I had handled his affairs in a pretty masterly manner for a chap who's supposed to be one of the biggest chumps in London.



"SHE SAID, WITH A SORT OF JERK, 'I'M GOING BACK TO LONDON TO-MORROW, MR. PEPPER.'"

Well, of course, the thing was an absolute frost, as I ought to have guessed it would be. Whatever could have induced me to think that a fellow like poor old Percy stood a dog's chance against a determined female like his sister Florence I can't imagine. It was like expecting a rabbit to put up a show with a python. From the very start there was only one possible end to the thing. To a woman like Florence, who had trained herself as tough as whalebone by years of scrapping with her father and occasional by-battles with aunts, it was as easy as killing rats with a stick.

I was sorry for Mrs. Darrell. She was a really good sort, and, as a matter of fact, just the kind of wife who would have done old Percy a bit of good. And on her own ground I shouldn't wonder if she might not have made a fight for it. But at Weeting, with the family portraits glaring at her from every wall, and a general atmosphere of chilly disapproval which would have taken the heart out of anyone who hadn't been brought up to it from childhood, she hadn't an earthly. Especially as poor old Percy was just like so much putty in Florence's hands when he couldn't get away from her. You could see the sawdust trickling out of Love's Young Dream in a steady flow.

I took Mrs. Darrell for a walk one afternoon, to see if I couldn't cheer her up a bit; but it wasn't much good. She hardly spoke a word till we were on our way home. Then she said, with a sort of jerk:—

"I'm going back to London to-morrow, Mr. Pepper."

I suppose I ought to have pretended to be surprised, but I couldn't work it.

"I'm afraid you've had a rotten time," I said. "I'm awfully sorry."

She laughed.

"Thank you," she said. "It's nice of you to be sympathetic instead of tactful. You're rather a dear, Mr. Pepper."

I hadn't any remarks to make. I whacked at a nettle with my stick.

"I shall break off my engagement after dinner, so that Percy can have a good night's rest. I'm afraid he has been brooding on the future a good deal. It will be a great relief to him."

"Oh, no," I said.

"Oh, yes. I know exactly how he feels. He thought he could carry me off, but he finds he overestimated his powers. He has remembered that he is a Weeting. I imagine that the fact has been pointed out to him."

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"If you ask my opinion," I said—I was feeling pretty sore about it—"that blighted blighter Florence is an absolute blighter."

"My dear Mr. Pepper, I wouldn't have dreamt of asking your opinion on such a delicate subject. But I'm glad to have it. Thank you very much. Do I strike you as a vindictive woman, Mr. Pepper?"

"I don't think you do," I said.

"By nature I don't think I am. But I'm feeling a little vindictive just at present."

She stopped suddenly.

"I don't know why I'm boring you like this, Mr. Pepper," she said. "For goodness' sake, let's be cheerful. Say something bright."

I was going to have a dash at it, but she collared the conversation and talked all the rest of the way. She seemed to have cheered up a whole lot.

She left next day. I gather she pushed Percy as per schedule, for the old boy looked distinctly brighter, and Florence wore an off-duty expression and was quite decently civil. Mrs. Darrell bore up all right. She avoided Percy, of course, and put in most of the time talking to Edwin. He evidently appreciated it, for I had never seen him look so nearly happy before.

I popped back to London directly afterwards, and I hadn't been there much more than a week when a most remarkably rum thing happened. Turning in at the Empire for half an hour one evening, whom should I meet but brother Edwin, quite fairly festive, with a fat cigar in his mouth.

"Halloa, Reggie!" he said. "What-ho, my lad!"

"What are you doing here?" I said.

"I had to come up to London to look up a life of Hilary de Whyttange at the British Museum. I believe the old buffer was a sort of connection."

"This isn't the British Museum."

"I was beginning to suspect as much. The difference is subtle, but well marked."

It struck me that there was another difference that was subtle but well marked, and that was the difference between the Edwin I'd left messing about over his family history a week before and the jovial buck who was blowing smoke in my face now.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the British Museum would be all the better for a little of this sort of thing. It's too conservative. That's what's the trouble with the British Museum. What's the matter with having a ballet and a few performing dogs in the reading-room? It would brighten the place up and attract custom. Reggie, you're looking fatigued. There's a place at the end of that corridor expressly designed for supplying first-aid to the fatigued. Let me lead you to it."

I'm not given to thinking much as a rule, but I couldn't help pondering a bit over this meeting with Edwin. It's hard to make you see the remarkableness of the whole thing, for, of course, if you look at it in one way, there's nothing so frightfully rackety in smoking a cigar and drinking a whisky and soda. But then you have never seen Edwin. There are degrees in everything, don't you know. For Edwin to behave as he did with me that night was simply nothing more nor less than a frightful outburst, and it disturbed me. Not that I cared what Edwin did, as a rule, but I couldn't help feeling a sort of what-d'you-call-it?—a presentiment—that somehow, in some way I didn't understand, I was mixed up in it, or was soon going to be. I think the whole fearful family had got on my nerves to such an extent that the mere sight of any of them made me jumpy.

And, by Jove, I was perfectly right, don't you know. In a day or two along came the usual telegram from Florence, telling me to come to Eaton Square.

I was getting about full up with Eaton Square, and I made up my mind I wouldn't go near the place. But of course I did. When it came to the point I simply hadn't the common manly courage to keep away.

Florence was there in the drawing-room as before.

"Reginald," she said, "I think I shall go raving mad."

This struck me as a jolly happy solution of everybody's troubles, but I felt it was too good to be true.

"Over a week ago," she went on, "my brother Edwin came up to London to consult a book in the British Museum. I anticipated that this would occupy perhaps an afternoon, and was expecting him back by an early train next day. He did not arrive. He sent an incoherent telegram. But even then I suspected nothing." She paused. "Yesterday morning," she said, "I had a letter from my aunt Augusta."

She paused again. She seemed to think I ought to be impressed.

"Very jolly," I said.

Her eyes tied a bow-knot in my spine.

"Jolly! Let me read you her letter. No, I will tell you its contents. Aunt Augusta

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had seen Edwin lunching at the Savoy with a creature."

"A what?"

"My aunt described her. Her hair was of a curious dull-bronze tint."

"Your aunt's?"

"The woman's. It was then that I began to suspect. How many women with dull-bronze hair does Edwin know?"

"Great Scot! Why ask me?"

I had got used to being treated as a sort of "Hey, Bill!" by Florence, but I was hanged if I was going to be expected to be an encyclopædia as well.

"One," she said. "That appalling Darrell woman."

She drew a deep breath.

"Yesterday evening," she said, "I saw them together in a taximeter cab. They were obviously on their way to some theatre."

She fixed me with her eye.

"Reginald," she said, "you must go and see her the first thing to-morrow."

"What!" I cried. "Me? Why? Why me?"

"Because you are responsible for the whole affair. You introduced Percy to her. You suggested that she should come to Weeting. Go to her to-morrow and ascertain her intentions."

"But——"

"The very first thing."

"But wouldn't it be better to collar Edwin and pump him?"

"I have made every endeavour to see Edwin, but he deliberately avoids me. His answers to my telegrams are wilfully evasive."

There was no doubt that Edwin had effected a thorough bolt. He was having quite the holiday. Two weeks in sunny London, what? And from what I'd seen of him, he seemed to be thriving on it. I didn't wonder Florence had got rather anxious. She'd have been more anxious if she had seen him when I did. He'd got a sort of "London is *so* bracing" look about him which meant a whole lot of trouble before he trotted back to the fold.

Well, I started off to interview Mrs. Darrell, and, believe me, I didn't half like the prospect. I think they ought to train the District Messengers to do this sort of thing.

I found her alone. The rush-hour of clients hadn't begun.

"How do you do, Mr. Pepper?" she said. "How nice of you to call."

Very friendly, and all that. It made the situation dashed difficult for a chap, if you see what I mean.

"I say, you know," I said. "What about it, don't you know?"

"I certainly don't," she said. "What ought I to know about what?"

"Well, about Edwin—Lord Weeting," I said. "How do we go?"

She smiled.

"Oh! So you're an ambassador, Mr. Pepper?"

"I feel more like a bally ass. But as a matter of fact I did come to see if I could find out how things were running. What's going to happen?"

"Are you consulting me professionally? If so, you must show me your hand. Or perhaps you would rather I showed you mine?"

It was rather subtle, but I got on to it after a bit.

"Yes," I said, "I wish you would."

"Very well. Do you remember a conversation we had, Mr. Pepper, my last afternoon at Weeting? We came to the conclusion that I was rather a vindictive woman."

"By Jove! You're ragging old Edwin so as to score off Florence?"

She flushed a little.

"How very direct you are, Mr. Pepper! How do you know I'm not very fond of Lord Weeting? At any rate, I'm very sorry for him."

"He's such a chump."

"But he's improving every day. Have you seen him? You must notice the difference?"

"There is a difference."

"He only wanted taking out of himself, I think he found Lady Florence's influence a little oppressive sometimes."



"ALONG CAME THE USUAL TELEGRAM FROM FLORENCE, TELLING ME TO COME TO EATON SQUARE."

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"No. But, I say," I said, "are you going to marry him?"

"I'm only a palmist. I don't pretend to be a clairvoyante. A marriage may be indicated in Lord Weeting's hand, but I couldn't say without looking at it."

"But, look here, I shall have to tell Lady Florence something definite, or she won't give me a moment's peace."

"Tell her Lord Weeting is of age. Surely that's definite enough?"

And I couldn't get any more out of her. I went back to Florence and reported. She got pretty excited about it.

"Oh, if I were a man!" she said.

I didn't see how that would have helped. I said so.

"I'd go straight to Edwin and *drag* him away. He is staying at his club. If I were a man I could go in and find him——"

"Not if you weren't a member," I said.

"And tell him what I thought of his conduct. As I'm only a woman, I have to wait in the hall while a deceitful small boy pretends to go and look for him."

It had never struck me before what a jolly sound institution a club was. Only a few days back I'd been thinking that the subscription to mine was a bit steep. But now I saw that the place earned every penny of the money.

"Have you no influence with him, Reginald?"

I said I didn't think I had. She called me something. Invertebrate, or something. I didn't catch it.

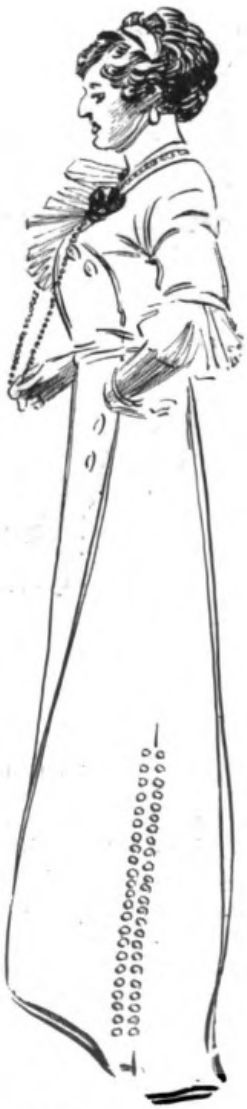
"Then there's only one thing to do. You must find my father and tell him all. Perhaps you may rouse him to a sense of what is right. You may make him remember that he has duties as a parent."

I thought it far more likely that I should make him remember that he had a foot. I hadn't a very vivid recollection of Lord Worplesdon. I was quite a kid when he made his great speech on the egg question and legged it for the Continent; but what I did recollect didn't encourage me to go and chat with him about the duties of a parent. As I remembered him, he was a rather large man with elephantiasis of the temper. I distinctly recalled one occasion when I was spending my summer holidays at Weeting and he found me trying to shave old Percy, then a kid of fourteen, with his razor.

"I shouldn't be able to find him," I said.

"You can get his address from his solicitors."





"'WHAT!' I CRIED. 'ME? WHY? WHY ME?'"

"He may be at the North Pole."

"Then you must go to the North Pole."

"But, I say——"

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"Reginald!"

"Oh, all right."

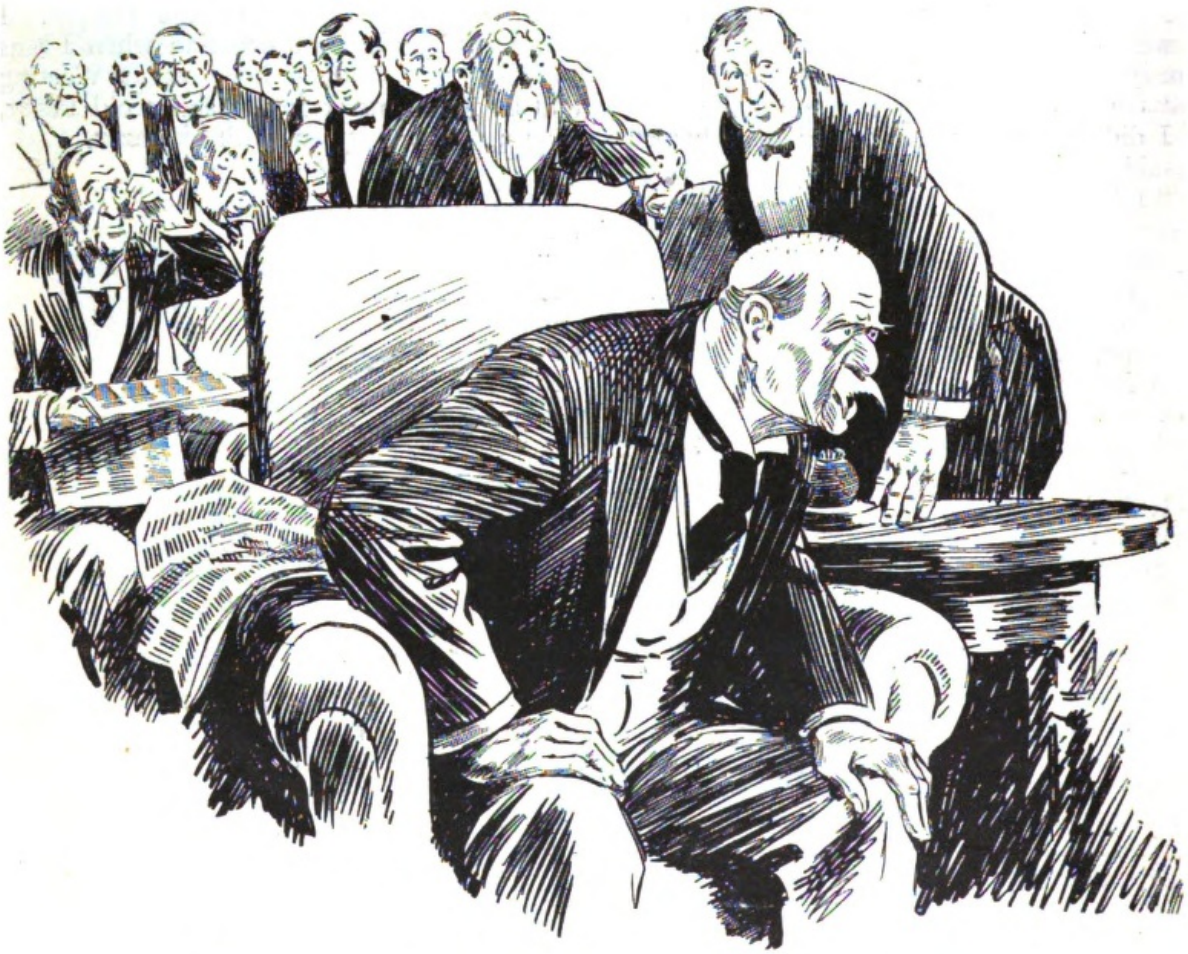
I knew just what would happen. Parbury, Parbury, Parbury, and Stevens, the solicitors, simply looked at me as if I had been caught stealing milk-cans. At least, Stevens did. And the three Parburys would have done it, too, only they had been dead a good time. Finally, after drinking me in for about a quarter of an hour, Stevens said that if I desired to address a communication to his lordship care of this office, it would be duly forwarded. Good morning. Good morning. Anything further? No, thanks. Good morning. *Good* morning.

I handed the glad news on to Florence and left her to do what she liked about it. She went down and interviewed Stevens. I suppose he'd had experience of her. At any rate, he didn't argue. He yielded up the address in level time. Lord Worplesdon was in Paris, but was to arrive in London that night, and would doubtless be at his club.

It was the same club where Edwin was hiding from Florence. I pointed this out to her.

"There's no need for me to butt in, after all," I said. "He'll meet Edwin there, and they can fight it out in the smoking-room. You've only to drop him a line explaining the facts."

"I shall certainly communicate with him in writing, but nevertheless you must see him. I cannot explain everything in a letter."



"I GOT A LETTER FROM HER. I TORE IT UP. I DIDN'T READ IT."

"But doesn't it strike you that he may think it pretty bad gall—impertinence, don't you know—for a comparative stranger like me to be tackling a delicate family affair like this?"

"You will explain that you are acting for me."

"It wouldn't be better if old Percy sallied along instead?"

"I *wish* you to go, Reginald."

Well, of course, it was all right, don't you know, but I was losing a stone a day over

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the business. I was getting so light that I felt that, when Lord Worplesdon kicked me, I should just soar up to the ceiling like an air-balloon.

The club was one of those large clubs that look like prisons. I used to go there to lunch with my uncle, the one who left me his money, and I always hated the place. It was one of those clubs that are all red leather and hushed whispers.

I'm bound to say, though, there wasn't much hushed whispering when I started my interview with Lord Worplesdon. His voice was one of my childhood's recollections.

He was most extraordinarily like Florence.



He had just the same eyes. I felt boneless from the start.

"Good morning," I said.

"What?" he said. "Speak up. Don't mumble."

I hadn't known he was deaf. The last time we'd had any conversation—on the subject of razors—he had done all the talking. This seemed to me to put the lid on it.

"I only said 'Good morning,'" I shouted.

"Good what? Speak up. I believe you're sucking sweets. Oh, good morning? I remember you now. You're the boy who spoiled my razor."

I didn't half like this re-opening of old wounds. I hurried on.

"I came about Edwin, Lord Worplesdon," I said.

"Who?"

"Edwin. Your son."

"What about him?"

"Florence told me to see you."

"Who?"

"Florence. Your daughter."

"What about her?"

All this comedy duo business, mind you, as if we were bellowing at each other across the street. All round the room you could see old gentlemen shooting out of their chairs like rockets and dashing off at a gallop to write to the committee about it. Thousands of waiters had appeared from nowhere, and were hanging about dusting table-legs. If ever a business wanted to be discussed privately, this seemed to me to be it. And it was just about as private as a conversation through megaphones in Piccadilly Circus.

"Didn't she write to you?"

"I got a letter from her. I tore it up. I didn't read it."

Jolly, what? I began to understand what a shipwrecked Johnny must feel when he finds there's something gone wrong with the life-belt.

I thought I might as well get to the point and get it over.

"Edwin's going to marry a palmist," I said.

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"Who the devil's Harry?"

"Not Harry. Marry. He's going to marry a palmist."

About four hundred waiters noticed a speck of dust on an ash-tray at the table next to ours, and swooped down on it.

"Edwin is going to marry a palmist?"

"Yes."

"She must be mad. Hasn't she seen Edwin?"

And just then who should stroll in but Edwin himself. I sighted him and gave him a hail.

He curveted up to us. It was amazing, the way the fellow had altered. He looked like a two-year-old. Flower in his button-hole, and a six-inch grin, and all that. Lord Worplesdon seemed surprised, too. I didn't wonder. The Edwin he remembered was a pretty different kind of a chap.

"Halloa, dad!" he said. "Fancy meeting you here! Have a cigarette?"

He shoved out his case. Lord Worplesdon helped himself in a sort of dazed way.

"You *are* Edwin?" he said, slowly.

I began to sidle out. They didn't notice me. They had moved to a settee, and Edwin seemed to be telling his father a funny story. At least, he was talking and grinning, and Lord Worplesdon was making a noise like distant thunder, which I supposed was his way of chuckling. I slid out and left them.

Some days later Percy called on me. The old boy was looking scared.

"Reggie," he said, "what do doctors call it when you think you see things when you don't? Hal-something. I've got it, whatever it is. It's sometimes caused by overwork. But it can't be that with me, because I've not been doing any work. You don't think my brain's going or any bally rot like that, do you?"

"What do you mean? What's been happening?"

"It's like being haunted. I read a story somewhere of a fellow who kept thinking he saw a battleship bearing down on him. I've got it, too. Four times in the last three days I could have sworn I saw my father and Edwin. I saw them as plainly as I see you. And, of course, Edwin's at Weeting and father's on the Continent somewhere. Do you think it's some sort of a warning? Do you think I'm going to die?"

"It's all right, old man," I said. "As a matter of fact, they are both in London just now."

"You don't mean that? Great Scot, what a relief! But, Reggie, old top, it couldn't have been them really. The last time was at Covent Garden, and the chap I mistook for Edwin was wearing a false nose and dancing all by himself in the middle of the floor."



"EDWIN WAS WEARING A FALSE NOSE AND DANCING ALL BY HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR."

I admitted it was pretty queer.

I was away for a few days after that in the country. When I got back I found a pile of telegrams waiting for me. They were all from Florence, and they all wanted me to go to Eaton Square. The last of the batch, which had arrived that morning, was so jolly peremptory that I felt as if something had bitten me when I read it.

For a moment I admit I hung back. Then I rallied. There are times in a man's life when he has got to show a bit of the old bull-dog British pluck, don't you know, if he wants to preserve his self-respect. I did then. My bag was still unpacked. I told my man to put it on a cab. And in about two ticks I was bowling off to Charing Cross. I left for France by the night boat.

About three weeks later I fetched up at Nice. You can't walk far at Nice without bumping into a Casino. The one I hit my first evening was the Casino Municipale, in the Place Massena. It looked more or less of a Home from Home, so I strolled in. There was quite a crowd round the *boule*-tables, and I squashed in. And when I'd worked through into the

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front rank I happened to look down the table, and there was Edwin, with a green Tyrolese hat hanging over one ear, clutching out for a lot of five-franc pieces which the croupier was steering towards him at the end of a rake.

I was feeling lonely, for I knew no one in the place, so I edged round in his direction.

Half-way there I heard my name called, and there was Mrs. Darrell.

I saw the whole thing in a flash. Lord Worplesdon hadn't done a thing to prevent it, and the marriage had taken place. And here they were on their honeymoon. I wondered what Florence was thinking of it.



"EDWIN WAS CLUTCHING OUT FOR A LOT OF FIVE-FRANC PIECES WHICH THE CROUPIER WAS STEERING TOWARDS HIM AT THE END OF A RAKE."

"Well, well, here we all are," I said. "I've just seen Edwin. He seems to be winning."

"Dear boy!" she said. "He does enjoy it so. I think he gets so much more out of life than he used to, don't you?"

"Rather! May I wish you happiness?"

"Thank you so much, Mr. Pepper. I sent you a piece of the cake, but I suppose you never got it."

"Lord Worplesdon didn't make any objections, then?"

"On the contrary. He was more in favour of the marriage than anyone."

"And I'll tell you why," I said. "I'm rather a chump, you know, but I observe things. I bet he was grateful to you for taking Edwin in hand and making him human."

"Why, you're wonderful, Mr. Pepper. That is exactly what he said himself. It was that that first made us friends."

"And—er—Florence?"

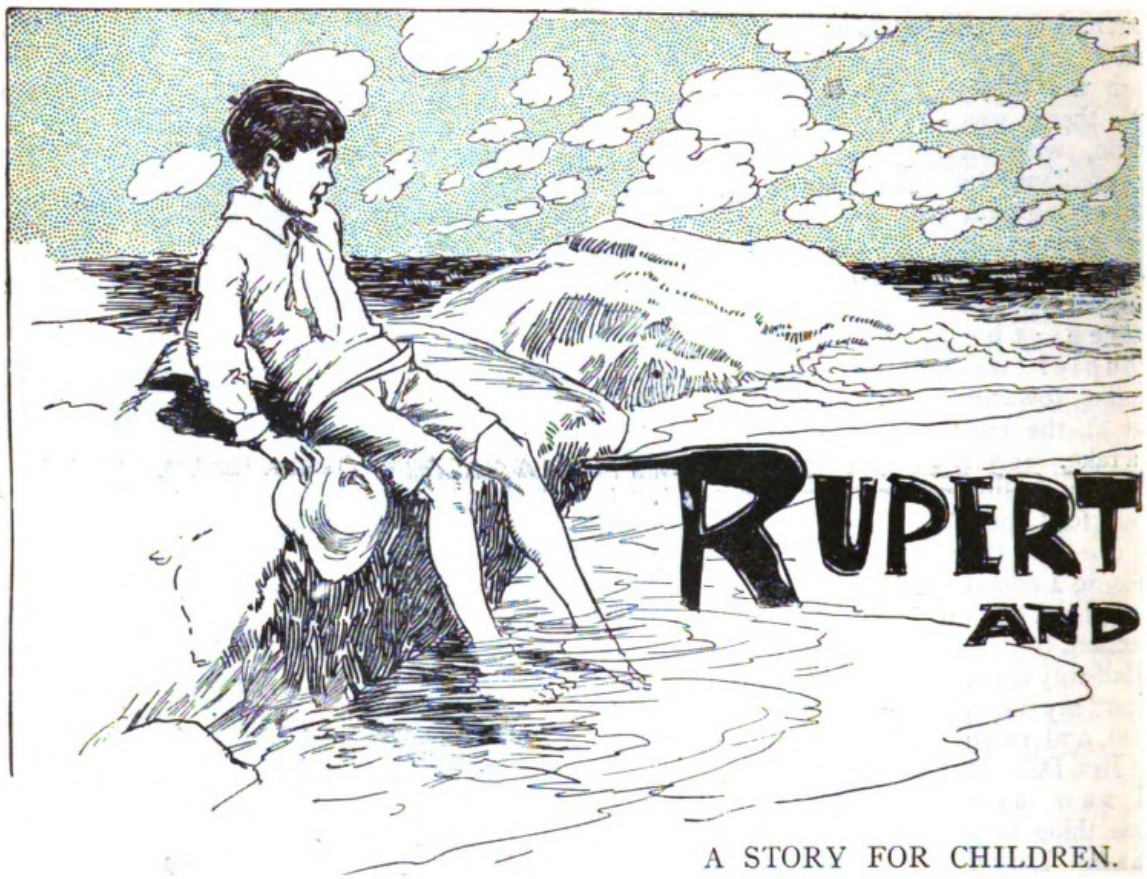
She sighed.

"I'm afraid Florence has taken the thing a little badly. But I hope to win her over in time. I want all my children to love me."

"All your what?"

"I think of them as my children, you see, Mr. Pepper. I adopted them as my own when I married their father. Did you think I had married Edwin? What a funny mistake! I am very fond of Edwin, but not in that way. No; I married Lord Worplesdon. We left him at our villa to-night, as he had some letters to get off. You must come and see us, Mr. Pepper. I always feel that it was you who brought us together, you know. I wonder if you will be seeing Florence when you get back? Will you give her my very best love?"

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A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

IT certainly was a hot day. Rupert sat on a stone, swinging his feet slowly backwards and forwards in a large pool that joined the sea by a deep channel, but at last he grew tired of this, and, with a mighty yawn, sighed.

"It's awfully hot. I wish I were a fish and could swim down to the bottom of the sea. It is sure to be cool there."

"So it is," agreed a voice. "As cool as an iceberg."

Rupert looked up in astonishment, for he had not seen any children playing near him. But was that a child sitting on the opposite side of the pool, smiling at him?

He sat staring at him, and then suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, I say, where are your feet?"

"Haven't any, and don't want any, either," said the other, with a laugh. "I'm a merbaby."

"A what?"

"A merbaby, of course! I shall be a merman when I grow up."

"You are just like me to the waist, and then you are like a fish's tail," said Rupert. "What's your name? Mine is Rupert."

"Seafoam," was the answer; "Foam for short. I know your name quite well. I've often seen you and the other land-babies playing on the shore and paddling in the water But didn't you say you wanted to go down to the bottom of the sea? If you do, I'll take you."

"Will you really?" cried Rupert. "That will be fine."

"Come along then," and Seafoam slipped into the water and began to swim along the channel that led from the pool to the open sea.

Rupert followed on the sand and wished with all his heart that he, too, could have a lovely green tail that turned all kinds of colours when it caught the sunshine.

"Here we are," said Seafoam, when they were at the edge of the water. "Walk into the sea with me. Now take hold of my hand tight—you won't drown, as you are with a merbaby. Ready! One, two, three—dive!"

Down they both went, down to the bottom of the sea, and Rupert found himself sitting on the hard yellow sand under the water.

"We shall just have time to see the King on his way to the palace, if we swim to that rock over there," remarked the merbaby.

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THE MER-BABIES

By ELSIE C. DILL.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

"Have you a King down here?" asked Rupert.

"Oh, yes. We call him 'His Majesty the King of the Merfolk.'"

"Perhaps he wouldn't like to see me," objected the boy.

"The King is my uncle," said Foam, "and always welcomes my guests. Come on!"

So they rose to the surface of the water and made for the rocky islet far out in the sea.

On coming closer to the isle Rupert saw that the rocks were covered with merbabies of all sizes, who were standing on the tips of their tails viewing the King's approach. The two swimmers climbed up the rocks and turned to watch the King. Rupert thought he looked like a grown-up merbaby, but he had a very long beard, which waved about in the water, and on his head he wore a golden crown. A beautiful mantle of fine purple seaweed, decorated with large pearls, hung from his shoulders and trailed away behind him. As he came nearer the rock he saw Rupert with Seafoam by his side.

"Ha! Seafoam, whom have you there?" demanded the King.

"May it please your Majesty," said Foam,



"DOWN THEY BOTH WENT, DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA."

"this is a land-baby I heard wishing to go down to the bottom of the sea."

"Were you not afraid to come here?" asked the King, turning to Rupert.

"No, sire," answered Rupert, holding himself very stiffly, and saluting as his father

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"THE ROCK WAS COVERED WITH MERBABIES OF ALL SIZES."

had shown him. Then he added, politely, "I hope you will let me stay here, for it's jolly."

"I am very pleased to see you," said the King, kindly. "You must go to the palace and see my little son. Seafoam, take your friend to the Prince Merbaby, and see that he enjoys himself. What is his name?"

"Rupert, sire," said Foam; and then the King, with his bodyguard of sword-fish, swam on.

"Who is the Prince Merbaby?" asked Rupert, as they plunged into the water again.

"He is the King's youngest son, and, of course, my cousin. But now he can't swim."

"How's that?"

"Well, it was this way," explained Seafoam, as they swam along. "One day not long ago the Prince Merbaby was playing in the mud at the bottom of the sea. He didn't look where he was going, and banged right into an electric fish which was nearly buried in the mud. The electric fish was in so bad a temper at being disturbed that it gave the Prince Merbaby's tail such a severe shock that he couldn't move it the least little bit, but could only scream with pain. It was like sticking fish-bones into him. We had to carry him home, and now he lies still all day—can't swim or do anything."

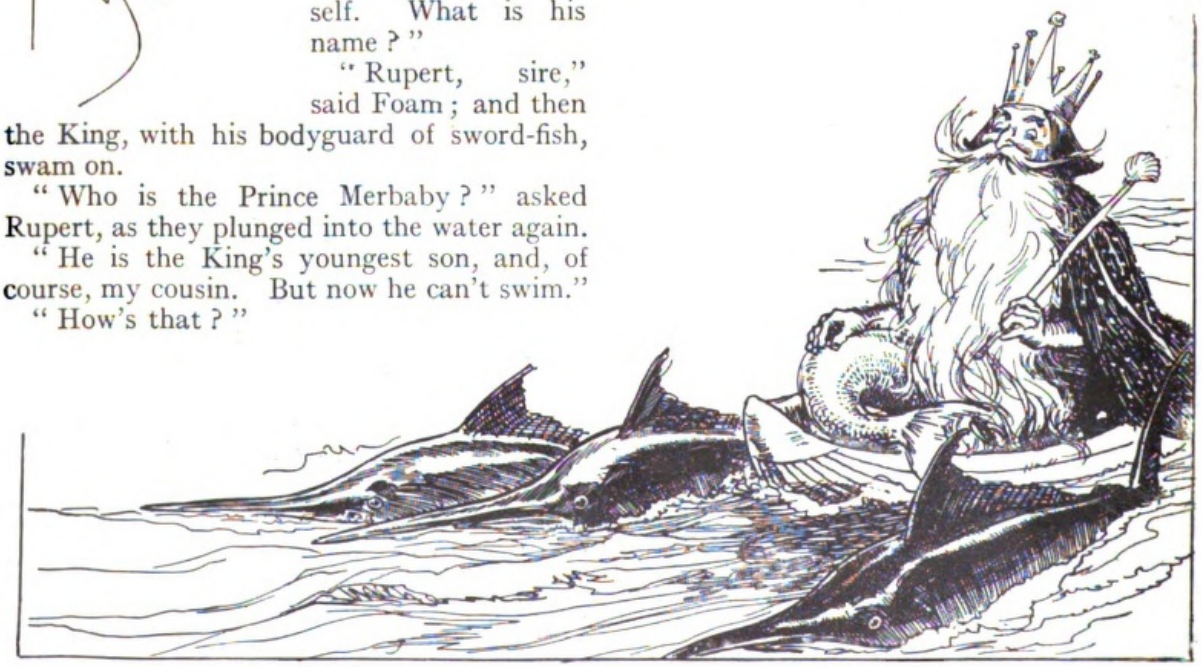
"Can't the doctors cure him?"

"No," returned Foam; "the King's doctor, the Court Physician, can't, but he says the Weird Witch can."

"Who's she?"

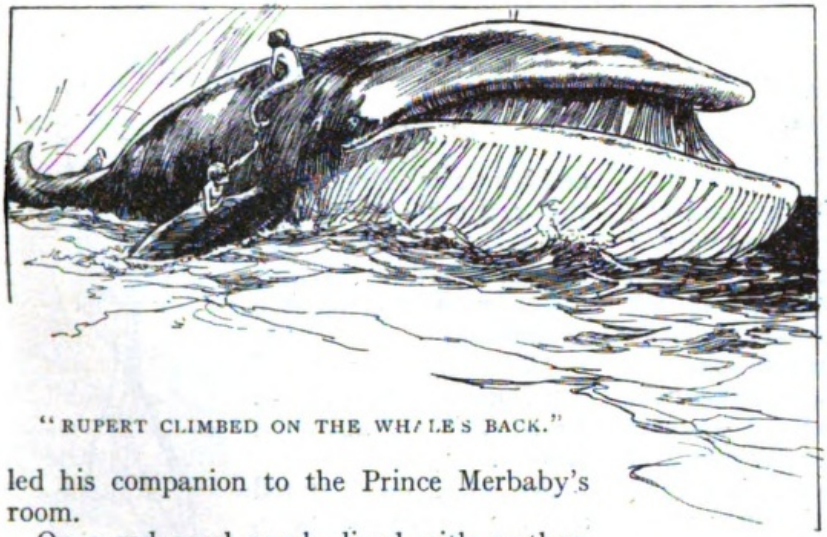
"Hush!" whispered Seafoam. "All the merbabies swim away home if they only hear her name, she's so dreadful, and so very fond of doing people harm."

By this time a beautiful white coral palace rose before them, and, on entering it, Foam



"THE KING WITH HIS BODYGUARD OF SWORD-FISH."

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"RUPERT CLIMBED ON THE WHALE'S BACK."

led his companion to the Prince Merbaby's room.

On a red coral couch, lined with mother-of-pearl and padded with golden sponges, lay a sad-looking little creature, with a rug of red seaweed thrown over his poor little tail. Rupert looked down at him very pityingly.

"I'm awfully sorry for you," he began, without waiting for Foam to introduce him.

"Thank you; I am very sorry for myself, I can tell you!" answered the Prince.

"This is my friend Rupert," said Seafoam. "I found him on the shore and he wanted to come here, so I brought him. Then we met the King, and His Majesty told me to bring him here."

"I'm tired to death of lying on this couch," yawned the Prince.

"I should think so!" declared Rupert, and at once did his best to make the invalid a little more cheerful.

During supper Rupert was seized by a fine idea.

"I say," he burst out, "if you'll tell me where the Weird Witch lives, I'll go and get that cure for your tail!"

"Thank you very much," said the Prince Merbaby; "but you may get killed if you even go near her."

"No fear!" laughed Rupert. "Let's ask the King."

So the King and Queen were consulted, and the end of it all was that the Court Physician made Rupert a lovely green tail, which fitted him so perfectly that nobody could dream of thinking he was not a real, live merbaby. Rupert was immensely pleased with his new possession, and felt sure he would deceive the Weird Witch in his new disguise. So, with the good wishes of the whole Court ringing in his ears, he set out.



"SURE ENOUGH, THERE WERE THE CUTTLEFISH."

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Outside the palace gates Rupert met the Court Physician, who at once gave him the directions for his journey. A great whale was floating on the water near him, and Rupert, obeying orders, climbed on his back.

"Now, my dear young friend," said the Court Physician, "listen carefully to what I am going to say. This whale will take you almost as far as the Witch's cavern and will wait for your return. But beware! Three horrible cuttlefish guard the entrance to the cavern, and if they once catch you they will never let you go, even if you chop them into pieces. When they see you coming they will throw out a black liquid to conceal their movements, but if you dash in after them you will easily find the old Witch. Remember that you are a merbaby—to her—and keep your eye on the cuttlefish. Now, my dear young friend, good speed!"

The whale swam on steadily until, on the morning of the third day, Rupert woke up to find his strange steed floating on the water in front of some huge cliffs. A black hole yawned just above the sea, and Rupert guessed that this must be the cave of the Weird Witch. The whale was a creature of very few words, so he merely remarked:—

"Journey's ended. Straight ahead, and be here at the third sunset from now."

Rupert dropped into the sea and swam towards the cave. Sure enough, there were the cuttlefish, three frightful objects with their feet or arms, Rupert was not positive which, growing out of their head. As soon as they saw a stranger they disappeared under cover of an inky cloud, and Rupert, rushing after them, the next instant found himself facing the Weird Witch.

On the ground sat the ugliest-looking creature he had ever seen—the Weird Witch herself. She was a very old mermaid, with green hair like tangled seaweed, and green eyes that glared like the eyes of an angry cat. Her face was as wrinkled as a cockle-shell. and her voice sounded like the rattling of a crab's claws. She glared at Rupert with a wicked little green eye as she demanded:—

"What do you want?"

"The cure for the Prince Merbaby's tail," answered Rupert.

The Weird Witch stared at him with the other eye, which looked greener and more wicked.

"Who are you?" she went on.

"Cliff, a merbaby," said Rupert, giving another name.

"Can't I see you are a merbaby?" snapped the Witch.

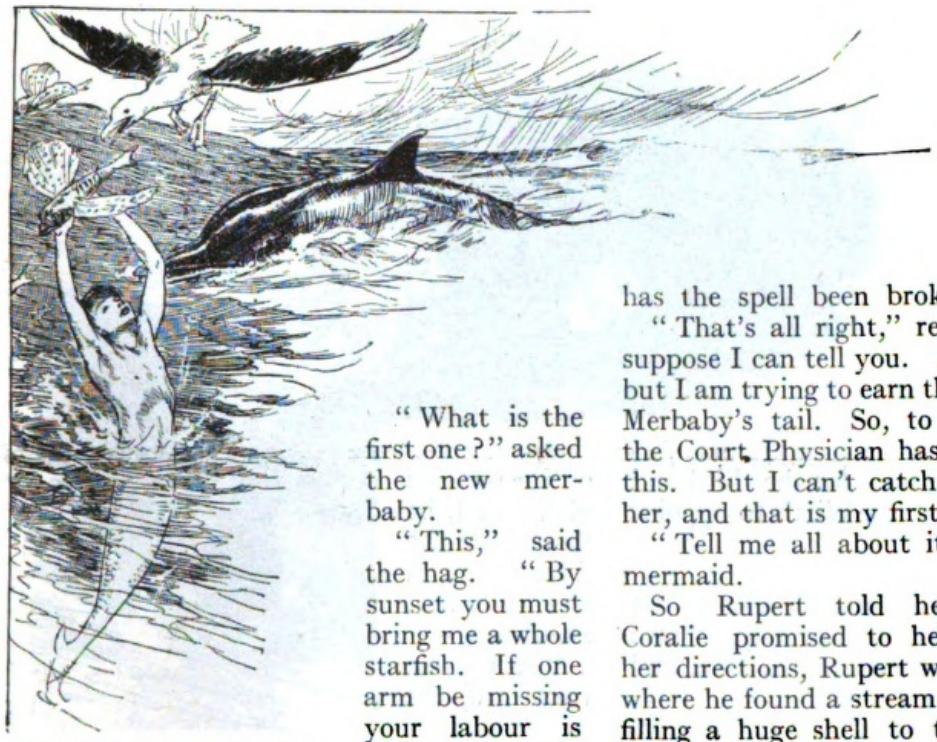
Rupert chuckled inside of him to think he had so far deceived her.

"Well," growled the witch, "I'll give you the cure if you perform three tasks for me. If you fail in one you lose the remedy."



"RUPERT FOUND HIMSELF FACING THE WEIRD WITCH."

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"RUPERT SNATCHED THE FISH AWAY."

"What is the first one?" asked the new merbaby.

"This," said the hag. "By sunset you must bring me a whole starfish. If one arm be missing your labour is vain. Now go!" And he went gladly.

Out in the open sea the charms in his tail led him to a starfish floating on the water, with its arms trailing after it like serpents.

"Hurrah!" cried Rupert, and seized one arm. But behold! no sooner did his hand touch it than the starfish began flinging off its arms from its body in a most reckless manner, until not one arm was left. Rupert looked at the armless body in blank amazement.

"How ever am I to get a whole starfish if it throws away its arms when I take hold of it?" he exclaimed, and swam sadly on until his attention was attracted by a shoal of flying-fish who were being chased by a troop of dolphins. He noticed one flying-fish especially, who was making a valiant effort to escape; but just as it sprang out of the water to flee from the jaws of a dolphin a huge seagull swooped down to seize it.

"Two to one isn't fair!" cried Rupert, and snatched the fish away from them.

Immediately a beautiful mermaid appeared before him. Her golden hair was yards long, and flowed away behind her like a streak of sunshine. She smiled on Rupert most bewitchingly, who, speechless with amazement, just looked at her.

"I must thank you very much for breaking the spell," she said, "and so enabling me to resume my natural shape. The Weird Witch turned me into a flying-fish because I refused to give her my hair. She said that I should remain a fish until a mortal saved me from death. But you are a merbaby, after all, so how ever has the spell been broken?"

"That's all right," returned Rupert. "I suppose I can tell you. I really am a mortal, but I am trying to earn the cure for the Prince Merbaby's tail. So, to deceive the Witch, the Court Physician has dressed me up like this. But I can't catch a whole starfish for her, and that is my first task."

"Tell me all about it," said Coralie, the mermaid.

So Rupert told her everything, and Coralie promised to help him. Following her directions, Rupert went to a little island where he found a stream of fresh water, and, filling a huge shell to the brim, he swam carefully back to his companion.

"Now," said she, "if we can plunge a starfish into this fresh water it will be killed before it has time to throw away its arms."

Coralie was right, for before long they had a magnificent starfish in the shell, safe and sound, dead, but whole.

The Weird Witch was very disappointed when Rupert brought her the starfish. She counted the arms to see if they were all there, and then popped it into a pot hanging over the fire.

"Come to-morrow to learn your second task," she said, and Rupert lost no time in rejoining Coralie, who showed him a snug place in the rocks in which to pass the night.

Next morning Rupert returned to the cave.

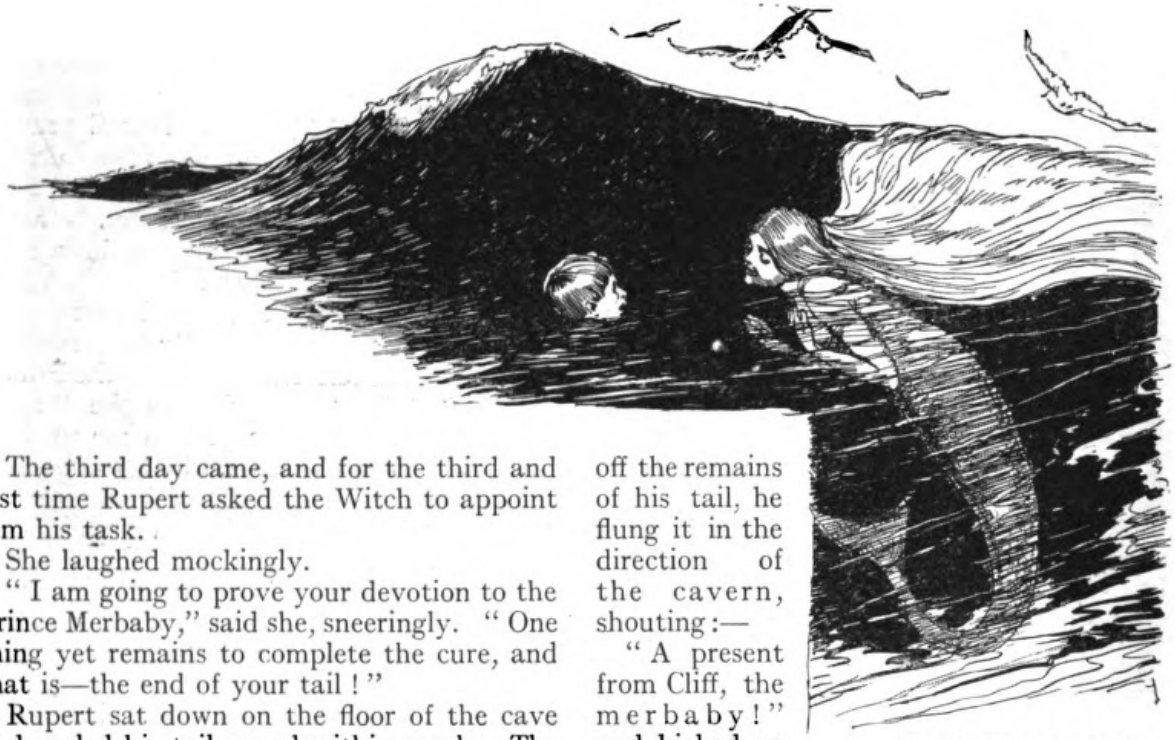
"The starfish is stewing in the pot for the cure," said the old hag. "It must be stirred with the black feather from the head of the King of the Seagulls. Go and get it!"

"With pleasure!" answered Rupert, and he straightway went to Coralie and told her his second task.

"That is very easily done," said Coralie, and blew three shrill blasts on a conch shell. In a short time the King of the Seagulls alighted on the rock beside them, and, on hearing what was required, at once gave Rupert the black feather.

Back again to the cave went Rupert. The Witch took the feather and harshly bade him to be sure to present himself at the cave the next morning.

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"A BEAUTIFUL MERMAID APPEARED BEFORE HIM."

The third day came, and for the third and last time Rupert asked the Witch to appoint him his task.

She laughed mockingly.

"I am going to prove your devotion to the Prince Merbaby," said she, sneeringly. "One thing yet remains to complete the cure, and that is—the end of your tail!"

Rupert sat down on the floor of the cave and curled his tail round within reach. The Weird Witch gave him a knife, and watched him in displeased surprise as he hacked off the end of his tail without the slightest sign of pain. After a minute or two he handed her the piece of tail. She looked at it curiously, but the charms in it prevented her from discovering that it was not real. So she added it to the contents of the pot, stirred it about vigorously, and then poured the magic cure into a bottle and gave it to Rupert.

"Much obliged. Good afternoon!" said Rupert.

The loss of the end of his tail made it rather hard for him to swim, but at length he managed to reach the open sea, well out of reach of the cave and its owner.

The Weird Witch had followed him to the mouth of the cave, for she was certain that the injury to his tail would kill him, or at least prevent him from arriving at his goal. Besides, the end of his tail was not really needed. She had only asked for it out of her wickedness of the heart, in order to kill the "merbaby."

Rupert turned round and looked at her. Then, slipping off the remains of his tail, he flung it in the direction of the cavern, shouting:—

"A present from Cliff, the merbaby!" and kicked up his two feet in the air.

As for the Witch, she threw herself about in such a rage that she fell into the clutches of her cuttlefish, who promptly ate her up.

At sunset the whale appeared, and Coralie and Rupert reached the palace on the third morning, and at once made their way to the Prince Merbaby, who was the first to see them enter the room.

"Oh, Rupert!" he called. "*Have* you brought me the cure?"

The boy rushed forward and emptied the contents of the bottle over the poor little tail. The effect was wonderful. Up sprang the little Prince and hugged Rupert for joy, until Rupert cried:—

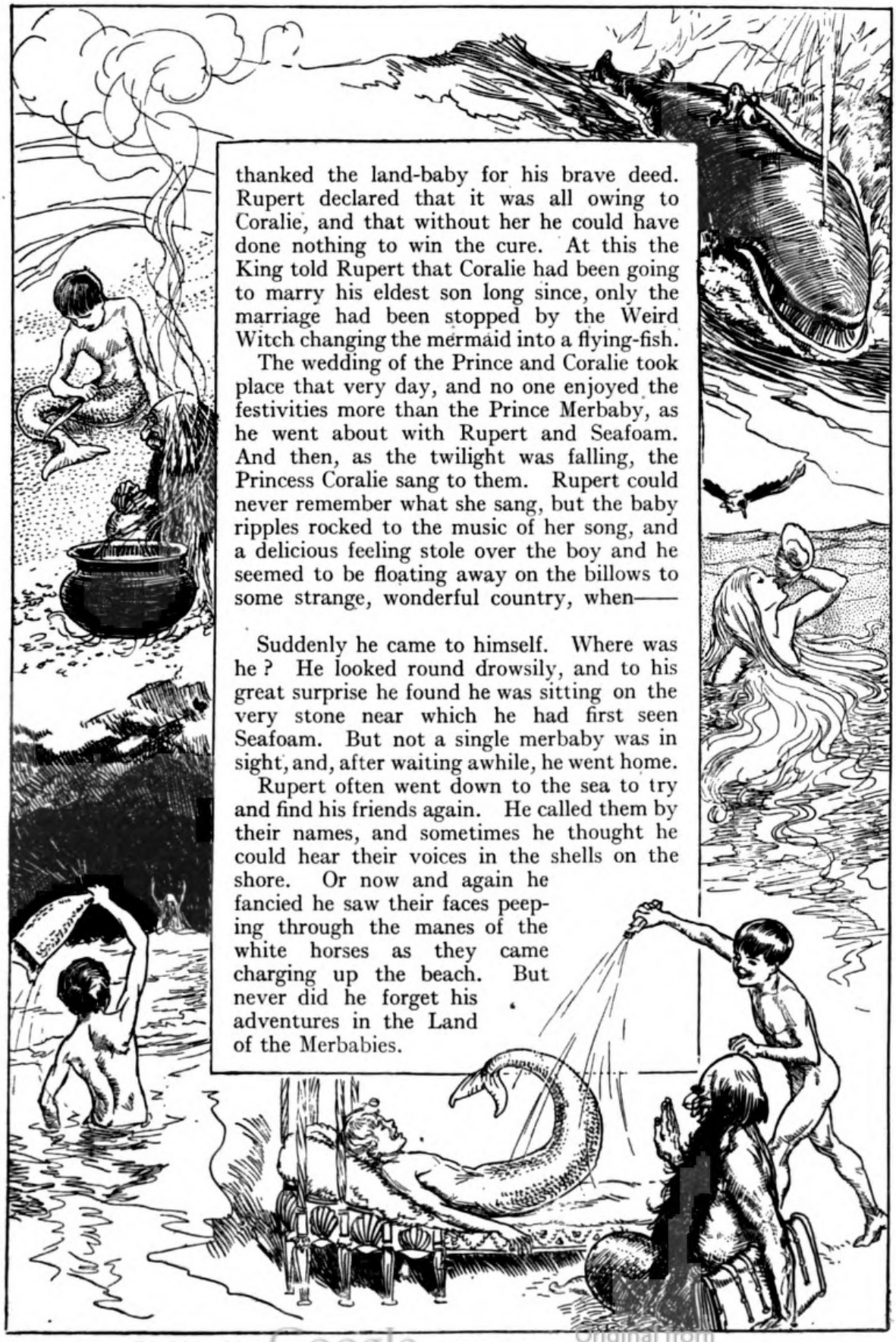
"Here, that's enough, old fellow! You'll choke me!"

Then the King and Queen came up and



"BEFORE LONG THEY HAD A MAGNIFICENT STARFISH IN THE SHELL."

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thanked the land-baby for his brave deed. Rupert declared that it was all owing to Coralie, and that without her he could have done nothing to win the cure. At this the King told Rupert that Coralie had been going to marry his eldest son long since, only the marriage had been stopped by the Weird Witch changing the mermaid into a flying-fish.

The wedding of the Prince and Coralie took place that very day, and no one enjoyed the festivities more than the Prince Merbaby, as he went about with Rupert and Seafoam. And then, as the twilight was falling, the Princess Coralie sang to them. Rupert could never remember what she sang, but the baby ripples rocked to the music of her song, and a delicious feeling stole over the boy and he seemed to be floating away on the billows to some strange, wonderful country, when——

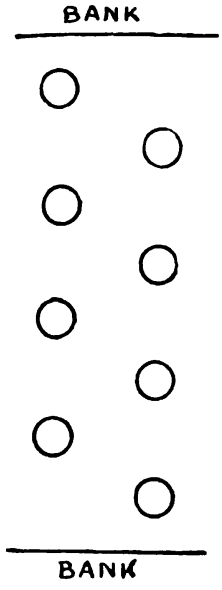
Suddenly he came to himself. Where was he? He looked round drowsily, and to his great surprise he found he was sitting on the very stone near which he had first seen Seafoam. But not a single merbaby was in sight, and, after waiting awhile, he went home.

Rupert often went down to the sea to try and find his friends again. He called them by their names, and sometimes he thought he could hear their voices in the shells on the shore. Or now and again he fancied he saw their faces peeping through the manes of the white horses as they came charging up the beach. But never did he forget his adventures in the Land of the Merbabies.

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PERPLEXITIES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

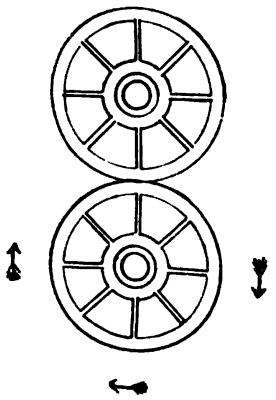


97.—STEPPING-STONES.

THE illustration represents eight stepping-stones across a certain stream. The puzzle is to start from the lower bank and land twice on the upper bank (stopping there), having returned once to the lower bank. But you must be careful to use each stepping-stone the same number of times. In how few steps can you make the crossing? Make the steps with two fingers on the diagram, and you will see what a very simple matter it is. Yet it is more than likely that you will at first take a great many more steps than are necessary. I found that the village maidens who use these stepping-stones were quite familiar with the little trick, which always perplexes the innocent tourist.

98.—CONCERNING WHEELS.

THERE are some curious facts concerning the movements of wheels that are apt to perplex the novice. For example: when a railway train is travelling from London to Crewe certain parts of the train at any given moment are actually moving from Crewe towards London. Can you indicate those parts? It seems absurd that parts of the same train can at any time travel in opposite directions, but such is the case.



In the accompanying illustration we have two wheels. The lower one is supposed to be fixed and the upper one running round it in the direction of the arrows. Now, how many times does the upper wheel turn on its own axis in making a complete revolution of the other wheel? Do not be in a hurry with your answer, or you are almost certain to be wrong. Experiment with two pennies on the table and the correct answer will surprise you, when you succeed in seeing it.

99.—SIMPLE MULTIPLICATION.

IF we number six cards 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, and 8, and arrange them on the table in this order :—

1 4 2 8 5 7

we can demonstrate that in order to multiply by 3 all that is necessary is to remove the 1 to the other end of the row, and the thing is done. The answer is 428571. Can you find a number that, when multiplied by 3 and divided by 2, the answer will be the same as if we removed the first card (which in this case is to be a 3) from the beginning of the row to the end?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

94.—RIGHT AND LEFT PUZZLE.

MAKE the exchanges of pairs as follows : (1–7, 7–20, 20–16, 16–11, 11–2, 2–24), (3–10, 10–23, 23–14, 14–18, 18–5), (4–19, 19–9, 9–22), (6–12, 12–15, 15–13, 13–25), (17–21). The counters are now all correctly arranged in 19 exchanges. The numbers within a pair of brackets represent a complete cycle, all being put in their proper places. Write out the numbers in their original order and beneath them in their required order, thus :—

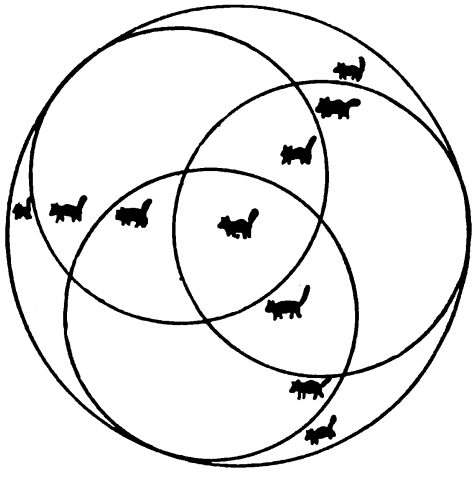
7 24 10 19 3 12 20 8 22 etc.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 etc.

Then the construction of the cycles is obvious, for 1 in the bottom row is exchanged with the 7 above it, then this 7 with the 20 above it, and so on until the cycle completes itself when we come to 24 under 1.

95.—CHINESE MONEY.

As a ching-chang is worth twopence and four-fifteenths of a ching-chang, the remaining eleven-fifteenths of a ching-chang must be worth twopence. Therefore eleven ching-changs are worth exactly thirty pence, or half a crown. Now, the exchange must be made with seven round-holed coins and one square-holed coin. Thus it will be seen that 7 round-holed coins are worth seven-elevenths of 15 ching-changs, and 1 square-holed coin is worth one-eleventh of 16 ching-changs. That is, 77 rounds equal 105 ching-changs and 11 squares equal 16 ching-changs. Therefore 77 rounds added to 11 squares equal 121 ching-changs ; or 7 rounds and 1 square equal 11 ching-changs, or its equivalent, half a crown. This is more simple in practice than it looks here.

96.—THE WIZARD'S CATS.



THE illustration requires no explanation. It shows clearly how the three circles may be drawn so that every cat has a separate enclosure, and cannot approach another cat without crossing a line.

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CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



AN UP-TO-DATE SIGN-POST.

THIS very elaborate sign-post has just been erected at Bromley, on the main London and Hastings road. It will be seen that, in addition to the unusual wording on the three arms, each is adorned with a well-executed model appertaining either to the aeroplane or motor industry, while a larger model is fixed to the top of the post.—Mr. F. O'R. Macnamara, 31, Mason's Hill, Bromley, Kent.

DO YOU KNOW BLACK BILL?

MANY of your readers no doubt know the type of rejection-form used, with very little variation, by almost every English and American editor, in which he "presents his compliments and regrets being unable to find space for the enclosed contribution." But that there is more than one way of saying the same thing is proved by the accompanying rejection-slip received from a magazine editor in the United States. Who, after reading this appeal, could help starting in to collect pictures of Black Bill?—Mrs. A. Mills, 5, King Edward Road, Romford, Essex.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.

THIS one-gallon jar contained ginger-beer which had been partly consumed and the jar left standing on the floor of the hall. During the night



the household were aroused by a loud report, and upon investigation it was found that the bottom of the jar was blown out, and the remainder forced a distance of ten feet upwards and, as seen in the photograph, firmly embedded in the plaster and laths of the ceiling. Part of the contents can be seen on the ceiling and frieze at the side of the jar. This singular accident occurred at the house of Mr. Tyler, 36, Coldharbour Lane, S.E.—Mr. George Turner, 28, Coldharbour Lane, Denmark Hill, S.E.

HE STUCK TO IT!



The individual on the right is Black Bill Bellamy—the greatest expert with the lariat in all the cow country.

Bill couldn't throw a rope around a wooden post when he first came into the country. But he stuck at it!

REMEMBER THIS:—A "rejection-slip" is NOT a slap in the face. Not by your calloused Finger-Tips! It is an office necessity because so many of you folks are trying to put salt on our tail.

We want you to come again—and again—and again—and again. Repeat thirty times, if necessary, until relieved—of a manuscript. We're watching you. Don't get huffy or discouraged.

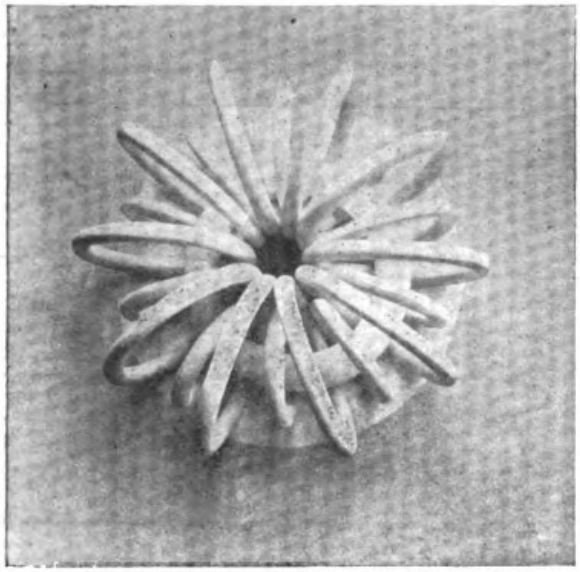
Start in to collect pictures of Black Bill; some day they'll come in handy when you paper your den!

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AN OCTOPUS-RETRIEVER.

A FISHERMAN in Crete has evolved the following plan for recovering articles dropped over with the refuse from the ships in Suda Bay. The water being absolutely clear, he scans the bottom with his water-glass (the cylindrical-shaped object in the boat), and when he sees a plate or other article he takes from the bottom of the boat an octopus attached to a line, which he drops down just over the object. When the octopus is right over it the fisherman at the top jerks the line, which makes the octopus cling at once to the thing nearest it, which in this case is the plate. Then the plate and octopus are pulled to the surface in the manner shown in the photograph.—Rev. W. K. Knight-Adkin, Chaplain R.N., H.M.S. *Lancaster*.



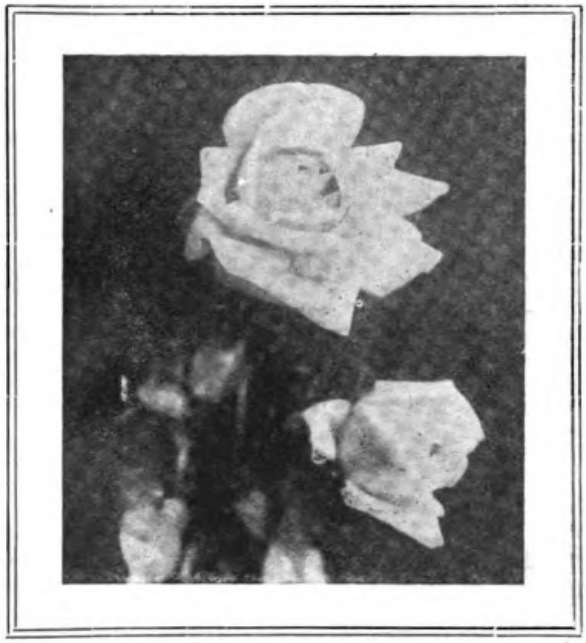
WONDERFUL STONE-CARVING.

WHEN visiting an invalid stonemason recently, I happened to be shown a specimen of his work, which I thought so interesting that I am sending you a photograph of it. It consists of twenty rings upon one ring, the whole of which have been carved from a solid piece of Portland stone. The smaller set of rings have been taken out of the larger, and all were then mounted upon a small stone slab, as shown.—Mr. George H. Smith, 26, Grosvenor Road, Portland, Dorset.—Photograph by J. S. Coombe.

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PORTRAIT IN A ROSE.

THE rose shown in the accompanying photograph began to assume the likeness of a child's face as soon as the bud opened, and as the bloom unfolded so the likeness grew. When at last the rose was fully



out, it presented a really remarkable image of a child's face with its mouth open, as the picture shows.—Lumsden's Photo Bureau, 304, High Holborn, W.C.

A TRAINED STARLING.

THOSE of your readers who are interested in the study of Nature may possibly derive some amusement from this photograph. Last year some starlings built in our chimneys, and during alterations to the house the workmen disturbed the birds. I took one of them, and after feeding it for some weeks it gradually began to recognize me, and eventually answered to the name of Ticka. I have now taught it to sit down, and on the word of command to hold out a claw for food. It will also pick out the ace or one of



the picture cards from a few cards arranged in front of it. My friends are very interested in the bird, and I wondered if any of your readers knew of a similar case of bird training.—N. W. N., Tonbridge.

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"THEN WITH A FRIGHTFUL HEAVE THEY SHOT THE POOR WRETCH OVER THE PRECIPICE."

(See page 250.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xliv. SEPTEMBER, 1912. No. 261.

THE LOST WORLD.

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor George E. Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. E. D. Malone of the "Daily Gazette."

BY

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST FIVE INSTALMENTS.

EDWARD MALONE is sent by his paper, the *Daily Gazette*, to interview Professor Challenger, the famous zoologist, who, about two years before, had made a journey to an unexplored region of South America. On his return the Professor had announced some extraordinary discoveries, but, being met with incredulity in certain quarters, had declined to discuss the matter further. Professor Challenger, who is a man of immense mental and physical strength, with a bellowing voice and an overbearing, insolent manner, yet with a certain grim sense of humour, gives Malone, in confidence, some account of his journey to "The Lost World," a region where the conditions of prehistoric life still exist. He also shows him certain specimens, documents, etc., in corroboration of his story. The Professor attends a lecture the same evening, and, amid considerable uproar, repeats his statements regarding his discoveries. Finding he is still disbelieved, he invites the audience to appoint a committee to test his story in person. Those chosen are Professor Summerlee, one of the most sceptical of Challenger's opponents, Lord John Roxton, a well-known sportsman, and Edward Malone, representing the *Daily Gazette*. On arriving in South America they are unexpectedly joined by Professor Challenger, who takes charge of the expedition. They reach the scene of Challenger's alleged discoveries—an enormous and apparently inaccessible plateau—and at length devise a means of reaching its summit, only to find, on gaining it, that their retreat has been cut off through the treachery of two half-breeds accompanying the expedition. Almost at once they meet with a series of adventures confirming part, at least, of Professor Challenger's statements, which the reader will find still further justified by the even more exciting scenes described in the following chapters.

CHAPTER XII. (*continued*).

AFTER a period during which I sat in bewilderment, I set myself to try and discover what sudden misfortune could have befallen my companions. The whole disordered appearance of the camp showed that there had been some sort of attack, and the rifle-shot no doubt marked the time when it had occurred. That there should have been only one shot showed that it had been all over in an instant. The rifles still lay upon the ground, and one of them—Lord John Roxton's—had the empty cartridge in the breech. The blankets of Challenger and of Summerlee beside the fire suggested that they had been asleep at the time. The cases of ammunition and of food were scattered about in a wild litter, together with our unfortunate cameras and plate-carriers, but none of them were missing. On the other hand, all the exposed provisions—and I remembered that there were a considerable quantity of them—were gone. They were animals, then, and not natives, who had made the inroad, for surely the latter would have left nothing behind.

But if animals, or some single terrible

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animal, then what had become of my comrades? A ferocious beast would surely have destroyed them and left their remains. It is true that there was that one hideous pool of blood, which told of violence. Such a monster as had pursued me during the night could have carried away a victim as easily as a cat would a mouse. In that case the others would have followed in pursuit. But then they would assuredly have taken their rifles with them. The more I tried to think it out with my confused and weary brain, the less could I find any plausible explanation. I searched round in the forest, but could see no tracks which would help me to a conclusion. Once I lost myself, and it was only by good luck, and after an hour of wandering, that I found the camp once more.

Suddenly a thought came to me and brought some little comfort to my heart. I was not absolutely alone in the world. Down at the bottom of the cliff, and within call of me, was waiting the faithful Zambo. I went to the edge of the plateau and looked over. Sure enough, he was squatting among his blankets beside his fire in his little camp. But, to my amazement, a second man was seated in front of him. For an instant my heart leaped for joy as I thought that one of my comrades had made his way safely down. But a second glance dispelled the hope. The rising sun shone red upon the man's skin. He was an Indian. I shouted loudly and waved my handkerchief. Presently Zambo looked up, waved his hand, and turned to ascend the pinnacle. In a short time he was standing close to me, and listening with deep distress to the story which I told him.

"Devil got them for sure, Massa Malone," said he. "You got into the devil's country, sah, and he take you all to himself. You take advice, Massa Malone, and come down quick, else he get you as well."

"How can I come down, Zambo?"

"You get creepers from trees, Massa Malone. Throw them over here. I make fast to this stump, and so you have bridge."

"We have thought of that. There are no creepers here which could bear us."

"Send for ropes, Massa Malone."

"Who can I send, and where?"

"Send to Indian villages, sah. Plenty hide-rope in Indian village. Indian down below; send him."

"Who is he?"

"One of our Indians. Other ones beat him and take away his pay. He come back to us. Ready now to take letter, bring rope —anything."

To take a letter! Why not? Perhaps he might bring help; but, in any case, he would ensure that our lives were not spent for nothing, and that news of all that we had won for science should reach our friends at home. I had two completed letters already waiting. I would spend the day in writing a third, which would bring my experiences absolutely up to date. The Indian could bear this back to the world. I ordered Zambo, therefore, to come again in the evening, and I spent my miserable and lonely day in recording my own adventures of the night before. I also drew up a note to be given to any white merchant or captain of a steamboat whom the Indian could find, imploring them to see that ropes were sent to us, since our lives must depend upon it. These documents I threw to Zambo in the evening, and also my purse, which contained three English sovereigns. These were to be given to the Indian, and he was promised twice as much if he returned with the ropes.

So now you will understand, my dear Mr. McArdle, how this communication reaches you, and you will also know the truth in case you never hear again from your unfortunate correspondent. To-night I am too weary and too depressed to make my plans. To-morrow I must think out some way by which I shall keep in touch with this camp, and yet search round for any traces of my unhappy friends.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A SIGHT WHICH I SHALL NEVER FORGET."

JUST as the sun was setting upon that melancholy night I saw the lonely figure of the Indian upon the vast plain beneath me, and I watched him, our one faint hope of salvation, until he disappeared in the rising mists of evening which lay, rose-tinted from the setting sun, between the far-off river and me.

It was quite dark when I turned back to our stricken camp, and my last vision as I went was the red gleam of Zambo's fire, the one point of light in the wide world below, as was his faithful presence in my own shadowed soul. And yet I felt happier than I had done since this crushing blow had fallen upon me, for it was good to think that the world would know what we had done, so that at the worst our names should not perish with our bodies, but should go down to posterity associated with the result of our labours.

It was an awesome thing to sleep in that ill-fated camp, and yet it was even more unnerving to do so in the jungle. One or

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the other it must be. Prudence, on the one hand, warned me that I should remain on guard, but exhausted nature, on the other, declared that I should do nothing of the kind. I climbed up on to a limb of the great gingko tree, but there was no secure perch on its rounded surface, and I should certainly have fallen off and broken my neck the moment I began to doze. I got down, therefore, and pondered over what I should do. Finally I closed the door of the zareba, lit three separate fires in a triangle, and, having eaten a hearty supper, dropped off into a profound sleep, from which I had a strange and most welcome awakening. In the early morning, just as day was breaking, a hand was laid upon my arm, and, starting up with all my nerves in a tingle and my hand feeling for a rifle, I gave a cry of joy as in the cold grey light I saw Lord John Roxton kneeling beside me.

It was he—and yet it was not he. I had left him calm in his bearing, correct in his person, prim in his dress. Now he was pale and wild-eyed, gasping as he breathed like one who has run far and fast. His gaunt face was scratched and bloody, his clothes were hanging in rags, and his hat was gone. I stared in amazement, but he gave me no chance for questions. He was grabbing at our stores all the time he spoke.

"Quick, young fellah! Quick!" he cried. "Every moment counts. Get the rifles, both of them. I have the other two. Now all the cartridges you can gather. Fill up your pockets. Now some food! Half-a-dozen tins will do. That's all right! Don't wait to talk or think. Get a move on, or we are done!"

Still half awake, and unable to imagine what it all might mean, I found myself hurrying madly after him through the wood, a rifle under each arm and a pile of various stores in my hands. He dodged in and out through the thickest of the scrub until he came to a dense clump of brushwood. Into this he rushed, regardless of thorns, and threw himself into the heart of it, pulling me down by his side.

"There!" he panted. "I think we are safe here. They'll make for the camp as sure as fate. It will be their first idea. But this should puzzle 'em."

"What is it all?" I asked, when I had got my breath. "Where are the Professors? And who is it that is after us?"

"The ape-men," he cried. "My word, what brutes! Don't raise your voice, for they have long ears—sharp eyes, too, but no power of scent so far as I could judge, so I don't think they can sniff us out. Where have you been, young fellah? You were well out of it."

In a few sentences I whispered what I had done and seen.

"Pretty bad," said he, when he had heard of the dinosaur and the pit. "It isn't quite the place for a rest-cure—what? But I had no idea what its possibilities were until those devils got hold of us. The man-eatin' Papuans had me once, but they are Chesterfields compared to this crowd."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"It was in the early mornin'. Our learned friends were just stirrin'. Hadn't even begun to argue yet. Suddenly it rained apes. They came down as thick as apples out of a tree. They had been assemblin' in the dark, I suppose, until that great tree over our heads was heavy with them. I shot one of them through the belly, but before we knew where we were they had us spread-eagled on our backs. I call them apes, but they carried sticks and stones in their hands and jabbered talk to each other, and ended up by tyin' our hands with creepers, so they are ahead of any beast that I have seen in my wanderin's. Ape-men—that's what they are—Missin' Links, and I wish they had stayed missin'. They carried off their wounded comrade—he was bleedin' like a pig—and then they sat round us, and if ever I saw frozen murder it was in their faces. They were big fellows, as big as a man, and a deal stronger. Curious glassy grey eyes they have, under red tufts, and they just sat and gloated and gloated. Challenger is no chicken, but even he was cowed. He managed to struggle on to his feet and yelled out at them to have done with it and get it over. I think he had gone a bit off his head at the suddenness of it, for he raged and cursed at them like a lunatic. If they had been a row of his beloved Pressmen he could not have slanged them worse."

"Well, what did they do?" I was enthralled by the strange story which my companion was whispering into my ear, while all the time his keen eyes were shooting in every direction and his hand grasping his cocked rifle.

"I thought it was the end of us, but instead of that it started them on a new line. They all jabbered and chattered together. Then one of them stood out beside Challenger. You'll smile, young fellah, but 'pon my word they might have been kinsmen. I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. This old ape-man—he was their

Property of the University of Michigan

chief—was a sort of red Challenger, with every one of our friend's beauty points, only just a trifle more so. He had the short body, the big shoulders, the round chest, no neck, a great, ruddy frill of a beard, the tufted eyebrows, the 'What-do-you-want-hang-you?' look about the eyes, and the whole catalogue. When the ape-man stood by Challenger and put his paw on his shoulder, the thing was complete. Summerlee was a bit hysterical, and he laughed till he cried. The ape-men laughed too—or at least they set up the devil of a cacklin'—and then they set to work to drag us off through the forest. They wouldn't touch the guns and things—thought them dangerous, I expect—but they carried away all our loose food. Summerlee and I got some rough handlin' on the way—there's my skin and my clothes to prove it—for they took us a bee-line through the brambles, and their own hides are like leather. But Challenger was all right. Four of them carried him shoulder high, and he went like a Roman Emperor. What's that?"

It was a strange clicking noise in the distance, not unlike castanets.

"There they go!" said my companion, slipping cartridges into the second double-barrelled Express. "Load them all up, young fellah my lad, for we're not going to be taken alive, and don't you think it! That's the row they make when they are excited. By George! they'll have something to excite them if they put us up. The Last Stand of the Greys won't be in it. 'With their rifles grasped in their stiffened hands, 'mid a ring of the dead and dyin',' as some fathead sings. Can you hear them now?"

"Very far away."

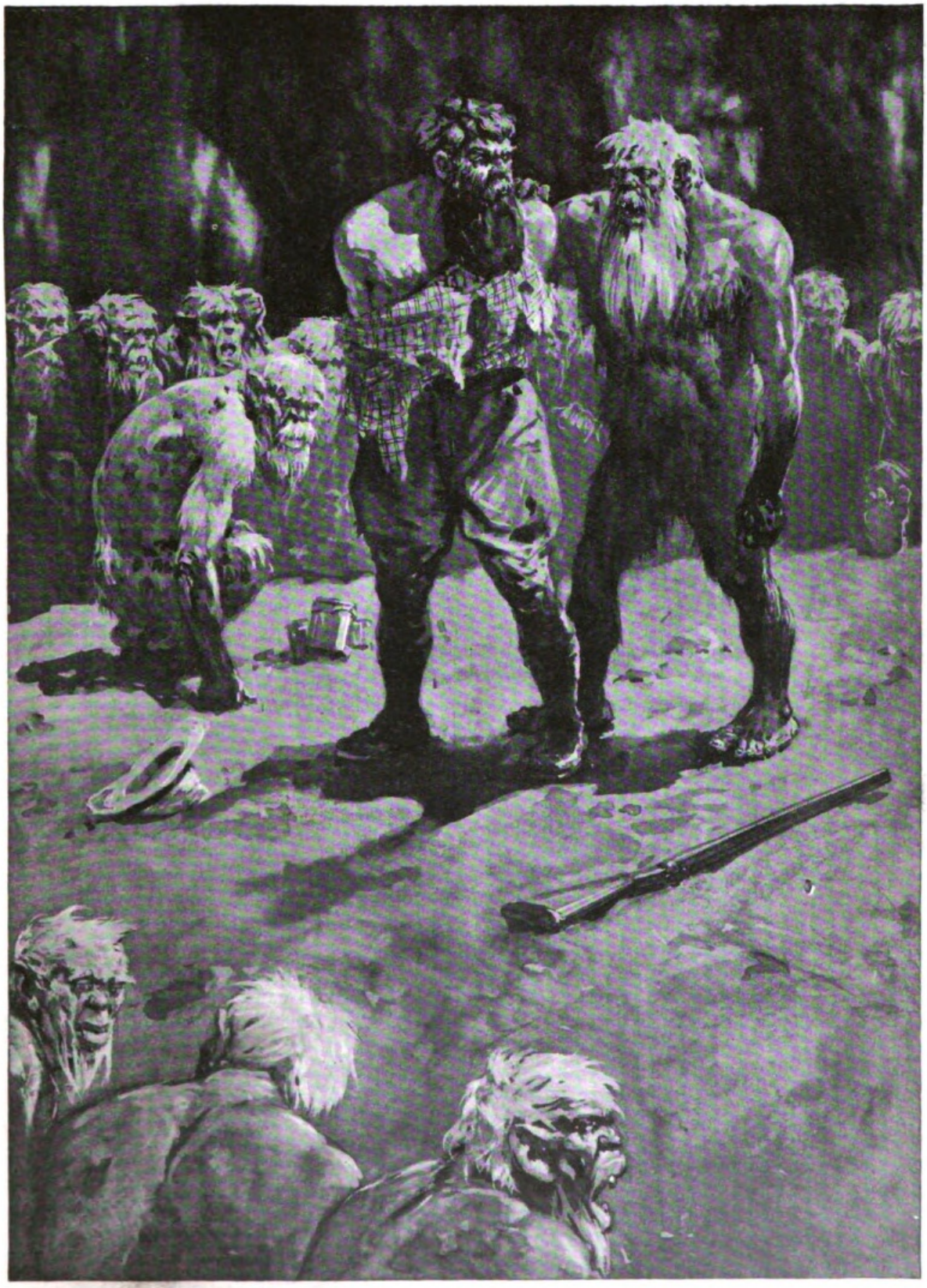
"That little lot will do no good, but I expect their search-parties are all over the wood. Well, I was tellin' you my tale of woe. They got us soon to this town of theirs—about a thousand huts of branches and leaves in a great grove of trees near the edge of the cliff. It's three or four miles from here. The filthy beasts fingered me all over, and I feel as if I should never be clean again. They tied us up—the fellow who handled me could tie like a bos'n—and there we lay with our toes up, beneath a tree, while a great brute stood guard over us with a club in his hand. When I say 'we' I mean Summerlee and myself. Old Challenger was up a tree eatin' pines and havin' the time of his life. I'm bound to say that he managed to get some fruit to us, and with his own hands he loosened our bonds. If you'd seen him sittin' up in that tree hob-nobbin' with his twin-brother, and singin', in that rollin' bass of his, 'Ring out, wild bells,' 'cause music of any kind seemed to put 'em in a good humour, you'd have smiled; but we weren't in much mood for laughin', as you can guess. They were inclined, within limits, to let him do what he liked, but they drew the line pretty sharply at us. It was a mighty consolation to us all to know that you were runnin' loose and had the archives in your keepin'.

"Well, now, young fellah, I'll tell you what will surprise you. You say you saw signs of men and fires, traps, and the like. Well, we have seen the natives themselves. Poor devils they were, down-faced little chaps, and had enough to make them so. It seems that the humans hold one side of this plateau—over yonder, where you saw the caves—and the ape-men hold this side, and there is war between them all the time. That's the situation, so far as I could follow it. Well, yesterday the ape-men got hold of a dozen of the humans and brought them in as prisoners. You never heard such a jabberin' and shriekin' in your life. The men were little red fellows, and had been bitten and clawed so that they could hardly walk. The ape-men put two of them to death there and then—fairly pulled the arm off one of them—it was perfectly beastly. Plucky little chaps they are, and hardly gave a squeak. But it turned us absolutely sick. Summerlee fainted, and even Challenger had as much as he could stand. I think they have cleared, don't you?"

We listened intently, but nothing save the calling of the birds broke the deep peace of the forest. Lord John went on with his story.

"I think you have had the escape of your life, young fellah my lad. It was catchin' those Indians that put *you* clean out of their heads, else they would have been back to the camp for you as sure as fate and gathered you in. Of course, as you said, they have been watchin' us from the beginnin' out of that tree, and they knew perfectly well that we were one short. However, they could think only of this new haul, so it was I and not a bunch of apes that dropped in on you in the morning. Well, we had a horrid business afterwards. My word! what a nightmare the whole thing is! You remember that great bristle of sharp canes down below where we found the skeleton of the American? Well, that is just under ape-town, and that's the jumpin'-off place of their prisoners. I expect there's heaps of skeletons there if we looked for 'em. They have a sort of clear

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"THE APE-MAN STOOD BY CHALLENGER AND PUT HIS PAW ON HIS SHOULDER."

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parade-ground on the top, and they make a proper ceremony about it. One by one the poor devils have to jump, and the game is to see whether they are merely dashed to pieces or whether they get skewered on the canes. They took us out to see it, and the whole tribe lined up on the edge. Four of the Indians jumped, and the canes went through 'em like knitting-needles through a pat of butter. No wonder we found that poor Yankee's skeleton with the canes growing between his ribs. It was horrible—but it was doocedly interestin', too. We were all fascinated to see them take the dive, even when we thought it would be our turn next on the spring-board.

"Well, it wasn't. They kept six of the Indians up for to-day—that's how I understood it—but I fancy we were to be the star parts in the show. Challenger might get off, but Summerlee and I were marked down. Their language is more than half signs, and it was not hard to follow them. So I thought it was time we made a break for it. I had been plottin' it out a bit, and had one or two things clear in my mind. It was all on me, for Summerlee was useless and Challenger not much better. The only time they got together they fell out because they couldn't agree upon the scientific classification of these red-headed devils that had got hold of us. One said it was the dryopithecus of Java—the other said it was pithecanthropus. Madness, I call it—what? But, as I say, I had thought out one or two points that were helpful. One was that these brutes could not run as fast as a man in the open. They have short, bandy legs, you see, and heavy bodies. Even Challenger could give a few yards in a hundred to the best of them, and you or I would be a perfect Shrubb. Another point was that they knew nothin' about guns. I don't believe they ever understood how the fellow I shot came by his hurt. If we could get at our guns there was no sayin' what we could do.

"So I broke away early this mornin', gave my guard a kick in the tummy that laid him out, and sprinted for the camp. There I got you and the guns, and here we are."

"But the Professors!" I cried, in consternation.

"Well, we must just go back and fetch 'em. I couldn't bring 'em with me. Challenger was up the tree, and Summerlee was not fit for the effort. The only chance was to get the guns and try a rescue. Of course, they may scupper them at once, in revenge. I don't think they would touch Challenger, though I wouldn't answer for Summerlee. They would have had him in any case. Of that I am certain. So I haven't made matters any worse by boltin'. But we are in honour bound to go back and have them out or see it through with them. So you can make up your soul, young fellah my lad, for it will be one way or the other before evenin'."

I have tried to imitate here Lord John's jerky talk, his short, strong sentences, the half-humorous, half-reckless tone that ran through it all. But he was a born leader. As danger thickened his jaunty manner would increase, his speech become more racy, his cold eyes glitter into ardent life, and his Don Quixote moustache bristle with joyous excitement. His love of danger, his intense appreciation of the drama of an adventure—all the more intense for being held tightly in—his consistent view that every peril in life is a form of sport, a fierce game betwixt you and Fate, with Death as a forfeit, made him a wonderful companion at such hours. If it were not for our fears as to the fate of our companions it would have been a positive joy to throw myself with such a man into such an affair. We were rising from our brushwood hiding-place when suddenly I felt his grip upon my arm.

"By George!" he whispered. "Here they come!"

From where we lay we could look down a brown aisle, arched with green, formed by the trunks and branches. Along this a party of the ape-men were passing. They went in single file, with bent legs and rounded backs, their hands occasionally touching the ground, their heads turning to left and right as they trotted along. Their crouching gait took away from their height, but I should put them at five feet or so, with long arms and enormous chests. Many of them carried sticks, and at the distance they looked like a line of very hairy and deformed human beings. For a moment I caught this clear glimpse of them. Then they were lost among the bushes.

"Not this time," said Lord John, who had caught up his rifle. "Our best chance is to lie quiet until they have given up the search. Then we shall see whether we can't get back to their town and hit 'em where it hurts most. Give 'em an hour and we'll march."

We filled in the time by opening one of our food tins and making sure of our breakfast. My companion had had nothing but some fruit since the morning before, and ate like a starving man. Then at last, our pockets bulging with cartridges and a rifle in each

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hand, we started off upon our mission of rescue. Before leaving it, we carefully marked our little hiding-place among the brushwood and its bearing to Fort Challenger, that we might find it again if we needed it. We slunk through the bushes in silence until we came to the very edge of the cliff, close to the old camp. There we halted, and Lord John Roxton gave me some idea of his plans.

"So long as we are among the thick trees these swine are our masters," said he. "They can see us and we cannot see them. But in the open it is different. There we can move faster than they. So we must stick to the open all we can. The edge of the plateau has fewer large trees than farther inland. So that's our line of advance. Go slowly, keep your eyes open and your rifle ready. Above all, never let them get you prisoner while there is a cartridge left—that's my last word to you, young fellah."

When we reached the edge of the cliff I looked over and saw our good old black Zambo sitting smoking on a rock below us. I would have given a great deal to have hailed him and told him how we were placed, but it was too dangerous lest we should be heard. The woods seemed to be full of the ape-men; again and again we heard their curious clicking chatter. At such times we plunged into the nearest clump of bushes and lay still until the sound had passed away. Our advance, therefore, was very slow, and two hours at least must have passed before I saw by Lord John's cautious movements that we must be close to our destination. He motioned to me to lie still, and he crawled forward himself. In a minute he was back again, his face quivering with eagerness.

"Come!" said he. "Come quick! I hope to the Lord we are not too late already!"

I found myself shaking with nervous excitement as I scrambled forward and lay down beside him, looking out through the bushes at a clearing which stretched before us.

It was a sight which I shall never forget until my dying day—so weird, so impossible, that I do not know how I am to make you realize it, or how in a few years I shall bring myself to believe in it, if I live to sit once more on a lounge in the Savage Club and look out on the drab solidity of the Embankment. I know that it will seem then to be some wild nightmare—some delirium of fever. Yet I will set it down now, while it is still fresh in my memory, and one at least—the man who lay in the damp grasses by my side—will know if I have lied.

A wide, open space lay before us—some hundreds of yards across—all green turf and low bracken, growing to the very edge of the cliff. Round this clearing there was a semicircle of trees with curious huts built of foliage piled one above the other among the branches. A rookery, with every nest a little house, would best convey the idea. The openings of these huts and the branches of the trees were thronged with a dense mob of ape-people, whom, from their size, I took to be the females and infants of the tribe. They formed the background of the picture, and were all looking out with eager interest at the same scene which fascinated and bewildered us.

In the open, and near the edge of the cliff, there had assembled a crowd of some hundred of these shaggy, red-haired creatures, many of them of immense size, and all of them horrible to look upon. There was a certain discipline among them, for none of them attempted to break the line which had been formed. In front there stood a small group of Indians, little, clean-limbed red fellows, whose skins glowed like polished bronze in the strong sunlight. A tall, thin white man was standing beside them, his head bowed, his arms folded, his whole attitude expressive of his horror and dejection. There was no mistaking the angular form of Professor Summerlee.

In front of and around this dejected group of prisoners were several ape-men, who watched them closely and made all escape impossible. Then, right out from all the others, and close to the edge of the cliff, were two figures so strange, and under other circumstances so ludicrous, that they absorbed my attention. The one was our comrade, Professor Challenger. The remains of his coat still hung in strips from his shoulders, but his shirt had been all torn out, and his great beard merged itself in the black tangle which covered his mighty chest. He had lost his hat, and his hair, which had grown long in our wanderings, was flying in wild disorder. A single day seemed to have changed him from the highest product of modern civilization to the most desperate savage in South America. Beside him stood his master, the king of the ape-men. In all things he was, as Lord John had said, the very image of our Professor, save that his colouring was red instead of black. The same short, broad figure, the same heavy shoulders, the same forward hang of the arms, the same bristling beard merging itself in the hairy chest. Only above the eyebrows, where the sloping forehead and low, curved

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skull of the ape-man were in sharp contrast to the broad brow and magnificent cranium of the European, could one see any marked difference. At every other point the king was an absurd parody of the Professor.

All this, which takes me so long to describe, impressed itself upon me in a few seconds. Then we had very different things to think of, for an active drama was in progress. Two of the ape-men had seized one of the Indians out of the group and dragged him forward to the edge of the cliff. The king raised his hand as a signal. They caught the man up by his leg and arm and swung him three times backwards and forwards with tremendous violence. Then with a frightful heave they shot the poor wretch over the precipice. With such force did they throw him that he curved high in the air before beginning to drop. As he vanished from sight the whole assembly, except the guards, rushed forward to the edge of the precipice, and there was a long pause of absolute silence, broken by a mad yell of delight. They sprang about, tossing their long, hairy arms in the air and howling with exultation. Then they fell back from the edge, formed themselves again into line, and waited for the next victim.

This time it was Summerlee. Two of his guards caught him by the wrists and pulled him brutally to the front. His thin figure and long limbs struggled and fluttered like a chicken being dragged from a coop. Challenger had turned to the king and waved his hands frantically before him. He was begging, pleading, imploring, for his comrade's life. The ape-man pushed him roughly aside and shook his head. It was the last conscious movement he was to make upon earth. Lord John's rifle cracked, and the king sank down, a tangled, red, sprawling thing, upon the ground.

"Shoot into the thick of them! Shoot, sonny, shoot!" cried my companion.

There are strange red depths in the soul of the most commonplace man. I am tender-hearted by nature, and have found my eyes moist many a time over the scream of a wounded hare; yet the blood-lust was on me now. I found myself on my feet emptying one magazine, then the other, clicking open the breech to reload, snapping it to again, while cheering and yelling with pure ferocity and joy of slaughter as I did so. With our four guns the two of us made a horrible havoc. Both the guards who held Summerlee were down, and he was staggering about like a drunken man in his amazement, unable to realize that he was a free man. The dense mob of ape-men ran about in bewilderment, marvelling whence this storm of death was coming or what it might mean. They waved, gesticulated, screamed, and tripped up over those who had fallen. Then, with a sudden impulse, they all rushed in a howling crowd to the trees for shelter, leaving the ground behind them spotted with their stricken comrades. The prisoners were left for the moment standing alone in the middle of the clearing.

Challenger's quick brain had grasped the situation. He seized the bewildered Summerlee by the arm and they both ran towards us. Two of their guards bounded after them and fell to two bullets from Lord John. We ran forward into the open to meet our friends and pressed a loaded rifle into the hands of each. But Summerlee was at the end of his strength. He could hardly totter. Already the ape-men were recovering from their panic. They were coming through the brushwood and threatening to cut us off. Challenger and I ran Summerlee along, one at each of his elbows, while Lord John covered our retreat, firing again and again as savage heads snarled at us out of the bushes. For a mile or more the chattering brutes were at our very heels. Then the pursuit slackened, for they learned our power and would no longer face that unerring rifle. When we had at last reached the camp, we looked back and found ourselves alone.

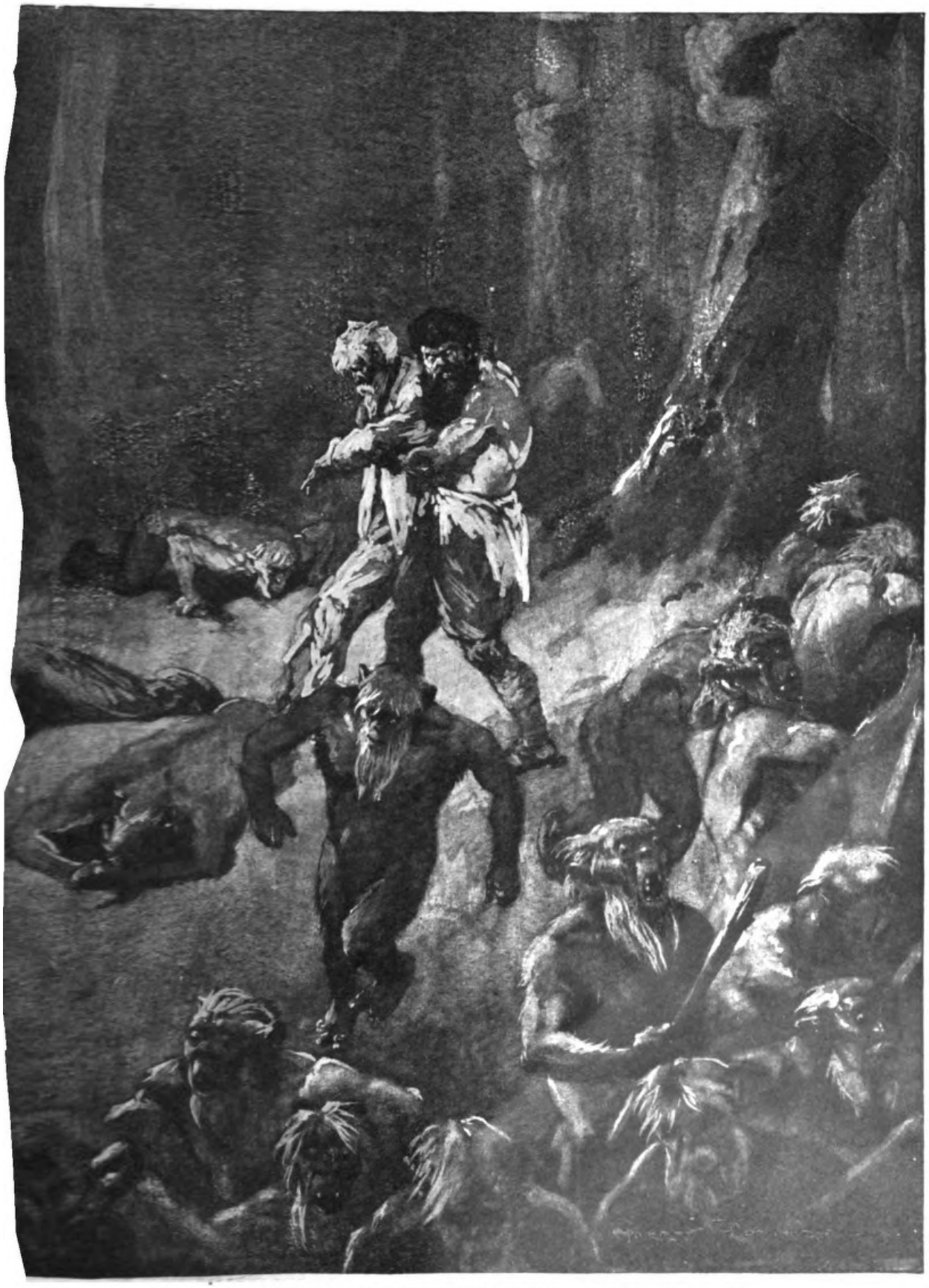
So it seemed to us—and yet we were mistaken. We had hardly closed the thorn-bush door of our zareba, clasped each other's hands, and thrown ourselves panting upon the ground beside our spring, when we heard a patter of feet and then a gentle, plaintive crying from outside our entrance. Lord John rushed forward, rifle in hand, and threw it open. There, prostrate upon their faces, lay the little red figures of the four surviving Indians, trembling with fear of us and yet imploring our protection. With an expressive sweep of his hands one of them pointed to the woods around them and indicated that they were full of danger. Then, darting forward, he threw his arms round Lord John Roxton's legs and rested his face upon them.

"By George!" cried our peer, pulling at his moustache in great perplexity. "I say—what the dooce are we to do with these people? Get up, little chappie, and take your face off my boots."

Summerlee was sitting up and stuffing some tobacco into his old briar.

"We've got to see them safe," said he,

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"HE SEIZED THE BEWILDERED SUMMERLEE BY THE ARM."

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"You've pulled us all out of the jaws of death. My word! it was a good bit of work!"

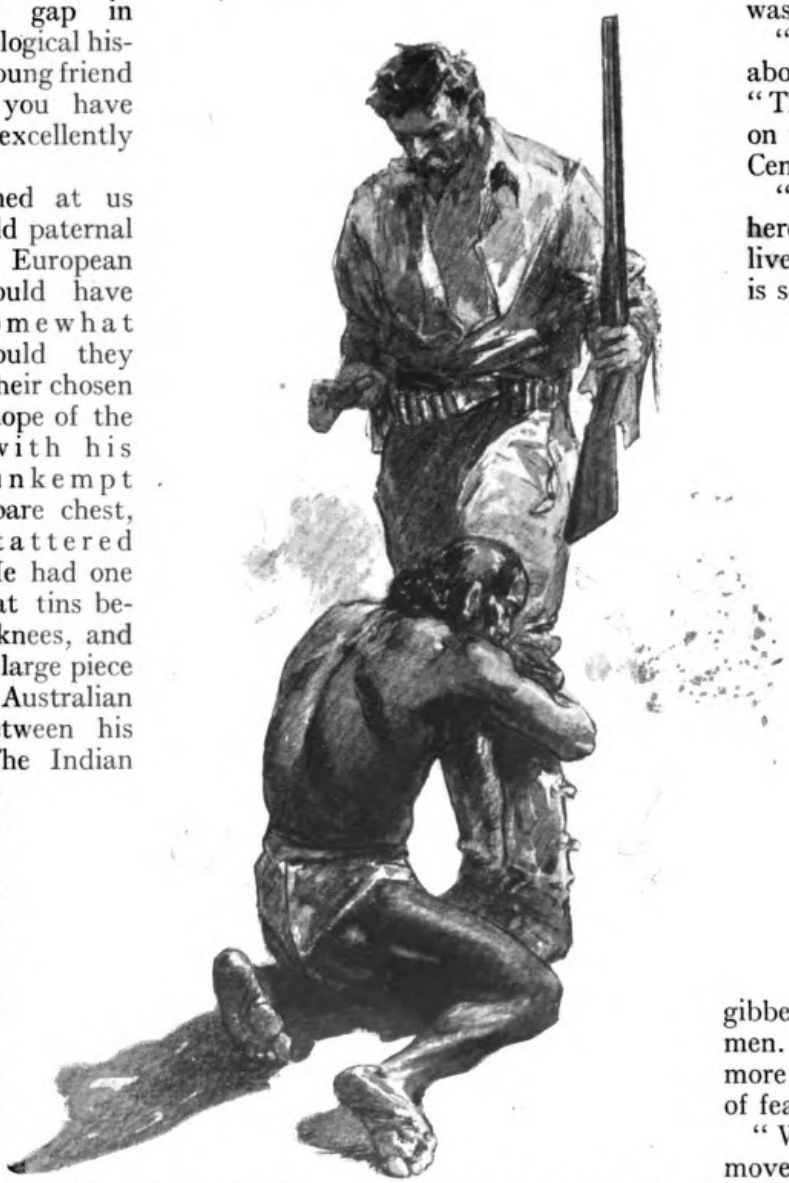
"Admirable!" cried Challenger. "Admirable! Not only we as individuals, but European science collectively, owe you a deep debt of gratitude for what you have done. I do not hesitate to say that the disappearance of Professor Summerlee and myself would have left an appreciable gap in modern zoological history. Our young friend here and you have done most excellently well."

He beamed at us with the old paternal smile, but European science would have been somewhat amazed could they have seen their chosen child, the hope of the future, with his tangled, unkempt head, his bare chest, and his tattered clothes. He had one of the meat tins between his knees, and sat with a large piece of cold Australian mutton between his fingers. The Indian looked up at him, and then, with a little yelp, cringed to the ground and clung to Lord John's leg.

"Don't you be scared, my bonnie boy," said the peer, patting the matted head in front of him. "He can't stick your appearance, Challenger, and, by George! I don't wonder. All right, little chap, he's only a human, just the same as the rest of us."

"Really, sir!" cried the Professor.

"Well, it's lucky for you, Challenger, that you *are* a little out of the ordinary. If you hadn't been so like the king——"



"HE THREW HIS ARMS ROUND LORD JOHN ROXTON'S LEGS AND RESTED HIS FACE UPON THEM."

"Upon my word, Lord John Roxton, you allow yourself great latitude."

"Well, it's a fact."

"I beg, sir, that you will change the subject. Your remarks are irrelevant and unintelligible. The question before us is, what are we to do with these Indians? The obvious thing is to escort them home, if we knew where their home was."

"There is no difficulty about that," said I. "They live in the caves on the other side of the Central Lake."

"Our young friend here knows where they live. I gather that it is some distance."

"A good twenty miles," said I.

Summerlee gave a groan.

"I for one could never get there. Surely I hear those brutes still howling upon our track."

As he spoke, from the dark recesses of the woods we heard, far away, the gibbering cry of the ape-men. The Indians once more set up a feeble wail of fear.

"We must move, and move quick!" said Lord John Roxton. "You help Summerlee, young fellah. These Indians will carry stores. Now, then, come along, before they can see us."

In less than half an hour we had reached our brushwood retreat and concealed ourselves. All day we heard the excited calling of the ape-men in the direction of our old camp, but none of them came our way, and the tired fugitives, red and white, had a long, deep sleep. I was dozing myself in the evening

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when someone plucked my sleeve, and I found Challenger kneeling beside me.

"You keep a diary of these events, and you expect eventually to publish it, Mr. Malone?" said he, with solemnity.

"I am only here as a Press reporter," I answered.

"Exactly. You may have heard some rather fatuous remarks of Lord John Roxton's which seemed to imply that there was some —some resemblance——"

"Yes, I heard them."

"I need not say that any publicity given to such an idea—any levity in your narrative of what occurred—would be exceedingly offensive to me."

"I will keep well within the truth."

"Lord John's observations are frequently exceedingly fanciful, and he is capable of attributing the most absurd reasons to the respect which is always shown by the most undeveloped races to dignity and character. You follow my meaning?"

"Entirely."

"I leave the matter to your discretion." Then, after a long pause, he added: "That king of the ape-men was really a creature of great distinction—a most remarkably handsome and intelligent personality. Did it not strike you?"

"A most remarkable creature," said I.

And the Professor, much eased in his mind, settled down to his slumber once more.

CHAPTER XIV.

"THOSE WERE THE REAL CONQUESTS."

WE had imagined that our pursuers, the ape-men, knew nothing of our brushwood hiding-place, but we were soon to find out our mistake. There was no sound in the woods, not a leaf moved upon the trees, and all was peace around us; but we should have been warned by our first experience how cunningly and how patiently these creatures can watch and wait until their chance comes. Whatever fate may be mine through life, I am very sure that I shall never be nearer death than I was that morning. But I will tell you the thing in its due order.

We all awoke exhausted after the terrific emotions and scanty food of yesterday. Summerlee was still so weak that it was an effort for him to stand; but the old man was full of a sort of surly courage which would never admit defeat. A council was held, and it was agreed that we should wait quietly for an hour or two where we were, have our much-needed breakfast, and then make our way across the plateau and round the Central Lake to the caves where my observations had shown that the Indians lived. We relied upon the fact that we could count upon the good word of those whom we had rescued to ensure a warm welcome from their fellows. Then, with our mission accomplished and possessing a fuller knowledge of the secrets of Maple White Land, we should turn our whole thoughts to the vital problem of our escape and return. Even Challenger was ready to admit that we should then have done all for which we had come, and that our first duty from that time onwards was to carry back to civilization the amazing discoveries we had made.

We were able now to take a more leisurely view of the Indians whom we had rescued. They were small men, wiry, active, and well built, with lank black hair tied up in a bunch behind their heads with a leathern thong, and leathern also were their loin-cloths. Their faces were hairless, well formed and good-humoured. The lobes of their ears, hanging ragged and bloody, showed that they had been pierced for some ornaments which their captors had torn out. Their speech, though unintelligible to us, was fluent among themselves, and, as they pointed to each other and uttered the word "*Accala*" many times over, we gathered that this was the name of their nation. Occasionally, with faces which were convulsed with fear and hatred, they shook their clenched hands at the woods round and cried, "*Doda! Doda!*" which was surely their term for their enemies.

"What do you make of them, Challenger?" asked Lord John. "One thing is very clear to me, and that is that the little chap with the front of his head shaved is a chief among them."

It was indeed evident that this man stood apart from the others, and that they never ventured to address him without every sign of deep respect. He seemed to be the youngest of them all, and yet so proud and high was his spirit that upon Challenger laying his great hand upon his head he started like a spurred horse, and, with a quick flash of his dark eyes, moved farther away from the Professor. Then, placing his hand upon his breast and holding himself with great dignity, he uttered the word "*Maretas*" several times. The Professor, unabashed, seized the nearest Indian by the shoulder and proceeded to lecture upon him as if he were a potted specimen in a classroom.

"The type of these people," said he, in his sonorous fashion, "whether judged by cranial capacity, facial angle, or any other test,

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cannot be regarded as a low one; on the contrary, we must place it as considerably higher in the scale than many South American tribes which I can mention. On no possible supposition can we explain the evolution of such a race in this place. For that matter, so great a gap separates these ape-men from the primitive animals which have survived upon this plateau that it is inadmissible to think that they could have developed where we find them."

"Then where the dooce did they drop from?" asked Lord John Roxton.

"A question which will no doubt be eagerly discussed in every scientific society in Europe and America," the Professor answered. "My own reading of the situation, for what it is worth"—he inflated his chest enormously and looked insolently around him at the words—"is that evolution has advanced under the peculiar conditions of this country up to the vertebrate stage, the old types surviving and living on in company with the newer ones. Thus we find such modern creatures as the tapir—an animal with quite a respectable length of pedigree—the great deer, and the ant-eater in the companionship of reptilian forms of Jurassic type. So much is clear. And now come the ape-man and the Indian. What is the scientific mind to think of their presence? I can only account for it by an invasion from outside. It is probable that there existed an anthropoid ape in South America, who in past ages found his way to this place, and that he developed into the creatures we have seen, some of which"—here he looked hard at me—"were of an appearance and shape which, if it had been accompanied by corresponding intelligence, would, I do not hesitate to say, have reflected credit upon any living race. As to the Indians, I cannot doubt that they are more recent immigrants from below. Under the stress of famine or of conquest they have made their way up here. Faced by ferocious creatures which they had never before seen, they took refuge in the caves which our young friend has described, but they have no doubt had a bitter fight to hold their own against wild beasts, and especially against the ape-men, who would regard them as intruders and wage a merciless war upon them with a cunning which the larger beasts would lack. Hence the fact that their numbers appear to be limited. Well, gentlemen, have I read you the riddle aright; or is there any point which you would query?"

Professor Summerlee for once was too depressed to argue, though he shook his head violently as a token of general disagreement. Lord John merely scratched his scanty locks, with the remark that he couldn't put up a fight, as he wasn't in the same weight or class. For my own part I performed my usual *rôle* of bringing things down to a strictly prosaic and practical level by the remark that one of the Indians was missing.

"He has gone to fetch some water," said Lord John. "We fitted him up with an empty beef-tin, and he is off."

"To the old camp?" I asked.

"No; to the brook. It's among the trees there. It can't be more than a couple of hundred yards. But the beggar is certainly taking his time."

"I'll go and look after him," said I. I picked up my rifle and strolled in the direction of the brook, leaving my friends to lay out the scanty breakfast. It may seem to you rash that even for so short a distance I should quit the shelter of our friendly thicket; but you will remember that we were many miles from ape-town, that so far as we knew the creatures had not discovered our retreat, and that, in any case, with a rifle in my hands I had no fear of them. I had not yet learned their cunning or their strength.

I could hear the murmur of our brook somewhere ahead of me, but there was a tangle of trees and brushwood between me and it. I was making my way through this at a point which was just out of sight of my companions, when, under one of the trees, I noticed something red huddled among the bushes. As I approached it I was shocked to see that it was the dead body of the missing Indian. He lay upon his side, his limbs drawn up, and his head screwed round at a most unnatural angle, so that he seemed to be looking straight over his own shoulder. I gave a cry to warn my friends that something was amiss, and, running forwards, I stooped over the body. Surely my guardian angel was very near me then, for some instinct of fear, or it may have been some faint rustle of leaves, made me glance upwards. Out of the thick green foliage which hung low over my head two long, muscular arms, covered with reddish hair, were slowly descending. Another instant and the great stealthy hands would have been round my throat. I sprang backwards, but, quick as I was, those hands were quicker still. Through my sudden spring they missed a fatal grip, but one of them caught the back of my neck, and the other one my face. I threw my hands up to protect my throat, and the next moment the huge paw had slid down my face and

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"I FELT AN INTOLERABLE PRESSURE FORCING MY HEAD BACK."

closed over them. I was lifted lightly from the ground, and I felt an intolerable pressure forcing my head back and back until the strain upon the cervical spine was more than I could bear. My senses swam, but I still tore at the hand and forced it out from my chin. Looking up, I saw a frightful face, with cold, inexorable light-blue eyes looking down into mine. There was something hypnotic in those terrible eyes. I could struggle no longer. As the creature felt me grow limp in his grasp two white canines gleamed for a moment in an atrocious smile at each side of the vile mouth, and the grip tightened still more upon my chin, forcing it always upwards and back. A thin, opal-tinted mist formed before my eyes and little silvery bells tinkled in my ears. Dully and far off I heard the crack of a rifle, and was feebly aware of the shock as I was dropped to the earth, where I lay without sense or motion.

(To be continued.)

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A Night Adventure on the Fünffingerspitze.

A Pioneer-of-the-Year Climb Up the Most Difficult of the Dolomites.

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM,

Author of "The Complete Mountaineer," "Swiss Mountain Climbs," "Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad," "British Mountain Climbs," etc.

THE Tyrol, that rugged land of mountain warfare, has lost much of its lust for battle. But far above its vine-clad valleys and crag-uplifted castles, hoary with grim memories of hurtling slaughter, there rises a region of embattled spires where the joy of victory may yet be tasted. The battle is not with dukes and their legions, but with those solemn sentinels of the silences, the towering peaks of the Dolomites. These rocky giants, with their defences of gloomy precipice, icy slope, and storm-swept ridge, still challenge man to the fray. Health and strength are some of the rewards they offer if approached with due prudence and skilful assault; otherwise they may take a relentless revenge.



UP INTO THE DAUMEN SCHARTE ON THE FÜNFFINGERSPITZE — CLIMBING THE SLABS.

From a Photograph by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

Of all these wonderful mountains, undoubtedly by far the most attractive for attack are the central towers that cluster around Marmolata, the snow-crowned king of the Dolomites. Of these the Grohmannspitze, the Fünffingerspitze, and the Langkofel are the most impressive. Well may they be called "the three Graces," for truly they grace the head of that most beautiful Tyrolese valley, the Fassathal. Moreover, the Grohmannspitze, as Faith, upholds the simile well, for the man who climbs its shattered face trusts more to faith than to secure abiding-places for hand or foot. "Hope springs eternal" with the climber of the Fünffingerspitze, to Englishmen the best known and most famous of the Dolomites, for, however steep and threatening its beetling cliffs, the rocks are firm and trustworthy. As to the Langkofelspitze, charity is mainly required; only the guides know the most engrossing route of ascent, and the reward they ask is as high as the peak itself. And in this case the greatest of these is

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not charity, but hope; in other words, the Fünffingerspitze is the best of the three to climb. There are few to equal it in all the Alps.

It was this reputation that brought us, last Midsummer Day, up to the little half-way hut on the Sella Joch, where aspirants to the heights usually spend the night. Our plans were not bruited abroad, for in the Dolomites the Fünffingerspitze occupies much the same standing as does the Matterhorn at Zermatt. Its first ascent marks the opening of the high-climbing season, and each year there is usually some keen competition for the honours of premier conquest.

Thus, imagine our chagrin when, waked by the morning sunshine, we learned that a party of three Austrians had come up furtively the previous night, and were now high up on our mountain. Unfortunately, the young native who had agreed to act as our guide had not yet arrived. He had some devotional service to attend at five o'clock in the morning, and we did not expect to be able to start before the late hour of nine a.m. Wherefore arose our many adventures.



THE FÜNFFINGERSPITZE FROM THE SOUTH—THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE ROUTE OF ASCENT. THE DAUMEN SCHARTE IS THE DEEP GAP TO THE RIGHT OF THE HIGHEST POINT. THE DAUMEN (OR THUMB) IS THE PROMINENT PEAK ON THE RIGHT.

From a Photograph by [*G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

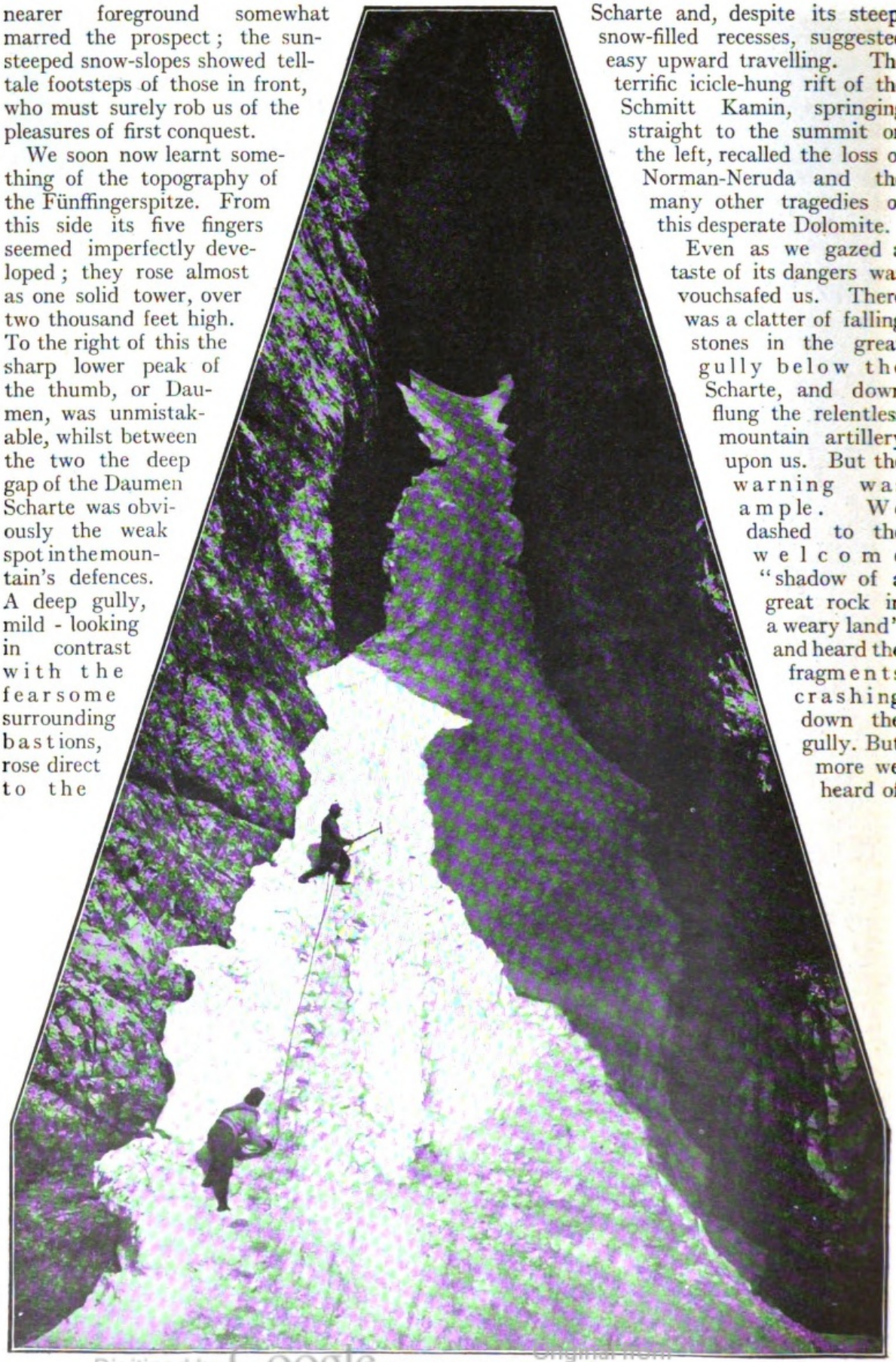
In due course we were under way, and under heavy loads withal, for an old comrade in the way of a large camera was with us. We were anxious to show this most important member of the party the wonders of the upper rocks of the Fünffingerspitze. Old Sol smiled warmly down upon us as we trudged across lofty pastures where every step seemed sacrilege. Now came flowers of a hundred hues, and, anon, wide beds of delicately beautiful little gentians gleamed like "the heavens upbreaking through the earth." Then higher and higher we trudged, up rough, rocky slopes, until gaunt precipices closed down upon us all around. The outlook behind, over peaks of a thousand forms, was glorious, but the

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nearer foreground somewhat marred the prospect; the sun-steeped snow-slopes showed tell-tale footsteps of those in front, who must surely rob us of the pleasures of first conquest.

We soon now learnt something of the topography of the Fünffingerspitze. From this side its five fingers seemed imperfectly developed; they rose almost as one solid tower, over two thousand feet high. To the right of this the sharp lower peak of the thumb, or Daumen, was unmistakable, whilst between the two the deep gap of the Daumen Scharte was obviously the weak spot in the mountain's defences. A deep gully, mild-looking in contrast with the fearsome surrounding bastions, rose direct to the Scharte and, despite its steep, snow-filled recesses, suggested easy upward travelling. The terrific icicle-hung rift of the Schmitt Kamin, springing straight to the summit on the left, recalled the loss of Norman-Neruda and the many other tragedies of this desperate Dolomite.

Even as we gazed a taste of its dangers was vouchsafed us. There was a clatter of falling stones in the great gully below the Scharte, and down flung the relentless mountain artillery upon us. But the warning was ample. We dashed to the welcome "shadow of a great rock in a weary land" and heard the fragments crashing down the gully. But more we heard of



IN THE SHADOW OF THE HUGE WALLS OF THE FÜNFFINGERSPITZE.
From a Photograph by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

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greater portent. Excited voices came from high up in the snowy recesses. Our guide laughed loudly, and jodelled his delight above the crash of the now subsiding avalanche. The Austrians had mistaken the route, and were attempting the impossible feat of climbing direct up the gully to the Daumen Scharte. After all, they were more than likely to be beaten in the race to the summit. Yet we were in their power, for it was necessary to cross the stone-swept *couloir* to reach the huge buttress on its right-hand side, up which we must climb to the Scharte.

Serious work now lay ahead, and the four of us tied together on one long rope. After warning calls to those far overhead to desist from movement until we had passed the danger zone, I started across the steep, icy slope, hewing footsteps in its frozen surface. It was an unnerving proceeding. Those above either failed or refused—let us hope the former—to understand our instructions, and every now and again small stones came whizzing past with ominous hum. At last a larger mass, visible by its size, necessitated a sudden "ducking" of the head, and my delicate balance was disturbed almost to the point of falling. Moreover, at the same moment a small pebble carried away a portion of the rim of my hat. Then the gully became a veritable babel. Impolite English, French, and German personalities stirred the solitudes; the former prevailed when we understood that the others were coming down, and wished us to wait to allow them to go first; this meant more than an hour's delay. Further parley seemed impossible, but in calmer mood our guide explained matters, and whilst this progressed my feverish efforts to secure cover on the other side of the gully were successful. Then one by one, steadied by the rope, the others fairly galloped across the icy gulf.



"SOON WE WERE STRUGGLING UP THE RECESSES OF THE INTRODUCTORY CHIMNEY."
From a Photograph by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

A hundred-foot chimney, deeply cut into the body-rock of our peak, now rose vertically overhead. The real work of the day was about to begin, and the snowy shelf on which we stood assumed the appearance of a store for cast-off clothing and old boots. Spare garments were discarded and friendly old hob-nailers exchanged for the rope-soled boots or *scarpetti*, which give such a wonderful grip on the smooth, metal-like surface of Dolomite rock. As the party consisted of four somewhat experienced cragsmen, we climbed on two separate ropes, the guide leading one, and the other, of which my brother, laden with the heavy camera, formed the "tail-piece," was in my charge. Soon we were struggling up the recesses of the introductory chimney, now in its gloomy, frozen interior, anon spanning its outer edges Colossus-like, where large rocks blocked the direct route up the crack.

Nearly a hundred feet above the start impending icicle-hung boulders, jutting outwards overhead, forbade direct

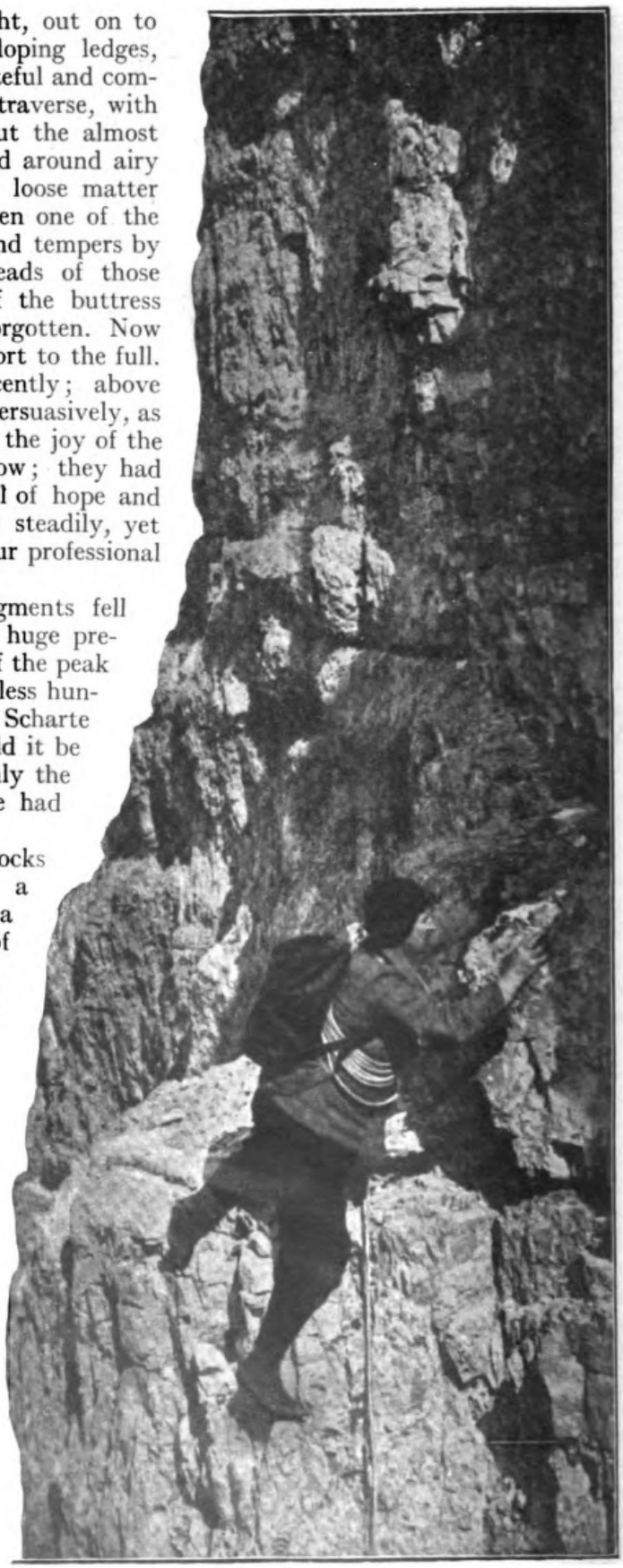
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assault, so a way was made to the right, out on to the face of the cliff, along narrow, sloping ledges, where the rope-soled boots proved grateful and comforting. It was a typical Dolomite traverse, with perpendicularity above and below. But the almost level, straight, and narrow way soon led around airy corners to a small rock gully where loose matter abounded, and loose tongues also, when one of the party tested the consistency of skulls and tempers by dislodging some fragments on the heads of those below. However, the sunny crest of the buttress once attained, these excitements were forgotten. Now was the time to enjoy our mountain sport to the full. Great grey slabs rose ahead magnificently; above them the tip of the "thumb" peeped persuasively, as though beckoning us ever upwards to the joy of the heights. The Austrians were now below; they had given up the attempt. With hearts full of hope and hands full of hand-holds, we mounted steadily, yet every now and again doubts assailed our professional friend.

Like a shower of diamonds, icy fragments fell continuously through mid-air from the huge precipice on our left. The upper reaches of the peak were evidently heavily iced. The sunless hundred-foot rock-wall above the Daumen Scharte was to be the crux of the climb. Could it be climbed under such conditions? Only the previous day an old and famous guide had declared it impossible.

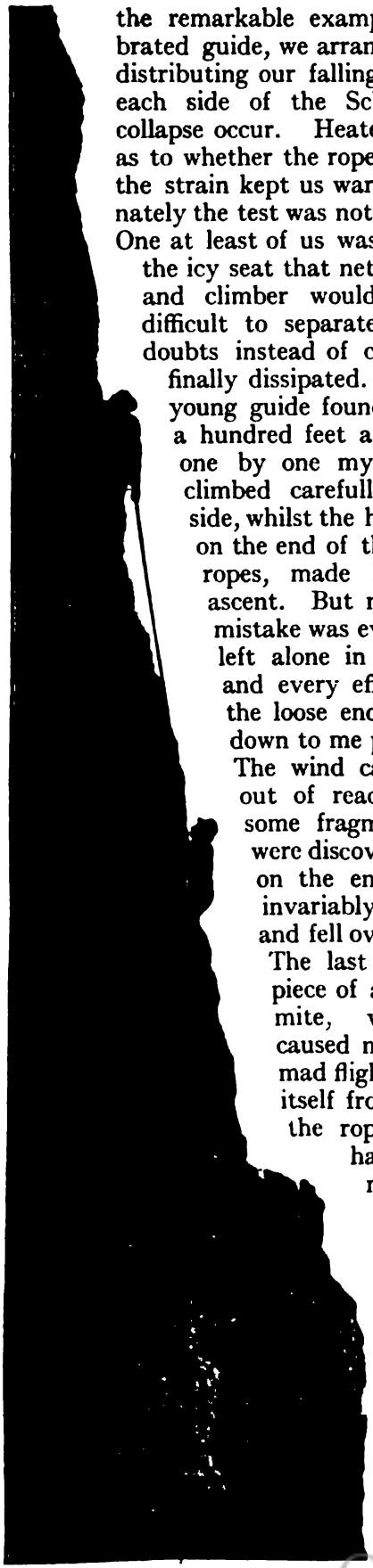
In due course the ever-steepening rocks forced us away to the left, and soon a bulging series of ledges suggested a traverse, as it were across the ball of the thumb, into the Daumen Scharte. Ice and snow-masked rocks caused many exciting moments ere we gained the well-known gap. We expected comfort here, but the reverse obtained. A cutting north wind swept through the opening, and I have unpleasant memories of naught to sit upon but a sharp, narrow ridge of hard, icy snow. My left foot overhung the thousand-foot depths of the great gully, my right dangled airily over still more profound abysses on the other side of our mountain; behind rose the pinnacle of the Daumen; in front, the terrific icy wall up which we must go summitwards.

For over an hour alternate hope and despair assailed us, whilst the guide clung and climbed up this *mauvais pas*. 'Twas a fine entertainment, but one which we were scarcely in a position to enjoy, for a slight slip on his part would have precipitated matters too effectually. Anyhow, imitating



"IT WAS A TYPICAL DOLOMITE TRAVERSE, WITH PERPENDICULARITY ABOVE AND BELOW."
From a Photograph by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

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ON THE WALL ABOVE THE DAUMEN SCHARTE.
From a Photograph by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

the remarkable example of a celebrated guide, we arranged plans for distributing our falling selves down each side of the Scharte should collapse occur. Heated arguments as to whether the rope would stand the strain kept us warm, but fortunately the test was not necessitated. One at least of us was so frozen to the icy seat that nether garments and climber would have been difficult to separate. However, doubts instead of climbers were finally dissipated. The plucky young guide found a safe ledge a hundred feet above us, and one by one my companions climbed carefully up to his side, whilst the heavy camera, on the end of the two joined ropes, made light of the ascent. But now a serious mistake was evident. I was left alone in the Scharte, and every effort to throw the loose end of the rope down to me proved futile. The wind carried it far out of reach. At last some fragments of rock were discovered and tied on the end, but these invariably worked loose and fell over into space. The last of all, a big piece of angular Dolomite, very nearly caused me to join its mad flight. It loosed itself from the end of the rope, and by a hair's breadth missed the single human head left in the Daumen Scharte. This ended the rope-throwing performance.

An hour of precious time had gone. I had either to climb the icy wall unroped or all must return defeated. The former plan was adopted. 'Twere unwise to expand on the sensations of that lonely journey up one of the most desperate places in the Alps, the while anxious friends peered nervously down upon every movement. The ascent was not made more comfortable by the excited disapproval of our guide. It seemed that we were repeating the escapade of a previous party. In that case the horror-stricken men above saw their comrade make a false step—alas! his last in this world, for he fell in one fearful bound for nearly a thousand feet. However, our climb up the Fünffingerspitze ended more happily. After joining hands we renewed the order of ascent on two separate ropes, and again sunny rocks greeted us.

Then onward and upward we climbed, now impressed and compressed also by some narrow crack whose bottom overhung the abyss, now pushed cruelly backward by some impending rock, where the smallest of handholds barely checked the greedy grip of gravitation. If variety is charming, we bore charmed lives. One place especially thrust itself into my memory and anatomy. This was a painful stomach-traverse along a sharp knife-edge of granite, with the feet dangling helplessly on either side. The sensation of being cut in two was discomforting. This ridge led up to an overhanging nose of Wellingtonian aspect. Below this we crept along a narrow groove, and finally gained a deep chimney filled with blue-black ice. An hour's hard work with the ice-axe served to carve an icy staircase up its steep interior, and we emerged in the last gap below the summit.

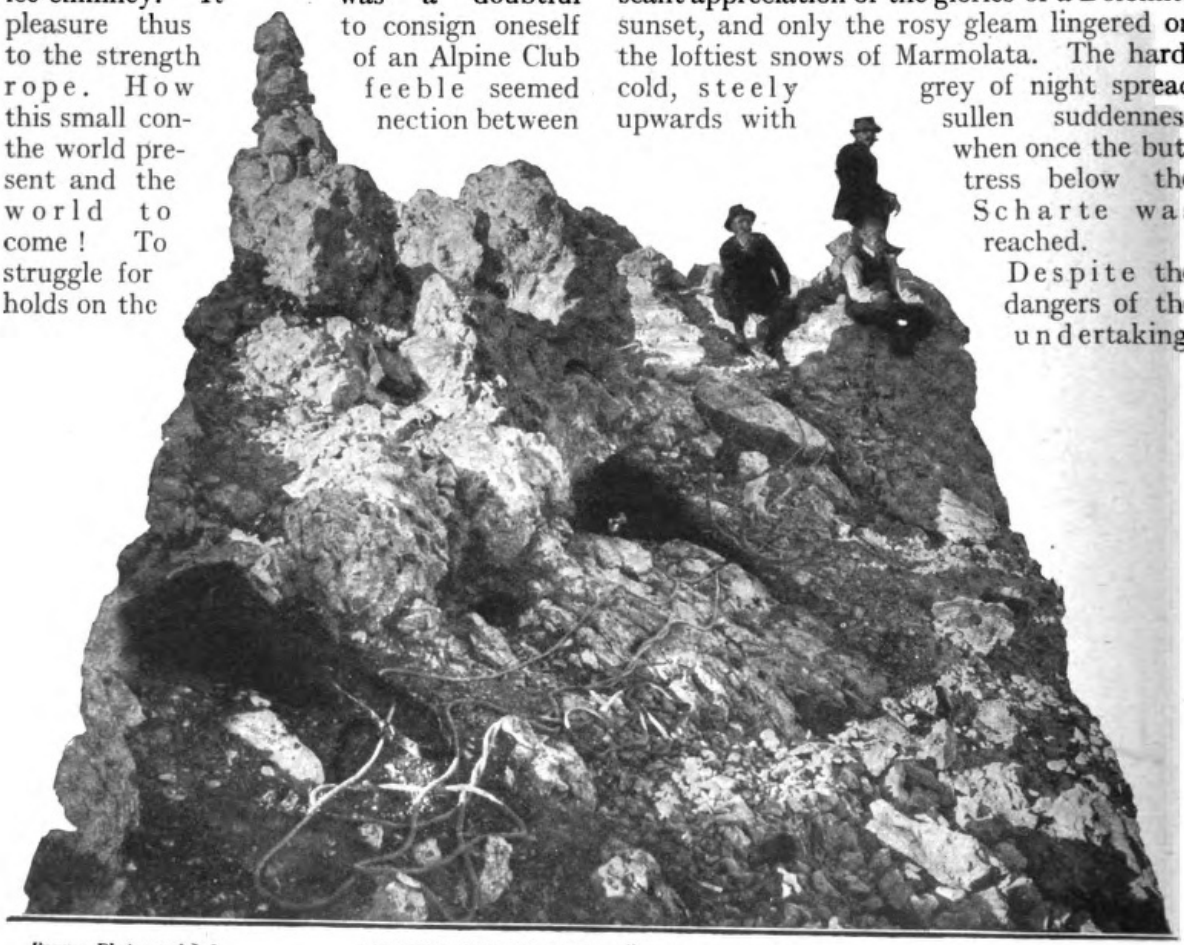
Half an hour later, after an interesting struggle up slippery rocks where every step was an adventure, the tip of the Fünffingerspitze was underfoot. After such a severe battle our elation was well in keeping with the lofty situation; but to prevent the height going to our heads as well as our feet, the guide quickly lowered our high spirits. Amid much excitement we gathered that it was actually half-past six; there was every probability of our having to sleep out somewhere on the great cliff. Thoughts of an "all-night sitting" on some exposed ledge suggested the "closure" when the wonders of that evening outlook from the grandest of the Dolomites bade fair to cause delay.

There was just time to notice the frozen heights of the Ortler, fifty miles away, gleaming in the track of the westering sun, to glance around, adown and afar, on peaks, precipices, and pinnacles, arranged in that wild con-

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fusion which only pertains in the Dolomites. Then "*In unter! In unter! Kommen sie nur!*"* were the hoarse cries of our anxious guide; and swiftly, but surely, we clambered down those huge rocks.

To save precious time the long rope was flung over into the first gap, and one by one we slid and slithered down to the top of the ice-chimney. It was a doubtful pleasure thus to consign oneself to the strength of an Alpine Club rope. How feeble seemed this small connection between the world present and the world to come! To struggle for holds on the adjacent rock was the only diversion. The narrow landing-place below lay frightfully out of the line of descent, and there was an unpleasant tendency to realize that a falling body would miss this and hurtle through space to the base of the mountain, two thousand feet below. However, at last the fingers found hold on the less impending rocks and a landing could be negotiated on the narrow apex of the ridge. Then came the eerie descent of the last man. All the rope was brought into use and hitched around an outstanding little pinnacle above the trying section. On the rope thus doubled he swung and clambered downwards, like a spider on a wall, until his feet came within reach of our upstretched hands. All were safe again.



From a Photograph by] ON THE TOP OF THE FÜNFFINGERSPITZE. *[G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

We released one end of the rope and hauled with a will on the other until it came down to us. Somewhat the same method was used in the ice-chimney, and also during the descent into the Daumen Scharte, the latter being quite impossible under such conditions without this safeguard.

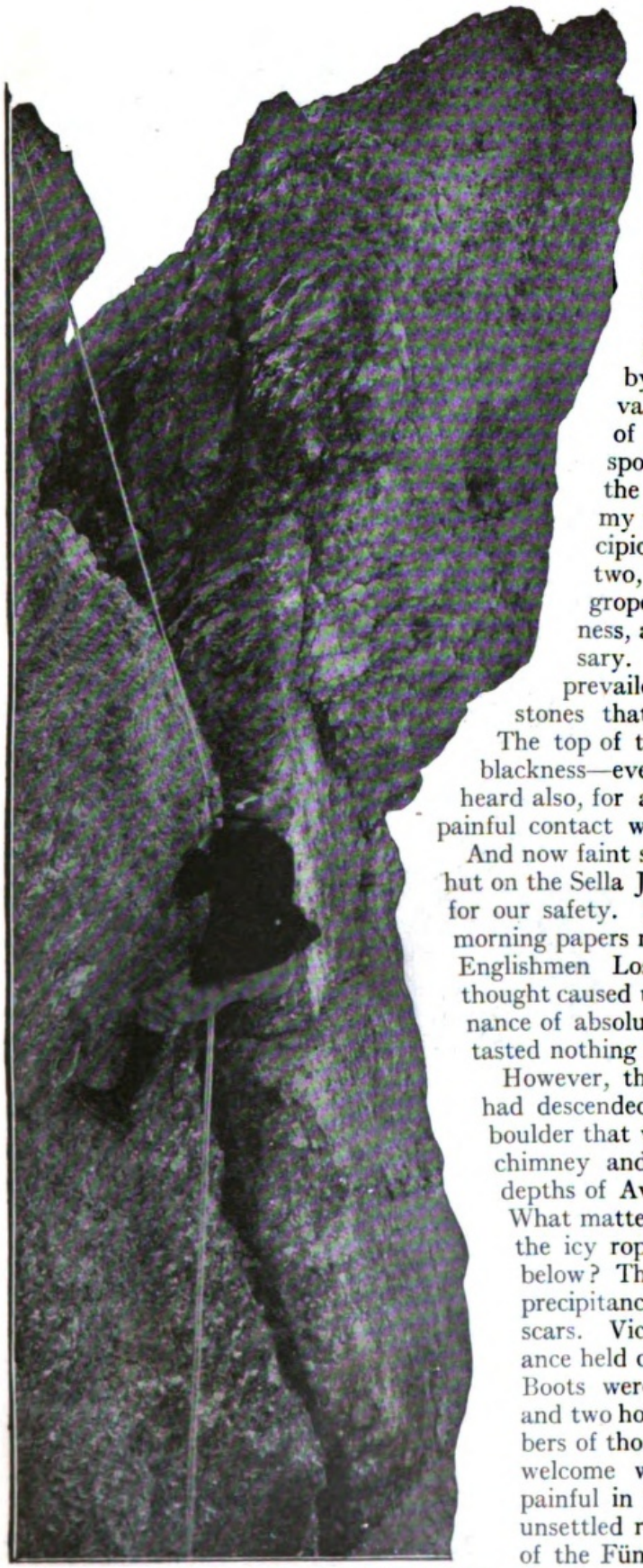
It was now almost dark. There had been scant appreciation of the glories of a Dolomite sunset, and only the rosy gleam lingered on the loftiest snows of Marmolata. The hard, cold, steely grey of night spread upwards with sullen suddenness when once the buttress below the Scharte was reached.

Despite the dangers of the undertaking, for every hand and foot hold had now to be groped for deliberately, there was no sense of peril. A strange calm, of which we mortals seemed a part, pervaded the imperturbable solitudes, which, if solemn and subduing at midday, are doubly so at midnight. The heavy silence seemed but deepened by the distant voice of streams plunging valleywards from mountain fastnesses full of darkness and awe. The great peaks bending around as if to listen induced that soothing sense of companionship with their mysterious vastness which only the true climber can know amidst the struggles and joys of his sport. 'Tis a knowledge which goes to the very root of a man's being; it keeps "the heart from fainting, the soul from sleep."

Like ghosts we moved noiselessly down-

* "Downwards! Downwards! Come most quickly!"

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DESCENDING FROM BELOW THE TOP OF THE FÜNFFINGERSPITZE — THE GUIDE IS SEEN NEGOTIATING A VERTICAL SECTION.
From a Photograph by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

wards one by one; no jarring sound of nailed boots was heard on the rocks. The concentration of effort led to whispers only being exchanged. Some of us blessed that instinctive memory for hand and foot holds retained from their use during the ascent. There was small chance of missing the way down the restricted front of the buttress, but the discovery of the lower traverse into the chimney was a different matter. Several lonely excursions were made by the leaders along likely ledges, but in vain. It seemed that the fair record of our long climbing career was to be spoilt. We must spend the night out on the rocks. I have recollections of feeling my way delicately across the gloomy precipice. All would go well for a yard or two, then ledges vanished, hands and feet groped vainly through holdless nothingness, and a disheartening return was necessary. But at last the instinct of the guide prevailed; he discovered some familiar stones that marked the start of the traverse. The top of the final chimney was gained in utter blackness—even darkness which might be felt and heard also, for a voluble Englishman's head came in painful contact with one of the impending boulders. And now faint shouts were wafted up to us from the hut on the Sella Joch. Those far below were anxious for our safety. Someone suggested that the London morning papers might give the scaring news—"Three Englishmen Lost on the Fünffingerspitze." The thought caused us to shout in unison with all the resonance of absolute emptiness. For six hours we had tasted nothing but a few raisins.

However, the worst was over. After the others had descended I fixed a doubled rope around a boulder that was firmly jammed in the walls of the chimney and swung trustfully down into "the depths of Avernus." It was the last adventure. What mattered the sudden slip of tired fingers on the icy rope when only a few feet above those below? The few bruises received from the sudden precipitancy of my descent were honourable scars. Victory was ours despite the grim resistance held out by the grandest of the Dolomites. Boots were donned, luggage hastily collected, and two hours later we were disturbing the slumbers of those in the hut on the Sella Joch. Their welcome was genuine and, for hungry men, painful in its profusion. Before retiring to an unsettled rest a last glimpse was vouchsafed us of the Fünffingerspitze tipped with the glory of the rising moon. Next morning mists hid its magnificence; we were homeward bound, and bade farewell with light hearts.

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Mr. Bodkin's Lion.

By LEONARD LARKIN.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd.

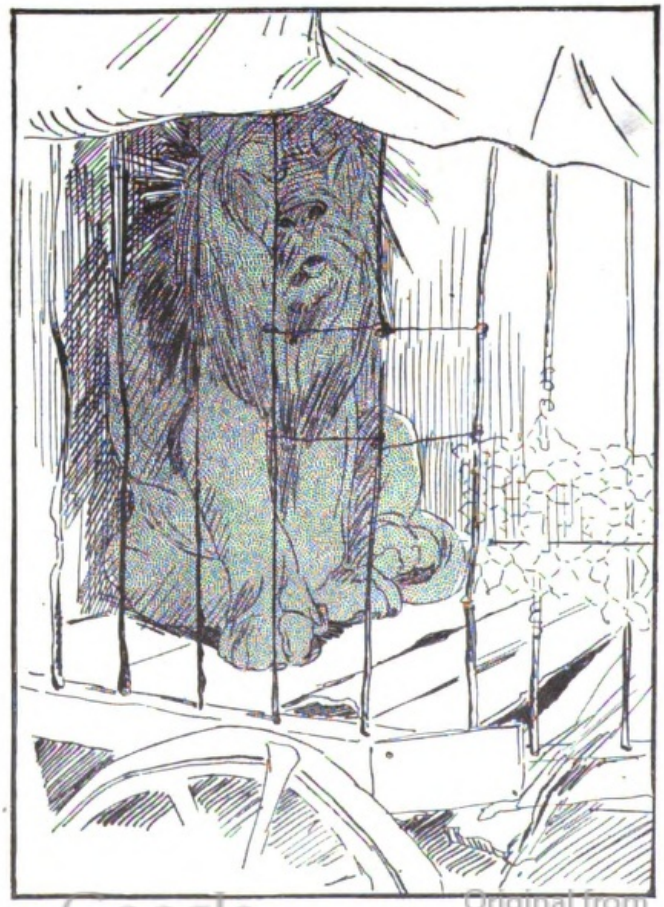
SOMEBODY has defined a hero as a person who never knows when he is beaten. Mr. Bodkin was a hero of this sort. Retiring baffled from bear and elephant—no, not retiring, for, as you will remember, it was the bear who retired, also the elephant, although the latter *did* carry Mr. Bodkin with him for some distance—let us say, rather, undaunted, though not unmoved, by his adventures with bear and elephant, Mr. Bodkin came up smiling to struggle with a lion.

Nothing could abate his zoological enthusiasm, and his adventure with the elephant, seen through a few days' perspective, assumed something of the air of a gallant exploit, calculated to give him confidence for even nobler flights. He felt, in short, that, having distinguished himself with a bear and an elephant, he was fully qualified to tackle a lion.

Not an extreme lion, of course, to begin with; nothing wild or bad-tempered, as a start, but a lion warranted quiet in or out of harness—the sort of lion that might be advertised as suitable for a lady, if ladies indulged their fancies in Mr. Bodkin'sway.Such lions Mr. Bodkin had seen jumping through hoops at circuses with the docility of sheep, and a very similar type of agility.

The large manager of Walker's Circus headquarters, having made two such profitable deals with Mr. Bodkin as the sale and the repurchase of Dr. Johnson the elephant, was not the person to lose sight of so eligible a customer. He could do no direct business, it is true; the difference between the figures of the Johnsonian sale and repurchase was too great even for Mr. Bodkin's enthusiasm to overlook. But he made himself sure of a commission from any other menagerie to whom Mr. Bodkin might become a victim. And Mr. Bodkin took to frequenting menageries.

But there was now a certain subconscious caution to temper hisenthusiasm,and Mr. Bodkin hesitated over several lions and—passed on. There was something about each that suggested a possibility of trouble. It seemed to be a peculiarity of lions. But at last the desired animal was discovered—the ideal lion for domestic use.



"HERE IN THE DARKEST CORNER, PUSHED AWAY AS THOUGH IN DEFAULT OF A LUMBER-ROOM, WAS THE LION."

It was in the obscurest corner of an obscure menagerie at Mitcham Fair. The menagerie was housed in a fit-up booth, perilously built of creaking boards and flapping canvas, and filled with cages made to fit their occupants, much as a packing-case is made to fit

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the goods it encloses. Here in the darkest corner, pushed away as though in default of a lumber-room, was the lion.

Mr. Bodkin felt instinctively that this was a lion you could trust. It was long past all the frivolities of youth, and so completely provided with bunions that it could be relied on not to spring at anything. It could never creep unobserved on its hapless prey, because it creaked so very loudly and forlornly at the joints, from which the stuffing seemed ready to break out at any moment. Mr. Bodkin remembered Androcles, and was therefore much attracted by the bunions.

It was certainly not a very handsome lion in its present condition; but a little touching-up might do wonders; a bottle of hair-restorer, reflected Mr. Bodkin, and a little seccotine judiciously applied, would make it look a new lion to the inexpert, and scarcely more than shop-soiled even to the connoisseur in lions.

The proprietor was quite willing to sell—almost indecently eager, in fact. He offered a large discount for cash in advance, doubtless regarding the discount in the light of a heavy premium of insurance on a precarious life. And he readily agreed to "throw a cage in" and see to the delivery of the goods himself. The perfect harmlessness of the King of Beasts he readily guaranteed, under any penalty that Mr. Bodkin cared to name; offering the warranty of his solemn davy and s'elp his bob—an argument that there was no refuting, even if it had not been backed, as it was, by the thrusting of his arm between the bars of the cage. At this the lion merely shrank a little and gazed reproachfully; and indeed the cage was crowded enough already, without the arm. But it was easy enough to see that the arm was quite safe, and not the most ravenous hunger would have tempted that lion to help himself to a finger. It was a bun-and-milk sort of lion, plainly; and one that would hesitate to attack even a bun if it contained a fierce-looking currant.

Mr. Bodkin waited impatiently for the arrival of his new acquisition, walking about the house with expectant importance and looking out of windows. A lion—to be sole proprietor of a lion—that was a prospect that made his chest swell and his face broaden with delight. Such a safe lion, too. Mr. Bodkin would be a hero on the easiest and cheapest possible terms.

He was not quite yet a sufficient hero to tell Mrs. Bodkin. He had tried the experiment in the case of the elephant, and his success was far from conspicuous. He relied this time on the very obvious inoffensiveness of the lion to disarm the lady's opposition. To say, now, that a lion was coming home would have been to send Mrs. Bodkin off to her sister's at Tunbridge Wells by the next train; to show her the lion—this lion—when it arrived would be less disturbing to the nerves. But Mr. Bodkin's own nerves were somewhat troubled by the prospect. Mrs. B. was no judge of lions, and she *might* not perceive the "points" of this particular safety lion. It had points, of course—several of them, on his back, you might safely have hung your hat on.

There was another matter which somewhat troubled Mr. Bodkin as he retired to rest on the night before the lion was expected. The showman had agreed to "throw a cage in," but had not specified which cage. The cage that held the lion on Mr. Bodkin's visit was certainly in keeping with its contents—a bit feeble in the joints and needful of glue—but otherwise had few recommendations; and the showman, as a prudent economist, would scarcely send a different cage unless he could find a worse one. Mr. Bodkin tried to remember what the padlock was like, and failed; and, immersed in confused and uneasy calculations as to what might happen, and what the bill might be, if the cage fell apart on the journey, he dropped into a troubled slumber.

Long before the fixed and traditional breakfast-time of the Bodkin household Mr. Bodkin found himself up and dressed and desperately composing various forms and sentences which he judged might be suitable to lead up to an introduction between Mrs. Bodkin and the lion. None that he could invent seemed to promise any brilliant success, and breakfast arrived while the agonies of composition were at their height. And then the lion did it all himself.

Mr. Bodkin and Mrs. Bodkin sat at opposite ends of the breakfast-table, as usual, and, also as usual, the very small house-dog sat at each end alternately, speculating sagaciously in scraps. The morning was fine and warm, and the window behind Mrs. B. was wide open; and presently through that open window floated sounds that made Mr. Bodkin's heart beat quicker. There was the opening of gates by the stable-yard, rumblings, thumps, and haulings—also loud growls. Mr. Bodkin entrenched himself deep behind his newspaper.

"We haven't ordered any coals," said Mrs. B. "That must be the dustman."

The noises ceased, and a van was heard to

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depart noisily. Then came a few minutes of silence, and then—the lion! The lion itself suddenly appeared at the open window, gazing in on the back of the unconscious Mrs. Bodkin!

Down went Mr. Bodkin's newspaper, and up went such hair as remained on the surface of his head. His worst fears of that cage and that padlock were realized. Mrs. Bodkin, startled, turned about and faced the new-comer. Admirable woman! She did not faint or scream, or even fall under the table. She stood up boldly, shook her apron threateningly in the lion's face, stamped, and said: "Hoosh!"

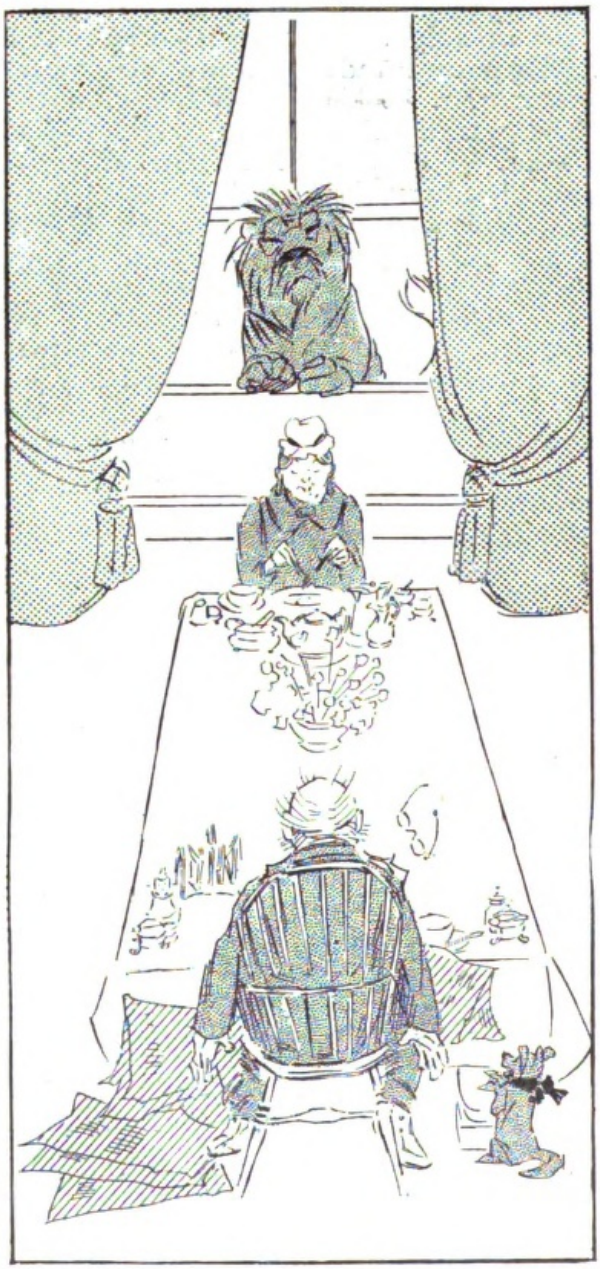
The lion, hurt and surprised, turned and bundled feebly off; the small dog barked angrily, and the lion, outside, trembled, and increased his pace as well as his bunions permitted. Mr. Bodkin, in his confusion, discovered that he was standing on his chair, armed with the bread-knife and the toast-rack.

"Great, ugly, neglected-looking brute," commented Mrs. Bodkin. "He'll be breaking down the geraniums. Whose is it? I didn't know anybody about here had such a big dog."

"It's—it's a *lion*," murmured Mr. Bodkin, apologetically, getting down from the chair. "Just a lion I bought cheap."

"A what? A—— Oo-wow!" And Mrs. Bodkin did all she had neglected to do before. She fainted on the spot, screamed, and fell under the table, all simultaneously.

The introduction thus happily effected, Mr. Bodkin recovered his presence of mind and called for help. Then he took a peep through the window and felt some return of courage; for he perceived that the unhappy lion had fallen into the misfortune of a difference with the household cat. The cat's breakfast lay on a plate near the scullery-door, and the disturbed and indignant breakfaster, with arched back and distended tail, was fiercely defending her meal, while the king of beasts humbly sheered off with his tail between his legs, a flea in his ear, and all the other decorations proper to defeated feebleness. Mr. Bodkin observed all this with growing confidence, and he reflected once more on the bunions, the creaking joints, and the groggy corners, gaining courage therewith. That lion had somehow escaped from his cage, and must be put back with proper heroism. After all, it was a safety lion; so Mr. Bodkin gallantly seized his hat and made flank movements, tacks, dodges, and twists towards an inspection of the cage.

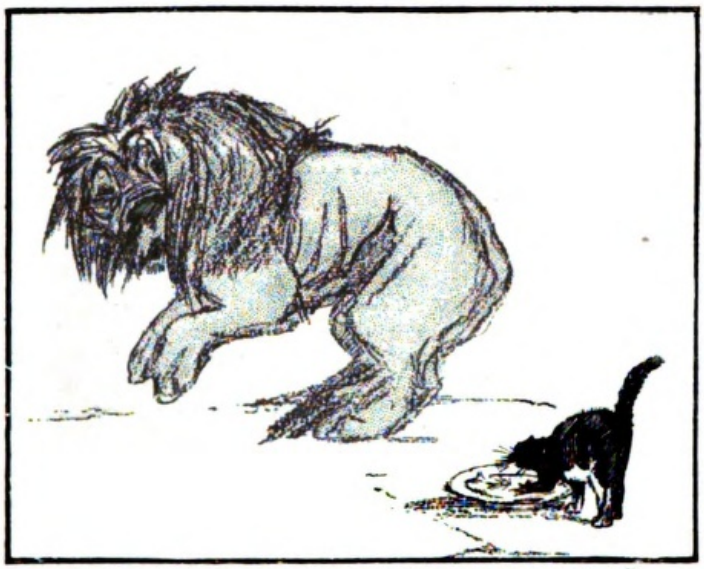


"THE LION ITSELF SUDDENLY APPEARED AT THE OPEN WINDOW."

It grew clear that his high opinion of the showman's sense of prudence and economy was fully justified. No cage is immortal, and this cage and the padlock were ending their earthly careers in company. It seemed that, when that showman "threw in" the cage, he must have thrown it a little too hard and cracked it badly. Splits and cracks smiled and winked at Mr. Bodkin; and yet it seemed to him, after all, that, fitted with a proper padlock, it might hold a lion of sorts—a dead sort, or the sort that had come in it

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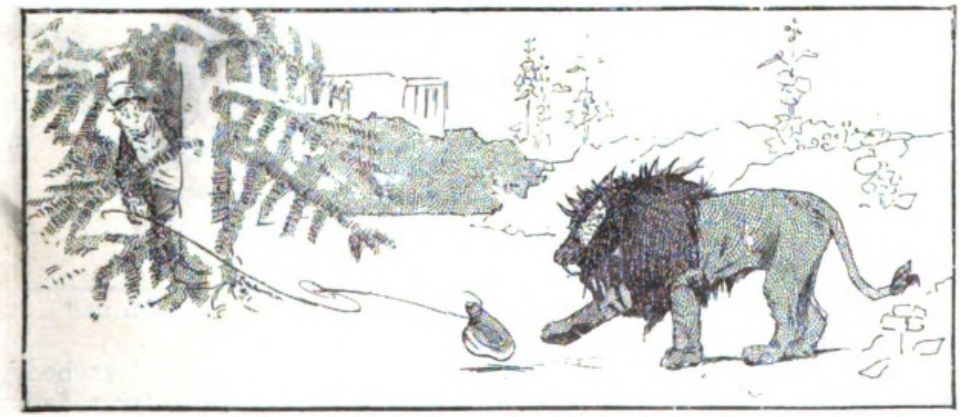
—and a bright idea struck Mr. Bodkin. There was a door at each end—one bolted still, the other unpadlocked. If both ends were opened wide, reflected Mr. Bodkin, it might be possible for an active hero like himself to imprison the lion by stratagem. Something attractive and eatable, attached to a string, might be dragged before the truant's nose, and thence to the cage and into it. The king of beasts would follow, and his agile proprietor, leaving the bait in the cage, would emerge from the farther end and bolt the door behind him; then, while the prize engaged the attention of the quadruped, the biped, hastening to the door of entrance with a new padlock, would make all finally secure.



"THE KING OF BEASTS HUMBLY SHEERED OFF."

This plan formed, Mr. Bodkin began to reconnoitre. The new lion, affronted by Mrs. Bodkin, startled by the dog, and repulsed by the cat, was now forlornly wandering along a garden path, apprehensive of further hostility, surveying the flower-beds, and apparently contemplating a conversion to vegetarianism. Mr. Bodkin, dodging and peeping through a hedge, realized that his household forces were scattered. The boot-boy had taken refuge up a tree, with much presence of mind selecting the only one with apples on it, being thus provisioned for a long siege; the gardener's presence of mind was testified by a total absence of body, for he was not to be seen at all. Mr. Bodkin sidled toward the house. The kitchen was deserted, but many clamorous female voices were audible upstairs; for there the cook, the parlour-maid, and both housemaids were busy reviving Mrs. Bodkin and giving her notice at the same time.

Mr. Bodkin made for the larder and there seized a ham. In a kitchen drawer was a ball of string, and with trembling hands he tied the ham by the shank and carried out his line and bait to the scene of action. The lion, in mild bewilderment, was standing in a bed of hydrangeas and gazing reproachfully at a rose-bush which had pricked his nose. Mr. Bodkin, from the shelter of a monkey-puzzle tree, gently slung the ham among the hydrangeas. The lion, beginning to be interested, sniffed at it cautiously and seemed pleased to find it was not prickly. Mr. Bodkin retreated some little distance, paying out the string as he went, and then gently tugged the ham out of the hydrangeas. The lion, feeling naturally friendly toward the only moving thing in that place that had not terrified him, followed, and continued to follow, as Mr. Bodkin retreated towards the cage. The ham gambolled gently before the



"THE HAM GAMBOLLED GENTLY BEFORE THE MONARCH OF THE DESERT."

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monarch of the desert, and the monarch, sadly impeded by bunions, made a shift to frisk with it as a kitten frisks with a ball. The smell was attractive, too, and it was just beginning to dawn on the leonine intelligence that something about the article might be eatable, when Mr. Bodkin arrived at the door of the cage and bolted in.

He drew the ham cautiously after him, and then, with a pang of horror, realized that he had forgotten the necessary new padlock. Here was a terrible state of affairs!

Moreover, the lion wouldn't work as desired. Instead of coming in at one end of the cage, it ambled up to the front of the bars, there sat down, and regarded Mr. Bodkin.

It was stalemate. Mr. Bodkin couldn't determine which end to run out at till the lion had made up his mind to go in at the other. This was a little alarming—it suggested the possibility that the brute might add the wiliness of the serpent to the harmlessness of the dove; or perhaps wasn't so very harmless after all. Mr. Bodkin could not resist a suspicion that the lion's demeanour was changing. Was it jealousy at seeing its cage usurped by an intruder, rivalry in the matter of the ham, perplexity at the state of affairs in general, or a mixture of all three? Whatever it was, Mr. Bodkin thought he plainly detected on the leonine countenance a solemn wink. Now, everybody who has had the experience of sitting, with a ham on a string, in a cage with both ends open and the rightful lion winking at him from the other side of the bars, will confirm me when I say that the situation is embarrassing, and even a little trying to the nerves. I call on any such person to contradict me, if he dare. Mr. Bodkin's calmness was not what it was; he even felt himself losing confidence in the bunions.



"MR. BODKIN ARRIVED AT THE DOOR OF THE CAGE AND BOLTED IN."

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"IT SAT DOWN AND REGARDED MR. BODKIN."

But help came when least expected. The most impudent creature in the animal creation—a London sparrow—chanced to be building its nest in the eaves of Mr. Bodkin's house, and running short of material. Peeping over the gutter, it espied a large bunch of just what was wanted—the lion's mane. For a London sparrow to see is to seize, and instantly the shameless blackguard pounced on the defenceless head beneath him, tugging and clawing violently. The poor lion, assailed from this wholly unexpected quarter, broke down utterly, and, with a despairing howl, shambled for the nearest gate, which at that moment was being opened by the butcher's boy. The butcher's boy, regardless of glory, skipped aside, and Mr. Bodkin, encouraged by the example of the sparrow and suddenly reinforced by the cat and the house-dog, dashed after his disappearing property, dragging the ham with him.

Emerging from the gate, he perceived the lion hobbling and staggering his best half-way up the street. Running his fastest, Mr. Bodkin, somewhat impeded by the ham, to which the cat and dog were now clinging desperately, gradually overtook his quarry, amid the howls and plaudits of an enthusiastic populace. Presently he was able to catch at the tail, which instantly came off in his hand. That was one of the places that ought to have been repaired. Redoubling his efforts, he sprang forward and seized the mane, where now several more sparrows were fighting for the best pickings. As he seized it a cloud of moths and dust flew out, and the lion, driven to bay at last, turned with uplifted paw and dealt him a terrific box in the ear.

"Let go my hair, Samuel!" shrieked the lion. "Are you mad?" And then came another box in the ear that woke Mr.



"THE POOR LION, WITH A DESPAIRING HOWL, SHAMBLED FOR THE NEAREST GATE."

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Bodkin completely. "Let go my hair!" repeated Mrs. Bodkin, rescuing her tresses and the entangled night-cap from her husband's frantic clutch.

Mr. Bodkin sat up in bed and apologized incoherently.

"But drive off those sparrows," he recommended, vaguely. "They'll spoil that new plait you bought yesterday."

"Sparrows?" queried Mrs. Bodkin, savagely. "What are you dreaming about now? Nothing but animals. Don't tell me you are going to keep sparrows!"



"PRESENTLY HE WAS ABLE TO CATCH AT THE TAIL, WHICH INSTANTLY CAME OFF IN HIS HAND."

Now, here, in the dead of the night, was Mr. Bodkin's opportunity to mention the coming lion; but he passed it over. Mrs. B. was in much too bad a temper. He tried to sleep again and to dream about something else.

In the morning things occurred most extraordinarily as they had done in the dream. Mr. and Mrs. Bodkin sat at opposite ends of the table, and the house-dog speculated between them. Mr. Bodkin entrenched himself deep behind his newspaper and cogitated desperately about the introduction of the lion. The morning was fine and warm, and the window was wide open behind Mrs. B. And presently, as they sat, Mr. Bodkin became aware of the very sounds of which he had dreamed. There was the opening of the gates by the stable-yard, rumblings, thumps, and haulings.

"I wonder if that's the dustman?" said Mrs. B. "We haven't ordered any coals."

The noises in the stable-yard ceased, and a van rattled off in the side street. Plainly the men had done their delivery with extraordinary quietness and dispatch. One would have expected them to wait for a tip. *Was* it because of that cage? Mr. Bodkin found himself staring wildly at the window, in mortal apprehension of the lion appearing as he had done in the dream. But nothing happened, and all was quiet.

He rose and peeped through the window. Nothing unusual was visible. He sat in his chair once more, but was far too excited to wait till breakfast was over; so, after a moment or two of agonized suspense, he sneaked quietly out and made for the stable-yard.

There stood the cage, or something that seemed to be it, covered with much sacking and canvas. Mr. Bodkin approached gingerly, aware of a certain smell that he could not clearly identify, though he would never have called it a perfume. He pulled aside a loose flap of the canvas and saw.

The lion was dead!

Mr. Bodkin has no present intention of buying another lion, but if ever he does he will *not* pay in advance.

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John Bull's Pictures.

Heading by W. E. Wigfull.

[The following article is an attempt, it is believed for the first time, to estimate the value of the pictures in our national collections. We are greatly indebted to the officials of the various galleries for their courteous assistance in compiling these figures.]

THE idea of painted canvas representing wealth—and wealth readily negotiable in most of the markets of the world, and constantly increasing at a high ratio—is one that never occurred to our ancestors. But now, it may safely be said, ninety-nine per cent. of the canvases of what are called the Old Masters are known to and appraised by the experts of London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. When you go to the National



Gallery, or any public collection, and gaze at any of the masterpieces, not merely of Rembrandt or Raphael, Rubens or Velazquez, but of the works of lesser-known painters as well, you are looking at commodities having a more or less fixed value. Prices fluctuate, of course, but on the whole their tendency is to become greatly enhanced, chiefly as the result of the enormous American demand.

Put, then, into pounds, shillings, and pence, what is the value of the nation's collection of pictures at the present time? How much money has John Bull invested in pictures, and what sort of profit should he be able to realize on his investment were he to dispose of his collection?

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It may be said, at the outset, that this is a subject which no one appears to have inquired into. Strange as it may appear, not even your professed expert, much less a member of Parliament, even if he happen to occupy the Treasury Bench, has any idea of the money value to-day of the pictures bought with the nation's money. Yet it is a subject always considered in the case of a private collector—what he has spent, and whether he has got good value for his money.

To begin with the English National Gallery, John Bull has, with an occasional lapse of judgment, proved himself an excellent man of business. The collection was founded in 1824 by the purchase, for the sum of £57,000, of the famous Angerstein collection of thirty-eight pictures. At that time there was a great outcry on the part of certain ill-informed legislators at taking so much of the nation's money for such a purpose. It was proved that these thirty-eight canvases had cost their owner only £22,000. To-day their value, computed on the basis of prices obtained within the past five years for similar works, is at least £287,000! After the purchase of the Angerstein pictures, and up to 1855, a selection of works were added to the collection by means of special grants from the Government. Then came the establishment of a Board of Trustees, and a subsidy of £5,000 annually voted for the purchase of paintings. Occasionally, where the annual grant has not been sufficient for the purchase *en bloc* of some important collection, the Treasury has come to the rescue with a special grant in aid, as in the case of the Peel collection in 1871, the Longford Castle pictures, and others. Lord Curzon recently suggested that the annual grant should be raised to £25,000; but generally speaking the Trustees have only £5,000 a year of the nation's money to invest. Happily, however, there have always been other resources, or there would not be over two thousand canvases now hanging in the galleries in Trafalgar Square, of which the nation is so justly proud.

Chief amongst these resources are the munificent bequests of which the Gallery is the recipient from time to time—bequests both of pictures and of money. Gifts and bequests of pictures began virtually from the commencement. Sir George Beaumont handed over sixteen valuable works, then appraised at £28,000 and now worth considerably over £100,000; then came the bequest of the Rev. William Holwell-Carr of thirty-five pictures, for which he had paid nearly £40,000, and which would now fetch three times that sum. The last important bequest—that of Mr. Wynn-Ellis in 1876, of ninety-four pictures—is worth well over a quarter of a million to-day. But of still greater value is the Turner collection of a hundred and five works in oil and an immense number of sketches, which, if disposed of piecemeal, would have no difficulty in making well over half a million sterling.

Roughly speaking, the nation spent £100,000 (including its purchase of the Angerstein collection) on the National Gallery up to 1853. From 1853 to 1896 it spent £461,621. In the last sixteen years it has invested another £100,000. Altogether, the sum of £662,000 represents what the British taxpayer has paid for art, so far as the National Gallery is concerned.

But is that all the money that has passed through the hands of the Director and his Trustees? By no means. There are the pecuniary bequests, such as those of T. D. Lewis of £10,000, of Francis Clarke of £23,000, and of Colonel Temple-West of £100,000, which supply an annual sum as interest for the purchase of pictures. Small as the sum is, it is surprising what results have been achieved through it, as we will see in a moment.

We must regard, then, for our purpose, the National Gallery authorities, not merely as connoisseurs and custodians of art, but as a firm of enterprising picture-dealers whose business it is to make good bargains for the nation. They sometimes sell as well as buy, there being, happily, a provision enabling them to dispose of pictures "unfit for the collection or not required."

Let us glance at some of their leading bargains. One of the earliest is Raphael's "Vision of a Knight," which, after changing hands at £350 and £600, was sold to the Gallery for £1,050. If this canvas, small and slight as it is, were handed over to Messrs. Agnew or Messrs. Colnaghi to-morrow they would have no difficulty in obtaining £10,000 for it. It is, therefore, a good investment. It seems strange, when one reflects, that this little faded, shabby canvas should be equal in value to a magnificent building of brick and stone which has taken many months to build. Another Raphael was not quite so good a bargain, for the "Ansidei Madonna" cost £70,000 in 1885—yet for a sister "Madonna" Mr. Pierpont Morgan in 1902 paid £100,000, and the former would, of course, quickly find a purchaser at this price.

For Rubens's "Triumph of Cæsar" the

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THE VENETIAN ROOM, NATIONAL GALLERY.
EVERY PICTURE IN THIS GALLERY IS OF WORLD-WIDE FAME.

Gallery paid its owner, Samuel Rogers, £1,102 10s.; any expert in Europe would now price this picture at £15,000. Again, in the Gallery hangs a splendid Velazquez, "Philip IV. Hunting," for which £2,200 was paid, and another, "The Adoration," which cost £2,050. Neither of these canvases could now be bought for £10,000.

One of the rarest of all the Old Masters is Jan Van Eyck, just as his "Arnolfini" is one of the rarest of all pictures. There are many estimates of its value; but it would probably fetch £50,000. The Gallery authorities paid just £630, which was regarded as a scandal at the time, because its former owner, General Hay, had bought it for £80.

Tintoretto's "Origin of the Milky Way" is another canvas which would be cheap at £20,000. It cost the Gallery £2,500. Another Tintoretto, "Christ Washing the Feet of His Disciples," was bought, however, for £157 10s., one-tenth of its present value. For Botticelli's most beautiful "Madonna" £331 was paid; for another, £159 11s. 6d.

Here are a few other bargains in picture-buying:—

	Paid.	Present value.
The Lombardi-Baldi Collection (1857) (30 pictures)	£7,000	£180,000
Veronese's "Adoration of the Magi"	1,977	7,500
Filippino Lippi "Madonna" ...	627	3,500
Rembrandt Portrait	430	3,500

Latterly high prices have ruled, but even then, considering the market, there have been some notable bargains. Thus, the pair of Van Dycks bought for £25,000 in 1900 could readily be sold to-morrow for double the money, while the trio from Longford Castle—Holbein's "Ambassadors," the Velazquez, and the Moroni—for which £55,000 was paid, would be considered cheap to-day for £100,000. An instance of official thrift is shown in the expenditure of the Lewis bequest. The income from this fund yields only a paltry £246 a year, and it requires considerable skill and knowledge to make this go very far. Yet a really splendid collection has been acquired from this source alone in less than half a century. There is a Frans Hals, for which £105 was paid, which any Bond Street dealer would be glad to pay £10,000 for, and there is a wonderful Mabuse, "Portrait of a Young Lady as a Magdalen," for which one collector declared he would gladly have given £5,000. Perhaps this same Mabuse is the greatest bargain in the whole collection. One day, a few years ago, a young man came to see the Director carrying the canvas under his arm. It was thick with dirt, but the Director's keen eye detected a work of rare merit.

"What do you ask for this?" he said.

"Thirty pounds," was the reply.

Recognizing that this demand was far too modest, the official endeavoured to suggest its value, but his hint was thrown away upon the visitor, who began to suspect that the Gallery did not wish to purchase his canvas. He was told to leave the picture, with the price, and call again. After the deal was completed some endeavour was made to procure a further sum for the seller; but such a precedent was dangerous to establish, and was vetoed.

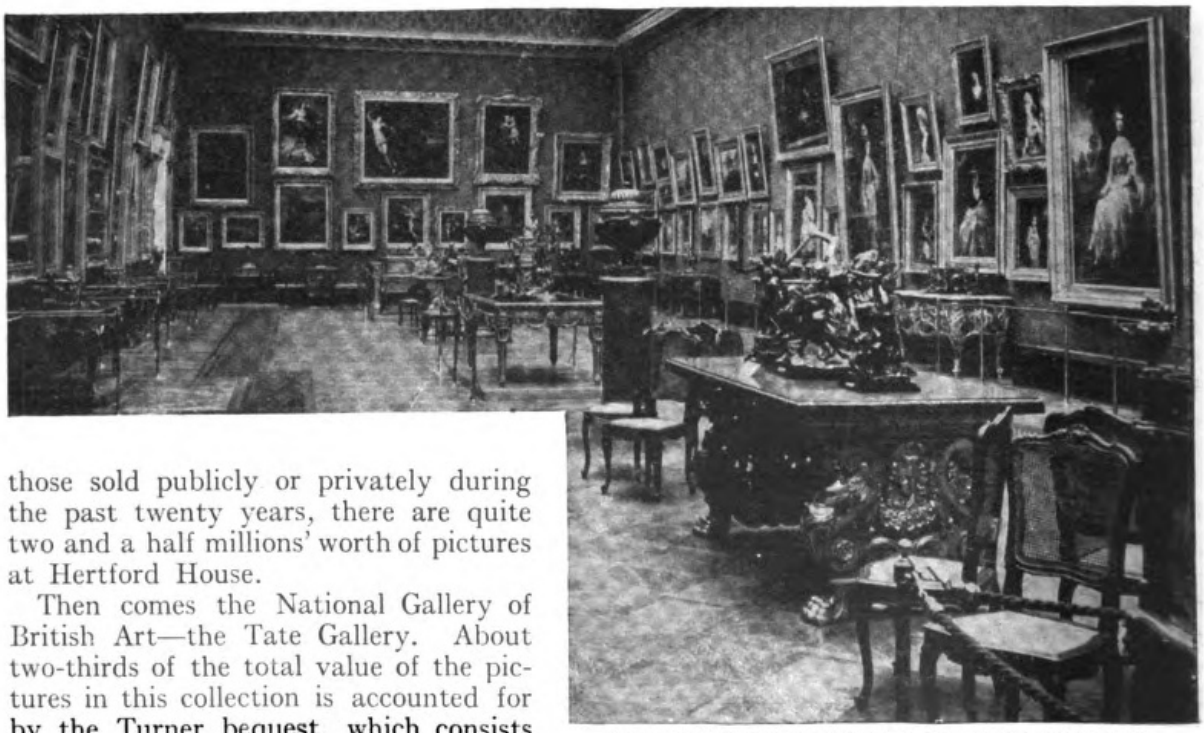
Altogether, the pictures at the National Gallery would bear a modern evaluation of £6,000,000 sterling; but if gradually and prudently brought into the market they would fetch a much larger sum. Estimated on the scale of recent sales of Old Masters, they might easily produce £8,000,000.

It must be remembered, however, that the mere fact of a picture hanging in the National Gallery gives it a *cachet*, and would produce an artificial price. World-wide celebrity enhances the price. Thus, suppose the Treasury wished to raise money by the sale of such a well-known picture as Rubens's

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"Chapeau de Paille," it would probably fetch not less than £75,000.

The next in point of value is the Wallace collection, upon which the Marquess of Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace are said to have spent about £600,000, two-thirds of this for pictures, and which is now worth between three and four millions. It is a collection enormously rich in celebrated works, so that here, again, fancy prices would prevail. For example, there is Frans Hals's "Laughing Cavalier," for which Lord Hertford paid what was then considered the startling sum of £2,000. Mr. Frick or Mr. Pierpont Morgan would gladly give ten times this sum for such a picture. But taking picture by picture and comparing them with those sold publicly or privately during the past twenty years, there are quite two and a half millions' worth of pictures at Hertford House.



THE LARGE ROOM AT THE WALLACE GALLERY. THIS GALLERY CONTAINS PICTURES WORTH SOME TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS.

Then comes the National Gallery of British Art—the Tate Gallery. About two-thirds of the total value of the pictures in this collection is accounted for by the Turner bequest, which consists of the enormous total of no fewer than nineteen thousand three hundred and thirty-one drawings and sketches. The water-colour drawings alone amount to no small sum, and some idea of their value may be obtained from the fact that the Turner loan collections, which are included in the above total and consist of only three hundred water-colours, are insured for £17,700. But the water-colours fade into insignificance financially beside the Turner oil-paintings, of which one hundred and forty-three are exhibited at the Tate Gallery. There are at least a dozen picture-dealers in London alone ready to give £2,000 at any moment for even a small Turner oil-painting, and when the enormous size of some of the canvases hung at the Tate Gallery is considered it will be realized that £500,000 is no extravagant estimate of the value of the Turner collection.

Then there is the Chantrey bequest, on which £80,338 has been expended, the original Tate collection, and numerous bequests and donations, and altogether the collections at the National Gallery of British Art may safely be said to be worth between £750,000 and £800,000. Probably, if they could be judiciously disposed of, they would realize something nearer a million.

The public collections outside London include the Scottish and Irish National Galleries and various municipal collections. The Scottish collection at Edinburgh has been roughly estimated by a well-known art authority to be worth about three-quarters of a million. This gallery contains a considerable proportion of exceptionally fine works, and in the opinion of many who are able to judge, the estimate just given is a very conservative one.

The same art expert has estimated the Irish national collection at £250,000; but in the opinion of Sir Walter Armstrong, the Keeper of the Dublin Gallery, this valuation is probably somewhat excessive, "for the collection consists largely," he writes, "of exceptionally good examples of men no in the first flight. That was inevitable

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considering the slenderness of our budget." Some wonderfully good bargains have been secured for the Irish collection. To mention only two, there is a Hals which cost £30 and is worth at present prices, says Sir Walter Armstrong, from £7,000 to £10,000, and a Rembrandt which was purchased for 485 guineas and which would now fetch £10,000.

The most valuable of the provincial collections is that at the Glasgow Art Galleries. In addition to many valuable gifts, some handsome bargains have been secured by the Glasgow Corporation. "The pictures which have been bought for the collection," said Mr. James Paton, the Superintendent, "are but an insignificant portion of the whole; but the prices paid for these are no measure of their present commercial value. For instance, we paid £1,000 for Whistler's 'Carlyle,' but what would an American collector give for it at this moment? I am sure we could get £25,000 for it at the very least, and probably double that sum. Again, a few years ago I bought a Raeburn portrait for £120; now it would bring at the very least ten times that amount. On the other hand, about twenty years ago there was bequeathed to us a picture by John Linnell, for which the testator paid £6,000, but I question if, at this day, it would realize at auction more than £600. Indeed, the commercial value of pictures varies from day to day, more even than rubber stocks!"

As Mr. Paton also pointed out, there are at Glasgow many world-famous pictures to the competition for which no limit could be assigned, and the present total must be a very handsome one. In fact, there is good reason for believing that the Glasgow collection would at auction yield well up to a million sterling.

The people of Liverpool have shown themselves to be enthusiastic art-lovers and, at the same time, shrewd men of business, for they have gathered together, at the Walker Art Gallery, a very fine collection of pictures entirely out of the profits of the annual autumn exhibition, the Corporation not having—at least for some forty years—made any grant for that purpose. Well over £140,000 has been expended, but this sum is far below the present value of the collection. "I have little doubt," writes the Curator, Mr. Rimbault Dibdin, "that very remarkable increases would be recorded if we brought to the hammer such pictures as 'Dante's Dream' by Rossetti, 'Dante and Beatrice' by Henry Holiday, 'An Idyll' by Maurice Greiffenhagen, 'Summer Night' by Albert Moore, or 'Ruth and Naomi' by Calderon.

"We have, on various occasions, bought pictures by rising men at prices far below those commanded by them soon after. An instance that occurs to me is that, a few years ago, we bought a picture by Arnesby Brown for something like one-fourth of the amount paid for his picture in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition by the Aberdeen Gallery."

But Liverpool certainly missed one excellent bargain by declining, a month or so ago, the offer of Holman Hunt's "Lux Mundi," which was eagerly snapped up by Manchester for the merely nominal sum of £350. This brings the sum expended by Manchester to something over £130,000, which is not very far behind Liverpool's total, and in both cases the proceeds of a sale would yield a handsome profit on the outlay.

The Birmingham collection of pictures is valued at £140,000, and is remarkable for the fact that none of the pictures has ever been purchased, the whole of the contents of the Birmingham Art Gallery being due to the generosity of the residents.

If we allow the value of public collections outside London to be £3,000,000, we arrive at a total of £14,000,000 sterling as the value of John Bull's picture gallery.



A VIEW IN THE TATE GALLERY, SHOWING SOME WORLD-FAMOUS PICTURES BY THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD.

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The Fly of Destiny.

A RIVERSIDE IDYLL.

By CLAUDE E. BENSON.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

THE call of the wild was on Frances Mordaunt, though she did not know it. She was Southern-bred, and had lived all her life's sunny morning in the soft, gracious land of low, rolling hills, of wide meadows and green, flower-decked hedges, of peaceful streams, the land of the spacious, lawn-like parks and stately seats of England. It was her first visit to the

> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,

and the spell had fallen on her and bewitched her very being with its power and joy. What mattered it that, in place of smooth metalled gradients, the roads were at all angles, most of them severe, where macadam was unknown; that the low hills were mighty mountains, savage with crags and ravaged by storm and winter; that for the peaceful meadows were acres of russet bracken and purple heather, intersected by endless walls of unhewn stone; for the smooth, shining river a headlong, brown, foaming torrent? The storied castles of the Scots lairds, however, she was beginning to regard as legendary.

She had been up with the sun that morning and watched "the vapours round the mountain curl'd melt into morn." She had partaken of a breakfast of cakes such as she had never tasted, of salmon which would have made Lucullus jealous, and, amid the cautions and bright farewells of her parents, had started for a ramble by the riverside.

On she went, springing "from crystal step to crystal step of the bright air," laughing and singing in the sheer joy of living, till all at once, on crossing a rough mountain road, she came on an object which made her think socialistic thoughts, wholly unworthy of a scion of her ancient race. Very soon these thoughts found expression in words: "Tyrant!" (angrily) "Vandal!" (contemptuously) and "Brute!" (tearfully).

On all sides were mountains and moorlands; on her right was a wild and lovely glen through which dashed a river; at her feet was a headlong burn that plunged downward into the ravine; in front of her a tasteful rustic bridge crossing the stream, with a rough wooden gate, and on the gate, plainly but not ostentatiously inscribed, the offending words: "No public pathway."

The trouble was not past remedy. Immediately to the right, spanning the ravine with a single arch, was a stone packbridge, designed to harmonize with its wild surroundings, and, incidentally or designedly, impossible for motor traffic, leading to an even more romantic path, plainly discernible along the mountain side, above the river-bed.

Frances, however, had unfortunately inherited that impatience of opposition which had characterized many of her ancestors. After the first flush of angry disappointment her pretty face set, and with a defiant motion she pushed back the gate and stepped resolutely through it. Forthwith she found herself in a narrow avenue of yew trees, that obviously owed their trimness to the hand of man, and a few steps farther on she came to a lofty iron gate, on which was written the tyrannical word "PRIVATE!"

Frances was not wholly without conscience in such matters. She would assuredly have refrained from opening the gate of a stranger's garden and tramping wantonly on his flower-beds; she might even have hesitated to trespass on a grouse moor—a far more expensive luxury than a garden. But here there was neither garden nor game; nothing but a silly river-bank. She laid violent hands on the gate and shook it vigorously.

To her surprise, the firm, impregnable bar rattled in her grasp. A little inspection showed that it was loose in its socket, and a half-hearted experiment revealed that it slid easily through the holes in the uprights. With rapidly diminishing resolution she ran back the bar, leaving a gap in the ironwork amply sufficient for the passage of a much larger body than her own slender form, and after a short struggle she stood on the forbidden ground.

As soon as her object was attained she

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began to feel a little frightened and not a little ashamed of herself. That she had acted illegally she knew, but that knowledge sat lightly on her. There was, however, the unpleasant conviction, which conscience refused to let pass, that her conduct had been, not perhaps unladylike, but unworthy of herself and her race. Moreover, she was quite, quite certain that she had behaved very foolishly.

She had, in fact, done what she had no right to do—what, indeed, she had been specially cautioned not to do. The landlord of the little Highland hotel where she was stopping had specially warned her to be wary in her wanderings. The laird who owned the property round about, though combining all the virtues befitting a head of the clan of Muir (of which, incidentally, mine host was a member), was merciless to trespassers and all their kind. Besides which he was, so Frances gathered from the landlord, gay.

Supposing he found her there! As she was a lady, of course, he could not punish her; but that made her transgression worse. He would, however, conduct her, or have her (the ignominy of it!) conducted, off his land. And, worst of all, he was reported "gay." What if he should be loathsomely attentive! What if he should ask her to pay toll for being on his ground!

She had made up her mind to retreat, when all at once she realized that she was tired—not physically, but from emotions and apprehensions. She laid herself stealthily down among the bracken and tried to rest, listening the while intently and shrinking at every sound. She was an imaginative girl always, but now her imagination began to play the tyrant with her. She was soon conjuring up a castle like that of Giant Despair, inhabited by a fearsome, ruthless ogre, who swooped down and carried off innocent, defenceless maidens like herself, till at last she was more than a little frightened.

Ere long there came a change. She gradually became aware of a soft, musical, unceasing voice talking to her. She could not distinguish the words, but the sound was very soothing, and seemed to bid her banish her disquietude. It was a new voice to her, and very tender, a voice familiar to every mountain lover, the voice of the hillside beck. By and by a great peace seemed to overshadow her, as the kind spirit of the everlasting hills bent over the poor, tired child on his bosom and caressed her to sleep.

Her thoughts passed almost insensibly from waking to sleep, and became coloured and etherealized with the delicate atmosphere of the dream country. The rugged mountains became gentle, graceful slopes, whose sun-bright summits mingled with the sky, the harsh rushing of the river the resonant chorus of deep voices, the soft talking of the brook the distant choiring of golden harps. Far away was a castle, radiant with light that shone through its crystal walls. She knew it was the dwelling of some being—not the half-playfully dreaded ogre of her fancy, but some knightly spirit who would carry her off and take her liberty from her. She knew she was powerless to move, and lay helpless to his hand, yet she was not afraid.

She was startled back into wakefulness by the sound of human voices close at hand—the sound of a farewell, laughing, but charged with the dreaded name of Muir.

The surmise was barely conscious. One apprehension dominated her being: she was within earshot of the laird, the tyrannical libertine, the ogre of the place. At any moment she might be discovered. She held her breath. The music of the brook, the rushing of the river, the soft harmonies of the breeze, were obtrusive as she strained her ears for the possible sound of footsteps. She waited and waited, but, save for the quick intake of her breath, there was nothing to denote she was not alone with Nature. After a while she took courage and sat up. No living thing was in sight. On every side was a miniature forest of bracken, and before and above her the rugged face of the mountain. Very stealthily she rose first to her knees, then to her feet, prepared to execute a retreat with haste and safety, if not with dignity.

She looked apprehensively round. As she did so, above the bank, a short distance down the river, something flashed into sight. So small, so pretty, and withal so bright was it, like the dart of a kingfisher, that it caught her attention and held it. Was it a kingfisher? Or a butterfly? No, for the latter it was too swift in motion; it had sprung into sight, just flickered for a moment, and darted away again, and it had not seemed quite like a kingfisher; she was familiar with them. She hesitated between prudence and curiosity, and "the woman that deliberates is lost."

As she waited it flashed into tantalizing and unrecognizable presence again. This time it seemed somewhat more distant. At the sight prudence changed instantaneously to imprudence; she moved, walked, and finally ran in the tempting direction. After a few yards she found herself at the edge of a steep, shrub-covered bank, falling away to the shingle that

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lined the water's edge. Farther away was a large man in grey tweeds, who seemed to be watching the stream intently. Even as she halted he turned his shoulder swiftly towards her, at the same time sweeping back a long, flexible wand.

She lost her balance and the next moment was rolling down the bank



There was a dash of spray, something stung her smartly on the neck, and then a sharp shock, a jerk at her hair that pulled her violently forward. She lost her balance, and the next moment was rolling down the bank, clutching at the shrubs to save herself. Somehow the paramount idea in her mind was that the ogre of her imagination had seized her by the hair, and was hauling her to his dungeon.

She was conscious of a cry of dismay and the crash of hastening feet during her fall, and scarcely had she come to a standstill at the foot of the slope when an anxious voice was heard saying :—

"Oh, I am so sorry! I do hope you are not hurt!"

She looked up in a dazed, frightened manner. The big man in grey was standing over her, looking down on her with a kind, grave face that for a moment soothed her fears.

"Indeed," she said, "it was my fault, I am sure; and I am only a little shaken." Then, with a sudden return of agitation: "But I am trespassing. I must go—I must go!"

She struggled to her feet, and immediately the whole scenery spun round. She clutched wildly at the nearest thing — a strong grey arm, which was already catching her. Very quietly she felt herself laid down on the bank again.

"You are a great deal more than a little shaken," said the man, gently, "and you must rest a bit. Just wait till I get you clear."

She felt his fingers playing near her hair, which frightened her dreadfully, and heard him mutter under his breath, "Bother!" —which reassured her. The soliloquy went on. "By Jove! How the brute has fixed itself. Only thing to do is to cast off the gut." The fingers were busy again. 'There! I say, how you have tied yourself up!" He began waving an arm in circles round her head, disentangling, as he did so, foot on foot of nasty, wet, slimy cord, in which she was enmeshed.

"You have had a nasty shake-up," he went on, speaking in his natural voice, "and you must rest a bit. Only this place is horridly uncomfortable. Can you walk? Of course you can't—over this rough-and-tumble stuff. Just put your hand on my shoulder—so."

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She obeyed. His manner was so masterful, yet so gentle. The next moment she was lifted like a feather and borne easily over the uneven surface. If this was being carried off by an ogre, Frances whispered to herself in confidence, she rather liked it.

"Now," said the stranger, as he set her down on a bank of soft heather, "I know you want to lie down, but I must ask you to sit up for a little."

His fingers began playing round her head again, and immediately there came a sharp prick, which made her utter a little involuntary "Oh!"

"I am so sorry. I do hope I did not hurt you." The ogre's voice was wonderfully kind. "I shall have to take off your hat. Now, don't move; I can manage." He drew out the hat-pins as he spoke and drove them recklessly home into various parts of his waistcoat. "That's all right." He put the hat on the ground. "Now"—taking off his coat and making a cushion of it—"just lean your head back on that and rest whilst I try and repair the mischief."

Frances assented with a contented little sigh. She made a wonderfully pretty picture, leaning back with her fair head on the rough pillow. If she could have read expressions, she would have seen that this was the opinion of the big man. Something much warmer than sympathy was in his eyes.

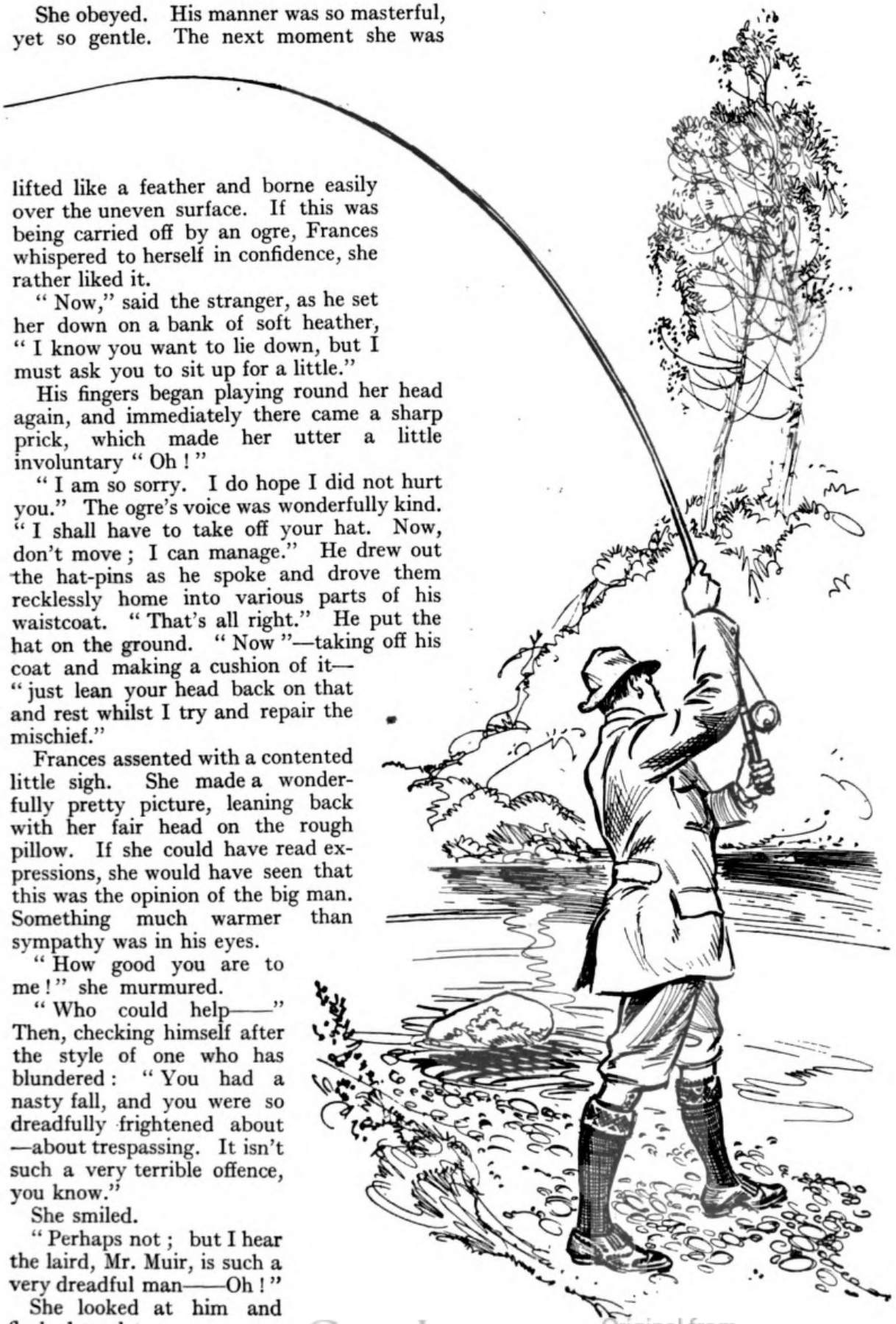
"How good you are to me!" she murmured.

"Who could help——" Then, checking himself after the style of one who has blundered: "You had a nasty fall, and you were so dreadfully frightened about—about trespassing. It isn't such a very terrible offence, you know."

She smiled.

"Perhaps not; but I hear the laird, Mr. Muir, is such a very dreadful man——Oh!"

She looked at him and flushed scarlet.



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"My name is Murray Erskine," he replied, reassuringly, understanding.

"And mine Frances Mordaunt," she interrupted, hurriedly.

She realized that this man, though not the dreaded ogre, must be a friend of his, and, with great rapidity and fluency, tried to keep the conversation to herself. He listened in polite silence, albeit the fact that she was staying with her parents at the Muir Hotel awakened a semi-flashing interest in his eyes, till the inevitable pause came. Then he aggravatingly brought the conversation back to the point of departure.

"But why is Muir so dreadful?" he asked. "And who told you so?"

"I don't think you ought to ask who told me," she returned; "but I have heard he is terribly harsh to trespassers—and poachers—and trippers."

Erskine smiled.

"Yes, he is a bit heavy-handed, I daresay; but I think you might credit him with some discrimination. Now, to an innocent little trespasser like yourself you might, I think, have assumed that he would be courteous?"

"That's just what it is. I was afraid he might be too courteous. I hear he is gay." She emphasized the word with a solemnity befitting the suggestion of a particularly black factor on the Newgate Calendar.

Erskine looked at her with real surprise, not unmixed with amusement.

"I don't think anyone would accuse Muir of that awful failing," he said. "Are you quite sure of the word?"

"Quite; and our landl—my informant used it in such a contradictory manner—— But what are you doing?"

Erskine had seated himself on the bank with her hat between his knees, and was working at it with frowning brows.

"Trying to repair the mischief," he replied, brightly. "But please go on. How in a contradictory manner?"

"Oh, he said—let me see—that Mr. Muir was gay and harsh at one time, and gay and generous at another."

A look of amusement again sparkled on Erskine's face.

"Are you quite sure he said 'gay and generous'?"

"No; he said 'gay, generous,' but——"

Erskine interrupted her with a laugh.

"My dear lady," he said, "I see now. Naturally you are unacquainted with our uncouth Northern dialect. 'Gey'—g-e-y—is the vernacular here for 'very'; so you see what a bogey you have been conjuring up. But—here we are at last."

He put down her hat as he spoke and held up in his finger and thumb the bright, attractive object that had beguiled a daughter of Eve to her downfall.

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Frances. "What is it?"

"A fly. Genus, salmon; species, Durham Ranger"—handing it to her. "You see," he went on, disconnectedly, "I was casting rather high so as to clear the bank; it's impossible to 'spey' effectually in that slack water"—pointing to a smooth, oily-looking band between the shingle and the torrent—"and just as I was casting you came to the edge, and, as ill-luck would have it, got hooked in the hat, lost your balance, and came tumbling down. It is extremely fortunate you were not more hurt. I should never have forgiven myself."

He looked at her gravely. Frances, however, was not interested in perils suffered or escaped, or even in potential remorse. Scarcely had he finished when she struck in, eagerly:—

"Oh, are you catching salmon? Do let me see you catch one. I should so love to."

There was a gleam of humour in the man's grey eyes.

"I will certainly do my best to oblige you," he said, "but I am afraid I can make no promises. It's always more or less a matter of chance."

He left her, and somehow she felt lonely. After some minutes of incomprehensible solicitude over rod and line he returned.

"It's lucky," he resumed, "that the gut did not catch you in the face, or it would have stung you up properly."

"But it did," she said, pitifully, turning her head to one side and showing a bright red mark on the white skin of her neck. "At least, I think it did."

Erskine inspected the mark.

"Poor neck!" he said, sympathetically, and it is to be feared that somewhere in his manly mind there arose a desire to revert to the practices of the nursery and kiss the place to make it well. "It must have hurt! And now, Miss Mordaunt, may I have that fly? I think it the best for the day."

She handed him the glittering lure (she had been holding it for the past five minutes without looking at it), and watched with admiration how quickly and deftly he attached it to the gut.

"That's all right," he said. "Now to work. Wish me a tight line, Miss Mordaunt."

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"A tight line," she replied, in ready ignorance, "and mind, catch a salmon." And, having thus asserted her position as the Compleat Angler, she settled herself to watch.

Meanwhile, Erskine, incited to effort by technicality and solecism, had reached the water's edge. Twice and thrice, to her surprise, he beat the water close to the bank, with a violence, she thought, sufficient to frighten any fish within a mile, and then, poising himself, he began to cast. Frances knew nothing of such fishing—she could not recognize that the fly entered the water like oil and fished every inch of the way—but she was fascinated with the grace with which the man wielded that cumbrous rod and the precision and seeming ease with which—he was putting out five-and-thirty yards every time—he directed that unwieldy length of line.

Again and again he cast. Frances was becoming impatient. All at once his body braced itself. For a moment the rod was rigid; the next it curved; there was a sharp, whirring sound, and, far away where the line entered the water, a tiny, rapidly-moving line of spray, like the foam at the bow of a miniature motor-boat. In an instant the fall, shakiness, and sundry aching reminiscences were forgotten. She sprang down the shingle.

"Have you really caught one? How splendid! Do pull him out."

He gave a light laugh, but his voice had no laughter in it; it was even a little hard.

"It will be all I can do, if not more, to land him. He is very lightly hooked; he took it on the surface. But, my dear young lady, I must ask you not to talk."

Frances obeyed without expostulation or resentment, though not without surprise. Whatever embargo he laid on other people's tongues, Erskine evidently considered his own privileged. He kept on an almost incessant flow of explanation and comment.

"You see, you can't expect to kill him under a minute a pound—— Ah!" A silver body flashed into the air and struck with a broad, spade-like tail. Simultaneously Erskine deliberately but swiftly moved his rod-point.

"Trying to break me. Not less than a minute, and generally double that allowance



"Poor neck" he said sympathetically.

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is not too much. This one is fourteen pounds —ah, would you?—if an ounce; up to every trick. Got the line round him, and he's very lightly hooked, and—— Great Scot!"

His one-sided conversation ceased as he manœuvred with bent brows and eyes intent. At length the fish, weary of its efforts, came towards him with a last desperate rush, and, failing in that, went to the bottom of the slack water and sulked. The conversation commenced again.

"If I could only get in command! You see, Miss Mordaunt, he has a bit the advantage of me. If I could only get up on the bank!"

Frances looked round. To her surprise they had travelled some little distance down the stream, and the fringe of brushwood that lined the foot of the shrub-covered slope had given way to a shallow scarp of rock.

"If I had a gillie," Erskine continued, "I'd get him to just hold the rod whilst I scrambled up there; but——"

"But couldn't I hold it for you? I'd do just whatever you told me."

He looked at her admiringly. Her face was flushed and eager, her eyes were shining.

"It's awfully kind of you," he replied, enthusiastically. "I know I can trust you, from those last words. Come!"

Very quietly and steadily he walked backwards up the shingle, letting out line as he went. With almost exaggerated stealthiness he passed the rod to her. Then caution changed to wild activity, and in one breathless, scrambling moment he was up the rocky scarp. After another stealthy interval the rod was again in his grasp. All the time the unsuspecting salmon had not moved.

Neither did he show any disposition to do so. He was too lightly hooked to admit of any attempt at bullying, and the game threatened to resolve itself into one of patience.

Frances wanted to know if she could do anything.

"I wonder—but I don't see how you could be expected to—I wonder whether you could pitch a stone anywhere near him? It's asking a good deal of a woman. I don't mean to be discourteous, but they can't throw, can they?"

Frances's reply was a light laugh. Had she not had two brothers cricket Blues, and had she not played with them from her youth up? Without a word she picked up a stone and walked to the water.

"Whereabouts?" she cried.

He shouted elaborate instructions, adjuring her, above all things, to be careful of the line.

"All right. I'll just lob it on to him so!"

That stone must have been directed by the Huntress Goddess. Its effect was immediate; the upshot, at the end of a lively five minutes, symptoms of exhaustion on the part of the fish. Erskine's voice was raised in lamentation. Frances affected solicitude.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"The matter is that I'm worse off than ever," he replied, ruefully. "I'm here and he's there, and how I'm to get down these rocks to gaff him without losing him, I don't know."

"Very well. Why should not I gaff him for you?"

She spoke with a complete ignorance of the nature of her offer, but full of confidence in herself after her recent exploits.

Her ardour was rather damped at the sight of the formidable steel hook, and was supplanted by depression when she learned all she was expected to do with it. She was to crawl out on to a spot of rocks and wait there till he brought the salmon to her, to remain as rigid as a statue, to put in the steel with a quick, steady draw, on no account to flurry, on no account whatever to touch the line, and to be sure to keep a tight hold.

As soon as she was in position Erskine dexterously brought the fish to her. It was almost within reach when one of those accidents occurred against which no foresight can guard. The salmon touched on a submerged shelf of rock, just below the surface, for a moment the line slackened, and in that moment the hook, which had already worked a large hole, dropped harmless from the fish's mouth. There was a cry of dismay from Erskine and a shriek of excitement from Frances. What she did, why she did it, how she did it, she never knew. She flung herself forward at full length, and just reached the salmon as it was sliding off into deep water. Even then she remembered her instructions, and it was a quick, steady pull that sent the steel home. She was conscious of a drag on her arm, a desperate struggle to avoid falling into the river, and she was lying on her side with her hand and wrist under water, holding on to the shaft of the gaff as if her life depended on it.

There was the crash of a heavy body on the loose stones, a hurry of flying feet, and Erskine was bending over her with her arm in one hand and the gaff in the other.

As soon as they were on the shingle again he shook hands with her warmly—had he had his way he would have embraced her, even if she had been a bearded gillie.

"Miss Mordaunt," he cried, enthusiastically,

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"as a French friend of mine would say, you are a '*brique*.' The best gillie in Scotland could not have done it better. It was splendid."

Her colour brightened at his praise and at the realization that a certain inner pride was not unjustifiable.

"I'm so glad I did not bungle it," she answered, warmly.

"Bungle it!" He was kneeling by the salmon, tying it up head and tail. His cheek was no less flushed than hers, but she did not know it, neither did he.

"Now," he said, as he stood up, "it's home."

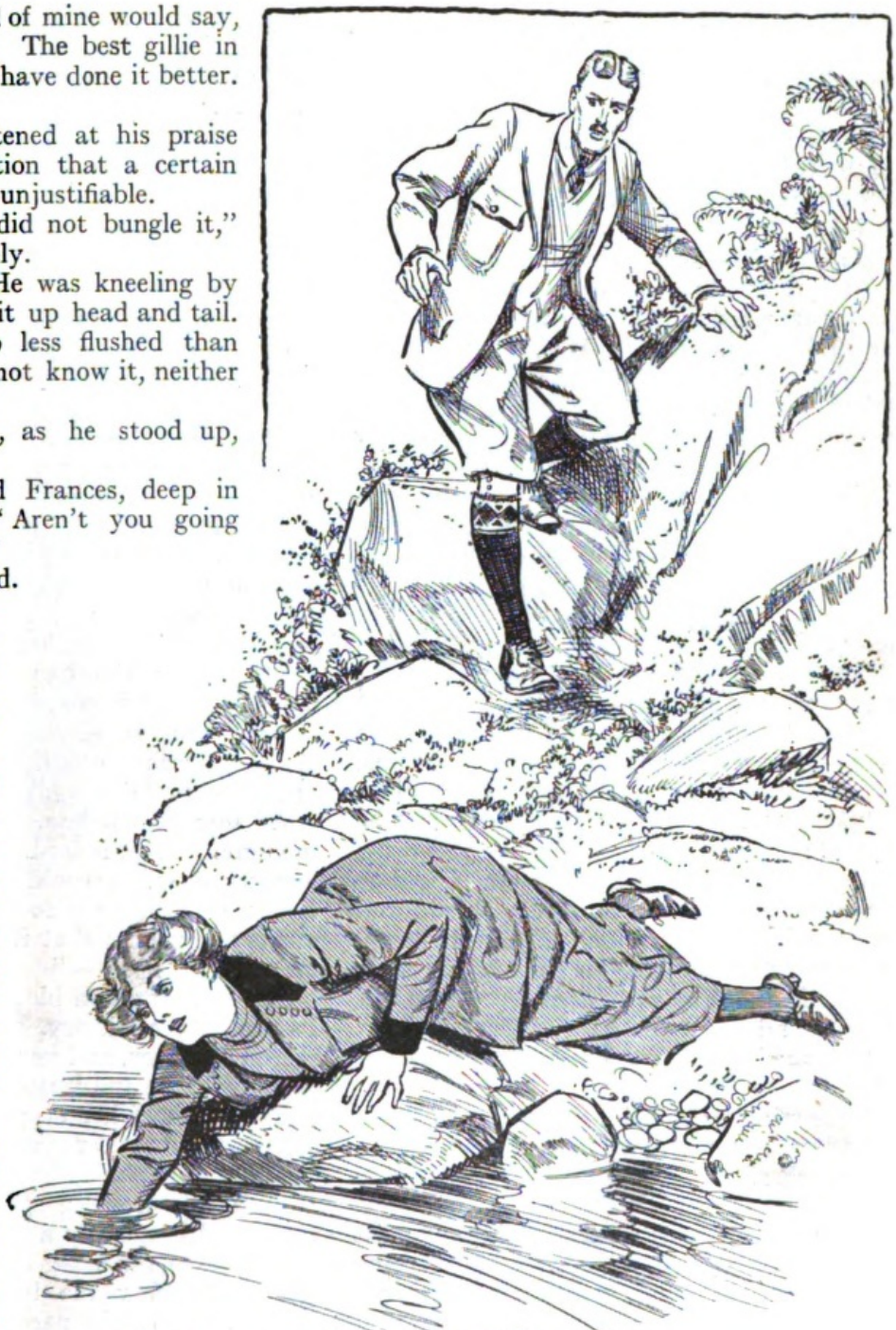
"What?" asked Frances, deep in disappointment. "Aren't you going to fish any more?"

He shook his head.

"No," he said; "the river is rising, and I might as well throw my cap into the water as a fly."

They walked back for her hat, which had been left neglected and forgotten, he discoursing the while salmon-lore, to which she listened with great interest but little comprehension. At length they reached her former resting-place.

"I'll have your salmon sent up to your hotel this afternoon," he began; but Frances would have none of it. A pretty argument ensued as to which of them the capture of the salmon was due, till Frances, in a moment of inspiration, routed him by pointing out that she had no angling licence. Whereupon he evilly sought subterfuge in anxiety for her comfort.



"Holding on to the shaft of the gaff as if her life depended on it"

"I'm afraid you must cut short your ramble," he broke in, looking critically at the sky, "and hurry home, if you want to keep a dry jacket. Come, I will show you a near way off the grounds."

Rod in one hand and her arm in the other, he steadied her up the steep bank, and then guided her quickly to the gate of her trespass. There he took a key from his pocket and unlocked it. Frances watched him with mingled amusement and confusion.

"I have a confession to make," she said, hesitatingly. "I came in this way. See!" She ran the sliding bar back as she spoke. "Oh, I do hope you are not angry," she ended, noticing his face darken.

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"On the contrary, I am extremely obliged. You have exposed an exceedingly clever poaching dodge. This is the work of a notorious poacher. He has baffled us again and again, but this time we shall lay him by the heels."

"But you can't punish him. It would not be just."

He looked at her in tolerant surprise.

"No, it would not. You have not punished me for trespassing, and therefore you cannot punish him this time, anyhow."

"But," he expostulated, rather abashed before this feminine logic, "you were an innocent trespasser, not a deliberate poacher."

"How can you say that," she laughed, "when you have just seen me take a salmon out of the river without a licence? Moreover, you owe it to me to let him off as a penalty."

Again he looked a question.

"Yes, a penalty for unconfessed deceit. Why did you call yourself Murray Erskine, Mr. Muir?"

He coloured and stammered.

"Oh," she went on, "I assure you you have given yourself away half-a-dozen times. But why did you do it?"

"My name is Murray Erskine Muir," he replied; "but you seemed to consider the Muir part of me such an ogre that I had to dissemble in case the princess should run away. To show I am forgiven," he went on, apparently not noticing his gallant gaucherie, but feeling hot all over, "may I come up this evening and pay my respects to your people?"

She nodded a bright assent and held out her hand.

"We shall be so glad to see you. And now, good-bye, and mind, you are not to punish the poacher."

Muir called and went, leaving a most favourable impression. The next morning his motor came round, with a note putting it at the service of the Mordaunts, as being preferable to the public *chars-à-bancs*. Frances was delighted with the scenery, the air, the country, and seemed to enjoy every moment of every day. Only one change was noticeable. She forsook golf, at which she was expert, and developed an extraordinary interest in angling—because the Royal Family fished!

Muir was kindness itself. He lent her his sister's rod; he gave her the run of his water; he sometimes coached her himself. The world went very well then—till one sunless day he was summoned away for a season.

With his departure Frances's interest in angling abated. She took her rod to the stream, indeed, and chartered a gillie. But her casting waned in energy daily, and the gillie's hours of duty shortened rapidly.

On the morning of the fourth day she abandoned angling and dismissed the gillie after half an hour. She wanted to be alone, and she wanted someone to talk to. Nature is sweet and patient and receptive of confidence, but Frances needed some more tangible flesh-and-blood confidant. Such not being forthcoming, she had equipped her wallet with a quire of paper and a fountain-pen, in addition to provisions.

She had to select a spot to sit on, and the most suitable appeared to her the place from which she had first sighted the fly of destiny. Then, producing pen and paper, she proceeded to unbosom herself to her dearest friend, whom she had already acquainted with the ogre adventure.

"My dearest darling," she began—the form of address was unusual, but she felt she must call someone "darling." "I must tell someone. I must tell you. I am in love with the ogre. I am, indeed, head over heels and fathoms deep. I could kiss the ground he treads on, only he is so often walking about over greasy rocks that it would be so nasty for my poor lips——"

She had forgotten blotting-paper, and was fain to let the ink dry. Rashly she laid the sheet beside her, and immediately a sprightly gust caught it and wafted it high in the air, out of reach of her despairing clutches, and so, in downward, wavering flight, over the edge of the bank.

Recklessly leaving pen and paper she descended hastily by a short cut (shown her by the gillie), ran along the edge, and rounded the bend below the bank. There on the shingle, within six paces of her, was Muir himself, and he was holding her letter to his lips.

She gave a little, plaintive cry and put up her hands to her face. Muir very gently yet confidently took them down. She turned her head away, trembling.

"Do you know, dear love," he began, very earnestly, "I would kiss whatever ground you tread on?"

She turned her face to him.

"You need not do that," she said,

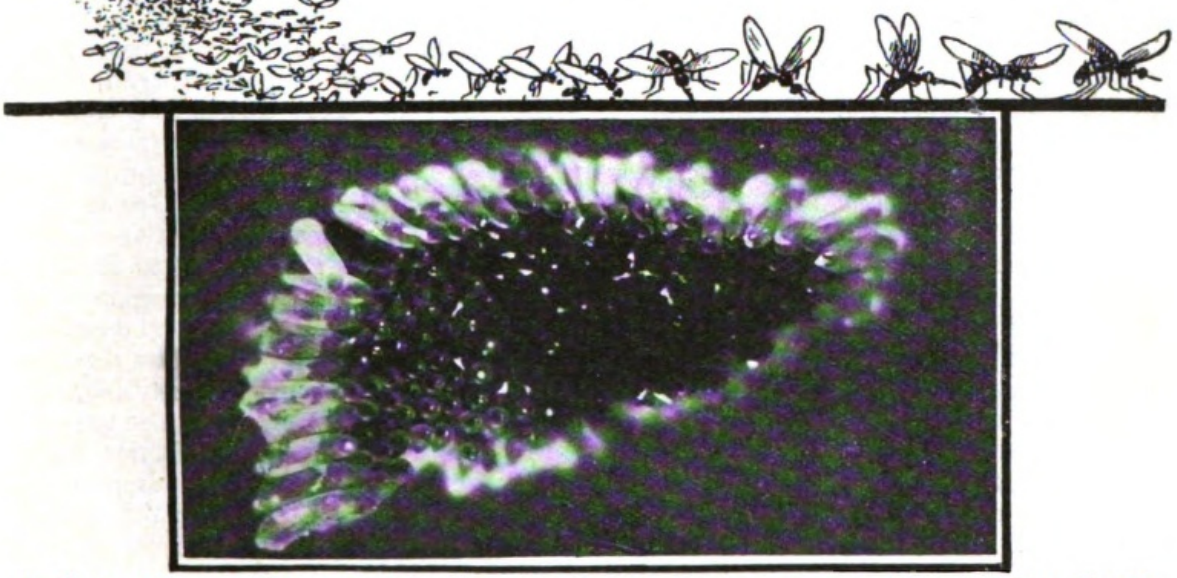
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The Life-Story of a Gnat.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Some Nature Biographies," "Peeps Into Nature's Ways," "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," etc.

Illustrated with a Unique Series of Photographs.



1.—The egg-raft consists of from one hundred and fifty to three hundred eggs glued together in the form of a little boat. Here it is seen magnified about two hundred times in area.

IT was in the early morning, just before daylight, and if you possessed a keen sense of hearing you would have heard the female gnat as she neared the surface of the water. She came through the air at a rapid pace, piping a shrill note as she travelled, her high-pitched buzzing note heralding her coming. The sound approached somewhat like the shrill whistle of an express train in miniature, rushing quickly upon the ear from the distance. Indeed, those of my readers who have visited mosquito countries will know the sound quite well, for the British gnat is nothing more than a mosquito.

The gnat in question, however, had no bloodthirsty intentions; her mission was purely in the future interests of her race, and as she terminated her flight she daintily alighted upon the surface-film of the water, her feet merely indenting it without actually being wetted. Then, holding to a floating particle of vegetation by her fore-legs, and blown about the water surface by occasional puffs of wind, she commenced to deposit her eggs, and by the time daylight had well appeared she held between her hind pair of legs a neat little boat-shaped object which consisted of about three hundred eggs, each of which had been deposited separately and then glued to the mass with a secretion that was impervious to water.

It is somewhat remarkable that the gnat appears always to select the early morning hours for egg-depositing. I have carefully examined an enclosed area of water for several evenings in succession, and again at midnight, and never succeeded in finding an egg-raft at those times. The same enclosed area always provided several by daylight the following morning.

The moment the egg-raft is formed the gnat's maternal duties terminate; she has done everything that is needful for the well-being of her offspring, and at once leaves the water for the air again. In Fig. 1 an enlarged view of an egg-raft is shown as seen from above when floating, and it will be observed that it is shaped like a tiny boat, being concave above. Also it is an unsinkable boat, immediately righting itself if suddenly submerged, and appearing quite dry on its upper surface. It is necessary that the developing larva within the egg should have a good supply of air, and the pointed ends of the

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eggs are consequently arranged so closely together at the surface that the water cannot penetrate between them; the moment the raft is submerged they entangle an air-bubble which refuses the water, the bubble bursting again when it reaches the surface, leaving the eggs quite dry.

Our purpose now is to observe what happens to this extraordinary little barque and its inmates, for it carries within its structure from one hundred and fifty to three hundred living organisms, each of which, under favourable conditions, is destined to become a winged gnat or mosquito. These happenings I propose not only to describe, but also to illustrate by means of a set of photographs which I think I may claim to be a unique achievement of the camera.

Between four and five o'clock on an autumn morning four egg-rafts were constructed in the manner previously described, and left to their fate floating on the surface of the water. Exactly twenty-eight hours later the eggs commenced to hatch their larvæ.

Now, the young larva of the gnat, unlike its parent, has no desire to rise into the air; its ambition in life is to become a merry "diver" in the watery depths; and the egg-raft is beautifully adapted to meet its requirements. We have already observed that it is unsinkable, and that it immediately rights itself at the water's surface, and the moment the young larva appears it becomes obvious how very necessary are those arrangements.

Each larva emerges from the submerged part of the egg; indeed, it pushes open a little lid at the base and drops into the water. It is, therefore, very necessary that the egg-raft should not capsize. Although the young larva commences life below water, yet it is an air-breather, and it has continually to ascend to the surface to take in a fresh supply, which it absorbs through a tube at the tail-end of its body. When resting it remains at the surface with this tube in contact with the atmosphere.

In Fig. 2 the four egg-rafts are shown with their larvæ just commencing to emerge, and a little crowd of about one hundred of them is seen together with a few others just emerging from the eggs. It should be remembered that the photographs show them enlarged to four times their natural size. Eight to twelve of the egg-rafts placed end to end would extend only about one inch, so that the larvæ themselves are very minute. Even at their earliest stage a good supply of air is very necessary for them, and, as the photograph shows, they are all crowded at the surface taking in their supplies.

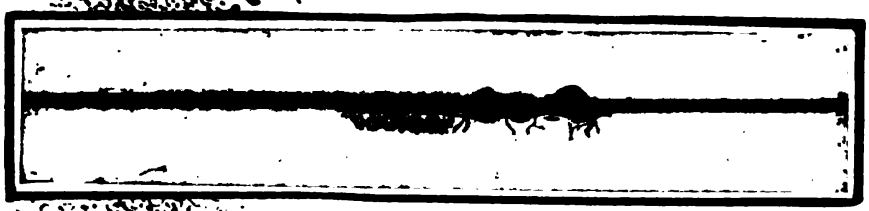
Six hours later more than one thousand larvæ swarmed at the surface of the water, while many others were plunging and wriggling about in the depths below (Fig. 3). The rapidity of their growth was marvellous, and those which had emerged only six hours before were conspicuous by their comparatively large size. One only had to approach the surface of the water to cause every one of them instantly to "dive" below, for, although they are suspended head downwards, they are nevertheless keenly alert; even a shadow falling on the surface of the water was sufficient to cause many of them to disappear. Just how they are able to recognize danger so readily in this upside-down attitude is a difficult point to decide.

Their rate of growth can best be appreciated by seeing them again when four days old. In Figs. 4 and 5 several of them are shown at this stage and in their feeding attitude, with their long respiratory tubes at their tail-ends flush with the surface-film of the water. They take up all kinds of curious positions as they remain suspended near the surface, and I use the word "suspended" advisedly, for the body of the larva is necessarily heavier than water, otherwise it could not remain in a vertical position, but would behave like a floating stick. I have previously referred to the larva as a "diver," but, as a matter of fact, when it apparently "plunges" below (Fig. 6), all it really does is to sink like a stone. Consequently, too, when it rises to the surface you see it wriggling its body and lashing the water with its rudder-like tail at the base of its respiratory tube.

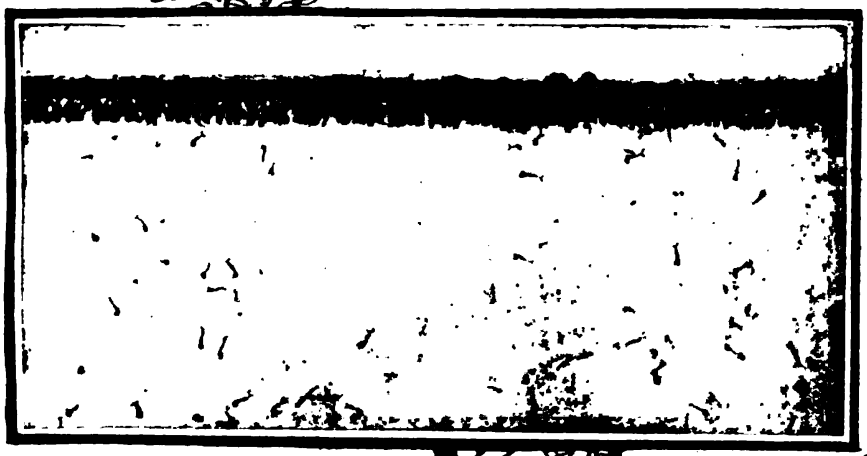
It then becomes a problem how the larva, by merely poking out the tip of its breathing-tube, can float in a vertical position. A peep at the tip of the breathing-tube with a magnifying lens at once explains the mystery. When the larva rises to the surface the tip of the tube which pushes through the surface-film is sharp and pointed, but the moment it reaches the air its end opens with five tiny flaps, which spread out and form a little cup which rests on the surface-film, acting as a kind of float, and it is against the pull of this that the larva is able to suspend its weight.

It should be noted that when the larva is half-grown its head is comparatively large (Figs. 4 and 5), but at the end of ten days (Fig. 7) that part of its anatomy immediately beneath its head has become largest. If we think for a moment of the perfect gnat, we shall remember that the greatest bulk of its

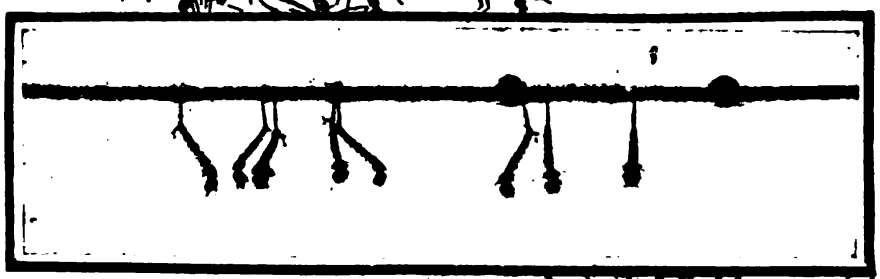
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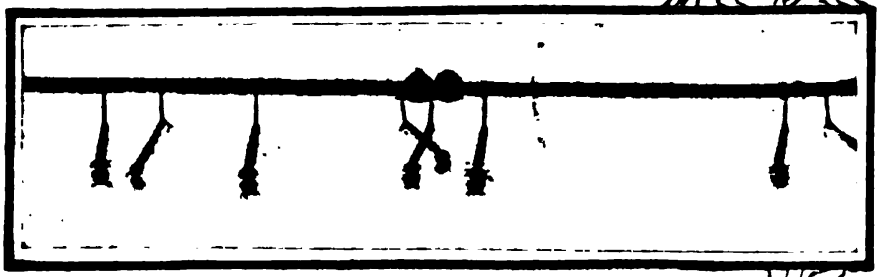
2.—Four egg-rafts floating on the surface of the water with the young gnat larvæ just commencing to emerge from them into the water. Note.—This and the remaining photographs are magnified four times their natural size.



3.—Six hours later nearly a thousand larvæ had emerged and were crowding at the surface of, or plunging about in, the water. Those that emerged six hours before had grown quite large compared with those just appearing.



4.—Four days later the minute larvæ had grown immensely, and poked their tails out at the surface of the water to breathe.



5.—While resting, they take up all sorts of curious attitudes near the surface of the water, as shown in this and the previous photograph.

anatomy is that part next to its head, to which its wings and legs are attached. We are therefore able to see the gnat form developing in this active larva, which apparently no more resembles a gnat than a fish does a bird.

If food has been abundant, at the end of ten days the larva becomes full-fed. It really never appears to eat anything throughout the ten days of its larval period, but that is due to the fact that its food is too small to be visible to our unaided eye. Its mouth is provided on each side with brushes of hairs which continually expand and contract, creating currents in the water whereby tiny animalcules and particles of organic material are entrapped, and then conveyed to the mouth. Although the larva can feed to full growth in ten days, yet when the water in which it finds itself is clean, and food is consequently scarce, it can remain in that state for a much longer period. Some larvæ I experimented with by keeping in a test-tube of water from which they had more or less exhausted the living material remained as larvæ for a little over two months, and even then successfully completed their development.

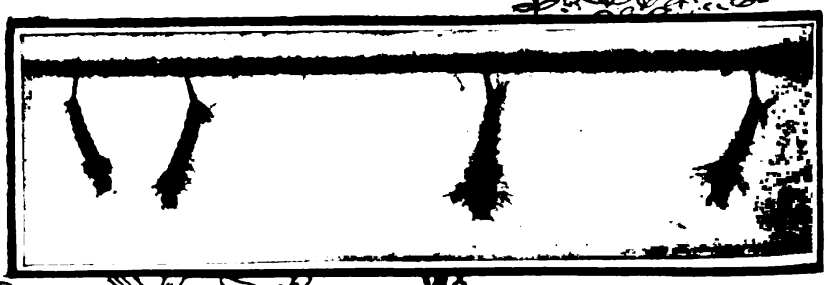
It had not, however, been a season of famine with our larvæ, and early on the eleventh day from when they emerged from the egg some wonderful things happened. Accompanying the larvæ which came to the surface to breathe were some quaint objects with what appeared like a huge head and little or no body (Fig. 8), and these organisms were quite as active as the larvæ themselves. Moreover, there were some ghost-like larvæ

with only heads and breathing-tubes and transparent bodies (Fig. 8). What were these strange attendants, and whence had they come?

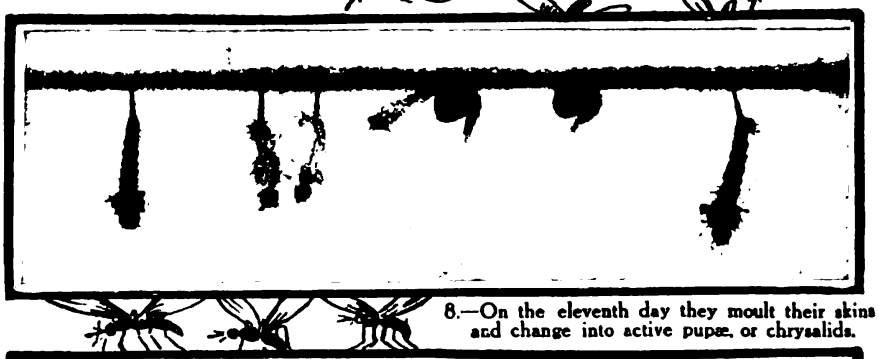
The problem was soon solved, for one of the larvæ that was resting at the surface suddenly performed a quick-change act. It wriggled its body for a moment and then slipped off its skin, the latter at once producing one of the mysterious ghost-like larvæ. The photograph Fig. 9 shows it caught in the act with its cast-off garment still adhering to its tail. The marvellous feature of the matter was, however, that the larva had not only moulted its skin, but had entirely changed its form; indeed, it had become



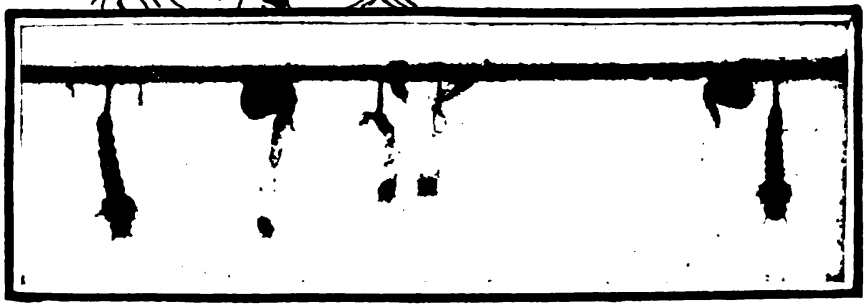
6.—The moment a shadow falls upon the water they instantly dive.



7.—On the tenth day the larvæ are full-grown.



8.—On the eleventh day they moult their skins and change into active pupæ, or chrysalids.



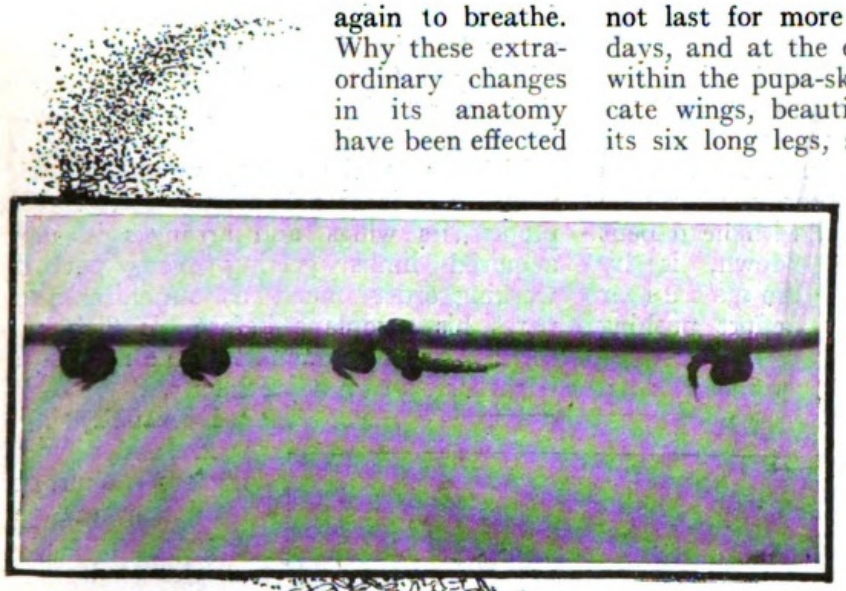
9.—Here full-grown larvæ are seen ready to moult their skins, one of which has just changed into the pupal stage, and is seen with its larval skin just slipping off. Some empty skins and some fully-developed pupæ are also seen

one of the curious objects that appeared to be all head and little or no body.

What had really happened was that the larva had changed into a pupa or chrysalis—the next stage of its development. The pupa, like the larva, is an air-breather, and also has to come to the surface for respiratory purposes, but it no longer breathes through a tube at the end of its tail. The latter organ is now provided with a pair of paddles, and remains below water for locomotive purposes, while the back of the pupa is pushed out at the surface (its head being doubled under), and bears on its fore-part a pair of trumpet-shaped tubes, and these are the breathing organs.

As I have previously remarked, the pupæ are as active as the larvæ themselves, diving (now in the strict sense of the word, for the pupa floats at the surface, and has to use its paddles to get beneath) the moment it becomes alarmed, and floating to the surface

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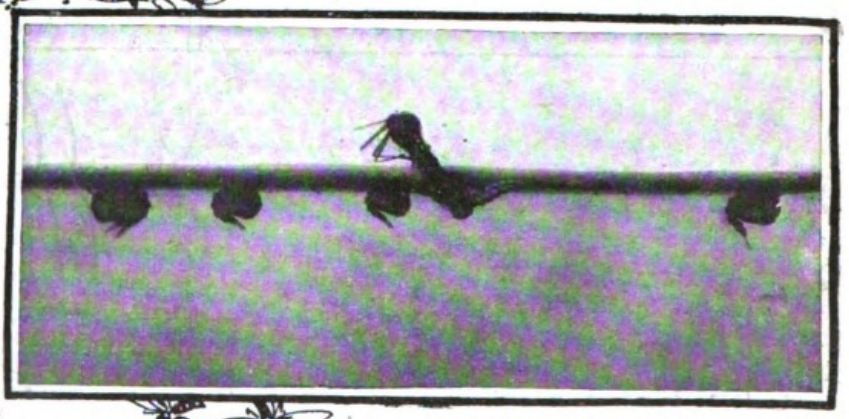


10.—On the fourteenth day the active pupa suddenly straightens out near the surface of the water and bursts its skin. Then the head of the gnat——

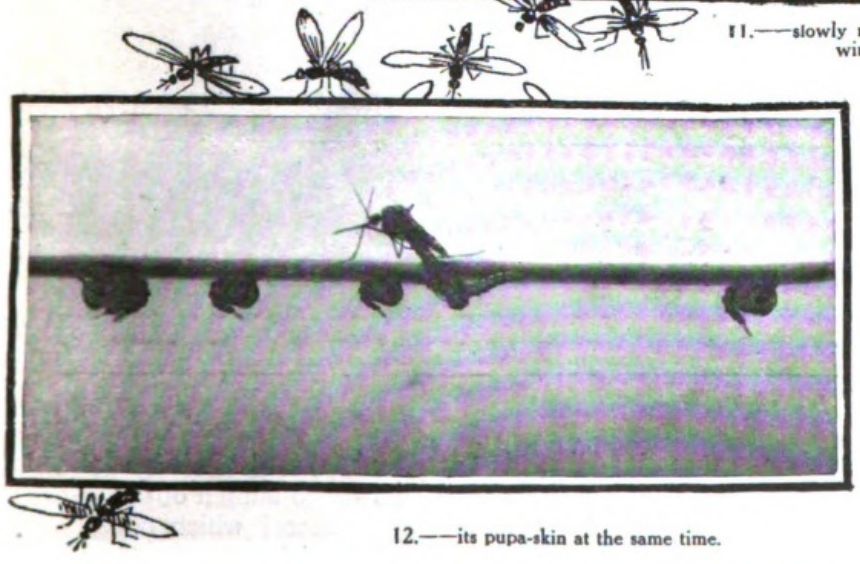
again to breathe. Why these extraordinary changes in its anatomy have been effected is not at first very obvious, for it leads almost exactly the same kind of life in the pupa stage as it does in that of the larva, excepting that it does not feed — indeed, its mouth parts are being converted into the formidable lancets of a mosquito, and for the moment, therefore, are not available.

And now we have to witness some still more rapid and remarkable developments.

If the weather is warm the pupa stage may not last for more than from three to four days, and at the end of that time the gnat within the pupa-skin has matured. Its delicate wings, beautifully clothed with scales, its six long legs, slender body, and a head bearing a pair of compound eyes, consisting of several thousand lenses, and a long sucking proboscis combined with what is probably the neatest set of surgical instruments the world has ever seen, have by some mysterious means all been evolved within the form of the wriggling larva and the active pupa, and now at the end of only two weeks the opportune moment has arrived when



11.——slowly rises into the air, its long legs and frail wings being drawn out of——



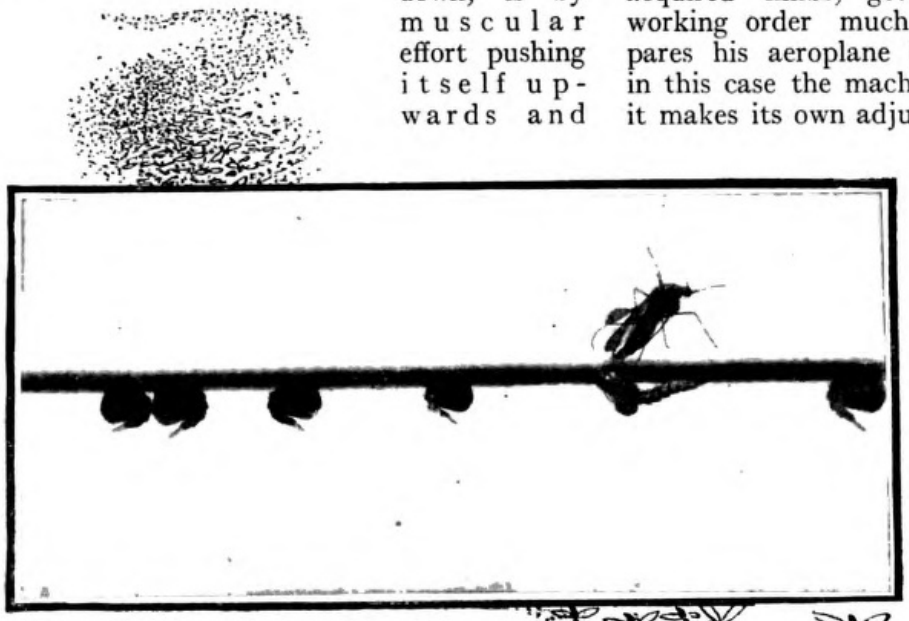
12.——its pupa-skin at the same time.

these marvellous organs are all to be put into use, and the strange organism whose development we have watched is suddenly to leave its aquatic surroundings and become a creature of aerial life.

Just how this astonishing transformation is to take place is not very apparent as we watch the ugly pupa resting at the surface of the water, with its breathing-horns just protruding. Presently, however, the secret is revealed. A pupa suddenly unbends its body until it assumes a horizontal position —and at that moment the gnat commences to emerge.

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That portion of the pupa near to where the breathing-horns are attached slowly protrudes above the surface of the water, and the skin then cracks and through the opening a rounded mass appears (Fig. 10) and slowly rises into the air. As it ascends we realize that it is the thorax, or middle portion, of the gnat which, with head bent down, is by muscular effort pushing itself upwards and



13.—In about one minute it delicately steps on to the surface film of the water and wriggles round until its body is withdrawn.

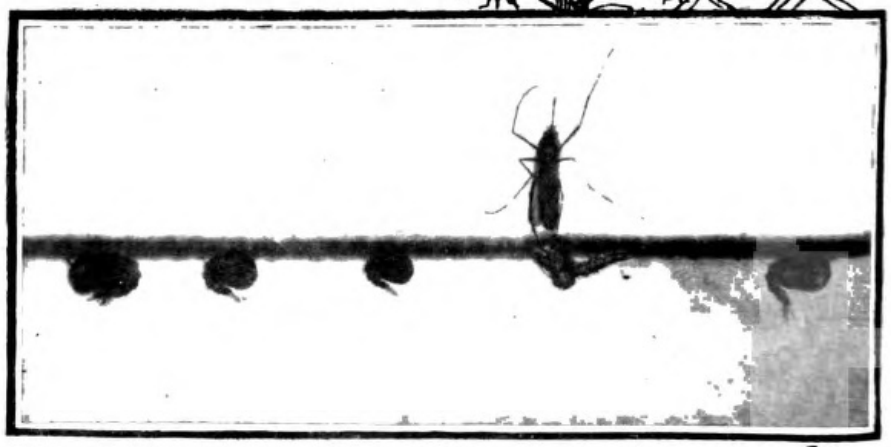
leaving its pupa-skin behind.

In less than one minute we see its head, feelers, and proboscis separate from the body, and its long legs being withdrawn from their sheaths in the pupa-skin (Fig. 11). To extricate its encumbered legs it has to rise almost into a perpendicular position, and that is the most critical period in the whole of its development, for a sudden puff of wind may then cause it to overbalance; in which case all is lost, for, should it get submerged at this stage, it is almost certain prey for a hungry stickleback, the larva of a water-beetle, or some other aquatic denizen, many of which are ever patiently watching from below for such accidents to occur.

All has gone well, however; no untoward accident has happened, and its fore-legs are free, being delicately placed on the surface-film while its second and third pairs are withdrawn (Fig. 12). Then its wet wings shake out their folds, and a moment later it is able to extricate its latter parts (Fig. 13).

Holding to the empty pupa-skin, which now serves it as a boat, the gnat carefully plumes its wings and arranges its newly-acquired limbs, getting every part into working order much as an airman prepares his aeroplane before his flight; but in this case the machine is the airman, and it makes its own adjustments.

Eventually all is ready, and, after resting for a short time until it is courageous enough to trust its weight to its gauzy and iridescent organs of flight, it gives itself a good push off (Fig. 14) from the canoe which was once a living part of itself, and soars into the air. How, in the brief period of its aquatic



14.—A minute later still, it is free, and is trimming its wings ready for flight in the air.

life, it acquired the knowledge that it possessed the power to launch out into space so fearlessly is a secret which only it and mother Nature know.

In such manner the gnat—or, if you prefer it, the mosquito—left its watery surroundings to seek a mate in the atmosphere above. Perhaps, too, it soared away to use those lancing and blood-sucking instruments which were so beautifully arranged in its proboscis.

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"New Lamps for Old."

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Illustrated by E. Verpilleux.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

ALL great issues have small beginnings. The eating of an apple in the Garden of Eden was insignificant business enough, but it has disagreed with us ever since, and little short of a catastrophe has been the result.

From the moment the door opened and the carter's men brought the cash desk into Mr. Mangles's shop it might with justice be said that the problem of Mr. Mangles's life began. Now, a cash desk one way or another should mean but little in any man's existence. When, however, there comes with it the first inception of a new idea it is a different matter indeed.

Mrs. Mangles had been on a visit to London. Once before she had been there when a child, remembering little or nothing of the great streets or the magnificent houses. This second visit had been as new and strange to her as though she had entered its gates for the first time. Intending to return in a fortnight, she had stayed two months. The whole work of the grocer's shop was heaped upon Mr. Mangles's shoulders. He had to attend to the books—such books as were kept—see to the till, and serve the customers over the counter. It was no good leaving these matters to the boy. He was a good boy, no doubt; but he was a fool. Sophia, his sister, was of no greater service. She made all the jam, all the potted meats they sold in the shop; but if it came to attending to customers she suffered sadly from confusion.

It was a serious matter, then, as the days went by and still Mrs. Mangles stayed on in London. Her husband wrote urgent letters to her, begging her to return. She replied that, as this was possibly the only opportunity she would have for some years of seeing the great Metropolis—the use of this word was her own—she thought it would be folly not to take advantage of it. Her letters concluded with allusions to the theatres and the crowds. She spoke of a new hat bought in a stores where their grocer's shop, if placed within it, would look scarcely bigger than a cash desk.

This remark doubtless was the foundation of the first seed in her mind. By the time she had returned to Morton St. Abbots she saw with new eyes the little old-fashioned grocer's shop, with its well-worn counter, its many-paned windows dressed with a jumble of sweet-bottles, packets, and the three large black coffee canisters with gold lettering—attractive or not, according to your taste—and then the canker of civilization had firmly struck its roots into the deepest corners of her soul.

Upon her return she had stood for a moment in the shop, looking about her; at the wall of drawers behind the counter, some with their wooden knobs broken, all showing signs of age where the paint had been rubbed off them and the names they bore—chicory, coffee, salt, pepper, and the like—obliterated in some cases nearly altogether. There was no marble slab for the butter or the cheese. Certainly the board on which they lay and were served was spotlessly clean. The fool of a boy scrubbed it every morning. But once you have seen marble in such use, wood is a poor substitute in appearance. Mrs. Mangles lifted her eyes to heaven when she realized the terrible need of civilization in Morton St. Abbots.

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"You'll have to change all this, Samuel," she had remarked.

He looked about the shop which for four generations of his family had remained untouched, the counter over which father and son, father and son had served all their generations of customers for nearly one hundred and fifty years, and in his eyes there was a look of complete amazement.

"Change! All what?" said he.

"All this," she replied, and she had conveyed the entire premises with a gesture. "That old counter—those dirty old shelves. The window wants dressing properly, and, Samuel"—she took his arm in suddenly-assured confidence—"I'll tell you something that would make the shop splendid—they have them in all the stores in London."

He was too bewildered as yet to oppose her, and in this bewilderment he just inquired what it was.

"A cash desk," said she. "It could stand there. A cash desk in mahogany, like they have in the stores. It 'ud make us right up-to-date then. I know they think we're old-fashioned here. People go up to London more than they used. Besides, I've been thinking while I was away that it ain't quite nice for me to have to come into the shop, even though it is only to see to the till. People like Mrs. Nainsmith don't think much of you if they see you working in the shop."

A full month went by before Mr. Mangles gave way in any one particular. To alter the shop in which he had served for so many years, in which three generations had served before him, to take away the old counter on which all their initials were carved just by the till drawer and to replace it with a new mahogany counter, was to him such sacrilege as if it had been suggested that he should break open the alms-box in the church. In that old counter there were a thousand recollections. Even the gash in the wood where, according to history, his great-grandfather had cut off the top of his thumb had sacredly been preserved. He never handled a knife in close proximity to that spot without a thought of it. But, being of such wisdom as had brought the business to its prosperity, he had made no allusions to sentiment.

"What profit should I get out of the business this year," he had said, "if I go and throw money away like that?"

"You'll get it back next year," she had replied, "and double. Morton St. Abbots is bigger than it was. Unless you look out you'll have someone more advanced steppin' in an' takin' all your trade from you."

"I sha'n't get it back," he returned, "if I'm going to spend all that money on a mahogany counter, a marble slab, new shelves, and a new window. The profits don't allow for it."

"Well, why don't you sell some of those jams and things that the travellers come round with? You'd get a bigger profit on them."

"You know what they're made of," said he.

"Well, what's that matter? People eat 'em, and they don't know no better."

He had looked at her with a straight eye. Blasphemy is not only contempt of God.

"Sophie's made the jams and the potted meats ever since I've had the shop," he replied. "We've always made them ourselves; that's how the business has been made, and no one dares to come in and touch us. Look at that man Williams, who set up in the High Street three years ago. He thought he was going to take the trade away, but he couldn't. He shut up in six months. No; this business is going on as it's always gone on—as my great-grandfather started it. I'm going to have nothing to do with the sort of trade people are doing to-day."

"There's no need to call it a trade, is there?" said she. "We're in business—that's what we are. Mercers, the ironmonger, and people like that, they're in trade. But we sell wines, so we must be in business."

"Invalid claret and koko, that's all I stock."

"Well, koko's a wine—I 'ad some once, and it made me feel quite funny, so I know it's a wine."

"All right—we're in business, if you like," he agreed, smiling; "and we're in business to make our living. I'm not going to throw that living away on mahogany counters or cash desks."

"It needn't be real mahogany," she persisted. "They make these things up wonderful real in London."

He took no notice of that.

"Well, now, who," said he, "would sit in the cash desk? If you don't like taking money over the counter, you won't care to sit stuffed up in a cash desk."

"No—of course I shouldn't; but I know the very girl for it."

"Who?"

"Gladys Penfold—she had a job as cashier in London. Silly little fool's come back to Morton St. Abbots again."

"Why, I thought she was doing so well."

"So she was—in Harker's stores. Says she couldn't stand the bustle and the noise—smell of the motor buses gave her 'eadaches—

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'eadaches! I think it's lovely ridin' on a motor, even if it is a bus. And as for the smell—you don't mind it when you get used to it. Some people says it's 'ealthy. Well, she's the girl for you. She'll take next to nothin' to get a job in St. Abbots. Mrs. Mercer was in the train with me from Layton, and she told me so."

This then was the one concession he made to all her revolutionary schemes. Grainger, the carpenter in St. Abbots, made a cash desk out of deal and stained it with mahogany staining procured at Mercer's the ironmongers. Its entry into the Mangles's shop was the first introduction to that new order of things—the spirit of false ostentation which has played such havoc with our trade through the whole country-side.



"LITTLE BOYS, WILD-EYED, PEERED THROUGH THE WINDOWS."

Doubtless Mr. Mangles would not even have consented to this, but the sentiment of his nature was aroused when he interviewed Gladys Penfold. It may indeed be true that we are a nation of shopkeepers, so long as the shutters are down, the shop-door open to customers. But the moment it strikes the hour of closing and the boy comes out to put those shutters up, we become a nation of sentimentalists with as true a sentiment in some as it is false in others.

When he heard that Gladys Penfold had left London because she did not like the men with whom she was thrown in contact, because she missed the country in the spring and longed for it in summer, because the methods of business in the great city were such that she must lie to customers to retain their custom, then Mr. Mangles decided upon the cash desk, and purely out of sentiment.

Without being really conscious of it, he felt deeply in sympathy with this pale, tired girl who had set her face to the world and, after such struggle as he could but dimly imagine, had turned back admitting her defeat. Mrs. Mangles had had no sympathy with her. In the whole of Morton St. Abbots there was scarcely one to approve her choice.

"So what will you do," he had asked, "if you can't get any work in the town?"

They called it the town.

She had frowned in distress at the thought.

"I suppose I shall have to go back," said she. "They can't afford to keep me at home."

It was then, against his business judgment, that he decided on the cash desk.



"GLADYS PENFOLD."

By the time that Grainger, the carpenter, had hammered in the last nail securing it to the floor Mr. Templett, the stone-mason and undertaker, opened the door of the shop and, with all eyes on the new instalment, asked for a halfpenny box of matches.

CHAPTER II.

JUST as religion is the voice of a nation's sense of what is beautiful, so trade is the index of a nation's integrity. We are none too rich in a sense of beauty to-day, and all the while the spirit of competition is robbing us of our integrity.

Not many weeks after Mrs. Mangles's

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return from London, when the cash desk had taken its place in the new order of things and little boys, wide-eyed, no longer peered through the windows to see Miss Penfold seated in her cage, the bell of the shop-door rang one day, and there entered a gentleman upon the premises of Mr. Mangles's grocery business in the High Street, Morton St. Abbots. Mrs. Mangles, regarding him through the little square lace-curtained window permitting one to see from the parlour into the shop, declared him to be a gentleman because he wore a frock coat and a silk hat.

"You may take my word for it, Samuel,"



"MANGLES."

said she, "he's come from London—that's the way gentlemen dress there. Aristocratic, I call it."

In curiosity, if only to hear what the gentleman wanted to buy, she followed her husband into the shop. She little anticipated what the gentleman did want to buy, for he wanted to buy the whole premises.

"Good morning, Mr. Mangles," he said, affably, when they entered, and he spoke as though he had known the little grocer all his life.

Mr. Mangles repeated the salutation, adding "sir" as he bowed. Then he stood in his customary attitude when waiting for a customer's orders, both hands on the counter, his body slightly inclined towards the person to whom he was speaking. Mrs. Mangles assumed occupation with the now-discarded till, and, from the cash desk where, for the past half-hour, she had had nothing to do but knit, Miss Penfold occasionally turned her eyes in their direction.

"I've come from London, Mr. Mangles," the gentleman began, in the same affable voice, and Mrs. Mangles looked up with a smile of self-congratulation. Had she not said as much?

"And," he continued, "I represent a firm known as the Cosmopolitan Stores. No doubt you've heard of us. We have a branch at Layton, about ten miles from here. We've branches all over the kingdom."

"I've heard of the Cosmopolitan Stores," said Mr. Mangles. "I don't approve of them."

"Samuel!" exclaimed his wife.

"I don't," said he.

"I'm sorry to hear that," said the gentleman. "My name is Eustace—Mr. Henry Eustace; here is my card. I am employed by the firm in developing the business. How is it you don't approve of us?"

Mr. Mangles changed his attitude from that of attending to a customer to one of addressing an equal.

"I don't approve of capitalists stealing the business of the smaller tradesman," he replied.

"Oh, don't put it that way," remarked Mr. Eustace. "Stealing's an ugly word."

"It's an ugly thing to do," replied the grocer.

Mr. Eustace tried to frame a suitable answer. He took off his silk hat and brushed it with his sleeve. Then he put it back on his head. No answer was forthcoming.

"Well," he said, at last, "the Cosmopolitan Stores pay good prices for the places they buy up. It don't look much like stealin', does it?"

"My husband's rather 'ot on this subject," interposed Mrs. Mangles, with an endeavour to appease. "He ought to go to London and see what splendid places the stores is there. Harker's is nearly as big as the whole of St. Abbots—you could lose yerself in it, which is more than you could do in St. Abbots. This young lady at the cash desk, she used to be in Harker's—found it didn't agree with 'er 'ealth. I'm all for the stores. I want my

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'usband to change this place a bit—make it more up-to-date. People wouldn't go to Layton then for their groceries."

"Oh, they do go to Layton, do they?" said Mr. Eustace, with a smile that sorely irritated Mr. Mangles. "To our stores, of course."

"Only the ones that don't know," retorted the little grocer. "Only the ones that come fresh to St. Abbots. But they soon give it up and come here. None of the gentry living in the neighbourhood goes anywhere else but to me. They've had my father serving them, and his father before him. On that very stool you're resting your foot on"—Mr. Eustace looked down at his foot—"the last Lord Morton used to sit and talk of a morning to my grandfather."

Mr. Eustace removed his foot.

"The people round here know that they get what they ask for—they get jam that's not been through the hocus-pocus business how jams are made now. They get pure sugar, pure coffee, pure tea. There's a man in London has supplied us with tea for sixty years. He's one of the old sort — so are we. If a traveller comes in here and tells me he's got a jam that'll give me a halfpenny more profit on a one-pound pot than any other put on the market, then I tells him I'll 'ave nothing to do with it. 'Why, I supply it to the Cosmopolitan Stores,' he says. 'That only makes it worse,' says I."

Mr. Eustace threw out his chest.

"Do you mean to say we stock inferior jams?" he demanded.

"I do," said Mr. Mangles; "jams made up to weight with cheap marrows—turnips sometimes—all coloured and sweetened and messed up to look like the real thing. But it's no more the real thing than I'm a bishop. What makes people nowadays be so weak about their digestion, spending money on doctors and physicking their insides? Why, it's the cheap foods you've been poisoning 'em with for the last twenty or thirty years. They can't eat proper food now—not even if they could get it. I don't put boracic acid in my things to make 'em keep."

"Oh!" said Mr. Eustace. "Then what do you do, I should like to know?"

"I sell 'em."

"Really—you're very fortunate. Then it's your customers who find they won't keep?"

"That's it," said Mr. Mangles.

"And what do they do then?"

"They come back for some more."

Mr. Eustace smiled. He felt he had got the best of it.

"What I sell never does keep," continued Mr. Mangles. "People eat it."

Miss Penfold returned to her knitting, hiding her smile in a dropped stitch. Even Mr. Eustace laughed. It was all that remained to him to do; besides which, he was above all things a man of business.



"MANGLES'S COMPETITOR."

"Well, jokin' apart," he said—a phrase he ever used when he had been insulted—"are you going to listen to the offer I've got to make you?"

"What offer?" asked Mr. Mangles.

"Is it an offer for the business?" exclaimed his wife, eagerly.

"That's it," replied Mr. Eustace. "We believe there's a business to be worked up here in Morton St Abbots, and we're ready to give you two thousand pounds for the good-will of the whole concern—premises, stock, lock, and barrel. Can't call that stealin', can you?"

"Samuel!" exclaimed Mrs. Mangles, "Two thousand!" Suddenly recovering herself, she added, "But we ought to get more than that."

Half consciously, the little grocer's finger was tracing out on the counter the mark

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where his great-grandfather had cut off the top of his thumb. He looked steadily before him into the eyes of the stores man.

"If you were to offer fifty thousand," he said, "I shouldn't take it."

'Easy to say that when you aren't offered it," replied Mr. Eustace. "But, seriously speakin', isn't two thou' enough for you?"

That intimate acquaintance with thousands thrilled Mrs. Mangles. She admired a man who could talk like that. As for her husband, she could not believe him serious.

"Oh, no, that's not enough for us," she interposed. "The business is worth more than that, seeing the years it's taken to build up and all."

There was a look of infinite reproach in Mr. Mangles's eyes as he regarded his wife. He knew he stood alone.

"Well, will you name your figure?" Mr. Eustace requested. "My orders are not to go above two thou', but I dessay the firm wouldn't mind another hundred."

Miss Penfold held the knitting-needles tightly in her fingers as she listened, and, out of the corner of her eyes, Mrs. Mangles became aware of her attention.

"Hadn't we better come into the parlour and talk this over properly?" said she. "P'r'aps Mr. Eustace 'ud like a cup of tea."

"There's no need to go into no parlour," said Mr. Mangles. "Nothin' on this earth 'ud induce me to sell my business, and if I did I'd sooner cut off me hand on this counter than let it go to the thieving capitalist."

"If you mean us," said Mr. Eustace, reddening, "you'll be sorry for those words, Mr. Mangles. We sha'n't give you a dog's chance. We're going to open here whether we buy your business or not, and if you think you can fight against cheap prices, a smart-lookin' shop, and a decent window, you're mistaken. We shall sell below you till you have to give in. Then, when your business is failin' and all your friends see you're going under, you'll be sorry you didn't take the two thou' I've just offered you. A cool two thou'. Good day to you—if you think better of it and 'ud like to change your mind, you'll find my address on the card I gave you. Good day."

The expression upon Mrs. Mangles's face as the door closed behind him was as that of one wakened to reality from an enchanting dream. As she looked at her husband, the whole expression changed.

"You fool, Samuel!" she said. "That's the best chance you'll ever have in this life. Think what we could have done with it—two thousand! More! We could have gone to London—we could have set up there in Shepherd's Bush or Kilburn—a nice little shop that 'ud give us a bigger turn-over'n we have here. But you're going to write to him, aren't you?"

Mr. Mangles turned and looked at her

"Is money everything to you?" he asked, quietly.

"As much to me as 'tis to everybody," she retorted. "D'you mean to say you're not going to write?"

"I'm not," he replied. "If my father were alive to see me sell this business it would have broken his heart."

"Well, what's your father got to do with it?" she demanded.

"No more than that I'm his son," he replied. "And it don't make me any less his son because he's dead."

"But d'you mean to say I'm married to a man as never wants to improve himself if he gets the opportunity?"

Mr. Mangles shut the till and swept some sugar off the counter into his hand.

"How should I improve myself by a larger turnover in Kilburn or Shepherd's Bush?" he asked. "You could buy yourself a new dress and I could buy a new hat, and we could both pretend to be something better than we were, and what improvement would that be? Should I be a better man in Kilburn than what I am in Morton St. Abbots? Should I be a churchwarden in the parish church and be respected as I am here?"

She looked at him, and her eyes glittered with that contempt for his provincial ideas of respectability—a contempt which you learn so quickly in a big city—which Mrs. Mangles had picked up so swiftly in London.

It is easy to learn the emptiness of these signs of respectability. Many a respected provincial has been known to hand round the plate in church on Sunday and depart with his neighbour's wife on the following day. It would seem to prove that handing round the plate is an hypocrisy. But it is not. In the country it is one of the true symbols of respectability. Men have been known to sin as much shielding themselves with the symbol of the Crown. That does not make the Crown hypocrisy. But you learn much of pessimism, much of hypocrisy and sordid realities when you come to cities to school. In those few weeks in London Mrs. Mangles had learnt much of the modern lesson it has to teach.

When her husband spoke of his respect-

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ability in Morton St. Abbots she looked the full measure of her contempt.

"I'd sooner be on noddin' acquaintance with someone better'n myself in London than have the respect of all St. Abbots," said she. "Why, the people here are that old-fashioned that it's a waste of time to speak to them. Half of them have never seen a play acted in a theatre in their lives."

"I've never seen one myself," replied Mr. Mangles.

"No; you'd talk more sense if you had," she retorted. "If people in London heard you saying you was a churchwarden in St. Abbots they'd laugh in your face, and likely as not they'd never have heard of St. Abbots in their lives—not unless they'd motored this way, seeing there's no station."

She meant this last thrust to be bitter. And bitter it was indeed. She departed into the parlour, leaving the little grocer standing by the till.

"I suppose we are behind the times," said he, in an undertone. "I suppose it is foolish to think that handin' the plate means anything these days when no one believes anything. But my father handed the plate. He said if I was a straight and honest man I might do the same one day—and now——"

He stopped. Someone had come apparently out of nowhere and was leaning over the counter. He looked up. It was Miss Penfold. His hands had taken up their accustomed position on the counter before he realized who it was.

"Mr. Mangles," said she.

He waited.

"I—I'm so glad."

"Glad of what?" he asked.

"That you're not going to sell the shop to the stores. They'd pull down all those cupboards at the back. They'd put up an imitation mahogany counter."

"Where do they get their tea from?" said he.

"Their tea's horrid," said she.

"There's no one can beat my tea," said he. "We've always got it from the same place." He went on impulse to a canister and emptied some into a bag. "Take that home," said he, "and tell me if the stores ever sell tea like that."

CHAPTER III.

WERE it not for this everlasting law of change, life, it seems, would be a simple matter. No doubt it would be too simple. We should be unable to find our way for the very straightness of the road. So perhaps it is that conditions must eternally alter, reversing the complete order of things that one may learn the same lesson remaining ever the same down the long path of the ages. Religions rise and fall, nations conquer and are destroyed, laws are fashioned and made, but the same lesson continues, that man and woman must work honestly and in all cheerfulness until the daylight dies and the night comes when they may rest.

It would seem, too, that this is a lesson easily forgotten; wherefore a change must come over the face of things, and even those by whom the lesson is still remembered are swept into the advancing tide because of those who work with cheerfulness no more.

In that little shop in the High Street of Morton St. Abbots there was as cheerful a worker as you could wish to find—and as honest. But the tide of capitalism was sweeping over the country-side, and he must be caught in the wash of its waves. He must learn again that which he still remembered; if not through his own trade, then by the hands of some capitalist even nearer to his life than that.

Some weeks later there came to the shop, inquiring for Mrs. Mangles, a gentleman enveloped in all the air of mystery. As she passed behind the counter to attend to him he bowed and raised his hat. She bowed as well—expectantly, suspiciously.

"Mrs. Mangles, I believe?" said he.

"That's right," she replied. "What of it?"

"You were, before you married, a daughter of Police-constable Dawdle, of Layton, about ten miles from here. Your name was Emily Dawdle."

"That's right," she repeated. "But may I ask how you come to know all about it? I don't mind tellin' you that it isn't everyone knows that I was a daughter of a police-constable—people are so snobby nowadays, they wouldn't know you if they thought you had small beginnings. Mrs. Mercer, the ironmonger's wife, she's always reminding me that her father was a tailor. So I don't know how you come to know of it, but I don't want it spoken about."

"I don't think you'll find it matters very much," said the gentleman, smiling, "when you hear what I have to tell you. Might I come into the house for a moment?"

"Certainly," said she; "come into the parlour. I'm afraid it's a bit untidy—I've just been mending some of my husband's clothes. I've got the cloth over the piano, too, to keep the dust off it, but you won't notice

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that. I don't mind hidin' it really, 'cos it's one of them old pianos—spinets, they called 'em. I'm always wanting my husband to sell it and get a little cottage—but he won't part with it. Been in the family——" Her voice died into a distant murmur as she led the way into the parlour.

During her absence Mr. Mangles came into the shop and attended to his customers. He may have wondered what it could be that the gentleman had to tell her. It occupied his thoughts at moments when there was no one to be served. But this was very seldom. A grocer's shop in a small town, if it holds the monopoly, is continually vibrating with the sound of that bell which jangles loudly to the



"THE DOOR OPENED AND SHE APPEARED BEHIND THE COUNTER."

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opening of the door. And to the cheerful worker that must be a glad sound, as cheerful to him as to the muffin-man is that sudden noise of the opening window as he passes down the silent street.

In time Mr. Mangles had almost forgotten that his wife was engaged in the parlour, when presently the door opened and she appeared behind the counter with startled eyes and lips parted as she breathed quickly in her emotion.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "What's happened? Aren't you well?"

"You remember Dick?" she said.

"Dick who?" he asked.

"Dick—Dick—my brother Dick, of course. Went to Canada fifteen years ago—ran away."

"Well?" said he.

"Well, he's dead—his wife's dead—she died before him—two months ago—he'd got no children, so he made out his will to me. Now he's dead, and I'm to have four thousand pounds a year—four thousand pounds—a year—a year!" For some reason or other there flashed across her mind the memory of Mr. Eustace, the stores man. "Four thou'," she added; "four thou' a year!"

Mr. Mangles looked at his wife in silence; looked at her as though in that moment she had become some strange being beyond the power of his comprehension. Indeed, with such a fortune, beside those hard-earned profits which for so many years she had shared with him, she was a different being. He wondered confusedly what a man should do in the circumstances. With still greater confusion of mind he tried to judge what was the position of a man in such a case. Vaguely and wholly without selfishness it flashed across his thoughts that the stores would have no power against them now. It was not altogether a pleasant thought. "It'll be her money," he said to himself.

And all these things passed through his mind as they stood in that silence and looked at each other.

"Well, you haven't got much to say," she remarked, at last. "Don't you see all it'll do for us?"

Here again he thought of their battle with the stores. It even occurred to him that that was what she must mean.

"It wouldn't want much out of four thousand, would it?" said he.

"How do you mean, it wouldn't want much?" she inquired. "Much what for?"

There was a note in her voice that was new to his ears. He hesitated before he replied.

"To keep back those stores people," he said at last, and spoke timidly from sudden uncertainty of mind. "To put up a fight against them so that they'll be smashed if they try to sell under us."

She looked into his face and laughed.

"What are you thinking about?" said she. "D'you think we're going to stay on here in the shop? Four thousand a year and keepin' a grocer's shop in Morton St. Abbots! You haven't got hold of it yet—don't believe I have myself. It's four thousand a year—a year! As long as I live, four thousand a year! How much is that a week?"

He tried to think how much it was. The figures whirled in his mind.

"Eighty pounds a week, isn't it?" he said, at length.

It sounded bewildering, but she was coming to believe it more quickly than he.

"Nearly as much as you make in profits in a whole year," she declared. "And you talk about keepin' on the shop!"

"Well, what are you going to do?" he inquired; and now he was coming to the understanding of the power which so suddenly had been given into her hands. "What are you going to do?" he repeated.

"Do?" She picked a biscuit out of a tin and put it in her mouth. In some subtle way it conveyed to him more clearly than any words the sudden independence she had found. "Do? Well—no more grocer's wife for me. Not with four thousand a year. No more grocer's wife, thank you."

She went back into the parlour. The gentleman was writing a letter to his firm—a firm of solicitors in London. She was going to consult him, she said.

"I'm taking a bottle of wine for him," she added. "You can charge it to me, if you like."

Mr. Mangles remained in silence by the pile of biscuit tins. For one moment his hand strayed down into the open tin. He took a biscuit out, then slowly put it back. It was a bad habit that, of eating one's own stock. His father had always warned him of it when he was a boy. It was a bad habit which insidiously grew on one. In time it even did away with an appreciable percentage of the profits. He replaced the lid upon the tin.

What had she meant by "no more grocer's wife"? He looked about him round the shop. It scarcely seemed as though it belonged to him. With half of one year's income she could afford to buy the place out of his hands. His love of it was not one whit

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diminished. But suddenly, it all seemed, what was the good? What was the good? As she had pointed out, his yearly profits, hardly striven for, were but little more than her income in a week. Instead of being overjoyed at her fortune, it had brought with it, to his mind, a sense of dread. She had said, "No more grocer's wife." He did not quite understand what she had meant by that; but it made him wish to know how he stood. He felt that he was standing alone. And then, as these thoughts crossed his mind, he caught sight of Miss Penfold's eyes, watching him from the cash desk. He called her to him.

"I hope," said he, timidly—"I hope you're quite satisfied with your work?"

"I can never thank you enough, Mr. Mangles," she said; "never thank you enough for the situation."

"Then you propose to stay on?"

"Why, yes, of course. Has anything happened?"

He nodded his head. Then he told her.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE is nothing so wonderful, after all, in the report that amongst the black people and over the limitless tracks of a wild continent news flies as though by magic. That evening the neighbourhood of Morton St. Abbots, even so far as Layton, knew every detail of the fortune left to Mrs. Mangles. By the next day they had it in London. Accounts may have differed. The various sums computed to be the amount of the fortune were extraordinarily diverse. They spoke of hundreds and then thousands with an utter disregard for accuracy. Everyone had had it first-hand from Mrs. Mangles herself; but no one agreed when it came to a question of the money involved.

The shop was besieged by customers making small purchases in order to hear the details of this astounding visitation of good fortune. To one and all of them Mr. Mangles replied that Mrs. Mangles had not got the money yet.

"I expect it's all right," he said; "but even lawyers make mistakes."

There had come even to be a hope in the deepest heart of the little grocer that perhaps there might be some mistake after all. He did not know why he hoped for it; but before the colossal proportions of his wife's fortune he stood in unaccountable dread. It was a power stronger than the Cosmopolitan Stores, and beneath the weight of it he seemed to have a premonition that he would be broken.

With Mrs. Mangles, receiving her many visitors in the parlour, prominent amongst whom was Mrs. Mercer, the ironmonger's wife, there was no doubt at all about the matter. In prospect, she was spending her money rapidly already. A hat she had bought in London was presented, somewhat tactlessly, to Mrs. Mercer, who had admired it in the train all the way from Layton on the day of her return from the Metropolis.

"I don't want it, my dear," she said. "You're quite welcome to it. Besides, I could hardly wear a thing like that now, could I?"

It had been a severe struggle in Mrs. Mercer's mind between acceptance and refusal. As she told the ironmonger later, it was not as if she had asked for it.

"I'd have refused it point blunt," said he, with a mixture of metaphor arising, no doubt, from the trade in which he dealt.

"I would have," she replied, ingenuously—"I would have, if I hadn't liked it so much. Suits me better than her—don't it?"

In putting it on for his inspection she forgot her loss of dignity.

And this was not the only omission of tact on the part of Mrs. Mangles. She was tactless all round. The sudden possession of wealth seemed to develop in her a thoughtlessness for the feelings of others which amounted almost to the spirit of bullying. She found herself with a powerful weapon, placed of a sudden in her hands, and, with no respect of persons, she wielded it for the mere joy of knowing that it was hers. So powerful a weapon was it, moreover, that one and all took the blows with submissive humility. Even Mr. Mangles was subdued. He found himself face to face with that modern incubus, the capitalist, and he was bowed down.

The vicarage was amongst other places where the news penetrated that very evening. At dinner the maid relieved herself of the weight that lay on her mind. During the second course—for Mrs. Naismith was always particular that they should be called courses—she broke through the reserve expected from domestics at the vicarage and told all she knew.

"Please, ma'am," she said, falteringly, "I don't know if you've heard—but Mrs. Mangles has come into a fortune."

Mrs. Naismith looked up reprovingly, then coldly inquired how much.

"Some thousands of pounds a year, ma'am."

This was a different matter. Even Mrs.

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Kenderdine, her sister, visiting her from London, who had many friends making two thousand a year, some even a little more, looked up with interest. Only the vicar continued quietly with his meal.

"You must mean hundreds, Minnie," replied Mrs. Naismith. "Two or three hundred pounds, I suppose, altogether. These things get terribly exaggerated in a village like ours."

"No, ma'am; I'm quite sure it's thousands—three or four—and every year."

"Three or four thousand a year!" exclaimed Mrs. Kenderdine. "How extraordinarily fortunate! Why, that's not being badly off in London. I wish we had as much. What Mrs. Mangles is it?"

"There's only one, my dear," replied her sister. "The grocer's wife."

"What! The little provision man down in the High Street?"

"I think he'd prefer it if you called him a grocer," suggested the vicar, kindly. "He's quite a superior man. I always think him far superior to his wife."

"You won't be able to do that now, my dear," replied Mrs. Naismith. "If she's got four thousand a year she'll be superior to anyone in St. Abbots."

Much as he deplored this supervaluation of money, the vicar said nothing. He never reproved his wife before the servants. If a domestic was present when she expressed these views upon the worth of riches and it seemed too late to speak of it after, then he referred to it in his prayers at night.

"But, of course," Mrs. Naismith continued, "there's some ridiculous mistake. Fancy a woman like that having four thousand a year!" She caught her husband's eye. Minnie was still present. "I don't mean but what she's a very nice woman."

"Well, ma'am, I don't think there is any mistake," Minnie repeated. "Woodhouse was in the shop when the solicitor man from London was there, and then later he heard it from Mrs. Mangles herself."

As soon as Minnie had retired, catching a glance from Mrs. Naismith's eye which indicated that she had said quite enough, Mrs. Kenderdine looked across at her sister.

"What sort of a woman is Mrs. Mangles really?" she inquired.

"Oh, my dear—odious; only I couldn't say so before Minnie."

"It wouldn't have been kind," said the vicar. He would have liked to say that it would not have been true.

"Perhaps it's as well you didn't," said Mrs. Kenderdine. "It would have come to her ears, and I suppose she's got to be reckoned with now. I wonder what she'll do with all that money? What a waste! Even a quarter of it, for instance, would mean such a difference to people like ourselves. What d'you think she'll do with it?"

"Oh, probably buy a house in the neighbourhood and we shall all have to call on her. The Nevilles won't like it. They have nearly four thousand a year themselves. I don't suppose they really will call. How can you, on a person who's been the wife of your grocer?"

"Well, I'm sure," said the vicar, "that a sterling little man like Mangles will be able to fill any position. He's the old type of English tradesman, and a great many of them are received in society now."

"He might be able to fill it in a way," retorted his wife. "But it's all too sudden. He hasn't worked his way up to it. He's not educated."

"Is she educated at all?" inquired Mrs. Kenderdine.

"She? No, my dear; she's terrible. Drops her g's—says 'laughin'' and 'talkin',' and things like that."

"Well, everybody drops their g's in town now," remarked Mrs. Kenderdine.

"Oh, I know; but they have a proper way of doing it. Even then I don't like it. We ought to make ourselves as distinct from the lower classes as possible. Certainly in speech."

"What's she like otherwise?" Mrs. Kenderdine persisted. "Is she young?"

"Oh, about thirty-two. But I tell you, my dear, she's impossible."

"It takes a lot to be impossible," said Mrs. Kenderdine, wisely, "with four thousand a year."

They discussed the grocer and his wife for the rest of the meal, but only when the ladies were alone afterwards in the drawing-room did they really say what they thought. The idea was Mrs. Kenderdine's. Keen though the eye of Mrs. Naismith was to the financial point of view, it needed such a mind as her sister's, living in London in the hive of the money-making world, to seize the moment in a financial situation.

"Now," said she, as soon as Minnie had closed the door and they were alone with their coffee, "you know what'll happen to Mrs. Mangles, don't you?"

"What?" inquired her sister.

"Well, some scheming people will get hold of her and, under the pretence of putting

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benefits in her way, will just live on her money —absolutely live on it."

The whole vista spread before Mrs. Naismith's mind from that moment, but she assumed entire ignorance of it all.

"What sort of people?" she asked, guardedly. "People about here, do you mean? Surely nobody would be so underhand as all that!"

"I don't know that it would be particularly underhand if she was fool enough to spend her money that way. I should call it clever more than underhand. But I think it's your duty to see that she doesn't get into people's hands like that."

"But how can I stop it, my dear? I can only advise her; I suppose it's my duty to do that. She's in the parish, of course. He's one of Harry's churchwardens."

"The only thing you can do," replied Mrs. Kenderdine, "is to get her into the right hands. Do you think she could be educated and made presentable?"

Now Mrs. Naismith saw more clearly still, and still more carefully preserved her assumption of innocence.

"So far as anybody can be educated nowadays," she replied, "I suppose she could. She wouldn't know what on earth to do at a dinner-party, but I suppose she could be taught. Why did you ask?"

"Well, you see, I don't suppose it's a bit of good her staying here. As you say, the Nevilles would not call on her. She'd still be the grocer's wife as long as she lived. He might even insist on keeping on his shop. She ought to get away from Morton St. Abbots, and I should think London's by far the best place for her to go to. You can conceal anything in London except poverty."

"But who would look after her in London?" asked Mrs. Naismith.

"I don't know. I wouldn't mind doing it myself if I thought I could be any help. She and her husband could come and dine with us when we were alone, just to see how things were done. I should advise her getting a very capable man-servant, who would be a great help to her. She could easily afford a house in Onslow Gardens, and keep it going very well, too. There's no reason why she shouldn't have a motor-car, and I'm sure, my dear, she'd be delighted, if ever you came up to town, to put you up. I expect she'd do you very well, too. Don't you see what I mean? If she got into the wrong hands, they'd probably expect some ridiculous remuneration for their trouble. I shouldn't expect anything."

In the long silence that followed both of them thought conscientiously of the various benefits which might accrue to them from such a scheme. After a while Mrs. Naismith rose and placed her coffee-cup on the mantelpiece.

"We'll go and see her to-morrow," said she. "It never does to let these things drag on. Everyone's heard about it by now."

As Mrs. Kenderdine went up to bed that night she looked back over the banisters towards her sister.

"Fancy!" said she. "Four thousand—a year! Isn't it wicked?"

CHAPTER V.

THE vicar's wife and Mrs. Kenderdine called as arranged. They did not stay in the shop. The hospitality of the grocer's parlour was offered them. Mr. Mangles attended behind the counter as usual.

As they passed out again Mrs. Naismith stopped a moment to offer him her congratulations. He leant with his hands on the counter and looked searchingly in her eyes. Until he knew a fellow-creature unworthy of his trust it was his custom to believe the best in them. She was the vicar's wife, and he almost loved the vicar.

"Do you believe, Mrs. Naismith," he asked, "that all these riches are good for people like us? I don't say that hypocritically, though I suppose it sounds like it. But when a man's earning his way, what is the good for him suddenly to come into the possession of a great lump of money like that? I've figured it out, and the capital must be about eighty thousand pounds. What I mean is, wouldn't it have better been divided amongst those who have nothing, rather than being given to those as has enough already?"

Mrs. Naismith laughed softly.

"You oughtn't to be preaching Socialism in Morton St. Abbots," said she. "But, then, it's easy to have socialistic ideas with other people's money, isn't it, Mangles?"

"How do you mean, ma'am, with other people's money?"

"Well, it's Mrs. Mangles's money, isn't it?" said she, and with a gentle smile, which she knew was becoming to a vicar's wife who has found it necessary to reprove a parishioner, she went out.

"Evidently thinks it's his own already," said she as soon as they were in the street. "Isn't that just like a man? Really, Elsie, a thing like that almost makes me sympathize with the Suffrage movement."

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"THE HOSPITALITY OF THE GROCER'S PARLOUR WAS OFFERED THEM."

"You needn't worry, my dear," replied Mrs. Kenderdine. "He won't touch a penny of it. She won't let him. There's no need for the Suffrage when you've got women like Mrs. Mangles. Why should a woman like that want a vote? After all, a vote's only a cipher, and she's got a husband, hasn't she?"

These two good ladies were not the only callers on Mrs. Mangles that morning. It is to their credit, however, that they were the first. Soon after them came a young gentleman who laid his card upon the counter before Mr. Mangles's eyes and briefly asked if Mrs. Mangles was at home.

The grocer read upon the card that this was Mr. Wimperis, of a well-known London paper.

"May I ask what you want?" he said, uncertainly—uncertainly because in this, his first acquaintance with the Press, he was not quite sure whether they expected to be treated as gentlemen. From the appearance and manner of Mr. Wimperis, it seemed so very difficult to decide.

"I've come to interview her," said he briefly, "for my paper."

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"Interview her?"

"Yes."

"What exactly—does that mean?"

"Well, we heard last night that she has been left a fortune of eighty thousand pounds. Is that right?'

"Yes; I understand it is about that sum."

"Well, naturally, she's an interesting person, isn't she? The public would like to hear about her."

"But she's the same person," said Mr. Mangles, ingenuously, "as she was the day before yesterday. Nobody wanted to hear about her then."

"Exactly. But now she's got four thousand a year, hasn't she?"

"Well, if it's the money you want to see," replied Mr. Mangles, simply, "I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. She doesn't begin to get it till next month."

Mr. Wimperis looked annoyed.

"Well, may I see the lady for a few moments?" said he. "I've not got much time. I've got to get back to the office at half-past four this afternoon, and I should like to ask her a few questions."

"Certainly," replied the little grocer, amiably; he was now assured that he need not call him "sir." "Won't you come into the parlour?"

He sat there and listened while the interview took place. It is in strange ways that men sometimes learn their fate. For in the answers to those few questions which the gentleman of the Press so briefly put to her Mr. Mangles heard the future which lay before him.

Mr. Wimperis began abruptly and in a business-like fashion directly his name and profession had been introduced. Eighty thousand pounds seemed nothing to him. He sat with a notebook before him, coldly reporting her replies in magic shorthand.

"Who left you the money?" he began.

"A brother of mine," she replied, affably; "Richard Dawdle, his name was. He went out to Canada when I was quite a girl. I was the only girl, you know. Quite a pet they made of me—well, you can imagine."

Mr. Wimperis cut her short.

"How did he make his money?" he inquired.

"Well, tellin' you really, I don't know. He was always clever with his hands, Dick was. I remember his makin' a doll's house for me—of course, he was always fond of me. Well, as I said, I was the favourite, bein' the only girl. They all made a fuss of me."

"Four thousand a year, isn't it?" interrupted the Press gentleman again.

"Yes. Of course, it's a deal of money to come into sudden, isn't it? But I suppose I shall get used to it. I've always felt I'd like to be well off."

Sick at heart and half in wonder, Mr. Mangles listened to it all.

"Then I suppose you'll give up the grocery business?" she was asked. Mr. Mangles half rose to his feet. His wife ignored the movement.

"Oh, yes," she replied, readily. "Leastways, I don't know what Mr. Mangles is going to do. I suppose his place is by me—it'll be a comfortable place, too, won't it, with four thousand a year? But I've just been talkin' it all over with Mrs. Naismith, our vicar's wife, and her sister, Mrs. Kenderdine, who lives in London. They advise me to go to London, and Mrs. Kenderdine is goin' to look after me in a sort of way; introduce me to nice people and all that sort of thing, you know. Of course I shall get used to it. But it'll seem strange at first, won't it"—she cast her eyes about their little parlour—"after this?"

Mr. Wimperis turned in his chair.

"Then I suppose you'll sell the business, Mr. Mangles?" said he.

"Oh, he's had a very good offer," Mrs. Mangles informed him, quickly. "You remember that man from London, Samuel. Two thousand he was offered for it. Quite a nice little sum. It'll be useful to him."

"I shall never sell the business," replied Mr. Mangles. "My father and grandfather and great-grandfather had it before me. The name of Mangles has been over the window for over a hundred years, and it shall never be altered, not so long as I live."

"Does that mean you're not comin' to London?" inquired his wife, in her new tone of voice.

"It means I'm not going to sell my business," said he, and from force of habit rose and left them, as the shop-bell rang its cracked and tinkling note.

(To be concluded.)

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SPORTING STORIES

Heard and Told by Well-Known Sportsmen.

Illustrated by C. Grave.

LORD HAWKE.

The Lay of the Lobster.

FOR downright fun some of my cricketing tours in America would be hard to beat. While in New York on one occasion I caught a chill, and was unable to play for the next day or two. The reporters at once stated that I was laid up through eating too much lobster salad, and someone sent me the following :—

THE LAY OF THE LOBSTER AND THE LORD.

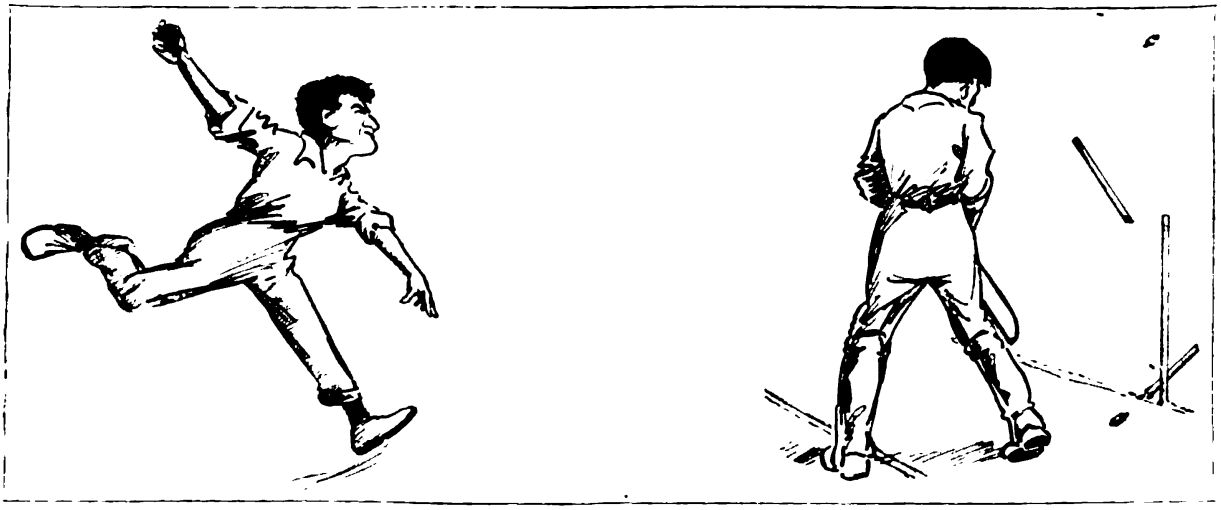
There was once a lobster in New York,
They made him into salad;
His lordship ate, alas! too much,
It made him very malade.

to the conveyance which they had hired came in for a good deal of adverse criticism.

" I say, driver," at last remarked the captain of the team, " you've got a whip ; just touch 'em up a bit. At this rate we shall never reach our destination."

The driver explained that he had never had occasion to drive that particular pair of horses before. " As you remark," he added, " I've got a whip, but I don't like to take the risk o' using it."

" I see," was the grim rejoinder ; " you're afraid of knocking 'em down, eh ? Very well. Here's sixpence for you. That ought to cover the damage if you do knock 'em down. Now, then, hammer away."



LORD HAWKE'S STORY :—" DEMON WOODS TAKES A FEW FANCY STEPS LIKE A SKIRT-DANCER, AND KICKS OUT LIKE A GEORGIA MULE BEFORE LETTING THE BALL GO."

Their criticism of Sammy Woods was very tickling. " After Demon Woods arrived the Staten Islanders were mowed down like wheat before a sickle. He is a big, brawny fellow ; but nobody knows where he has got his speed from, unless it may come from the bottom of his pockets. During the over he thrusts his hands deep into his flannels, and only withdraws them to field a ball. In bowling he takes a few fancy steps like a skirt-dancer, and kicks out like a Georgia mule before letting the ball go."

On another occasion, while the members of a cricket team were journeying to fulfil an engagement, the sorry pair of horses attached

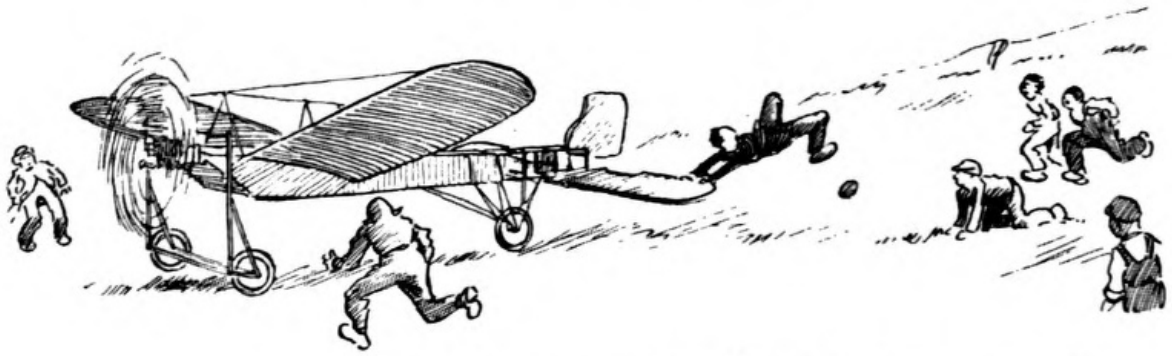
C. GRAHAME-WHITE.

The Monoplane Hunt.

To the ordinary individual there might appear little that is humorous in aviation ; it would seem, rather, to be a grim and grisly business, with sudden death always at the pilot's elbow. But the dangers of airmanship are ridiculously exaggerated, and there is, as a matter of fact, much that is amusing in what I might call everyday aviation, and particularly in regard to the operation of a flying-school.

And now as to the most amusing incident I can think of. Well, here it is.

A pupil, after landing at my Hendon



GRAHAME-WHITE'S STORY :—"THE MONOPLANE—

aerodrome one evening at the end of a flight on a monoplane, jumped out of the machine before it had stopped running along the ground. Stumbling, he not only let go of the machine, but accidentally touched the engine-switch and accelerated the motor to a high rate of speed.

The result was that the monoplane darted away like a big, angry bird; and, as though rejoicing in its new-found freedom, it ran this way and that about the aerodrome, its motor humming defiance.

With confident mien, some of the mechanics hurried out to catch the runaway; but they had not reckoned upon the ridiculously eccentric actions of the machine.

Soon we who were watching were convulsed with mirth. Whirling hither and thither under the impulse of its propeller, but without the power actually to rise, the monoplane seemed instinct with the desire to elude pursuit.

Buzzing away across the aerodrome, it led the mechanics a fatiguing chase. Then, suddenly wheeling round, it plunged at them, and scattered them with the fear of its spinning propeller.

Again they chased it; again the machine, as though a thing alive, wheeled round and made a vicious dart at them. This time one man managed to grip its tail, but he was shaken off and fell flat on his back.

Perspiring freely, and with many terse remarks to express their annoyance, the mechanics again took up their weary pursuit. Meanwhile, quite characteristically, unfeeling onlookers merely laughed.

Up and down, to and fro, the men ran and dodged and slipped and fell, their furious, unavailing shouts and cries mingling with the spiteful splutter of the monoplane's engine.

At length, having laughed at the ludicrous spectacle until we could laugh no more, some of us who were standing by the sheds made a move to join in the game.

But the machine seemed possessed. It wrenched itself away from the grip of several pairs of eager hands, and then hopped and floundered to some other corner of the aerodrome. One or two of the pursuers sat on the ground, quite exhausted. Others were laughing too much to pursue effectually. And still the monoplane buzzed at large.



J. B. HOBBS'S STORY :—"THE OTHER FELLOW LOOKED ON WITH HUNGRY EYES."

Finally, when we were all weak from running or laughing, I managed to get hold of a

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—HUNT WAS THE FUNNIEST SIGHT YOU COULD IMAGINE."

wing-tip. The monoplane whirled round and round furiously, but I was able to hold on. And then a mechanic ran in and switched off the motor. At once the machine stopped its absurd gyrations. But while it lasted the monoplane hunt was the funniest sight you could imagine.

J. B. HOBBS.
The Mean Professional.

I REMEMBER on one occasion a certain team finishing up at Lord's at half-past six one evening, and having to open the next morning at Manchester, necessitating a railway journey the same night.

As there was no time for the men to get anything to eat before leaving London, and there were no restaurant-carriages on the train, it was decided that a luncheon-basket would have to serve each man. Now, one professional on that side was awfully mean, and he openly avowed that he wasn't going to pay for a basket. "A pork-pie will do for me all right." And he proceeded to fetch one. In the meanwhile, the captain had luncheon-baskets, with half a bottle of wine in each, put in the professionals' compartment, paying for them himself, a fact of which all but the man who had gone for the pie were well aware.

The train started, and one of the players told the mean one that they had secured baskets for all, purposely omitting the information that they were a present from the captain. "I don't want one. I've got all I want here," said he.

"Very well," said the other, "we must divide it between us."

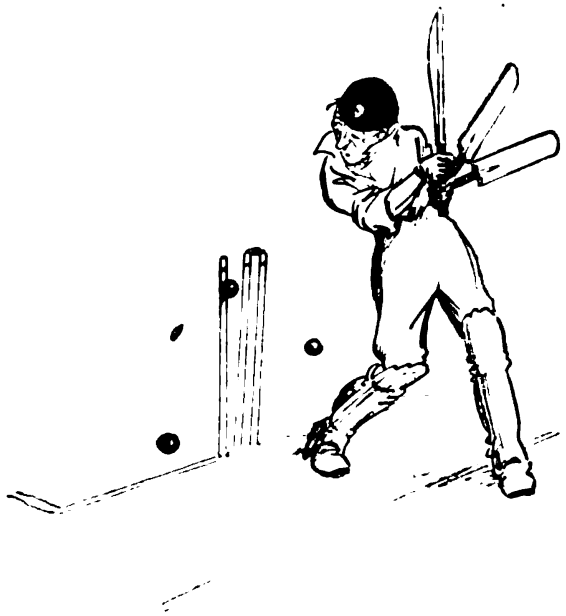
And they did, although the other fellow looked on with hungry eyes. When all had been demolished the captain walked in from the adjoining compartment and asked them if everything were satisfactory.

"Splendid, sir," replied the pros., "and thank you very much. It was very kind of you."

The other fellow immediately wanted an explanation of the gratitude, and when he was told he nearly went raving mad.

W. G. GRACE.
Cricket Under Difficulties.

THE following story may be a chestnut to some readers, but it amused me greatly. A cricketer who was to go in sixth on his side, seeing that the preceding batsmen were making prolonged stands, betook himself to the refreshment tent. Suddenly wickets began to fall, and his captain, in hunting up the man to tell him to prepare to bat, found him in a state bordering on intoxication.



W. G. GRACE'S STORY:—"I STRUCK WITH ONE OF MY OUTSIDE BATS."

"I am afraid," said the batsman, "that I can't do much good. I am sure I shall see three balls."

"Never mind," said the captain; "smack at the middle one."

The batsman survived one over, and was then bowled by

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"PLUM" WARNER'S STORY:—"BRAYVO, MASSA PELHAM! I TAUGHT YOU TO BAT, SAH."

a straight one. As he walked back to the pavilion his captain went out to meet him, and imperiously asked why his advice hadn't been taken.

"I did exactly what you told me," replied the batsman. "I struck at the middle ball, but in a moment of indiscretion I struck with one of my outside bats."

GEORGE HIRST.

New Use for Toffee.

PROBABLY some readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE are aware that I have had certain investments in a toffee factory, and it was this fact which led to the following amusing incident. During a match at Bramall Lane some time ago a strong wind kept blowing the bails off when I was batting. "Stick 'em on with your toffee, Garge!" yelled one of the crowd.

"PLUM" WARNER.

"The Man Who Taught Me Cricket."

I WAS once touring with Lord Hawke's team in Trinidad, and there scored the first century ever made in the island. At its conclusion a nigger, who had bowled to me as a youngster, came rushing up, shouting: "Brayvo, Massa Pelham! I taught you to bat, sah. You play well, sah. I proud ob you."

FRANK MITCHELL

(Captain of South African Cricketers.)

"My Niggers."

I DO not think my reminiscences contain a more amusing incident than the following. A lady friend wrote to ask my wife and myself to stay at her house for the Worcester match in May last. The invitation was accepted, and in a subsequent letter she said: "Bruce (the young son) amused me to-day when I told him you were coming to stay with us, by asking if Mr. Mitchell would bring his niggers with him when he came."

NAT GOULD.

"My Lucky Day."

IN my early days I came a "cropper" in Sydney. In other words, I severed my connection with a couple of papers for which I had been working, and then found I could not get another berth. I tried all sorts of devices to get on another paper, but could only get a few special articles to write. I then learned something of what the feeling must be of a man who really wants work and cannot get it. At last the turn of the tide came. I was offered the editorship of the *Bathurst Times*, and took it. Then came the deluge. A few days before leaving Sydney



NAT GOULD'S STORY:—"PEARLSHELL" AT NELLED."

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for Bathurst I was in Phalert's Hotel, when the proprietor came to me and said :—

"You're just the man I wanted to see. I have a wire from A——, in Brisbane, sending thirty pounds he wishes you to invest at the races for him to-day."

"Very well ; I'll do my best," I said, and added : "My luck's in."

The money was handed over to me, and I went to Randwick. I am writing entirely from memory, but it was the day Lamond won the Metropolitan Stakes. An extraordinary thing happened. It has never occurred since ; I don't suppose it ever will again. I backed *every* winner in five races !

Timbrel, I believe, won the first race at a fair price ; Sloth won a selling race. I backed them both. Then I backed Lamond, which won comfortably, and put a couple of pounds on Pearlshell, at ten to one, which won the next race—the Oaks—although another horse, Volley, was the favourite. I remember the scene to this day. They came dashing down the straght, the light blue and white of the Hon. James White's colours showing up conspicuously on Volley, and Tom Hales riding easily.

"The favourite's won," I thought. But it was not all over. For once in a way—a very rare occurrence—Tom Hales seemed to be caught napping ; probably he was a trifle over-confident. At any rate, Mic O'Brien came down on him with a swoop on Pearlshell, and before we knew where we were they were racing neck and neck.

"Pearlshell !" I yelled. I remember that shout as well as if I uttered it as I write, for there is nothing like backing a winner, at a good price, to beat a hot favourite, to make the memory clear years afterwards. It was a finish, desperate, close, between two consummate horsemen, and O'Brien got Pearlshell up and won.

And after that I backed the first and second of the fifth race. My pockets were crammed with money, and, needless to say, the proprietor of Phalert's was astounded when I doled out A——'s share.

Then I went home, and found my wife upstairs with a lady friend packing up for Bathurst.

"Look here ! How's this ?" I said, as I emptied a heap of gold on to the bed.

"Whose is it ?" she asked.

"Ours. I've won it—backed every winner !"

What a day that was ! I have often given it as an instance of how luck may change in a few hours. Next morning we went up the Blue Mountains to Bathurst.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S STORY :—"TELL ME, MON, HOW LONG HAS THIS THING BEEN GOING ON ?"

SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

"Ma Conscience !"

THIS story of a Scotchman who went to a race meeting for the first time in his life is not without its humour. The old man's friends persuaded him to risk sixpence on a horse—a forty to one chance.

With much trepidation the Scotchman handed out the sixpence, and, strange to relate, the horse won. When the bookmaker handed out a sovereign and sixpence to Sandy the latter could not believe his own eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me I get all this for my saxpence ?" he asked.

"You do," replied the bookmaker.

"Ma conscience !" exclaimed Sandy. "Tell me, mon, how long has this thing been going on ?"

LORD LONSDALE.

The Novice.

I WAS once initiating a *débutante* at a race meeting into the mysteries of betting, and concluded a lengthy explanation as follows :—

"So, you see, if the horse starts at fifteen to one, you get fifteen pounds ; if at ten to one, ten pounds, and so on."

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"Oh, yes, I understand perfectly," said the pretty novice. "But what do I get if the horse starts at one o'clock exactly?"

LORD ALVERSTONE.
Told in Court.

My fondness for athletics was once brought up as "evidence against" me by a man in the dock.

"I knows yer," said the prisoner, "and many's the time I've given yer a hand when ye've been stepping it round the track like a greyhound. So let's down lightly, like a good cove as yer are."

CHARLES JARROTT.
"Half-Time."

Two of my friends, while on a motor tour, put up at a country inn. When they inquired about accommodation the landlord burst forth into a pæan of praise.

"Beautiful large feather bed. Plenty of room for the two of you, and big enough for three. This way, gentlemen."

The travellers went up to their room and inspected the famous feather bed, which did not look very inviting. However, there was no choice, so they turned in. At about two in the morning one gave the other a violent nudge and said:—

"Get up; it's half-time."

"Half-time? What are you talking about? This isn't a Cup-tie."



CHARLES JARROTT'S STORY:—"THE TWO TRAVELLERS INSPECTED THE FAMOUS FEATHER BED."

"No," said the wakeful one; "but it's my turn to sleep on that feather."

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.
A Mixed Bag.

One of the best stories I ever heard was about a fellow who was very fond of shooting. He said: "The first bird I ever shot was a squirrel, and the first time I hit him I missed him altogether, and the next time I hit him I hit him in the same place, and after that I took a stone and dropped him from the tree, and he fell into the water and was drowned. And that was the first bird I ever shot."



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S STORY:—"THE FIRST BIRD I EVER SHOT WAS A SQUIRREL."

MELBOURNE INMAN.
The Movable Spot.

I came across something really unique in the way of rules in an hotel at Newara-Eliya, where I was once booked to play when touring in India. In the billiard-room, immediately opposite the table, where everyone could see it, hung a card bearing the following announcement:—

For first cut	100 rupees.
Second cut	50 rupees.
Third cut	20 rupees.
Any subsequent cut	10 rupees.

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Judging from the appearance of the cloth, I should think that table must have been a veritable gold-mine to its proprietor, if he collected all the fines. Evidently his motto was, "Cut and come again."

On another occasion, while staying at Wellington, New Zealand, I was invited to play at the Tararua Club, Pahiatua. The table itself, I found, wasn't at all bad; but when I looked at it closely I noticed that the billiard spot was at least three inches too far to one side.



MELBOURNE INMAN'S STORY:—"CUT AND COME AGAIN."

I had become fairly hardened to trying conditions by this time, but to attempt to play with the red ball inches out of its recognized position was more than I dared do.

"What's the matter with that spot?" I asked. "It isn't right, is it?"

The man addressed squinted at the spot.

"Seems sorter crooked," he agreed, slowly; "but the fac' of the matter is that we change the position of that yere spot once a week. Otherwise it'd work a hole in the cloth!"

That beat me. I fled for the hotel and sought out the gentleman who had invited me to come there. He listened to my tale of woe, and then, asking me to wait for a moment, disappeared. I don't know whether they balloted or not, but the spot was moved into its right place, and the situation, so far as I was concerned, saved.

H. W. STEVENSON.

False Billiards.

ONE summer, on the west coast of Ireland, another man and I were overtaken by a storm, and had to go into a tavern for shelter. The rain fell steadily. We had three or four long hours before us. Time began to hang heavily on our hands.

"Landlord," said I, "do you happen to have a billiard-table?" "Sure," said the landlord. "Sure. Just step this way."

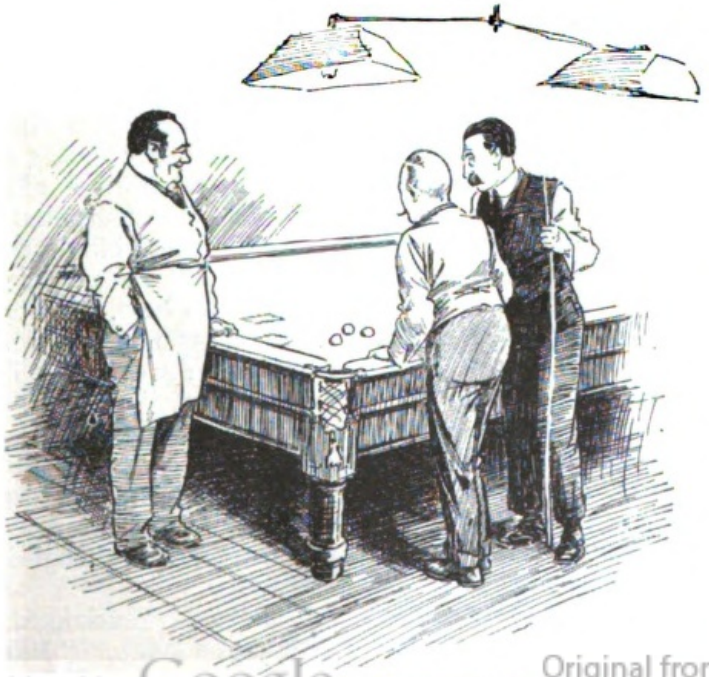
He proudly threw open the door of a dark, stuffy room. We saw an antiquated table with a patched cloth, and in the corner was a rack of crooked cues.

"Any balls?" said I.

"Sure," said the landlord, and he unlocked a closet and set on the table three white balls, all alike—there was no spot, you know.

"But, see here," I remonstrated, "how do you tell these balls apart?"

"Oh, that's all right," said he. "You soon get to know 'em by their shape."



W. H. STEVENSON'S STORY:—"YOU SOON GET TO KNOW 'EM BY THEIR SHAPE."

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THE VIGIL



Illustrated by Will Owen.

"I'M the happiest man in the world," said Mr. Farrer, in accents of dreamy tenderness.

Miss Ward sighed. "Wait till father comes in," she said.

Mr. Farrer peered through the plants which formed a welcome screen to the window and listened with some uneasiness. He was waiting for the firm, springy step that should herald the approach of ex-Sergeant-Major Ward. A squeeze of Miss Ward's hand renewed his courage.

"Perhaps I had better light the lamp," said the girl, after a long pause. "I wonder where mother's got to?"

"She's on my side, at any rate," said Mr. Farrer.

"Poor mother!" said the girl. "She daren't call her soul her own. I expect she's sitting in her bedroom with the door shut. She hates unpleasantness. And there's sure to be some."

"So do I," said the young man, with a slight shiver. "But why should there be any? He doesn't want you to keep single all your life, does he?"

"He'd like me to marry a soldier," said Miss Ward. "He says that the young men of the present day are too soft. The only thing he thinks about is courage and strength."

She rose and, placing the lamp on the table, removed the chimney, and then sought round the room for the matches. Mr. Farrer, who had two boxes in his pocket, helped her.

They found a box at last on the mantelpiece, and Mr. Farrer steadied her by placing one arm round her waist while she lit the lamp. A sudden exclamation from outside reminded them that the blind was not yet drawn, and they sprang apart in dismay as a grizzled and upright old warrior burst into the room and confronted them.

"Pull that blind down!" he roared. "Not you," he continued, as Mr. Farrer hastened to help. "What do you mean by touching my blind? What do you mean by embracing my daughter? Eh? Why don't you answer?"

"We—we are going to be married," said Mr. Farrer, trying to speak boldly.

The sergeant-major drew himself up, and the young man gazed in dismay at a chest which seemed as though it would never cease expanding.

"Married!" exclaimed the sergeant-major, with a grim laugh. "Married to a little tame bunny-rabbit! Not if I know it. Where's your mother?" he demanded, turning to the girl.

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"Upstairs," was the reply.

Her father raised his voice, and a nervous reply came from above. A minute later Mrs. Ward, pale of cheek, entered the room.

"Here's fine goings-on!" said the sergeant-major, sharply. "I go for a little walk, and when I come back this—this infernal cock-roach has got its arm round my daughter's waist. Why don't you look after her? Do you know anything about it?"

His wife shook her head.

"Five feet four and about thirty round the chest, and wants to marry my daughter!" said the sergeant-major, with a sneer. "Eh? What's that? What did you say? What?"

"I said that's a pretty good size for a cock-roach," murmured Mr. Farrer, defiantly. "Besides, size isn't everything. If it was, you'd be a general instead of only a sergeant-major."

"You get out of my house," said the other, as soon as he could get his breath. "Go on! Sharp with it."

"I'm going," said the mortified Mr. Farrer. "I'm sorry if I was rude. I came on purpose to see you to-night. Bertha—Miss Ward, I mean—told me your ideas, but I couldn't believe her. I said you'd got more common sense than to object to a man just because he wasn't a soldier."

"I want a *man* for a son-in-law," said the other. "I don't say he's got to be a soldier."

"Just so," said Mr. Farrer. "You're a man, ain't you? Well, I'll do anything that you'll do."

"*Phh!*" said the sergeant-major. "I've done my little lot. I've been in action four times, and wounded in three places. That's my tally."

"The colonel said once that my husband doesn't know what fear is," said Mrs. Ward, timidly. "He's afraid of nothing."

"Except ghosts," remarked her daughter, softly.

"Hold your tongue, miss," said her father, twisting his moustache. "No sensible man is afraid of what doesn't exist."

"A lot of people believe they do, though," said Mr. Farrer, breaking in. "I heard the other night that old Smith's ghost has been seen again swinging from the apple tree. Three people have seen it."

"Rubbish!" said the sergeant-major.

"Maybe," said the young man; "but I'll bet you, Mr. Ward, for all your courage, that you won't go up there alone at twelve o'clock one night to see."

"I thought I ordered you out of my house just now," said the sergeant-major, glaring at him.

"Going into action," said Mr. Farrer, pausing at the door, "is one thing—you have to obey orders and you can't help yourself; but going to a lonely cottage two miles off to see the ghost of a man that hanged himself is another."

"Do you mean to say I'm afraid?" blustered the other.

Mr. Farrer shook his head. "I don't say anything," he remarked; "but even a cock-roach does a bit of thinking sometimes."

"Perhaps you'd like to go," said the sergeant-major.

"I don't mind," said the young man; "and perhaps you'll think a little better of me, Mr. Ward. If I do what you're afraid to do——"

Mrs. Ward and her daughter flung themselves hastily between the sergeant-major and his intended sacrifice. Mr. Farrer, pale but determined, stood his ground.

"I'll dare you to go up and spend a night there alone," he said.

"I'll dare you," said the incensed warrior, weakly.

"All right; I'll spend Wednesday night there," said Mr. Farrer, "and I'll come round on Thursday and let you know how I got on."

"I dare say," said the other; "but I don't want you here, and, what's more, I won't have you. You can go to Smith's cottage on Wednesday at twelve o'clock if you like, and I'll go up any time between twelve and three and make sure you're there. D'ye understand? I'll show you whether I'm afraid or not."

"There's no reason for you to be afraid," said Mr. Farrer. "I shall be there to protect you. That's very different to being there alone, as I shall be. But, of course, you can go up the next night by yourself, and wait for me, if you like. If you like to prove *your* courage, I mean."

"When I want to be ordered about," said the sergeant-major, in a magnificent voice, "I'll let you know. Now go, before I do anything I might be sorry for afterwards."

He stood at the door, erect as a ramrod, and watched the young man up the road. His conversation at the supper-table that night related almost entirely to puppy-dogs and the best way of training them.

He kept a close eye upon his daughter for the next day or two, but human nature has its limits. He tried to sleep one afternoon in his easy-chair with one eye open, but the exquisite silence maintained by Miss Ward was too much for it. A hum of perfect content arose from the feature below, and five minutes

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later Miss Ward was speeding in search of Mr. Farrer.

"I had to come, Ted," she said, breathlessly, "because to-morrow's Wednesday. I've got something to tell you, but I don't know whether I ought to."

"Tell me and let me decide," said Mr. Farrer, tenderly.

"All right," said Mr. Farrer again. "You're an angel for coming to tell me."

"Father would call me something else, I expect," said Miss Ward, with a smile. "Good-bye. I want to get back before he wakes up."

She was back in her chair, listening to her father's slumbers, half an hour before he awoke.



"MRS. WARD AND HER DAUGHTER FLUNG THEMSELVES HASTILY BETWEEN THE SERGEANT-MAJOR AND HIS INTENDED SACRIFICE."

"I—I'm so afraid you might be frightened," said the girl. "I won't tell you, but I'll give you a hint. If you see anything awful, don't be frightened."

Mr. Farrer stroked her hand. "The only thing I'm afraid of is your father," he said, softly.

"Oh!" said the girl, clasping her hands together. "You have guessed it."

"Guessed it?" said Mr. Farrer.

Miss Ward nodded. "I happened to pass his door this morning," she said, in a low voice. "It was open a little way, and he was standing up and measuring one of mother's nightgowns against his chest. I couldn't think what he was doing it for at first."

Mr. Farrer whistled and his face hardened.

"That's not fair play," he said at last. "All right; I'll be ready for him."

"He doesn't like to be put in the wrong," said Miss Ward. "He wants to prove that you haven't got any courage. He'd be disappointed if he found you had."

"I'm making up for to-morrow night," he said, opening his eyes suddenly.

His daughter nodded.

"Shows strength of will," continued the sergeant-major, amiably. "Wellington could go to sleep at any time by just willing it. I'm the same way; I can go to sleep at five minutes' notice."

"It's a very useful gift," said Miss Ward, piously, "very."

Mr. Ward had two naps the next day. He awoke from the second at twelve-thirty a.m., and in a somewhat disagreeable frame of mind rose and stretched himself. The house was very still. He took a small brown-paper parcel from behind the sofa and, extinguishing the lamp, put on his cap and opened the front door.

If the house was quiet, the little street seemed dead. He closed the door softly and stepped into the darkness. In terms which would have been understood by "our army

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in Flanders" he execrated the forefathers, the name, and the upbringing of Mr. Edward Farrer.

Not a soul in the streets; not a light in a window. He left the little town behind, passed the last isolated house on the road, and walked into the greater blackness of a road between tall hedges. He had put on canvas shoes with rubber soles, for the better surprise of Mr. Farrer, and his own progress seemed to partake of a ghostly nature. Every ghost story he had ever heard or read crowded into his memory. For the first time in his experience even the idea of the company of Mr. Farrer seemed better than no company at all.

The night was so dark that he nearly missed the turning that led to the cottage. For the first few yards he had almost to feel his way; then, with a greater yearning than ever for the society of Mr. Farrer, he straightened his back and marched swiftly and noiselessly towards the cottage.

It was a small, tumble-down place, set well back in an overgrown garden. The sergeant-major came to a halt just before reaching the gate, and, hidden by the hedge, unfastened his parcel and shook out his wife's best night-gown.

He got it over his head with some difficulty, and, with his arms in the sleeves, tried in vain to get his big hands through the small, lace-trimmed wristbands. Despite his utmost efforts he could only get two or three fingers through, and after a vain search for his cap, which had fallen off in the struggle, he made his way to the gate and stood there waiting. It was at this moment that the thought occurred to him that Mr. Farrer might have failed to keep the appointment.

His knees trembled slightly and he listened anxiously for any sound from the house. He rattled the gate and, standing with white arms outstretched, waited. Nothing happened. He shook it again, and then, pulling himself together, opened it and slipped into the garden. As he did so a large bough which lay in the centre of the footpath thoughtfully drew on one side to let him pass.

Mr. Ward stopped suddenly and, with his gaze fixed on the bough, watched it glide over the grass until it was swallowed up in the darkness. His own ideas of frightening Mr. Farrer were forgotten, and in a dry, choking voice he called loudly upon the name of that gentleman.

He called two or three times, with no response, and then, in a state of panic, backed slowly towards the gate with his eyes fixed on the house. A loud crash sounded from somewhere inside, the door was flung violently open, and a gruesome figure in white hopped out and squatted on the step.



"THE SERGEANT-MAJOR BENT HIS STEPS TOWARDS HOME."

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"'FATHER!' SAID MISS WARD."

It was evident to Sergeant-Major Ward that Mr. Farrer was not there, and that no useful purpose could be served by remaining. It was clear that the young man's courage had failed him, and, with grey head erect, elbows working like the sails of a windmill, and the ends of the nightgown streaming behind him, the sergeant-major bent his steps towards home.

He dropped into a walk after a time and looked carefully over his shoulder. So far as he could see he was alone, but the silence and loneliness were oppressive. He looked again, and, without stopping to inquire whether his eyes had deceived him, broke into a run again. Alternately walking and running, he got back to the town, and walked swiftly along the streets to his house. Police-Constable Burgess, who was approaching from the other direction, reached it at almost the same moment, and, turning on his lantern, stood gaping with astonishment. "Anything wrong?" he demanded.

"Wrong?" panted the sergeant-major, trying to put a little surprise and dignity into his voice. "No."

"I thought it was a lady walking in her sleep at first," said the constable. "A tall lady."

The sergeant-major suddenly became conscious of the nightgown. "I've been — for a little walk," he said, still breathing hard. "I felt a bit chilly—so I —put this on."

"Suits you, too," said the constable, stiffly. "But you Army men always was a bit dressy. Now if *I* put that on I should look ridikerlous."

The door opened before Mr. Ward could reply, and revealed, in the light of a bedroom candle, the astonished countenances of his wife and daughter.

"*George!*" exclaimed Mrs. Ward.

"*Father!*" said Miss Ward.

The sergeant-major tottered in and, gaining the front room, flung himself into his arm-chair. A stiff glass of whisky and water, handed him by his daughter, was swallowed at a gulp.

"Did you go?" inquired Mrs. Ward, clasping her hands.

The sergeant-major, fully conscious of the suspicions aroused by his disordered appearance, rallied his faculties. "Not likely," he said, with a short laugh. "After I got outside I knew it was no good going there to look for that young snippet. He'd no more think of going there than he would of flying. I walked a little way

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down the road — for exercise — and then strolled back."

"But—my nightgown?" said the wondering Mrs. Ward.

"Put it on to frighten the constable," said her husband.

He stood up and allowed her to help him pull it off. His face was flushed and his hair tousled, but the bright fierceness of his eye was unquenched. In submissive silence she followed him to bed.

He was up late next morning, and made but a poor breakfast. His after-dinner nap was disturbed, and tea was over before he had regained his wonted calm. An hour later the arrival of a dignified and reproachful Mr. Farrer set him blazing again.

"I have come to see you about last night," said Mr. Farrer, before the other could speak. "A joke's a joke, but when you said you would come I naturally expected you would keep your word."

"Keep my word?" repeated the sergeant-major, almost choking with wrath.

"I stayed there in that lonely cottage from twelve to three, as per agreement, waiting for you," said Mr. Farrer.

"You were not there," shouted the sergeant-major.

"How do you know?" inquired the other.

The sergeant-major looked round helplessly at his wife and daughter.

"Prove it," said Mr. Farrer, pushing his advantage. "You questioned my courage, and I stayed there three hours. Where were you?"

"You were not there," said the sergeant-major. "I *know*. You can't bluff me. You were afraid."

"I was there, and I'll swear it," said Mr. Farrer. "Still, there's no harm done. I'll go there again to-night, and I'll dare you to come for me."

"Dare?" said the sergeant-major, choking. "Dare?"

"Dare," repeated the other; "and if you don't come this time I'll spread it all over Marcham. To-morrow night you can go there and wait for me. If you see what I saw——"

"Oh, Ted!" said Miss Ward, with a shiver.

"Saw?" said the sergeant-major, starting.

"Nothing harmful," said Mr. Farrer, calmly. "As a matter of fact, it was very interesting."

"What was?" demanded the sergeant-major.

"It sounds rather silly, as a matter of fact," said Mr. Farrer, slowly. "Still, I did see a broken bough moving about the garden."

Mr. Ward regarded him open-mouthed.

"Anything else?" he inquired, in a husky voice.

"A figure in white," said Mr. Farrer, "with long waving arms, hopping about like a frog. I don't suppose you believe me, but if you come to-night perhaps you'll see it yourself. It's very interesting."

"Wer—weren't you frightened?" inquired the staring Mrs. Ward.

Mr. Farrer shook his head. "It would take more than that to frighten me," he said, simply. "I should be ashamed of myself to be afraid of a poor thing like that. It couldn't do me any harm."

"Did you see its face?" inquired Mrs. Ward, nervously.

Mr. Farrer shook his head.

"What sort of a body had it got?" said her daughter.

"So far as I could see, very good," said Mr. Farrer. "Very good figure—not tall, but well made."

An incredible suspicion that had been forming in the sergeant-major's mind began to take shape. "Did you see anything else?" he asked, sharply.

"One more," said Mr. Farrer, regarding him pleasantly. "One I call the Running Ghost."

"Run——" began the sergeant-major, and stopped suddenly.

"It came in at the front gate," pursued Mr. Farrer. "A tall, well-knit figure of martial bearing—much about your height, Mr. Ward—with a beautiful filmy white robe down to its knees——"

He broke off in mild surprise, and stood gazing at Miss Ward, who, with her handkerchief to her mouth, was rocking helplessly in her chair.

"Knees," he repeated, quietly. "It came slowly down the path, and half-way to the house it stopped, and in a frightened sort of voice called out my name. I was surprised, naturally, but before I could get to it—to reassure it——"

"That'll do," said the sergeant-major, rising hastily and drawing himself up to his full height.

"You asked me," said Mr. Farrer, in an aggrieved voice.

"I know I did," said the sergeant-major, breathing heavily. "I know I did; but if I sit here listening to any more of your lies I shall be ill. The best thing you can do is to take that giggling girl out and give her a breath of fresh air. I have done with her."

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"YOU CAN GET TO YOUR ROOM—

The New Electric Hotel.

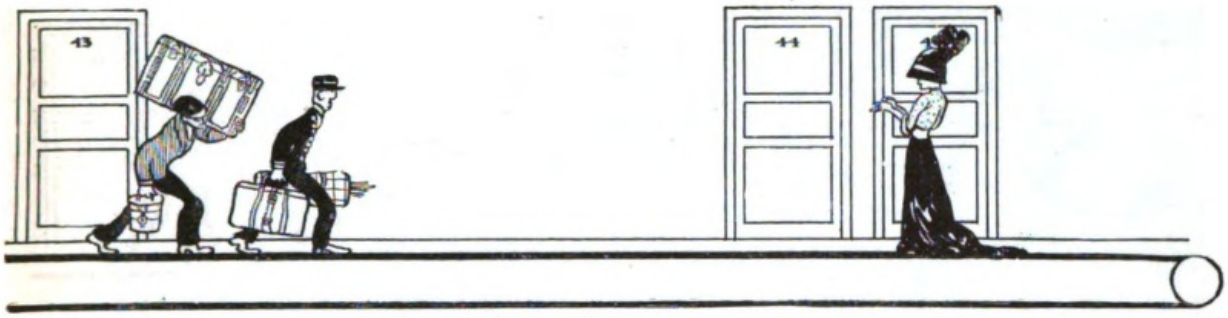
An Interview With the Projector.

By FREDERIC LEES.

EDISON once predicted that in fifty years' time, by reason of the "law of least effort," electricity would enter into the household and almost do away with servants. By a number of very ingenious applications of electric force he showed, in his own home, how the revolution would be accomplished. The turning of a switch on his desk resulted in the warming of his study; the touching of a button in the drawing-room set in motion the electric fans which cooled the air in summer. Doors, worked by an invisible mechanism, silently opened and shut; windows were closed or blinds were drawn apparently without the intervention of hands. Loud-speaking telephones, cleverly hidden in the walls, informed the great inventor that visitors were waiting to see him, or that his dinner—cooked, of course, by electricity—was served. And so on. Barely twenty years of the eminent pioneer's half a century have gone by since he pointed the way that progress would take, yet his prophecy is about to be realized. More and more, in the United States, has the Electric Fairy been summoned to the hotel and the home, to lighten labour and make life more beautiful; whilst here in Europe inventors have taken up Edison's lesson with such determination that we by no means lag behind the New World. The employment of electricity is visible everywhere—in our streets, in our large shops, in our restaurants, and in many of our up-to-date homes. It is evident to every thinking man and woman that we are on the eve of the Great Revolution.

The man who has shown most perspicacity among us, who has done most to prove to us that the moment has come when electricity should be universally employed in the household, is a Frenchman named Georgia Knap. A native of Troyes, in the Department of the Aube, and a lover of mechanical science, he began, some years ago, to show the inhabitants of that quiet provincial town some of the wonders of the electrical age. Finding that his field was too limited, he transferred his energies to Paris, and soon, in the very heart of the city of light, astonished the Parisians with the multitudinous electrical inventions which sprang from his fertile brain. La Maison Electrique, on the Boulevard des Italiens, has been visited by hundreds of thousands of people. Eminent scientists have been there and come away delighted; well-known architects have visited it, and been so struck with the ingenuity of certain appliances that

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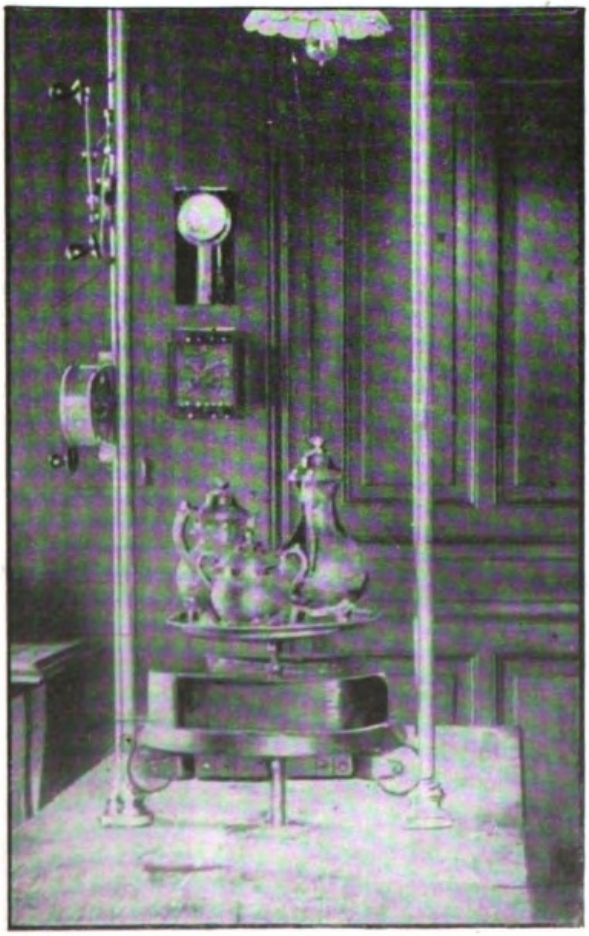
—BY STEPPING ON TO A MOVING SIDEWALK."

they have immediately invited M. Knap to collaborate with them in the planning of city flats and country houses; hotel proprietors have looked with enthusiasm on his electric cookers, dish-washers, potato-peelers, wash-tubs, etc., and before they left placed large orders in his hands. But M. Knap is not the man to stand still, however great his success may be, and he has now entered on another stage of his career. He has come to the conclusion that the logical outcome of his efforts is the grouping together of his numerous inventions—the old ones which caused such a sensation some years ago, and the new ones which he holds in reserve to astonish us still more, and the building of a huge hotel, the Electra Feria, the hotel of the future, where electricity will, so far as is possible, do away with manual labour.

I conversed with this modern magician in the laboratory adjoining his Parisian establishment. On all sides were the things which indicated the life of a worker and searcher — batteries, coils, working models, etc. His desk was strewn with plans, specifications, and photographs. It was evident that M. Knap was occupied at that very moment with his gigantic project.

"I see that the Electra Feria Hotel is still uppermost in your mind, M. Knap," I began, after preliminary greetings had been exchanged. "When may I hope to book a room there?"

"By the time you pay us your next visit, which will be in about six months' time, I expect," replied the inventor. "M. Danger —he's my architect, you know—hopes to find a suitable site within the next week, and, as I've got a good deal of the capital together, there is no reason why we should not begin building long before the summer is over. Once we have started, the place will be rapidly completed, for everything is already worked out in detail, and most of the machinery is ready for being dropped into position, as it were."

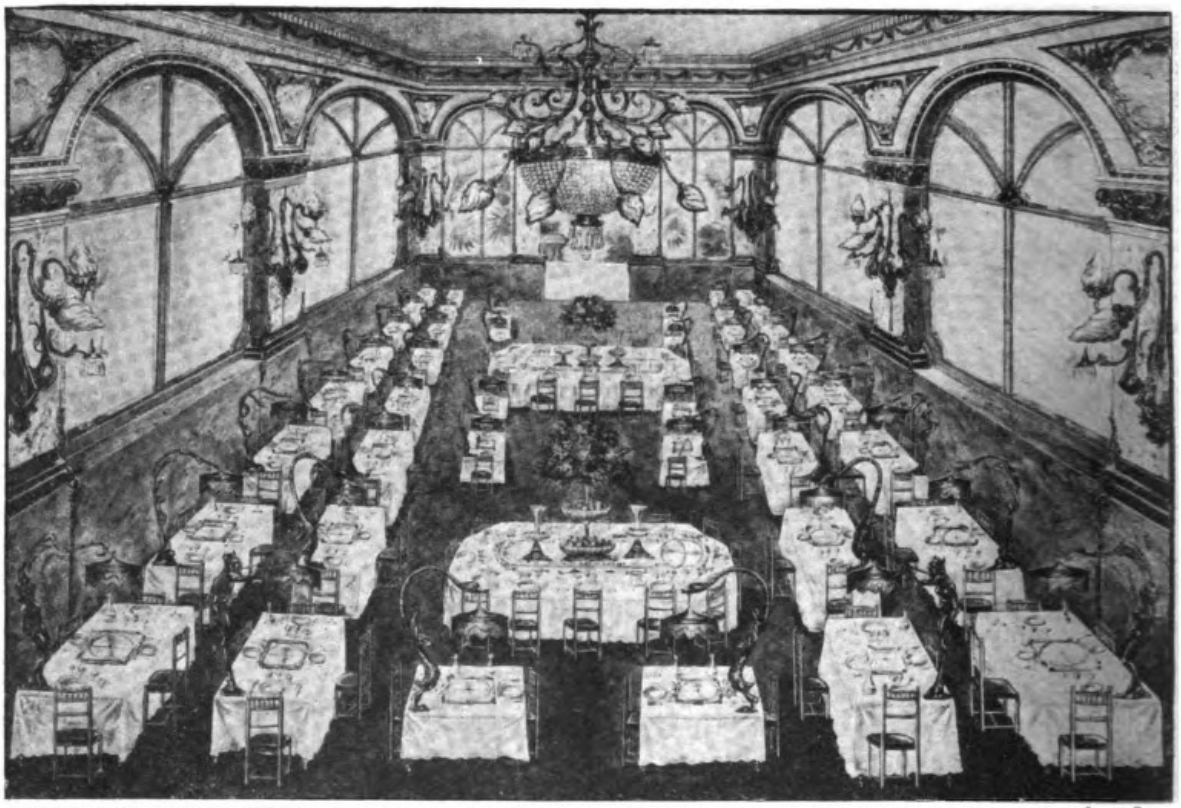


ELECTRIC LIFT IN KITCHEN, WHICH BEARS THE DISHES TO THE DINING-TABLE ABOVE.
From a Photograph.

"But will not the introduction of all this labour-saving machinery play havoc with the workers, who already find it extremely difficult to get employment?"

"Not so. You mustn't imagine that my hotel will be without a personnel. No; the hotels of the future will still have to keep large staffs of servants, though undoubtedly they will be smaller than those now employed. As to those who are 'thrown out of work,' this will be merely a momentary evil; they will find some other work to do, and work, possibly, much less fatiguing and more pleasant. The Hotel Feria Electra, then,

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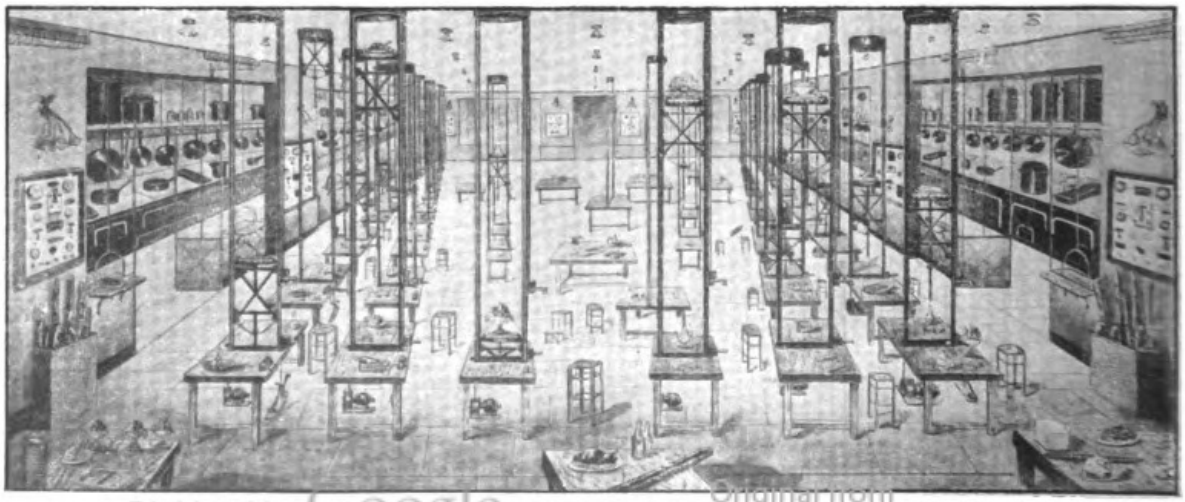


GENERAL VIEW OF THE DINING-ROOM, SHOWING THE LIFTS IN THE CENTRE OF THE TABLES, AND THE LAMP-SUPPORTS, WHICH CONTAIN A TELEPHONE TO THE KITCHEN.

From a Photograph.

will have its manager and staff. Only, most of the subordinate workers will be invisible to the occupants. There will be a silence and an air of privacy about the building which thousands who thoroughly dislike the bustle of some of our present hotels will highly appreciate. But let me give you some idea of the life of a person who comes to live in the hotel of the future, from the time of his or her arrival to the moment of his or her departure, and endeavour to illustrate my remarks with photographs and drawings of some of the apparatus we are going to use. The manager, as he sits in his office, will be a very omniscient person indeed. He will have no need to move from his room to know what is going on in the servants' department; he will have an ear—an electrical ear—for everything it is essential for him to know. Later, too, when Professor Branly has solved the problem of vision at a distance, he will have his eye upon everybody it is necessary he should see.

"We will pass over such minor electric



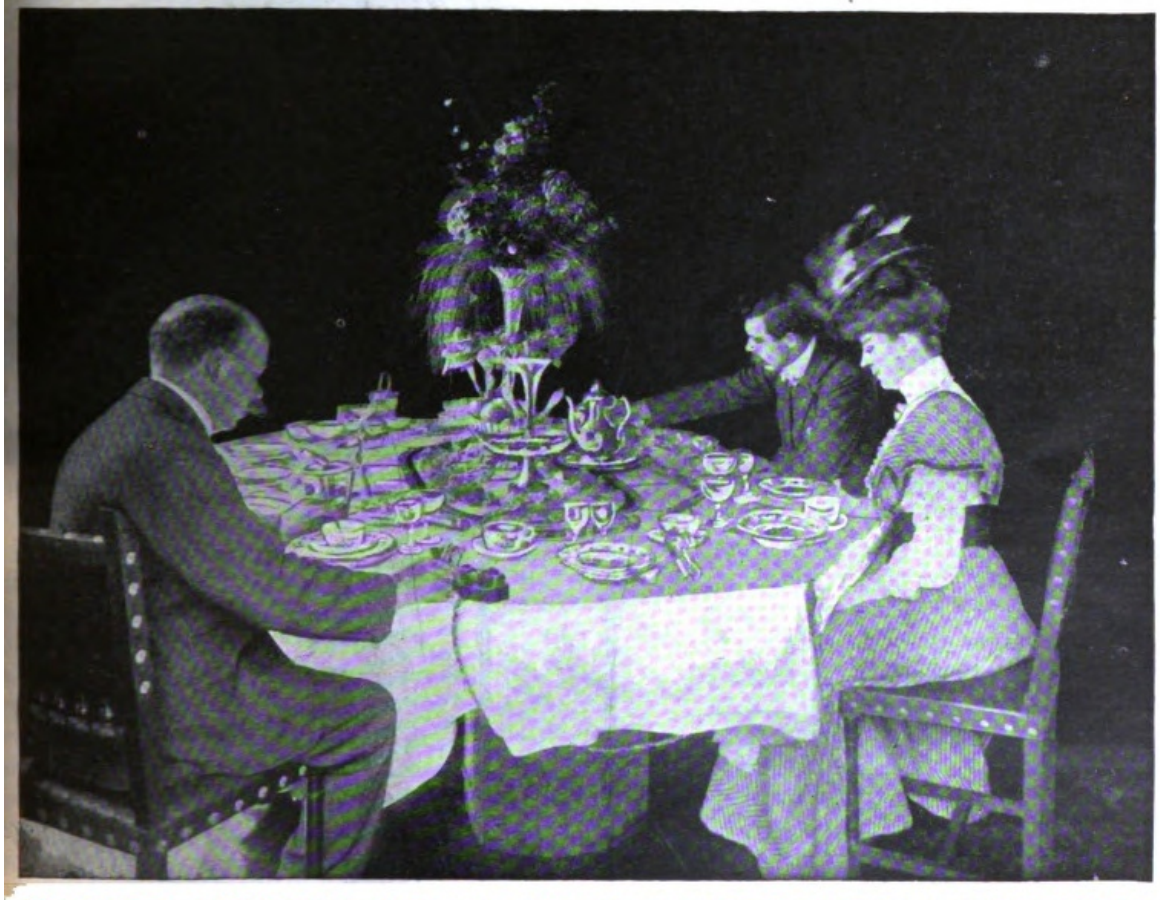
GENERAL VIEW OF THE KITCHEN, WHERE THE DISHES ARE PLACED ON THE LIFTS.

From a Photograph.

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inventions as my patent ever-moving doormat, which removes the dust from the person's boots; we will pass over the well-known electric lift, or moving staircase, which carries him or her to the floor where his or her room is situated. On reaching the right *étage*, you can get to your room either by walking along the corridor or by stepping on to the moving sidewalk. But all these things are banal nowadays. The surprises come when you enter into occupation of your suite of rooms.

"Every room is in direct communication with the pantry, which is situated in the basement. This photograph here shows you the general aspect. Around this combined kitchen and pantry you see the electric cookers and the various switchboards controlling the electric currents. But the apparatus to which I would specially draw your attention are the electric lifts—I cannot think of a better word for them—which are placed on the numerous little tables seen here and there. What happens? An occupant in one of the rooms desires breakfast. He rings a bell placed near his bed-head, and immediately a voice, issuing from the chandelier, where one of my loud-speaking telephones is hidden, asks what monsieur desires. Without going to the trouble of seizing a telephone and speaking into a receiver, he gives his orders. Every word he says, though it is spoken in quite an ordinary tone, is heard by the invisible servant. First of all, he wishes the shutters to be opened and the blinds drawn. All such things are controlled from the servants' quarters. The room he finds too hot; its heat must be modified. Then he will be glad to have his morning coffee and rolls, his newspaper, and his correspondence. No sooner said than done—that is to say, in five or six minutes his wishes are attended to. How does he receive his breakfast, etc.? Through the door, to which it is carried by a servant? No, no. I have changed all that. It comes to him *through the top* of the little bedside table which is to the right of his bed. This table is in communication with one of the lifts in the kitchen below. All the servant has got to do is to place the *petit déjeuner* on the round tray of the lift and turn on the electric current. On the tray and its



IN A PRIVATE DINING-ROOM—AS WELL AS THE LIFT, IT IS FURNISHED WITH A LITTLE RAILWAY FOR PASSING ROUND THE DISHES.
From a Photograph by] *[Laurence & Co., Paris.*

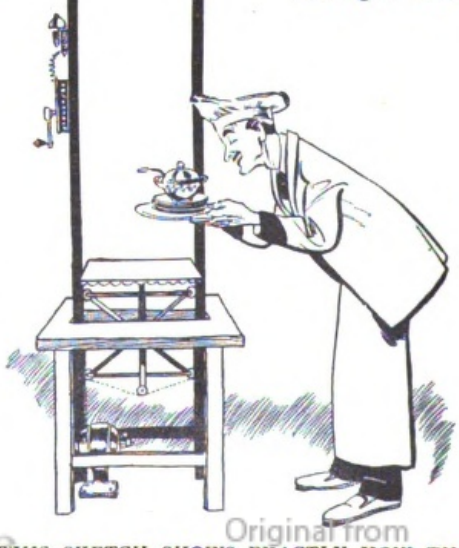
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contents reaching the top of the table, the top opens automatically, and the tray, secured by a catch, forms the top of the piece of furniture. The reverse of this happens when the occupant of the room has finished his meal. He touches a button, and immediately the tray and its contents descend to the *office* (see page 324).



"There is another feature about this room in the Hotel Feria Electra which I have forgotten to mention. Should the occupant wish to know the hour at any time of the night or early morning, he touches a button, and the time is flashed in large, luminous figures on the ceiling (see page 323). But I will not weary you with such minor details. Suffice it to say that in multitudinous ways I shall make the life of each visitor to my hotel easy and agreeable, and all this thanks to the Electric Fairy.

"I will now ask you to accompany me into the private dining-room of one of my guests. Here is a photograph (see page 321) which will serve to illustrate such a room. The table is again in direct communication with the kitchen, but it is a much more complicated affair than the *table de nuit*. It is provided, as you will observe, with a little railway which runs right round, and on the rails of which the tray and its contents can travel. You will notice that the gentleman on the left of the picture (we will suppose, for argument's sake, that he is the occupant of one of my suites of rooms, and that he is entertaining two visitors to tea) has his hand on a number of little electric buttons. These control the movements of the tray and the teapot. When he wishes to send these round the table he presses one of the buttons, and he can make them stop just where he wishes. In this way each guest is served and without the aid of a single servant. You ask me what particular advantage there is in this. Well, first of all, the electric table supplies the needs of those who sit around it much more expeditiously than servants could. There is no undue waiting between the courses. The diners, moreover, do not experience the inconvenience of a waiter leaning over their shoulders. Have not you yourself been annoyed by these attendants? Besides, there is the question of privacy. Nothing, to my mind, is more *gênant* than the presence of servants around a dinner-table. I always have the feeling that everything I say will be repeated to the *femme de chambre* or the parlourmaid. By means of a very simple appliance I can prevent anything that is said during a meal being caught by the receiver of the loud-speaking telephone.



THIS SKETCH SHOWS EXACTLY HOW THE LIFT PERFORMS ITS WORK.

"Ah, here is a drawing"—taking up another of the documents lying on his desk—"which rightly comes after that of the private dining-room. It represents the restaurant of the Hotel Feria Electra (see page 320). This restaurant,

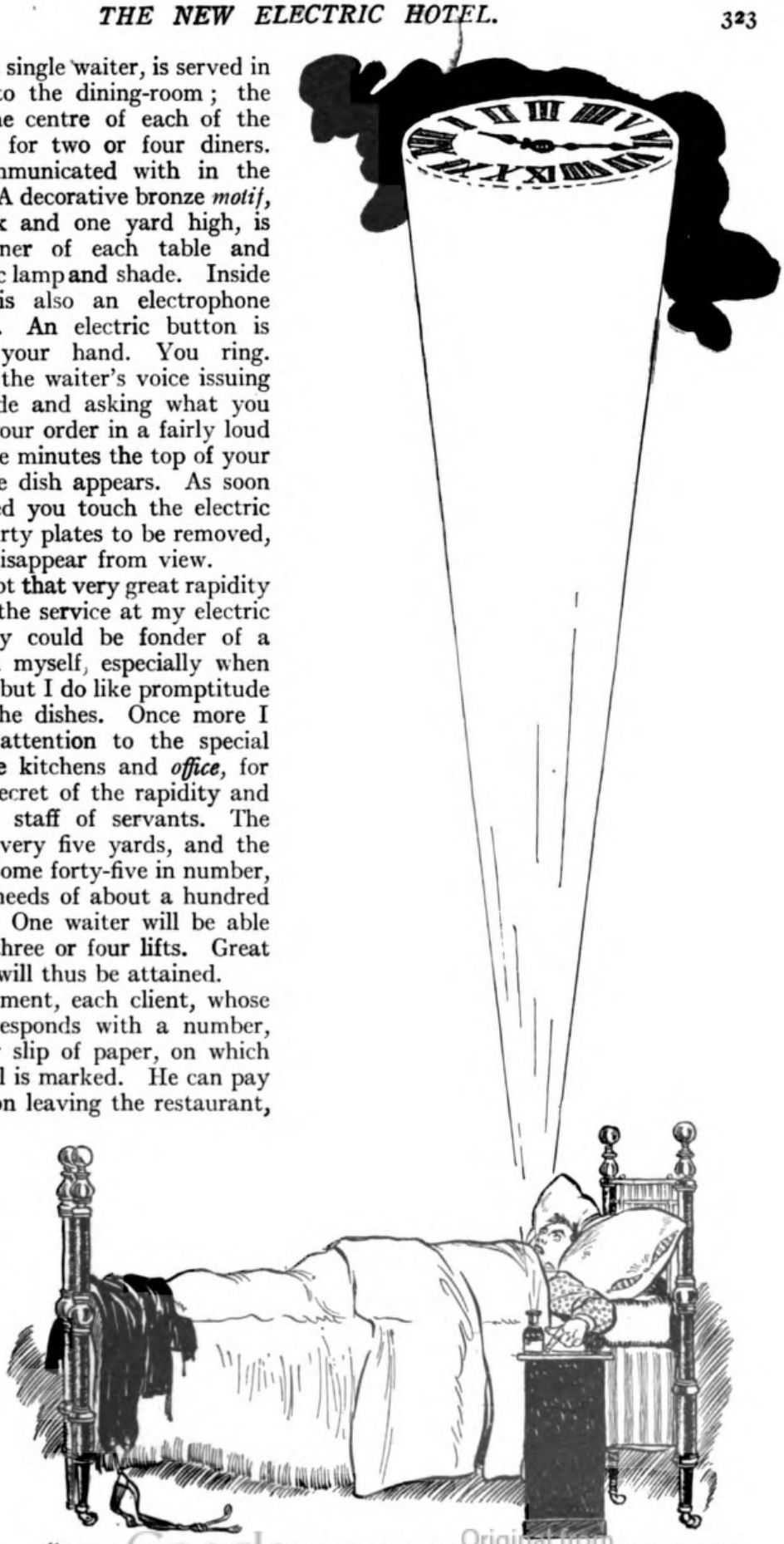
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which is devoid of a single waiter, is served in a similar manner to the dining-room; the dishes appear in the centre of each of the little tables—those for two or four diners. The waiter is communicated with in the following manner. A decorative bronze *motif*, with a curved neck and one yard high, is placed at the corner of each table and supports the electric lamp and shade. Inside this shade there is also an electrophone and a microphone. An electric button is within reach of your hand. You ring. Suddenly you hear the waiter's voice issuing from the lamp-shade and asking what you desire. You give your order in a fairly loud tone, and within five minutes the top of your table opens and the dish appears. As soon as you have finished you touch the electric button, order the dirty plates to be removed, and they at once disappear from view.

"There is no doubt that very great rapidity will be attained in the service at my electric restaurant. Nobody could be fonder of a leisurely meal than myself, especially when I am with friends; but I do like promptitude in the serving of the dishes. Once more I would draw your attention to the special arrangement of the kitchens and *office*, for here we have the secret of the rapidity and punctuality of my staff of servants. The tables are placed every five yards, and the lifts, which will be some forty-five in number, will attend to the needs of about a hundred and eighty diners. One waiter will be able to attend to, say, three or four lifts. Great economy in labour will thus be attained.

"As regards payment, each client, whose *bouton d'appel* corresponds with a number, receives a ticket or slip of paper, on which the price of his meal is marked. He can pay either at the desk on leaving the restaurant, or place his money on the tray and send it down below.

"There will be large tables for banquets and family dinners, modelled on the lines of the electric tables in the private dining-rooms. But I shall introduce a slight modification. A periscope will enable the butler in the office to see all



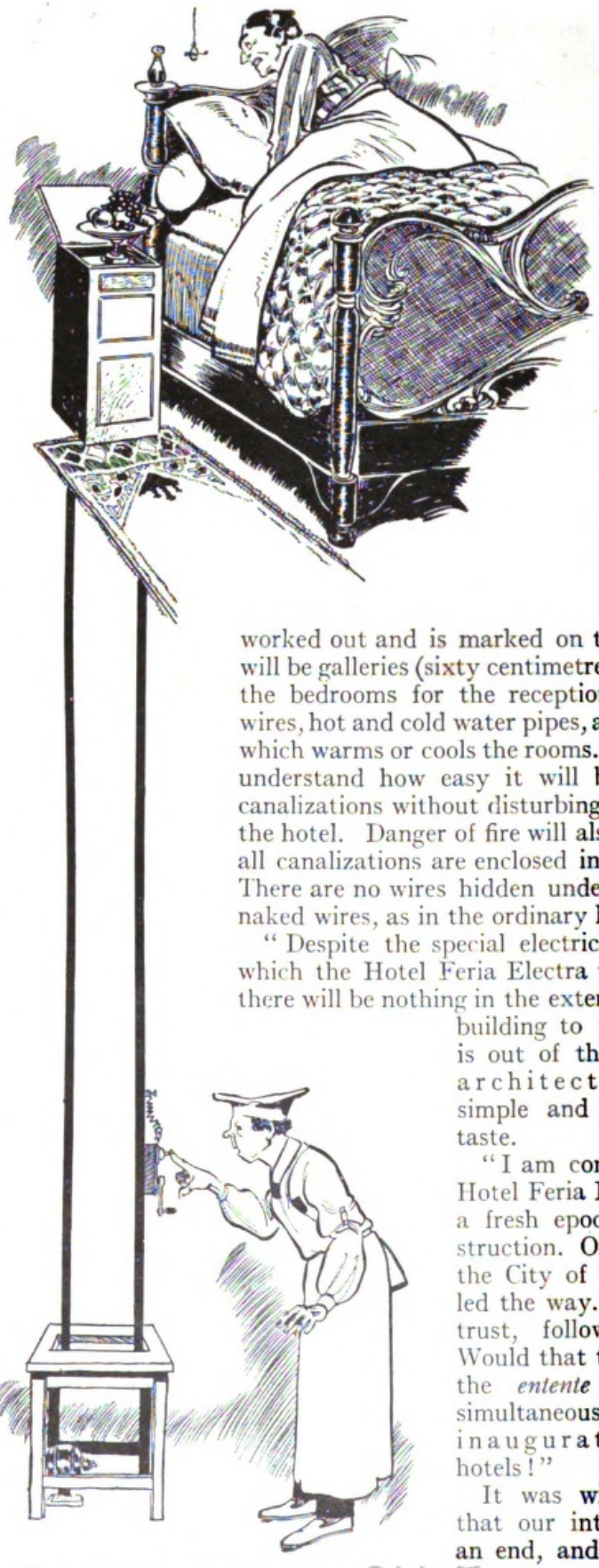
"BY TOUCHING A BUTTON, THE TIME IS FLASHED IN LARGE LUMINOUS LETTERS ON THE CEILING."

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that is going on and to direct the dishes towards each diner.

"And now I must tell you something about the electric winter garden, which I intend shall be an important annexe of the hotel. This will be a veritable Eden, far surpassing the wonders of which we read in the tales of 'The Thousand and One Nights' or in those of Jules Verne. It will be forty yards long and thirty-five yards broad, and in the depth of winter will be filled with the most delicate hothouse and exotic flowers. Gigantic tropical plants will rise here and there from amidst the verdure of the lawns, and rippling streams will fill the air with their music. A number of grottoes surround this winter garden. Here you will be able to dine or take tea, and, as in the restaurant, you will be attended to electrically. By means of a special lighting you will have the illusion of a garden seen either in moonlight or in sunlight. There will also be an invisible electric orchestra, which, at certain hours of the day, will play classical and modern music.

"M. Danger and I have devoted considerable attention to the question of the warming and cooling of the hotel. Without going into tedious technical details, I may say that the occupants will be able to obtain warmth in winter and coolness in summer, and by simply turning a switch.



"BREAKFAST COMES THROUGH THE TOP OF THE LITTLE BEDSIDE TABLE."

"If my collaborator were here at this moment he would be able to tell you much concerning the architecture of the Hotel Feria Electra. Let me briefly explain that everything has been carefully worked out and is marked on the plans. There will be galleries (sixty centimetres broad) between the bedrooms for the reception of the electric wires, hot and cold water pipes, and the apparatus which warms or cools the rooms. You will readily understand how easy it will be to inspect the canalizations without disturbing the occupants of the hotel. Danger of fire will also be avoided, for all canalizations are enclosed in fireproof boxes. There are no wires hidden under mouldings; no naked wires, as in the ordinary hotel.

"Despite the special electric machinery with which the Hotel Feria Electra will be fitted up, there will be nothing in the exterior aspect of the building to indicate that it is out of the ordinary. Its architecture will be simple and in the best of taste.

"I am convinced that the Hotel Feria Electra will mark a fresh epoch in hotel construction. Once more Paris—the City of Light—will have led the way. London will, I trust, follow her example. Would that the two cities of the *entente cordiale* could simultaneously witness the inauguration of electric hotels!"

It was with these words that our interview came to an end, and that I left M. Knap to continue his multitudinous labours.

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The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol.

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

VII.—The Adventure of the Fickle Goddess.

ARISTIDE was in clover. For the first, and up to now, as I write, the only, time in his life he realized the gorgeous visions of pallid years. He was leading the existence of the amazing rich. He could drink champagne; he could dine lavishly at the Casino restaurants or at Nikola's, prince of restaurateurs, among the opulent and the fair; he could clothe himself in attractive raiment; he could also distribute five-franc pieces to lame beggars. And why not, when he was drawing wealth out of an inexhaustible fount? The process was so simple, so sure. All you had to do was to believe in the cards on which you staked your money. If you knew you were going to win, you won. Nothing could be easier.

He had drifted into Aix-les-Bains from Geneva, with a couple of louis in his pocket forlornly jingling the tale of his entire fortune. As this was before the days when you had to exhibit certificates of baptism, marriage, sanity, and bank-balance before being allowed to enter the baccarat rooms, Aristide paid his two francs and made a bee-line for the tables. I am afraid Aristide was a gambler. He was never so happy as when taking chances. Before the night was over he had converted his two louis into fifty. The next day they became five hundred. By the end of a week his garments were wadded with bank-notes whose value amounted to a sum so stupendous as to be beyond need of computation. He was a celebrity in the place and people nudged each other as he passed by. And Aristide passed by with a swagger, his head high and the end of his pointed beard sticking joyously up in the air.

We see him one August morning, in the plenitude of his success, lounging in a wicker chair on the shady lawn of the Hôtel de l'Europe. He wore white buckskin shoes—I begin with these as they were the first point of his person to attract the notice of the onlooker—lilac silk socks, a white flannel suit with a zigzag black stripe, a violet tie secured by a sapphire and diamond pin, and a rakish Panama hat. On his knees lay the *Matin;* the fingers of his left hand held a fragrant corona; his right hand was uplifted in a gesture, for he was talking. He was talking to a couple of ladies who sat near by, one a mild-looking English woman of fifty, dressed in black, the other, her daughter, a beautiful girl of twenty-four. That Aristide should fly to feminine charms like moth to candle was a law of his being; that he should lie, with shrivelled wings, at Miss Errington's feet was the obvious result. Her charms were of the winsome kind to which he was most susceptible. She had an oval face, a little mouth like crumpled rose-petals (so Aristide himself described it), a complexion the mingling of ivory and peach-blossom (Aristide again), a straight little nose, appealing eyes of the deepest blue veiled by sweeping lashes, and fascinating fluffiness of dark hair over a pure brow. She had a graceful figure, and the slender foot below her white *piqué* skirt was at once the envy and admiration of Aix-les-Bains.

Aristide talked. The ladies listened, with obvious amusement. In the easy hotel way he had fallen into their acquaintance. As the man of wealth, the careless player who took five hundred louis banks at the table with the five-louis minimum and cleared out the punt, he felt it necessary to explain himself.

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"What perfect English you speak!" Miss Errington remarked, when he had finished his harangue and had put the corona between his lips. Her voice was a soft contralto.

"I have mixed much in English society since I was a child," replied Aristide, in his grandest manner. "Fortune has made me know many of your county families and members of Parliament."

Miss Errington laughed.

"Our M.P.'s are rather a mixed lot, M. Pujol."

in Republican France. Now, there's our friend, the Comte de Lussigny, for instance——"

A frown momentarily darkened the cloudless brow of Aristide Pujol. He did not like the Comte de Lussigny.

"With M. de Lussigny," he interposed, "it is a matter of prejudice, not of principle."

"And with you?"

"The reasoned philosophy of a lifetime, mademoiselle," answered Aristide.

He turned to Mrs. Errington.



"HE WAS TALKING TO A COUPLE OF LADIES WHO SAT NEAR BY."

"To me an English member of Parliament is a high-bred Conservative. I do not recognize the others," said Aristide.

"Unfortunately we have to recognize them," said the elder lady, with a smile.

"Not socially, madame. They exist as mechanical factors of the legislative machine, but that is all." He swelled as if the blood of the Montmorencys and the Colignys boiled in his veins. "We do not ask them into our drawing-rooms. We do not allow them to marry our daughters. We only salute them with cold politeness when we pass them in the street."

"It's astonishing," said Miss Errington, "how strongly the aristocratic principle exists

"How long have you known M. de Lussigny, madame?"

She looked at her daughter.

"It was in Monte Carlo the winter before last, wasn't it, Betty? Since then we have met him frequently in England and Paris. We came across him, just lately, at Trouville. I think he's charming, don't you?"

"He's a great gambler," said Aristide.

Betty Errington laughed again.

"But so are you. So is mamma. So am I, in my poor little way."

"We gamble for amusement," said Aristide, loftily.

"I'm sure I don't," cried Miss Betty, with merry eyes—and she looked adorable. "When

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I put my despised five-franc piece down on the table I want desperately to win, and when the horrid croupier rakes it up I want to hit him. Oh, I want to hit him hard!"

"And when you win?"

"I'm afraid I don't think of the croupier at all," said Miss Betty.

Her mother smiled indulgently and exchanged a glance with Aristide. This pleased him; there was an agreeable little touch of intimacy in it. It confirmed friendly relations with the mother. What were his designs as regards the daughter he did not know. They were not evil, certainly. For all his Southern blood, Latin traditions, and devil-may-care upbringing, Aristide, though perhaps not reaching our divinely set and therefore unique English standard of morality, was a decent soul; further, partly through his pedagogic sojourn among them, and partly through his childish adoration of the frank, fair-cheeked Northern goddesses talking the quick, clear speech, who passed him by when he was a hunted little devil of a *chasseur* in the Marseilles *café*, he had acquired a peculiarly imaginative reverence for English girls. Aristide made the most respectful love in the world to Betty Errington, because he could not help himself. "*Tonnerre de Dieu!*" he cried when, from my Britannic point of view, I talked to him on the subject. "You English whom I try to understand and can never understand are so funny! It would have been insulting to Miss Betty Errington —*tiens!*—a purple hyacinth of spring, that was what she was—not to have made love to her. Love to a pretty woman is like a shower of rain to hyacinths. It passes, it goes. Another one comes. *Qu'importe?* But the shower is necessary. Ah, *sacré gredin*, when will you comprehend?"

All this to make as clear as an Englishman, in the confidence of a changeling child of Provence, can hope to do, the attitude of Aristide Pujol towards the sweet and innocent Betty Errington.

"I'm afraid I don't think of the croupier at all," said Betty.

"Do you think of no one who brings you good fortune?" asked Aristide. He threw the *Matin* on the grass, and, doubling himself up in his chair, regarded her earnestly. "Last night you put five louis into my bank——"

"And I won forty. I could have hugged you."

"Why didn't you? Ah"—his arm spread wide and high—"what I have lost!"

"Betty!" cried Mrs. Errington.

"Alas, madame," said Aristide, "that is the despair of our artificial civilization. It prohibits so much spontaneous expression of emotion."

"You'll forgive me, M. Pujol," said Mrs. Errington, dryly, "but I think our artificial civilization has its advantages."

"If you will forgive me, in your turn, madame," said Aristide, "I see a doubtful one advancing."

A man approached the group and, with profuse gestures, took off a straw hat, which he thrust under his right arm, exposing an amazingly flat head on which the closely-cropped hair stood brush-fashion upright. He had an insignificant, pale face, to which a specious individuality was given by a moustache with ends waxed up to the eyes and by a monocle with a tortoiseshell rim. He was dressed in what was yesterday a fairly white flannel suit.

"Madame—mademoiselle!" He shook hands with charming grace. "Monsieur!" He bowed stiffly. Aristide doffed his Panama hat with adequate ceremony. "May I be permitted to join you?"

"With pleasure, M. de Lussigny," said Mrs. Errington.

M. de Lussigny brought up a chair and sat down.

"What time did you get to bed last night?" asked Betty Errington. She spoke excellently pure French, and so did her mother.

"Soon after we parted, mademoiselle; quite early for me, but late for you. And you look this morning as if you had gone to bed at sundown and got up at dawn."

Miss Betty's glance, responsive to the compliment, filled Aristide with wrath. What right had the Comte de Lussigny, a fellow who consorted with Brazilian *rastaquouères* and perfumed Levantine nondescripts, to win such a glance from Betty Errington?

"If mademoiselle can look so fresh," said he, "in the artificial atmosphere of Aix, what is there of adorable that she must not resemble in the innocence of her Somersetshire home?"

"You cannot imagine it, monsieur," said the Count; "but I have had the privilege to see it."

"I hope M. Pujol will visit us also in our country home when we get back," said Mrs. Errington, with intent to pacificate. "It is modest, but it is old-world, and has been in our family for hundreds of years."

"Ah, these old English homes!" said Aristide.

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"Would you care to hear about it?"

"I should," said he.

He drew his chair courteously a foot or two nearer that of the mild lady; M. de Lussigny took instant advantage of the move to establish himself close to Miss Betty.

Presently Mrs. Errington consulted a watch. It was nearing lunch-time. Aristide took her a pace or two aside.

"My dear Mrs. Errington," said he, in English. "I do not wish to be indiscreet—but you come from your quiet home in Somerset and your beautiful daughter is so young and inexperienced, and I am a man of the world who has mingled in all the society of Europe—may I warn you against admitting the Comte de Lussigny too far into your intimacy?"

She turned an anxious face. "M. Pujol, is there anything against the Count?"

Aristide executed the large and expressive shrug of the Southerner.

"I play high at the tables for my amusement—I know the principal players, people of high standing. Among them M. de Lussigny's reputation is not spotless."

"You alarm me very much," said Mrs. Errington, troubled.

"I only put you on your guard," said Aristide.

The others, who had risen and followed, caught them up. At the entrance to the hotel the ladies left, the men elaborately saluting. The latter, alone, looked at each other.

"Monsieur!"

"Monsieur!"

Each man raised his hat, turned on his heel, and went his way. Aristide betook himself to the *café* on the Place Carnot, on the side of the square facing the white Établissement des Bains, with the stern sense of having done his duty. It was monstrous that this English damask rose should fall a prey to so detestable a person as the Comte de Lussigny. He suspected him of disgraceful things. If only he had proof! Fortune, ever favouring him, stood at his elbow. She guided him straight to a table in the front row of the terrace, where sat a black-haired, hard-featured, though comely youth deep in thought, in front of an untouched glass of beer.

The young man was another hotel acquaintance, one Eugene Miller, of Atlanta, Georgia, a curious compound of shrewdness and simplicity, to whom Aristide had taken a fancy. He was twenty-eight, and ran a colossal boot factory in partnership with another youth, and had a consuming passion for stained-glass windows. From books he knew every square foot of old stained glass in Europe. But he had crossed the Atlantic for the first time only six weeks before, and, having indulged his craving immoderately, had rested for a span at Aix-les-Bains to recover from æsthetic indigestion. He had quite recently come across the Comte de Lussigny. Hence the depth of thought in which Aristide discovered him. Now, the fact that North is North and South is South, and that never these twain shall meet, is a proposition all too little considered. I hold the theory that the Northerners of all nations have a common characteristic and the Southerners of all nations have a common characteristic, and that it is this common characteristic in each case that makes North seek and understand North, and South seek and understand South. I will not go further into the general proposition; but as a particular instance I will state that the American of the South and the Frenchman of the South found themselves in essential sympathy.

"I used rather to look down upon Europe as a place where people knew nothing at all," said Eugene Miller. "We're sort of trained to think it's an extinct volcano, but it isn't. It's alive. I wish the whole population of Atlanta, Georgia, would come over and just see. There's a lot to be learned. I thought I knew how to take care of myself, but this tortoiseshell-eyed Count taught me last night that I couldn't. He cleaned me out of twenty-five hundred dollars."

"How?" asked Aristide, sharply.

"Écarté."

Aristide brought his hand down with a bang on the table and uttered anathemas in French and Provençal entirely unintelligible to Eugene Miller; but the youth knew by instinct that they were useful, soul-destroying curses, and he felt comforted.

"Écarté! You played écarté with Lussigny? But, my young friend, do you know anything of écarté?"

"Of course," said Miller. "I used to play it as a child with my sisters."

"*Eh bien*, don't play écarté any more."

"I must," said Miller.

"*Comment?*"

"I must. I've fixed it up to get my revenge this afternoon—in my sitting-room at the hotel."

"But it's imbecile!"

The sweep of Aristide's arm produced prismatic chaos among a trayful of drinks

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which the waiter was bringing to a family party at the next table.

"It's imbecile!" he cried, as soon as order was apologetically and pecuniarily restored. "You are a little mutton going to have its wool taken off."

"I've fixed it up," said Miller. "I've never gone back on an engagement yet in



"YOU CHEAT, MONSIEUR—YOU CHEAT!"

y own country, and I'm not going to begin his side."

Aristide argued, but Eugene Miller's sole oncession was that Aristide should be present t the encounter, and, backing his hand, hould have the power (given by the rules of he French game) to guide his play.

The Count looked rather black when he ound Aristide Pujol in Miller's sitting-room. He could not, however, refuse him admittance o the game. The three sat down, Aristide y Miller's side, so that he could overlook the and and indicate, by pointing, the cards that t was advisable to play. The game began. Fortune favoured Mr. Eugene Miller. The Count's brow grew blacker.

"You are bringing your own luck to our riend, M. Pujol," said he, dealing the cards.

"He needs it," said Aristide.

"*Le roi*," said the Count, turning up the king.

The Count won the vole, or all five tricks, and swept the stakes towards him. Then Fortune quickly and firmly deserted Mr. Miller. The Count, besides being an amazingly fine player, held amazingly fine hands. The pile of folded notes in front of him rose higher and higher. Aristide tugged at his beard in agitation. Suddenly, as the Count dealt a king as trump card, he sprang to his feet, knocking over the chair behind him.

"You cheat, monsieur—you cheat!"

"Monsieur!" cried the outraged dealer.

"What has he done?" asked Miller.

"He has been palming kings and neutralizing the cut. I've been watching. Now I

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catch him!" cried Aristide, in great excitement. "Ah, *sale voleur! Maintenant je vous tiens!*"

"Monsieur," said the Comte de Lussigny, with dignity, stuffing his winnings into his jacket-pocket, "you insult me. It is an infamy. Two of my friends will call upon you."

"And M. Miller and I will kick them over Mont Révard, monsieur."

"You cannot treat *gens d'honneur* in such a way, monsieur." He turned to Miller and said, haughtily, in his imperfect English, "Did you see the cheat, you?"

"I can't say that I did," replied the young man. "On the other hand, that torch-light procession of kings doesn't seem exactly natural."

"But you did not see anything! *Bon!*"

"But I saw. Isn't that enough, *hein?*" shouted Aristide, brandishing his fingers in the Count's face. "You come here and think there's nothing easier than to cheat young foreigners who don't know the rules of écarté. You come here and think you can carry off rich young English misses. Ah, *sale escroc!* You never thought you would have to reckon with me, Aristide Pujol. You call yourself the Comte de Lussigny. Bah! I know you"—he didn't, but that doesn't matter; "your *dossier* is in the hands of the Prefect of Police. I am going to get that *dossier*. M. Lepine is my intimate friend. Every autumn we shoot together. Aha! You send me your two galley-birds, and see what I do to them."

The Comte de Lussigny twirled the tips of his moustache almost to his forehead and caught up his hat.

"My friends shall be officers in the uniform of the French army," he said, by the door.

"And mine shall be two gendarmes," retorted Aristide. "*Nom de Dieu!*" he cried, after the other had left the room. "We let him take the money!"

"That's of no consequence. He didn't get away with much, anyway," said young Miller. "But he would have if you hadn't been here. If ever I can do you a return service, just ask."

Aristide went out to look for the Erringtons, but they were not to be found. It was only late in the afternoon that he met Mrs. Errington in the hall of the hotel. He dragged her into a corner, and in his impulsive fashion told her everything. She listened white-faced, in great distress.

"My daughter's engaged to him. I've only just learned," she faltered.

"Engaged? *Sacré bleu!* Ah, *le goujat!*" For the second he was desperately, furiously, jealously in love with Betty Errington. "Ah, *le sale type! Voyons!* This engagement must be broken off. At once! You are her mother."

Mrs. Errington twisted a handkerchief between helpless fingers. "Betty is infatuated. She won't believe it." She regarded him piteously. "Oh, M. Pujol, what can I do? You see, she has an independent fortune and is over twenty-one. I am powerless."

"I will meet his two friends," exclaimed Aristide, magnificently, "and I will kill him! *Voilà!*"

"Oh, a duel! No! How awful!" cried the mild lady, horror-stricken.

He thrust his cane dramatically through a sheet of a newspaper, which he had caught from a table.

"I will run him through the body like that"—Aristide had never handled a foil in his life—"and when he is dead your beautiful daughter will thank me for having saved her from such an execrable fellow."

"But you mustn't fight. It would be too dreadful. Is there no other way?"

"You must consult first with your daughter," said Aristide.

He dined in the hotel with Eugene Miller. Neither the Erringtons nor the Comte de Lussigny were anywhere to be seen. After dinner, however, he found the elder lady waiting for him in the hall. They walked out into the quiet of the garden. She had been too upset to dine, she explained, having had a terrible scene with Betty. Nothing but absolute proofs of her lover's iniquity would satisfy her. The world was full of slanderous tongues; the noblest and purest did not escape. For herself, she had never been comfortable with the Comte de Lussigny. She had noticed, too, that he had always avoided the best French people in hotels. She would give anything to save her daughter. She wept.

"And the unhappy girl has written him compromising letters," she lamented.

"They must be got back."

"But how? Oh, M. Pujol, do you think he would take money for them?"

"A scoundrel like that would take money for his dead mother's shroud," said Aristide.

"A thousand pounds?"

She looked very haggard and helpless beneath the dim blue arc-lights. Aristide's heart went out to her.

"That is much money, *chère madame*," said he.

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"ARISTIDE SUPERBLY GATHERED UP HIS NOTES AND GOLD."

"I am fairly well off," said Mrs. Errington.

Aristide reflected. At the offer of a smaller sum the Count would possibly bluff. But to a knight of industry, as he knew the Count to be, a certain thousand pounds would be a great temptation.

"Madame," said he, "if you offer him a thousand pounds for the letters and a written confession that he is not the Comte de Lussigny, but a common adventurer, I stake my reputation that he will accept."

They walked along for a few moments in silence. After a while she halted and laid her hand on his sleeve.

"M. Pujol, I have never been faced with such a thing before. Will you undertake for me this delicate and difficult business?"

"Madame," said he, "my whole life is at

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the service of yourself and your most exquisite daughter."

She pressed his hand. "Thank Heaven, I've got a friend in this dreadful place!" she said, brokenly. "Let me go in." And when they reached the lounge she said, "Wait for me here."

She entered the lift. Aristide waited. Presently the lift descended and she emerged with a slip of paper in her hand.

"Here is a bearer cheque, M. Pujol, for a thousand pounds. Get the letters and the confession if you can, and a mother's blessing will go with you."

Aristide, athirst with love, living drama, and unholy hatred of the Comte de Lussigny, cocked his hat at an engaging angle on his head and swaggered into the Villa des Fleurs. As he passed the plebeian crowd round the *petits-chevaux* table—these were the days of little horses, and not the modern equivalent of *la boule*—he threw a louis on the square marked 5, waited for the croupier to push him his winnings, seven louis and his stake, on the little white horse, and walked into the baccarat room. A bank was being called for thirty louis at the end table.

"*Quarante*," said Aristide.

"*Ajugé à quarante louis*," cried the croupier, no one bidding higher.

Aristide took the banker's seat and put down his forty louis. Looking round the long table, he saw the Comte de Lussigny sitting in the punt. The two men glared at each other defiantly. Someone went "*banco*." Aristide won. The fact of his holding the bank attracted a crowd round the table. The regular game began. Aristide won, lost, won again. Now, it must be explained, without going into the details of the game, that the hand against the bank is played by the members of the punt in turn.

Suddenly, before dealing the cards, Aristide asked: "*A qui la main?*"

"*C'est à monsieur*," said the croupier, indicating Lussigny.

"*Il y a une suite*," said Aristide, signifying, as was his right, that he would retire from the bank with his winnings. "The face of that gentleman does not please me."

There was a hush at the humming table. The Count grew dead white and looked at his finger-nails. Aristide superbly gathered up his notes and gold and, tossing a couple of louis to the croupiers, left the table, followed by all eyes. It was one of the thrilling moments of Aristide's life. He had taken the stage, commanded the situation. He had publicly offered the Comte de Lussigny the most deadly insult, and the Comte de Lussigny sat down beneath it like a lamb. Aristide swaggered slowly through the crowded room twirling his moustache, and went into the cool of the moonlit, deserted garden beyond, where he waited gleefully. He had a Puckish knowledge of human nature. After a decent interval, and during the absorbing interest of the newly-constituted bank, the Comte de Lussigny slipped unnoticed from the table and went in search of Aristide. He found him smoking a large corona and lounging in one wicker chair, with his feet on another, beside a very large whisky and soda.

"Ah, it's you!" said he, without moving.

"Yes, monsieur," said the Count, furiously.

"I haven't yet had the pleasure of kicking your friends over Mont Révard," said Aristide.

"Look here, *mon petit*, this has got to finish," cried the Count.

"*Parfaitement!* I should like nothing better than to finish. But let us finish like well-bred people," said Aristide, insolently. "We don't want the whole Casino as witnesses. You'll find a chair over there. Bring it up."

He was enjoying himself immensely. The Count glared at him, turned, and banged a chair over by the side of the table.

"Why do you insult me like this?"

"Because," said Aristide, "I've talked by telephone this evening with my good friend M. Lepine, Prefect of Police of Paris."

"You lie," said the Count.

"*Vous verrez*. In the meantime, perhaps we might have a little conversation. Will you have a whisky-and-soda? It is one of my English habits."

"No," said the Count, emphatically.

"You permit me, then?" He drank a great draught. "You are wrong. It helps to give me the *phlègme britannique*. *Eh bien*, let us talk."

He talked. He put before the Count the situation of the beautiful Miss Errington. He conducted the scene like the friend of the family whose astuteness he had admired as a boy in the melodramas that found their way to Marseilles.

"Look!" said he at last, having vainly offered from one hundred to eight hundred pounds for poor Betty Errington's compromising letters—"look!" He drew the cheque from his note-case. "Here are twenty-five thousand francs. The signature is that of the charming Mme. Errington herself. The letters, and a little signed word, just a little word. 'Mademoiselle, I am a *chevalier d'industrie*. I have a wife and five children.

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I am not worthy of you. I give you back your promise.' Just that. And twenty-five thousand francs, *mon ami*."

"Never in life!" exclaimed the Count, rising. "You continue to insult me."

Aristide for the first time abandoned his lazy attitude and jumped to his feet.

"And I'll continue to insult you, *canaille* that you are, all through that room," he cried, with a swift-flung gesture towards the brilliant doorway. "I swear to you I'll make a scandal that you won't survive."

"I admit nothing," said the Count. "But you are a gambler, and so am I. I will play you for those documents against twenty-five thousand francs."

"Eh?" said Aristide, staggered for the moment.

The Comte de Lussigny repeated his proposition.

"*Bon!*" said Aristide. "*Très bon. C'est entendu. C'est fait.*"

If Beelzebub had arisen and offered to play beggar-my-neighbour for his soul, Aristide would have agreed; especially after the large whisky-and-soda and the Mumm Cordon Rouge and the Napoleon brandy which Eugene Miller had insisted on his drinking at dinner.

"I have a large room at the hotel," said he.

"I will join you," said the Count. "Monsieur"—he took off his hat very politely—"go first. I will be there in three minutes."

Aristide trod on air during the ten minutes' walk to the Hôtel de l'Europe. At the bureau he ordered a couple of packs of cards and a supply of drinks, and went to his palatial room on the ground floor. In a few moments the Comte de Lussigny appeared. Aristide offered him a two-franc corona, which was graciously accepted. Then he tore the wrapping off one of the packs of cards and shuffled.

"Monsieur," said he, still shuffling, "I should like to deal two hands at écarté. It signifies nothing. It is an experiment. Will you cut?"

"*Volontiers*," said the Count.

Aristide took up the pack, dealt three cards to the Count, three cards to himself, two cards to the Count, two to himself, and turned up the king of hearts as the eleventh card.

"Monsieur," said he, "expose your hand, and I will expose mine."

Both men threw their hands face uppermost on the table. Aristide's was full of trumps, the Count's of valueless cards.

He looked at his adversary with a roguish, triumphant smile. The Count looked at him darkly.

"The ordinary card-player does not know how to deal like that," he said, with sinister significance.

"But I am not ordinary in anything, my dear sir," laughed Aristide, in his large boastfulness. "If I were, do you think I would have agreed to your absurd proposal? *Voyons*, I only wanted to show you that in dealing cards I am your equal. Now, the letters——" The Count threw a small packet on the table. "You will permit me? I do not wish to read them. I verify only. Good," said he. "And the confession?"

"What you like," said the Count, coldly.

Aristide scribbled a few lines devastating to the character of a Hyrcanian tiger, and handed the paper and fountain-pen to the Count.

"Will you sign?"

The Count glanced at the words and signed.

"*Voilà*," said Aristide, laying Mrs. Errington's cheque beside the documents. "Now let us play. The best of three games?"

"Good," said the Count. "But you will excuse me, monsieur, if I claim to play for ready money. The cheque will take five days to negotiate, and if I lose I shall evidently have to leave Aix to-morrow morning."

"That's reasonable," said Aristide.

He drew out his fat note-case and counted twenty-five one-thousand-franc notes on to the table. And then began the most exciting game of cards he had ever played. In the first place, he was playing with another person's money for a fantastic stake, a girl's honour and happiness. Secondly, he was pitted against a master of écarté. And thirdly, he knew that his adversary would cheat if he could, and that his adversary suspected him of fraudulent designs. So, as they played, each man, craning his head forward, looked at the other man's fingers with fierce intensity.

Aristide lost the first game. He wiped the sweat from his forehead. In the second game he won the vole in one hand. The third and final game began. They played slowly, carefully, with keen, quick eyes. Their breathing came hard. The Count's lips, parted beneath his uptwisted moustache, showed his teeth like a cat's. Aristide lost sense of all outer things in the thrill of the encounter. They snarled the stereotyped phrases necessary for the conduct of the game. At last the points stood at four for Aristide and three for his adversary. It was Aristide's deal. Before turning up the eleventh card he paused for the fraction of a second. If

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it was the king, he had won. He flicked it neatly face upward. It was not the king.

"*J'en donne.*"

"*Non. Le roi.*"

The Count played and marked the king. Aristide had no trumps. The game was lost.

He sat back white, while the Count, smiling, gathered up the bank-notes.

"And now, M. Pujol," said he, impudently, "I am willing to sell you this rubbish for the cheque."

Aristide jumped to his feet. "Never!" he cried. Madness seized him. Regardless of the fact that he had nothing like another thousand pounds left wherewith to repay Mrs. Errington if he lost, he shouted: "I will play again for it. Not écarté. One cut of the cards. Ace lowest."

"All right," said the Count.

"Begin, you."

Aristide watched his hand as he cut. He cut an eight. Aristide gave a little gasp of joy and cut quickly. He held up a knave and laughed aloud. Then he stopped short, as he saw the Count about to pounce on the documents and the cheque. He made a swift movement and grabbed them first, the other man's hand on his.

"*Canaille!*"

He dashed his free hand into the adventurer's face. The man staggered back. Aristide pocketed the precious papers. The Count scowled at him for an undecided second, and then bolted from the room.

"Whew!" said Aristide, sinking into his chair and wiping his face. "That was a narrow escape."

He looked at his watch. It was only ten o'clock. It had seemed as if his game with Lussigny had lasted for hours.

On the following morning, as soon as he was dressed, he learned from the concierge that the Comte de Lussigny had left for Paris by the early train.

"Good," said Aristide.

A little later Mrs. Errington met him in the lounge, and accompanied him to the lawn where they had sat the day before.

"I have no words to thank you, M. Pujol," she said, with tears in her eyes. "I have heard how you shamed him at the tables. It was brave of you."

"It was nothing." He shrugged his shoulders as if he were in the habit of doing deeds like that every day of his life. "And your exquisite daughter, madame?"

"Poor Betty! She is prostrate. She says she will never hold up her head again. Her heart is broken."

"It is young and will be mended," said Aristide.

She smiled sadly. "It will be a question of time. But she is grateful to you, M. Pujol. She realizes from what a terrible fate you have saved her." She sighed. There was a brief silence.

"After this," she continued, "a further stay in Aix would be too painful. We have decided to take the Savoy express this evening and get back to our quiet home in Somerset."

"Ah, madame," said Aristide, earnestly. "And shall I not have the pleasure of seeing the charming Miss Betty again?"

"You will come and stay with us in September. Let me see! The fifteenth. Why not fix a date? You have my address? No? Will you write it down?" She dictated: "Wrotesly Manor, Burnholme, Somerset. There I'll try to show you how grateful I am."

She extended her hand. He bowed over it and kissed it, in his French way, and departed a very happy man.

The Erringtons left that evening. Aristide waylaid them, as they were entering the hotel omnibus, with a preposterous bouquet of flowers, which he presented to Betty, whose pretty face was hidden by a motor-veil. He bowed, laid his hand on his heart, and said: "*Adieu, mademoiselle.*"

"No," she said, in a low voice, but most graciously; "*au revoir*, M. Pujol."

For the next few days Aix seemed to be tame and colourless. In an inexplicable fashion, too, it had become unprofitable. Aristide no longer knew that he was going to win; and he did not win. He lost considerably. So much so, that on the morning when he was to draw the cash for the cheque at the Crédit Lyonnais, he had only fifty pounds and some odd silver left. Aristide, looking at the remainder rather ruefully, made a great resolution. He would gamble no more. Already he was richer than he had ever been in his life. He would leave Aix. *Tiens!* Why should he not go to his good friends the Bocardons at Nîmes, taking with him a gold chain for Bocardon and a pair of earrings for the adorable Zette? Then he would look about him. He would use the thousand pounds as a stepping-stone to legitimate fortune. Then he would visit the Erringtons in England, and if the beautiful Miss Betty smiled on him—why, after all, *sacré bleu*, he was an honest man, without a feather on his conscience.

So, jauntily swinging his cane, he marched

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into the office of the Crédit Lyonnais, went into the inner room, and explained his business.

"Ah, your cheque, monsieur, that we were to collect. I am sorry. It has come back from the London bankers."

"How come back?"

"It has not been honoured. See, monsieur. 'Not known. No account.'" The cashier pointed to the grim words across the cheque.

"*Comprends pas*," faltered Aristide.

"It means that the person who gave you the cheque has no account at this bank."

Aristide took the cheque and looked at it in a dazed way.

"Then I do not get my twenty-five thousand francs?"

"Evidently not," said the cashier.



"ARISTIDE TOOK THE CHEQUE AND LOOKED AT IT IN A DAZED WAY."

Aristide stood for a while stunned. What did it mean? His thousand pounds could not be lost. It was impossible. There was some mistake. It was an evil dream. With a heavy weight on the top of his head he went out of the Crédit Lyonnais and mechanically crossed the little street separating the bank from the *café* on the Place Carnot. There he sat stupidly and wondered. Yes, it was some mistake. Mrs. Errington, in her agitation, must have used the wrong cheque-book. But even rich English people do not carry about with them a circulating-library assortment of cheque-books. It was incomprehensible. And, meanwhile, his thousand pounds——

The little square blazed before him in the August sunshine. Opposite flashed the white mass of the Établissement des Bains. There was the old Roman Arch of Titus, grey and venerable. There were the trees of the gardens in riotous greenery. There on the right, marking eleven on its black face, was the clock of the Comptoir National. It was Aix—familiar Aix; not a land of dreams. And there, coming rapidly across from the Comptoir National, was the well-knit figure of the young man from Atlanta.

Eugene Miller, in a fine frenzy, threw himself into a chair beside Aristide.

"See here! Can you understand this?"

He thrust into his hand a pink strip of paper. It was a cheque for a hundred pounds, made payable to Eugene Miller, Esq., signed by Mary Errington, and marked "Not known. No account."

"*Tonnerre de Dieu!*" cried Aristide. "How did you get this?"

"How did I get it? I cashed it for her—the day she went away. She said urgent affairs summoned her from Aix—no time to wire for funds—wanted to pay her hotel bill—and she gave me the address of her old

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English home in Somerset, and invited me to come there in September. Fifteenth of September. Said that you were coming. And now I've got a bad cheque. I guess I can't wander about this country alone. I need blinkers and harness and a man with a whip."

He went on indignantly. Aristide composed his face into an expression of parental interest, but within him there was shivering and sickening upheaval. He saw it all, the whole mocking drama——

He, Aristide Pujol, was the most sweetly, the most completely swindled man in France.

The Comte de Lussigny, the mild and gentle Mrs. Errington, and the beautiful Betty were in league together and had exquisitely plotted. They had conspired, as soon as he had accused the Count of cheating. The rascal must have gone straight to them from Miller's room. No wonder that Lussigny, when insulted at the tables, had sat like a tame rabbit and had sought him in the garden. No wonder he had accepted the accusation of adventurer. No wonder he had refused to play for the cheque which he knew to be valueless. But why, thought Aristide, did he not at once consent to sell the papers on the stipulation that he should be paid in notes? Aristide found an answer. He wanted to get everything for nothing, afraid of the use that Aristide might make of a damning confession, and also relying for success on his manipulation of the cards. Finally, he had desired to get hold of a dangerous cheque. In that he had been foiled. But the trio had got away with his thousand pounds—his wonderful thousand pounds. He reflected, still keeping an attentive eye on young Eugene Miller and interjecting a sympathetic word, that after he had paid his hotel bill he would be as poor on quitting Aix-les-Bains as he was when he had entered it.

"But I have my clothes—such clothes as I've never had in my life," thought Aristide. "And a diamond and sapphire tie-pin and a gold watch, and all sorts of other things. *Tron de l'air*, I'm still rich."

"I don't care a cent for the hundred pounds," the young man went on. "Our factory turns out seven hundred and sixty-seven million pairs of boots per annum." (Aristide, not I, is responsible for the statistics.) "But I have a feeling that in this hoary country I'm just a little toddling child. And I hate it—I do, sir. I want a nurse to take me round."

Aristide flashed the lightning of his wit upon the young man from Atlanta, Georgia.

"You do, my dear young friend. I'll be your nurse, at a weekly salary—say, a hundred francs—it doesn't matter. We will not quarrel."

Eugene Miller was startled.

"Yes," said Aristide, with a convincing flourish, "I'll clear robbers and sirens and harpies from your path. I'll show you things in Europe—from Tromsö to Cap Spartivento—that you never dreamed of. I'll lead you to every stained-glass window in the world. I know them all."

"But, Mr. Pujol," said the somewhat bewildered Georgian, "I thought you were a man of fortune."

"I am more than a man. I am a soldier. I am a soldier of Fortune. The fickle goddess has for the moment deserted me. But I am loyal. I have for all worldly goods two hundred and fifty dollars, with which I shall honourably pay my hotel bill. I say I am a soldier of Fortune, but"—he slapped his chest—"I am the only honourable one on the Continent of Europe."

The young man fixed upon him the hard blue eyes, not of the enthusiast for stained-glass windows, but of the senior partner in the boot factory of Atlanta, Georgia.

"I believe you," said he. "It's a deal. Shake."

"And now," said Aristide, after having shaken hands, "come and lunch with me at Nikola's for the last time."

He rose, stretched out both arms in a wide gesture, and smiled with his irresistible Ancient Mariner's eyes at the young man.

"We lunch. We eat ambrosia. Then we go out together and see the wonderful world through the glass-blood of saints and martyrs and apostles and the good Father Abraham and Louis Quatorze. *Viens, mon cher ami!* It is the dream of my life."

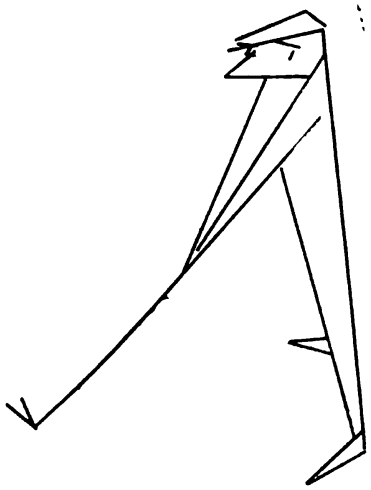
Practically penniless and absolutely disillusioned, the amazing man was radiantly happy.

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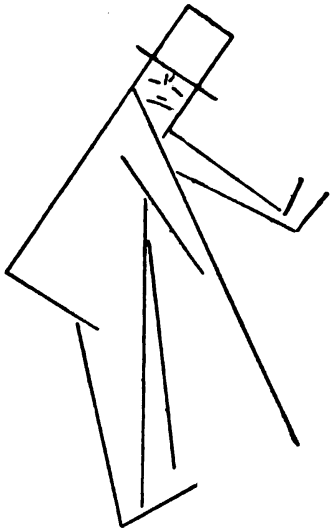
Pictures in Twenty-one Straight Lines

EXAMPLES BY "STRAND" READERS.

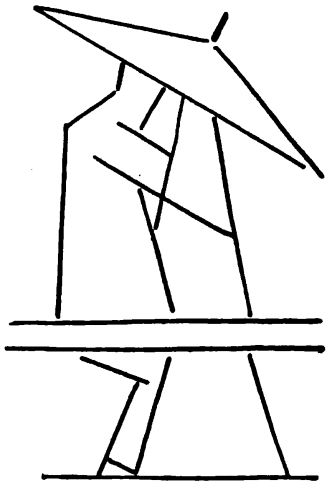
Our readers will recollect that, in our July number, we published a series of pictures by well-known black and white artists, in which they were limited to twenty-one straight lines, and that we asked our readers to send in some attempts of their own in the same direction, of which we promised to publish a selection. We have now much pleasure in doing so, and we think that in many cases, the results have even surpassed their examples in ingenuity. We regret that space prevents us from giving a larger selection out of the many hundreds worth publication which we have received.



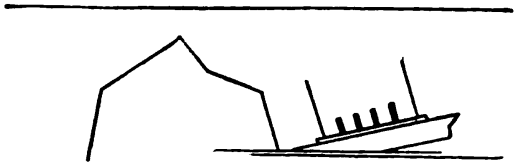
1. THE SQUARE STANCE.



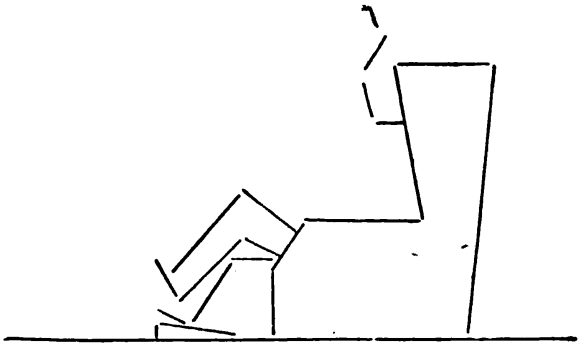
2. "CHIN-CHIN."



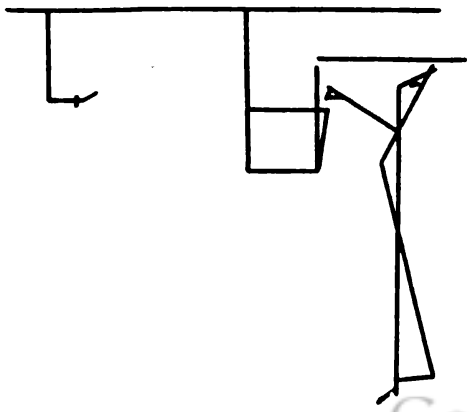
3. LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



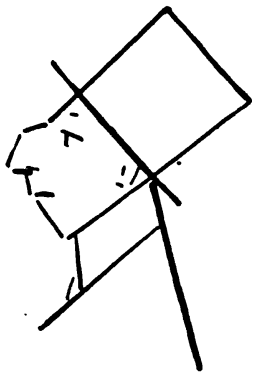
4. THE WRECK.



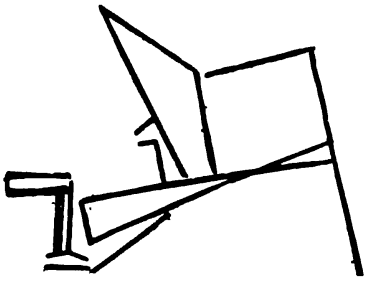
5. A QUIET SMOKE.



6. "THE LASS AND THE GAS."



7. "ALGY."

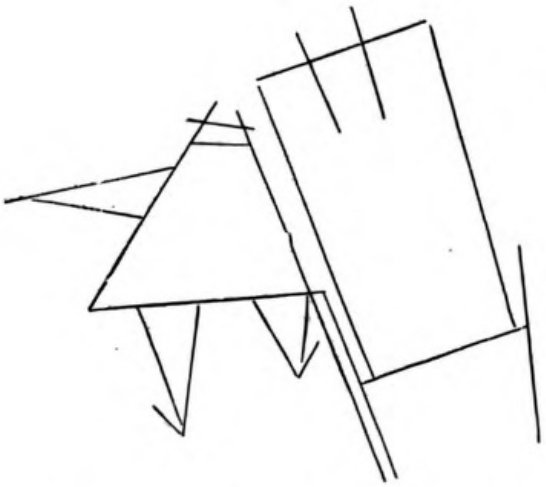


8. MRS. GAMP.

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9. THE BOY AND GREEN APPLE.



10. BACK VIEW OF MR. G. K. CHESTERTON ALIGHTING FROM A HANSOM-CAB.



11. THE ADVANTAGES OF A MODERN HAT.



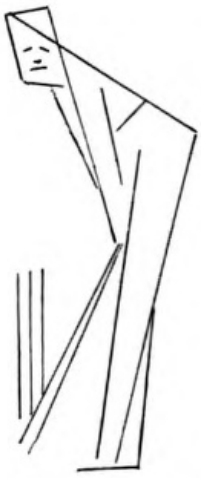
12. THE LOAFER.



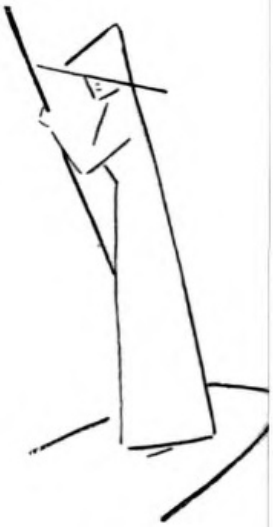
13. "POLLY."



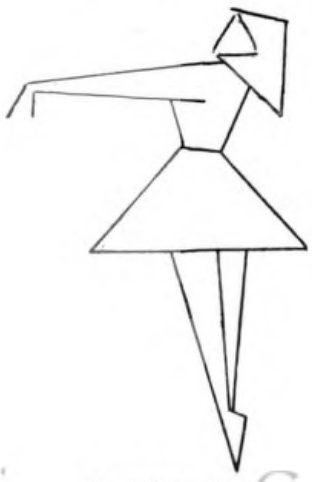
14. "A MOUSE! A MOUSE!"



15. MR. P. F. WARNER.



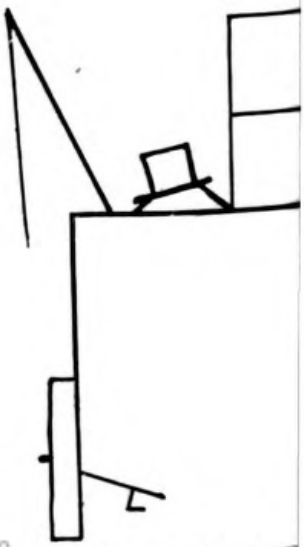
16. PUNTING.



17. PAVLOVA.

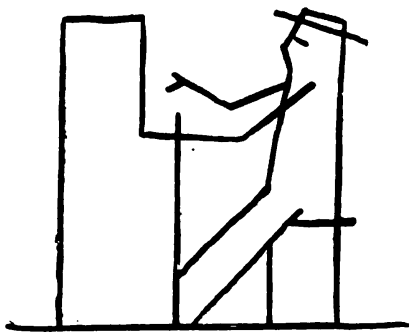


18. THE BLUE GOD. NIJINSKI.

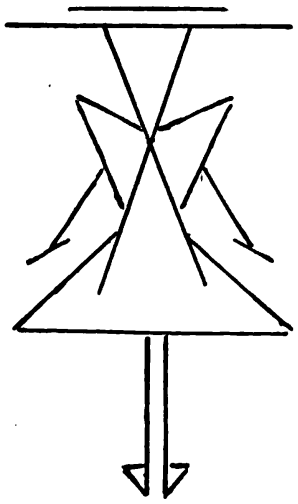


19. OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

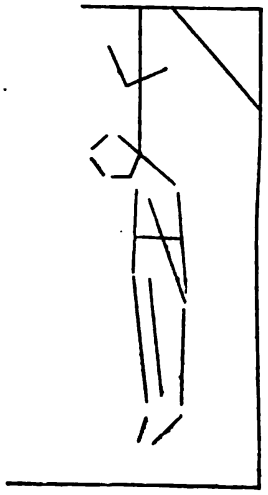
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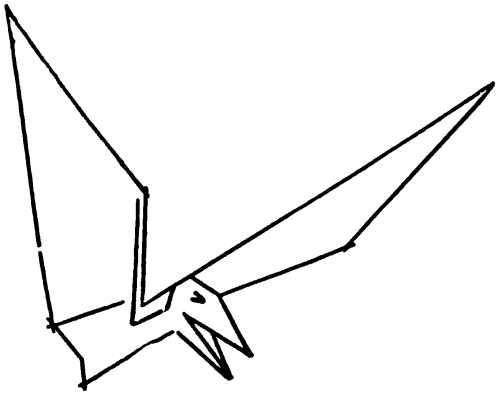
20. THE PIANIST (ON THE SANDS).



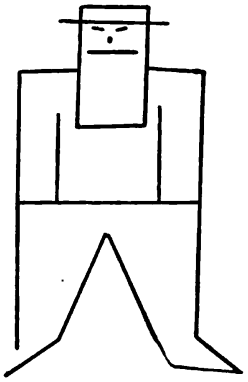
21. A CHILD.



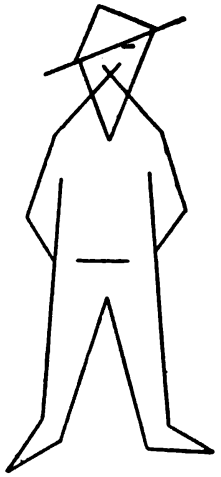
22. "THIS SUSPENSE IS KILLING ME."



23. THE PTERODACTYL.



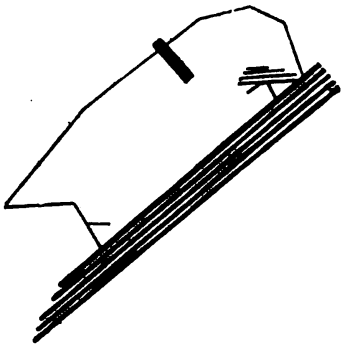
24. PROFESSOR CHALLENGER.



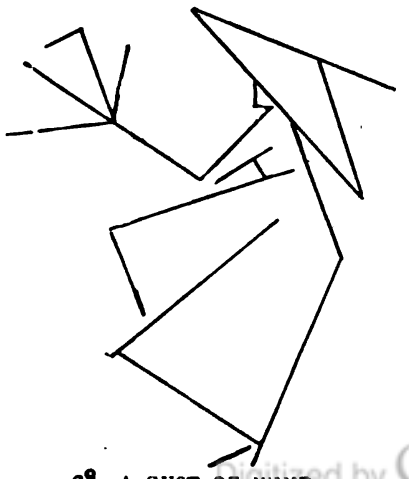
25. LORD JOHN ROXTON.



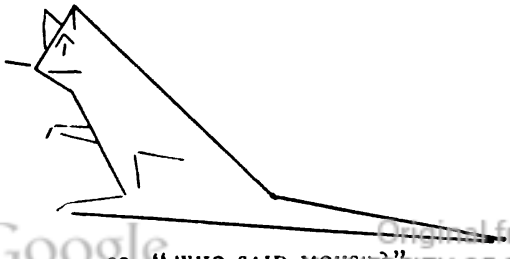
26. REYNARD.



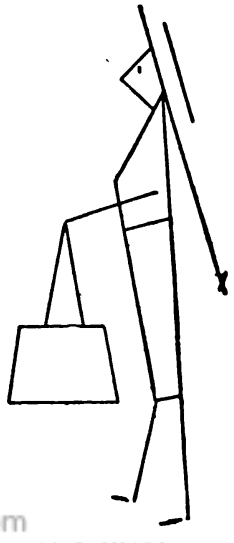
27. SIR A. W. PINERO.



28. A GUST OF WIND.

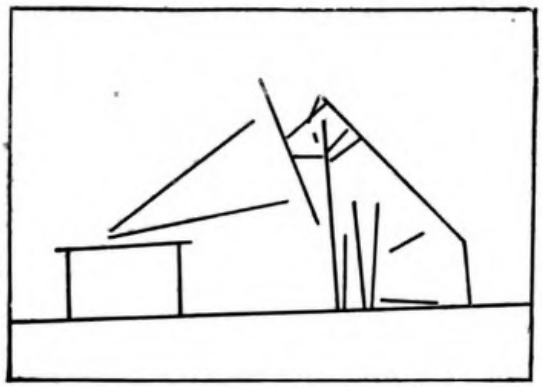


29. "WHO SAID MOUSE?"

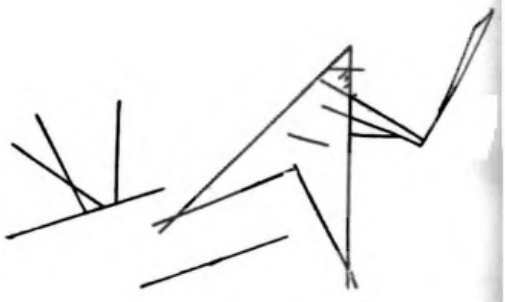


30. GIRL SHOPPING.

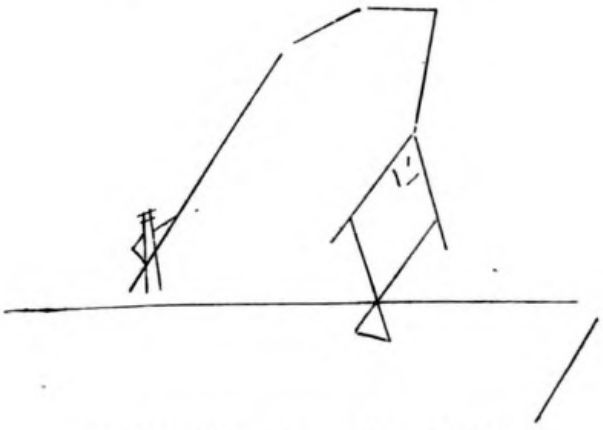
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31. "HIS MASTER'S VOICE."



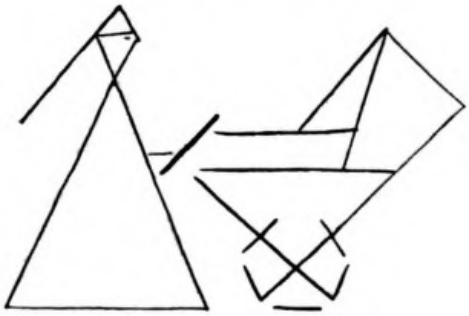
32. A TEST-MATCH STUDY.



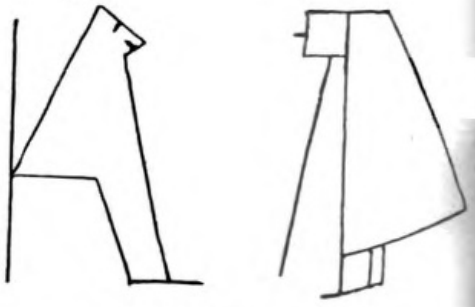
33. A FISHING STORY, ILLUSTRATED.



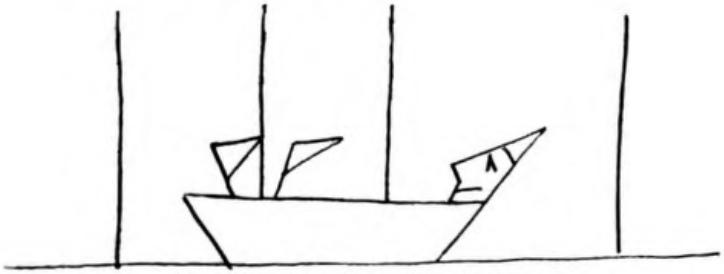
34. "EXCELSIOR."



35. THE NURSEMAID.



36. IN THE STUDIO.



37. MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.



38. "BEWARE OF THE DOG."

The following is a list of the names and addresses of the senders of the Twenty-one Straight-Line Pictures published in the article, the numbers corresponding to those under each reproduction: Nos. 1 and 31, Mr. H. E. King, Glenburn, Yardley Park, Tonbridge, Kent; 2, 27, and 28, Mr. Percy Thesiger, 71, Cromwell Road, S.W.; 3, Mr. James S. Cockerton, Bourne Hall Hotel, Bournemouth; 4, Mr. J. H. Rogerson, The Portico Library, 57, Mosley Street, Manchester; 5 and 33, Miss L. E. Reading, 3, Derby Place, Hoole Road, Chester; 6, Mr. W. Fisher, 2, Abbey Road, West Ham, Essex; 7 and 16, Mr. S. Hickson, 12, Weech Road, Hampstead, N.W.; 8, Mr. H. G. Brough, Eversley, 29, Alexandra Villas, Finsbury Park; 9, Mrs. P. Lovelock, 240, Park Road, Crouch End; 10 and 29, Mr. L. Balston, 30, Ashley Road, Crouch Hill, N.; 11, Mr. P. Whitefoot, 68, Cecil Road, Sharrow, Sheffield; 12, Mr. T. Simon, 8, Magdala Street, Cornbrook, Manchester; 13, Mr. J. Prockter, 96, Valkyrie Road, Westcliff, Essex; 14, Mr. L. Hare, Ballymore House, Queenstown, Co. Cork; 17 and 18, Miss Michael, 4, Clarendon Street, Nottingham; 19, Mr. R. Bell, Lyndale, 32, Cavendish Drive, Rock Ferry; 20, Mr. G. L. Wainwright, The Manor House, Tonbridge; 21, Mr. R. A. Deans, 115, Browning Road, Manor Park, Essex; 22, Mr. T. E. Denbeigh, 130, Minet Avenue, Harlesden, N.W.; 23, 24, and 25, Mr. J. D. Sloan, Ruanji, St. Peters, Broadstairs; 26, Mr. H. F. Peet, Cherry Lane, Leymon, Cheshire; 27, Mr. Fred Thompson, 5E, Portman Mansions, Baker Street, W.; 30, Mr. Sydney J. Jessett, 80, Sebert Road, Forest Gate, E.; 32, Mr. G. Chapman, 1, Langdon Road, Park Avenue, East Ham, E.; 34, Mr. James H. Sampson, 10, Radnor Place, Liverpool; 35, Mr. M. Melville Jackson, 27, Madeira Park, Tunbridge Wells; 36, Mr. L. A. Jewell, 36, Sandbrook Road, Stoke Newington; 37, Mr. T. S. Cunningham, Chirton Vicarage, Devizes, Wilts; 38, Miss Wake, Courteenhall, Northampton.

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The Experiment of Stephen Glask, Ironmonger.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Illustrated by A. C. Michael.

SIR AUSTEN MALCOLM was sitting in the middle of the public seat, his legs crossed, his attention entirely engrossed by the small volume of poems which he held between his shapely and well-manicured fingers. He had the air, perhaps justifiable, of being perfectly satisfied with himself and his surroundings. He was dressed in all respects as a country gentleman of studious tastes should be. From the tips of his polished brown shoes to the slightly rakish angle of his Homburg hat, he was entirely satisfactory. His air of patronizing the seat upon which he had ensconced himself was also, perhaps, in order, as it was he who had presented it to the town.

At his feet—he was sitting on the summit of a considerable hill, crowned by a plantation of fir trees—was an old-world market town, a picturesque medley of greystone buildings, red-tiled, melodious, without a single modern discordancy. Beyond, yellow cornfields and green meadows rolled away in billowy undulations to a line of low hills fading into a blue mist. It was not a landscape, perhaps, to excite rapture, but it was typical English country, serene, well-ordered, peaceful.

Up the hill, a little breathless, climbed Stephen Glask, a young man of somewhat pleasant appearance, humbly dressed, as fitted his station, but carrying himself with a certain not unbecoming ease. After a moment's survey of the view, he sank with a brief exclamation of content upon one end of the seat occupied by Sir Austen Malcolm. There were other vacant seats not far away—and the baronet was obliged to uncross his knees. He turned and glanced at the new-comer. Sir Austen was, without doubt, as his appearance indicated, the great man of the neighbourhood; but he was a reasonable person, and his glance was not one of annoyance. It was not, however, altogether free from a certain mild surprise; he was accustomed to a great deal of respect from the townspeople. He was perhaps satisfied to observe that this intruder was a stranger to him.

"Quite a climb up here, isn't it?" the new-comer began, affably.

The voice was pleasant enough, but its affability seemed to Sir Austen Malcolm a little uncalled-for. He answered, without removing his eyes from the pages of his book:—

"It is certainly a considerable ascent."

The young man very properly remained silent. The affair might reasonably have ended there. A slight liberty had been taken and a slight rebuke administered. Sir Austen should have gone on with his reading and the young man, after a few moments' uncomfortable reflection, should have passed on his way. As a matter of fact, however, things turned out differently. Sir Austen Malcolm, after a vain effort to return to his former train of thought, glanced a little irritably towards his interrupter. Entirely unabashed, the young man smiled blandly at him.

"Awfully good of you to give these seats," he remarked, in a conversational manner.

"You know who I am, then?" Sir Austen inquired, dryly.

The young man's eyes twinkled.

"Doesn't everyone in Faringdon know Sir Austen Malcolm by sight?" he answered.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," Sir Austen declared, with some slight emphasis on the last word.

"Naturally," the young man admitted, briskly. "I have only been here a week or so, and you have been up at Oxford most of that time, haven't you? My name is Stephen Glask. I bought old Johnson's ironmongery business, you know. Bad egg, I am afraid, unless things alter."

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Sir Austen dropped his eyeglass and polished it for a moment. It was quite absurd, of course, but he was conscious of a feeling of positive toleration towards this young man, for which he was entirely unable to account.

"Johnson, I am afraid, neglected his business sadly," he said. "He unfortunately developed bad habits towards the close of his career."

"Drank a bit, you mean?" Stephen Glask remarked. "Poor old chap! I don't wonder at it. You all of you bought your things from the Stores, sent to London for your cartridges, and got your petrol from Swindon. Glad I've met you, Sir Austen. I am a local man now, and I want some of your trade, please."

Sir Austen stiffened a little.

"My chauffeur buys his own petrol," he said, "and my cartridges are specially filled for me by my gunmaker. As to domestic articles, my sister keeps house for me."

"I'll call in and see her," Stephen Glask declared, promptly.

Sir Austen opened his lips—and closed them again. Why should Eve be deprived of an encounter with this extraordinary young man? It would certainly amuse her. It might also be good for the young man! Sir Austen resumed his reading without remark. Mr. Stephen Glask, however, had not finished with him.

"Poor stuff, that," he pronounced, nodding his head towards the volume which his companion was perusing.

The latter stared at the young man, this time in real surprise.

"A poetaster," he remarked, with faint satire, "as well as a specialist in hardware?"

Mr. Stephen Glask was unabashed.

"I've read those verses, if that's what you mean," he answered; "and you'll think the same as I do of them when you've finished. There are a few pretty thoughts—the snowstorm in the cherry orchard, for instance; but most of the things are too florid, and the fellow hasn't a single original metre. It's the music of Swinburne and Keats to an inferior and uninspired setting—*vide* the *Athenæum*."

"You find time to read the *Athenæum*?" Sir Austen inquired, slowly.

"And the *Ironmonger's Weekly Record*," Stephen Glask admitted, cheerfully. "I have a catholic taste in literature. Good afternoon, Sir Austen. I wish you'd speak to your chauffeur about the petrol. I'll call in and see your sister myself about the other things."

Mr. Stephen Glask strolled off, not by any means an unpleasant figure to watch, although his blue serge suit was ready-made, his boots thick, and his cap shabby. He was certainly a most original young man, and an exceedingly difficult one to put in his place. As he disappeared Sir Austen suddenly smiled; his eyes positively twinkled.

"I would give," he murmured to himself, "a great deal to be at home when he calls on Eve."

Sir Austen returned to his very delightful home about an hour later. He passed up the beautifully kept avenue, lined with handsome shrubs, and adorned with a wonderful border of scarlet geraniums, entered the long, white-stone house through some open French windows, looked in vain into one or two of the charmingly furnished rooms, and finally made his way out again into the gardens. Attracted by the sound of voices, he crossed the tennis-lawn and turned into the paddock. Here he came to a sudden and stupefied standstill. Eve, with her sleeves rolled up and a mashie in her hand, was obviously receiving a golf lesson from—Mr. Stephen Glask!

"Look out, Sir Austen!" the latter exclaimed, pleasantly. "We're approaching on to the lawn there, and you're just in the line."

Sir Austen stepped mechanically out of the way. He was too surprised to make any remark.

"Lucky thing I happened to call in just now," the young man continued, with satisfaction. "I chanced upon Miss Malcolm just as she was developing the very worst possible fault in golf. Now, a little more over the ball, please," he went on, devoting his attention to his pupil. "Wrists quite stiff, and the heel of the club well on the ground. Learn this stroke and shorten your swing a little, and you'll be a scratch player in a month. Now, then."

The young lady—she was exceedingly good-looking, and much younger than her brother, of whom as yet she had scarcely taken any notice at all—gave herself up once more to her task. Her instructor, who greeted her efforts with only a moderate amount of approval, finally took the club from her hand and himself played a few masterly shots. Sir Austen, who was beginning to recover himself, joined them.

"Apparently," he said, dryly, "you are a young man of many accomplishments."

"Oh, I like to understand something about the things I sell," Mr. Stephen Glask answered, carelessly. "We used to get through a lot

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of golf clubs at my last place. I am so glad to find there's some sort of a course here. I can get the agency for Merton's clubs—best irons in the world—and I shall order a mashie down purposely for Miss Malcolm, if she'll allow me."

most anxious to procure things locally when possible."

The butler opened the paddock gate and walked towards them. Like everything else associated with the Malcolms, he was a most correct and dignified appendage.



"HE FINALLY TOOK THE CLUB FROM HER HAND AND HIMSELF PLAYED A FEW MASTERLY SHOTS."

"I should love you to!" the young lady exclaimed, eagerly. "You seem to know exactly what I want, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Glask—G-l-a-s-k," her visitor interrupted. "The name's being painted up to-day. And you won't forget the other things you've promised to buy from me, Miss Malcolm?"

The girl smiled at him in a somewhat puzzled manner.

"Certainly not, Mr. Glask," she assured him, stiffening slightly. "I will speak to the housekeeper. I am sure—we are always

"Tea is served, miss," he announced.

They all turned together towards the house. The young man, who had lingered for a moment to pick up the golf-balls, walked between them. His ready-made clothes and many other slight evidences of his station were there, but never in this world did any young man seem so unconscious of them. On their way out they had to pass the tea-table. Stephen Glask was obviously hot with his exertions. Sir Austen glanced stealthily at his sister, and found his sister

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stealthily watching him. Sir Austen coughed. The slight smile which had flickered for a moment at the corners of his lips vanished. He spoke with perfect gravity.

"You must let my sister give you a cup of tea after your exertions, Mr. Glask," he said.

"Yes, please do stop," she begged. "It is so hot this afternoon."

The young man accepted the suggestion without hesitation. Further, he accepted it quite naturally and as a matter of course. He sat in a wicker chair between the brother and sister, and consumed bread and butter with an appetite which he took no pains to conceal.

"Rather scamped my luncheon to-day," he remarked. "I was busy opening some cases—a new sort of lamp, Miss Malcolm. I hope you'll let me show you when you come in. Do you mind if I have some more tea?"

Then, without any warning, the vicar's wife descended upon them. Mrs. Randale was stout and middle-aged. Her complexion was florid, and she wore a *pince-nez* which seemed always balanced on the extreme tip of a rubicund nose. She greeted Austen Malcolm and his sister with the easy familiarity of old acquaintance. It was just about this time that a long-dormant sense of humour in the former leaped permanently into life.

"And who," the new-comer asked, smiling graciously, "is our young visitor? We see so few strangers in Faringdon."

"This is Mr. Glask—Mrs. Randale, our vicar's wife," Eve hastened to explain. "Mr. Glask cannot properly be termed a stranger. He has come to live in Faringdon."

Mrs. Randale's features exhibited the liveliest interest. She also seemed a trifle puzzled.

"To live here!" she repeated. "How delightful! But whose house have you taken, Mr. Glask? Curiously enough, the name seems familiar."

"Have you been in the town this morning, Mrs. Randale?" the young man asked.

"I—yes, I have been in the town," Mrs. Randale admitted.

"That's it, then," Stephen Glask declared, helping himself once more to bread and butter. "I bought old Johnson's ironmongery business, you know. You very likely saw them painting the name up."

Mrs. Randale was not used to shocks; neither had she any idea how to deal with situations. Consequently she stared at this cheerful young man with her mouth open, and she looked neither agreeable nor a lady.

"Why, you're the new ironmonger!" she exclaimed.

The young man smiled genially.

"And I do hope," he begged, "that you are going to be kinder to me than you were to poor old Johnson. I may as well tell you at once that I shall expect your custom, Mrs. Randale. Miss Malcolm has promised me hers."

At this precise moment Sir Austen strolled away, with a muttered excuse about fetching some matches. Eve always insisted, however, that she heard his chuckle as he went, and loved him for it. Mrs. Randale was still unable to cope with the situation.

"I leave such matters with my husband, Mr.—er—Glask," she said. "By the by," she added, as the thought struck her, "you are, of course, a member of the Church of England? I do not remember to have seen you in church."

"To tell you the truth," Stephen Glask explained, agreeably, "I haven't been anywhere yet. I've scarcely been in the place three weeks, you know. Mr. Wills, the Wesleyan minister, has just ordered a cooking-range from me, so I did think of looking in there next Sunday night. I've got that order, though, so I don't know that I need bother. Call me Church of England, if it makes any difference, Mrs. Randale. I am all for business."

Eve's face had temporarily disappeared behind the shelter of an illustrated paper which she had picked up from the lawn. She had met the young ironmonger's eye, and there was something there which was certainly most out of place.

"I am afraid that I can make no promises, Mr. Glask," Mrs. Randale said, stiffly. "We deal with the members of our congregation so far as possible, but we prefer to believe that it is their religious impulses, and not their self-interest, which brings them to worship."

"Capital!" Stephen Glask declared. "Good sentence, that. You're quite right, Mrs. Randale. We'll leave my church-going alone for a time. It will pay you to patronize me apart from that. I want you just to notice my prices, and the way I'm going to cut oil—especially kitchen oil. I'll guarantee to save you two shillings a week before you know where you are. You'll excuse me now, Miss Malcolm, won't you? I must hurry along, or there will be no one to close the shop. Good afternoon, ladies!"

The young man took an easy and not

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ungraceful leave. Mrs. Randale stared after him blankly.

"Eve!" she exclaimed. "Why on earth—what on earth—your brother, too! Sir Austen—the most exclusive man I ever met!

"Austen found him on a seat on the hill. He tried to sell him petrol and cartridges and household things. Austen told him I kept house, so he called in here and stayed to give me a golf lesson."



"FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR EVE WAS OVERWHELMED WITH A SHEER FLOOD OF ELOQUENCE."

For goodness' sake explain! Has Austen turned Socialist?"

Eve was wiping her eyes.

"I don't know," she murmured, weakly.

Mrs. Randale became very severe indeed.

"My dear Eve," she said, firmly, "Austen ought to be ashamed of himself! No wonder the lower orders forget themselves! Austen,

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too, of all men; the most punctilious, the most aristocratic person. He ought to be ashamed of himself!"

"He is good-looking, though, isn't he?" Eve faltered, still wiping her eyes.

"Who? Austen?"

"No, the ironmonger!"

Stephen Glask pushed his assistant out of the way. He had seen the pony-cart stop outside, and he was behind the counter, ready to greet Eve, when she entered.

"Good morning, Miss Malcolm!" he exclaimed, heartily. "I am glad to see you. I thought you'd be coming in one morning."

Eve looked at him steadfastly. She wore a fresh white linen dress, a charming straw hat wreathed with flowers, and white buck-skin driving-gloves. Her shoes and stockings were, as usual, perfection. She looked exactly what she was — a thoroughbred young Englishwoman with an unusual knack for wearing her clothes; a trifle spoilt, a trifle supercilious. The young man behind the counter was wearing the same ready-made suit of clothes, his hair was tumbled, for he had been in the cellars, and there was a smut upon his cheek. She fully meant, when she came in, that he should be abashed, and she was a young woman of resolution. Nevertheless, although she looked at him for several seconds with uplifted eyebrows, she failed. He returned her gaze with bland and pleasant interest. She turned away, biting her lip.

"I want some kitchen lamps," she said; "a saucepan, if you have the sort we use; and a few other oddments. I should like, too, to compare your prices for oil."

For a quarter of an hour Eve was overwhelmed with a sheer flood of eloquence. At last the young man paused for lack of breath. His assistant, a son of his predecessor, was listening, rapt in admiration.

"I seem to have bought a lot of things," Eve remarked.

"You have bought just what you wanted, and you have given no more for anything than you would have done at the Stores," the young man replied, with conviction. "Don't you bother any further. I'll see that you get the things all right. And you shall have the full cash discount if I get the money within a month."

"I pay all the household bills on Monday mornings," Eve explained.

"Quite satisfactory," Stephen Glask declared. "Going to the cricket match to-morrow, Miss Malcolm?"

She looked at him in precisely the manner in which she was accustomed to look at Simpkins the grocer—only it didn't seem to produce in the least the same effect.

"I always go to the cricket matches," she answered, coldly.

The young man nodded.

"They've asked me to play," he remarked.

"Are you any good?" she inquired, a little eagerly.

He smiled at her confidently.

"I am fairly useful," he replied. "I very nearly went in for being a pro."

She abandoned for a moment the attitude which she had thought well to assume.

"Then do play!" she begged. "We want to beat Fairford. They are horribly stuck-up about their cricket, and the two Sinclairs always play for them."

"What, Charlie Sinclair? The one who played for Hampshire?"

Eve stiffened again.

"It is Lord Riverstone's second son," she answered, "who always gets the runs."

"We'll see about that," Stephen Glask declared. "Supposing I promise you that for every run he gets I get a dozen——"

"Well?"

He looked steadily into her eyes. Eve felt her cheeks burn, and snatched up her gloves from the counter. "Good morning, Mr. Glask," she said. "Please see that the things are delivered to-day."

"And thanks ever so much for the order, Miss Malcolm," the young man replied, briskly. "Hope to see you again soon. If I play in the cricket match I promise you I'll do my best."

Eve and her brother exchanged stealthy glances—then they laughed. Sir Austen seldom laughed. Just now he was laughing long and heartily. The young ironmonger had bowled Sinclair with the last ball of his first over, and, though he had asked to be taken off almost immediately afterwards, he had gone in first for Faringdon and had carried his bat for a faultless century. He was now walking round the ground with Evelyn Randale, the vicar's daughter, and it was evidently no fault of hers that they were on their way towards the pavilion.

"I don't know what we shall do with your young ironmonger," Sir Austen declared. "I expect we shall end by asking him to dinner."

"My young ironmonger, indeed!" Eve retorted, indignantly. "I like that! Who found him first, I wonder, and sent him to the house?"

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"I never told him to give you golf lessons," Sir Austen protested. "I simply sent him to acquaint you with the price of oil."

"He's sold me more than we can use for three months," Eve murmured, weakly; "told me the price was certain to go up."

Once more their eyes met, and once more they laughed. Then Stephen Glask strolled up to them.

"I kept my word, you see, Miss Malcolm," he remarked.

"I noticed it," she admitted. "Why didn't you go on bowling?"

"All rabbits except Sinclair," he explained, easily. "You see, as I told you, I nearly became a cricket pro. instead of an ironmonger. By the by, there's a matter about one of those safety lamps, Miss Malcolm, I should like to explain to you. It's a question of wick."

Sir Austen turned away. His sister hesitated for a moment, but finally remained.

"A question of wick?" she repeated, demurely.

He looked at her with a smile which she was beginning to find delightful.

"After all, need we bother about that?" he begged. "I am a privileged person for this one afternoon. Even Mrs. Randale has shaken hands with me! Couldn't we sit down for a little time over there?"

She glanced toward the seat. It was in a shady spot and had an air of seclusion about it. Really, the whole thing was too absurd! Lady Riverstone was watching, and Austen, and——

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered, "if you want to. I don't know that anything much matters."

Austen Malcolm and his sister dined *tête-à-tête* that night. Dinner was a meal served at Faringdon House with some formality. The round table, small though it was, glittered with fruit and flowers and glass. Eve wore always a low-necked dress, and her brother seldom descended to the informality of a dinner-jacket. The butler was assisted by a footman and the trimmest of parlour-maids. Nothing was scamped or done hurriedly. The Malcolms, a county family of real antiquity, believed in themselves and in the things which they represented. Even Austen, with his Fellowship at Oxford, his long and leisurely travels across the world, believed in Faringdon House and the things which it represented. No Malcolm had ever committed a real indiscretion.

Dinner was concluded with the service of coffee. The servants left the room. Through the open windows brother and sister looked out over a grey-terraced front, across flower-bordered lawns, to a lake and wood beyond. The night was warm, and the moon was shining from behind the trees. Austen lit a cigarette and broke the silence, which had been a little unduly prolonged.

"With reference, my dear Eve," he began, looking fixedly at the end of his cigarette, "to this young ironmonger. You will not mind discussing him with me for a moment or two?"

Sir Austen carefully avoided looking at his sister, but for all that he was somehow conscious of the deep flush which had stolen into her cheeks. She bent over her finger-bowl. Her eyes were very bright. She was perhaps angry.

"The fault, of course," he continued, "was entirely mine. I have been sometimes accused by my critics of being deficient in a sense of humour. The coming of this young man has justified me to myself. He really was irresistible. He criticized the volume of poems which I was reading, and tried to secure my custom for petrol in the same breath. He put me in such a position that I was compelled to offer him hospitality here, and a few moments later he was trying to sell crockery to Mrs. Randale—Mrs. Randale, of all persons! In all my life, Eve, I have never known anything so completely and absolutely humorous."

She suddenly looked up at him.

"But is it funny, after all?" she demanded. "Why is it funny? Why should we conclude, because he is a tradesman, that—that there is humour in being forced into recognizing him—for a time—as an equal? He talks as though his education were equal to ours——"

"And he has a price-list of saucepans in his pocket," Sir Austen interrupted, "which he is perfectly willing to discuss with anyone likely to become a customer, at any moment."

Eve sighed. Her own lips were beginning to quiver.

"He certainly does seem interested in his business," she admitted.

"He is one of the over-developed products of our modern system of education," Sir Austen remarked, didactically. "He represents just a foretaste of the difficulties with which the next generation will have to grapple. I really think, for his own sake, it would be kinder—you understand me, I am sure, Eve—if we were to abandon, both of us, that—shall I say?—spirit of latitudinarianism with which we have regarded this young man.

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To put the matter plainly, I think it would be better if he were kept in his place."

Eve was looking out of the window. Her face was expressionless.

"I have no doubt that you are right," she said, calmly.

"By the by," Sir Austen continued, "Hensham is coming down to-morrow for the week-end. You will be glad to see him?"

"Of course," she answered.

She flitted away into the gardens, a few minutes later, and Sir Austen went to his study. She passed through the rose-gardens to the laurelled walk bordering the path which led to the hill, and at the end of it Stephen Glask was waiting.



"'I THINK,' HE SAID, SOFTLY, 'THAT YOU ARE THE SWEETEST THING THAT EVER BREATHED.'"

She hesitated when she saw him, and glanced half-fearfully towards the house. He vaulted lightly over the iron railing, however, and she had no time to retreat. She looked at him for a moment. She was half-fluttered, half-frightened. She was frightened because she had come, frightened because she had wanted so much to come.

"Mr. Glask," she protested, "you mustn't come in here—you mustn't, really. If my brother were to see you he would be terribly angry."

Stephen Glask looked puzzled.

"But why?" he asked. "I have been to your house before as his guest. Why should I not be here now? I want to talk to you. I have something to say—indeed I have something to say."

Once more she looked nervously behind. The figure of the young man stood out so boldly in the soft, clear twilight. He seemed to have no idea of concealment—he did not even lower his voice. There were two alternatives before her. One was to pick up her skirts, turn towards the house, and run; the other to take that little turning to the left and walk with this rash intruder along the laurel-bordered walk. She hesitated; so once did her great namesake.

"Please come!" he begged, suddenly lowering his voice. "Won't you?"

She forgot altogether that she was a

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Malcolm. She felt curiously weak—and she went. They passed down the sheltered walk, between the rose-bushes and the drooping lilac-blossom. She was ashamed and frightened and happy. His attitude was not in the least correct. He was leaning over so that his lips almost touched her hair.

"I think," he said, softly, "that you are the sweetest thing that ever breathed."

His fingers clasped hers.

"You mustn't!" she murmured. "Oh, please don't! I—I trusted you."

He released her at once.

"But I love you," he whispered. "Don't you know that?"

For a moment she was angry—angry with Fate, herself, and him.

"You must not talk like that," she declared. "You ought to know that you must not. It is wrong of you."

"Because I am an ironmonger?" he asked, with a slight twitching at the corner of his lips.

"Yes!" she answered, fiercely. "Because—oh! how dare you be an ironmonger!"

He laughed outright. This time she was really angry. She slipped along a dark path, and before he could pursue her she was on the lawn, the centre of a little halo of light streaming out from the house. For more than an hour Stephen Glask remained lingering in the shadows.

But Eve did not return.

Hensham arrived on the following evening, and at dinner-time they talked about books. In his way he was a very important person—editor of a well-known review and reader to a great firm of publishers.

"Enderby's the man my people are going for just now," he remarked, as the little party of three lingered over their fruit and wine. "Of course, theirs is the commercial point of view, but I must say that for once I am with them. I find his novels the most interesting fiction of the day."

Sir Austen nodded approvingly.

"Enderby writes excellent English," he pronounced. "His stories, too, are wonderfully lifelike."

"That's because he's so thorough," Hensham continued, cracking a walnut. "A month or so ago we had a tremendous discussion on the effect of a sense of humour upon instinctive and hereditary snobbery. Enderby had a theory of his own, and he was so keen upon it that he has buried himself somewhere in a small country town, turned himself into a tradesman—an ironmonger, I believe—to make experiments. That's going into the thing thoroughly, isn't it?"

There was a brief but very intense silence. The brother and sister sat looking at one another.

"Does Mr. Enderby—play cricket?" Eve asked, calmly.

"Rather!" Hensham replied. "He played for the 'Varsity and for Middlesex. I really wonder in what part of the world he's hidden himself. We sha'n't hear a line from him till he turns up with his new novel."

Eve rose slowly from the table and made her way through the French windows and across the shadowed lawn to the laurel walk. At the end of it Stephen Glask was waiting. He stepped forward to meet her eagerly.

"So you've come, after all!" he exclaimed. "I am to be forgiven, then?"

She gave him her fingers and smiled sweetly into his face.

"I have come to the conclusion," she said, "that it is snobbish to keep you out of sight because you are an ironmonger. You can come and sit down with my brother and his guest and drink port with them. Then if you have anything to say, later on—well, he can listen."

Stephen Glask moved forward readily enough, but he was puzzled.

"I hope Sir Austen won't be rude to me," he ventured, with obviously affected uneasiness.

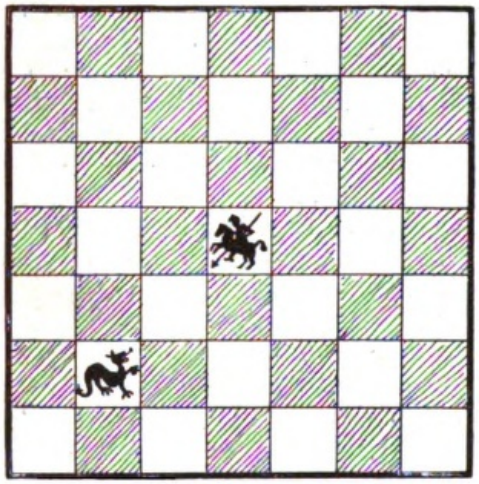
Eve drew a little closer to him.

"It depends," she said, demurely, "upon the effect which his sense of humour may have upon his inherited and instinctive snobbery."

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PERPLEXITIES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

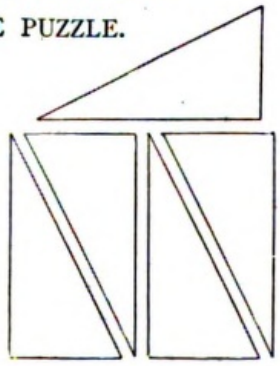


100.—ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

HERE is a little puzzle on a reduced chessboard of forty-nine squares. St. George wishes to kill the Dragon. Killing dragons was a well-known pastime of his, and, being a knight, it was only natural that he should desire to perform the feat in a series of knight's moves. Can you show how, starting from that central square, he may visit once, and only once, every square of the board in a chain of chess knight's moves, and end by capturing the Dragon on his last move? Of course a variety of different ways are open to him, so try to discover a route that forms some pretty design when you have marked each successive leap by a straight line from square to square.

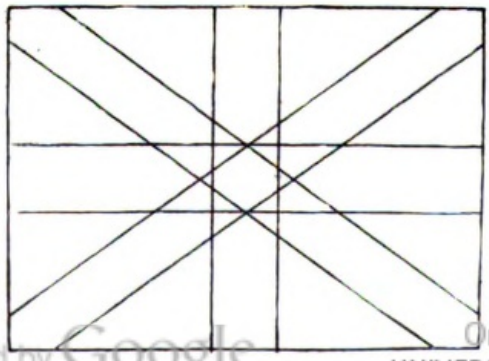
101.—AN EASY SQUARE PUZZLE.

IF you take a rectangular piece of cardboard, twice as long as it is broad, and cut it in half diagonally, you will get two of the pieces shown in the illustration. The puzzle is with five such pieces of equal size to form a square. One of the pieces may be cut in two, but the others must be used intact.



102.—THE UNION JACK.

THE illustration is a rough sketch somewhat resembling the British flag, the Union Jack. It is not possible to draw the whole of it without lifting the pencil from the paper or going over the same line twice. The puzzle is to find out just *how much* of the drawing it is possible to make without lifting your pencil or going twice over the same line. Take your pencil and see what is the best you can do.



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

97.—STEPPING STONES.

NUMBER the stepping stones 1 to 8 in regular order Then proceed as follows: 1, (bank), 1, 2, 3, (2), 3, 4, 5, (4). 5, 6, 7, (6), 7, 8, bank, (8), bank. The steps in brackets are taken in a backward direction. It will thus be seen that by returning to the bank after the first step, and then always going three steps forward for one step backward, we perform the required feat in nineteen steps.

98.—CONCERNING WHEELS.

FIG. 1.

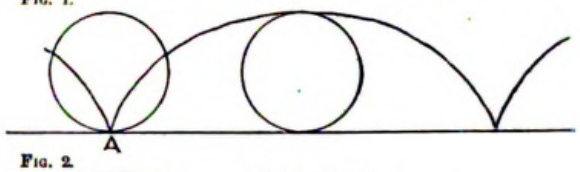
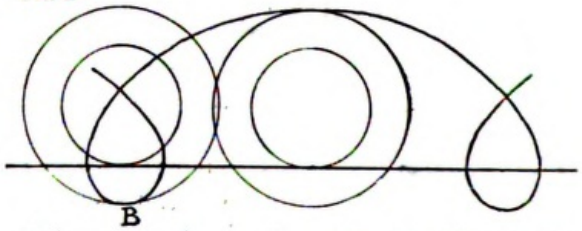


FIG. 2.



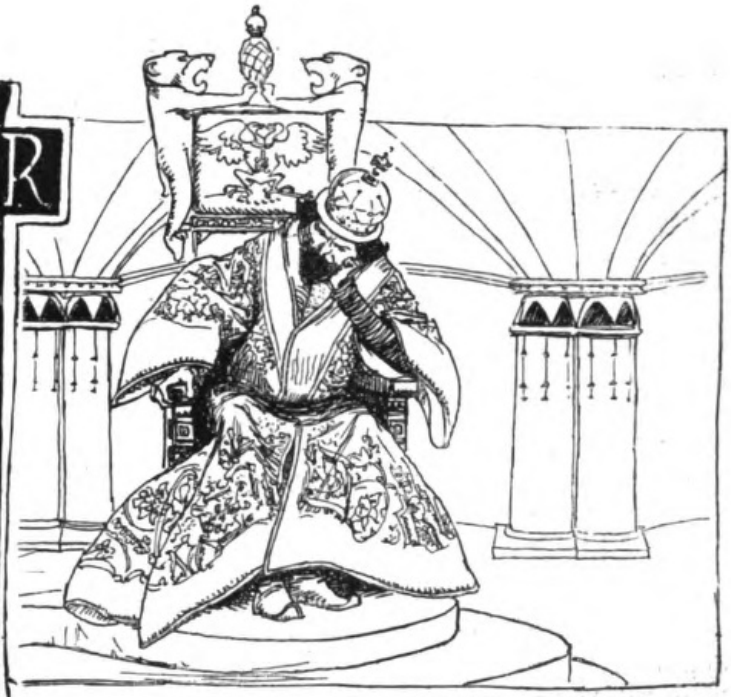
IF you mark a point A on the circumference of a wheel that runs on the surface of a level road, like an ordinary cart-wheel, the curve described by that point will be a common cycloid, as in Fig. 1. But if you mark a point B on the circumference of the flange of a railway-wheel, the curve will be a curtate cycloid, as in Fig. 2, terminating in nodes. Now, if we consider one of these nodes or loops we shall see that "at any given moment" certain points at the bottom of the loop must be moving in the opposite direction to the train. As there is an infinite number of such points on the flange's circumference, there must be an infinite number of these loops being described while the train is in motion. In fact, at any given moment, certain points on the flanges are always moving in a direction opposite to that in which the train is going. In the case of the two wheels, the wheel that runs round the stationary one makes two revolutions round its own centre. As both wheels are of the same size, it is obvious that if at the start we mark a point on the circumference of the upper wheel, at the very top, this point will be in contact with the lower wheel at its lowest part when half the journey has been made. Therefore this point is again at the top of the moving wheel, and one revolution has been made. Consequently there are two such revolutions in the complete journey.

99.—SIMPLE MULTIPLICATION.

THE required number is 3,529,411,764,705,882, which may be multiplied by 3 and divided by 2 by the simple expedient of removing the 3 from one end of the row to the other. If you want a longer number you can increase this one to any extent by repeating the sixteen figures in the same order.

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PRINCE PETER AND THE WIZARD



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Re-told from the Russian by
Post Wheeler.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

IN old times, when the world was full of wizards and forest monsters, and when the rivers ran with sweet milk, there lived a Czar named Bel-Belianin with his Queen and their three sons, Alexe, Dimitry, and Peter.

One day the Queen, who had gone out to walk, failed to return to the palace, and, though search was made, no trace could be found of her. Then Czar Bel-Belianin called together his Ministers and officers, his sages, his grandees, and councillors, and asked their advice, and when they had deliberated for three weeks the eldest among them came before him and said:—

"Your Majesty! It is clear that the Queen has been spirited away by Kastchey, the most powerful of all the wizards. While his own realm and castle is beyond three times nine lands, he possesses many strongholds in other kingdoms, and it has long been known that his most splendid palaces are upon the tops of the highest, most inaccessible mountains in the next kingdom to your own. It is, however, hopeless to war against him, for his palaces are surrounded by enchantment, and Kastchey himself cannot be killed by mortal means, since he carries his life not in his body, but in a secret place that is known only to himself."

The Czar was deeply saddened by this speech. He sent for his three sons. "My dear sons," he said, "you know how the loss of your mother oppresses my heart and soul, and I am minded now to send one of you forth in search of her. You, therefore, Alexe, who are my eldest, take my fatherly blessing, with as much gold and as many troops as you require, and try your fortune in the quest. If you succeed you shall inherit my kingdom."

So, boasting much, Prince Alexe took from the treasury a full purse, and, with fifty thousand soldiers, armed with iron lances, set out from the capital. He rode a month, and two and three, until he had passed beyond the borders of his father's kingdom, but no one had heard of the lost Queen or of the strongholds of Kastchey the Wizard. At length he came, through fen and morass, to a desert land where only earth and sky were to be seen, and the sand was as hot as cinder-cakes, and here his host vanished one by one till but ten remained. Beyond the desert was a forest, and on the skirt of the forest, in a patch of wild hemp and bramble, he came upon an old greybeard, a yard tall, sitting on a stone.

"Health to you, grandfather!" said Prince Alexe.

"Health to you, Prince!" replied the old man. "Where does God carry you?"

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"I seek the stronghold of Kastchey the Wizard," answered Prince Alexe, "who has stolen away my mother."

"You are on the right track," said the other, "but you will not be able to reach it."

"Why not?" asked the Prince.

"Because," said the greybeard, "there are three broad rivers between, over which you must be ferried, and the price asked is a great one."

Prince Alexe threw the old man a piece of gold. "I have gold and to spare," he said, haughtily, and, spurring forward, rode on to the first of the three rivers.

There waited on its bank a ferryman covered with scales of copper like tortoise, with a head like a cask, and so huge of stature that the horses which carried the Prince's ten men snorted with terror, and, turning, galloped away with their riders. The Prince approached trembling, and asked: "Ferryman, will you ferry me over?"

"If you pay me my price," answered the ferryman.

"And what is your price?" asked the Prince.

"I will bring you back for nothing," said the other; "but for carrying you across I shall strike off your right hand."

Prince Alexe saw the sharp sword girded at the ferryman's side, and his huge head drooped lower than his broad shoulders.

"Of small use to myself should I be without my good right hand," he thought. "Yet, if I succeed, I shall be Czar, and a kingdom is worth the price."

So he bade the other take him across, and on the farther side the ferryman drew his sword and struck off his right hand, and, bemoaning its loss, the Prince spurred on alone. He rode until he came to the second river, and on its bank waited a ferryman as tall as a fir tree, armoured with plates of silver, and of such a countenance that Prince Alexe's heart fainted for very fear, and, turning, he struck spurs to his steed and rode back the way he had come to his own kingdom.

Then Czar Bel-Belianin, having heard his story, embraced him and wept over him, and, summoning his second son, said: "My dear son Dimitry, take my blessing, with gold and troops as much and many as you will, and go forth and try. And if you succeed, you shall have my kingdom after me."

And Dimitry, vowing he would do better than his brother, took a knapsack full of gold and a hundred thousand soldiers and set out. He, too, came at length to the desert of hot sand, and here his men vanished till there were left but a score.

But when they saw the gigantic ferryman, with his frame covered with copper armour, the horses his twenty men rode, stricken with terror, galloped away, and the Prince approached him trembling. He, too, was ferried over at the cost of his right hand, and, lamenting its loss, rode on alone to the second river. And there, though the fierce aspect of the ferryman made his horse sweat and his own heart shake, he approached and asked: "Ferryman, will you ferry me over?"

"If you will pay my price," answered the ferryman.

"And what is your price?" asked the Prince.

"I will bring you back for nothing," said the other; "but for ferrying you over I shall strike off your left foot."

The Prince's bright head hung lower than his stalwart shoulders. "I have already given my right hand," he thought, "and a foot is not so much more when a kingdom is the reward." So he bade the other carry him over, and when they had crossed the ferryman drew his sword and struck off his left foot, and Prince Dimitry rode on.

He went till he came to the third river, and on its bank he saw a ferryman as tall as a tower, with legs like buttresses, clad all in golden armour, and with a face so fierce and terrible that the Prince's courage died within him. So he turned his horse about and in mortal fear spurred back the way he had come to his own kingdom.

Czar Bel-Belianin kissed him and grieved over him, and then, sending for his youngest son, bade him also take what he required and go and search.

"I have need of neither gold nor army, father," said Prince Peter. "Give me only a horse of my own choosing and a sword fit for a hero."

His father bade him choose the best blade from his armoury and the finest steed in his stables. Prince Peter went to the armoury accordingly, and tested the blades for a month till he had picked the keenest and the strongest; then he bade the stable grooms collect all the Czar's stud-horses and drive them to the sea, and watched to see what they would do. One swam far out and began to wrestle with the waves till the water boiled and dashed against the shore as in a tempest, and him Prince Peter chose. He took his father's blessing, girded on the keen sword, and, mounting the horse, set out.

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He rode for one month and for three. He passed the quagmire and the fiery desert, and at the edge of the forest, in the plot of wild hemp and briar, met the little old man sitting on a stone. He told him of his errand, and the greybeard said: "You have a keen sword and the horse of a hero, but all the same you will not get to Kastchey."

"Why not?" asked the Prince.

"Because," replied the other, "you must first pass three rivers. At each river is a ferry, and the price each ferryman asks is a great one, for the first will strike off your right hand, the second your left foot, and the third your head."

"Well," answered Prince Peter, "a man can die but once!" And he thanked him and made to ride on, but the old man stopped him.

"You are both brave and courteous too," he said, "and perchance you may cross the three rivers. If you do, ride straight on till you reach a high mountain, on whose top are the four palaces of Kastchey. At the base of the mountain is a cave with an iron door. Enter it and you will find four iron claws. Bind these to your hands and feet, and it may be you will be able to reach the top."

The Prince bade the old man farewell, rode to the first river, and demanded to be ferried over.

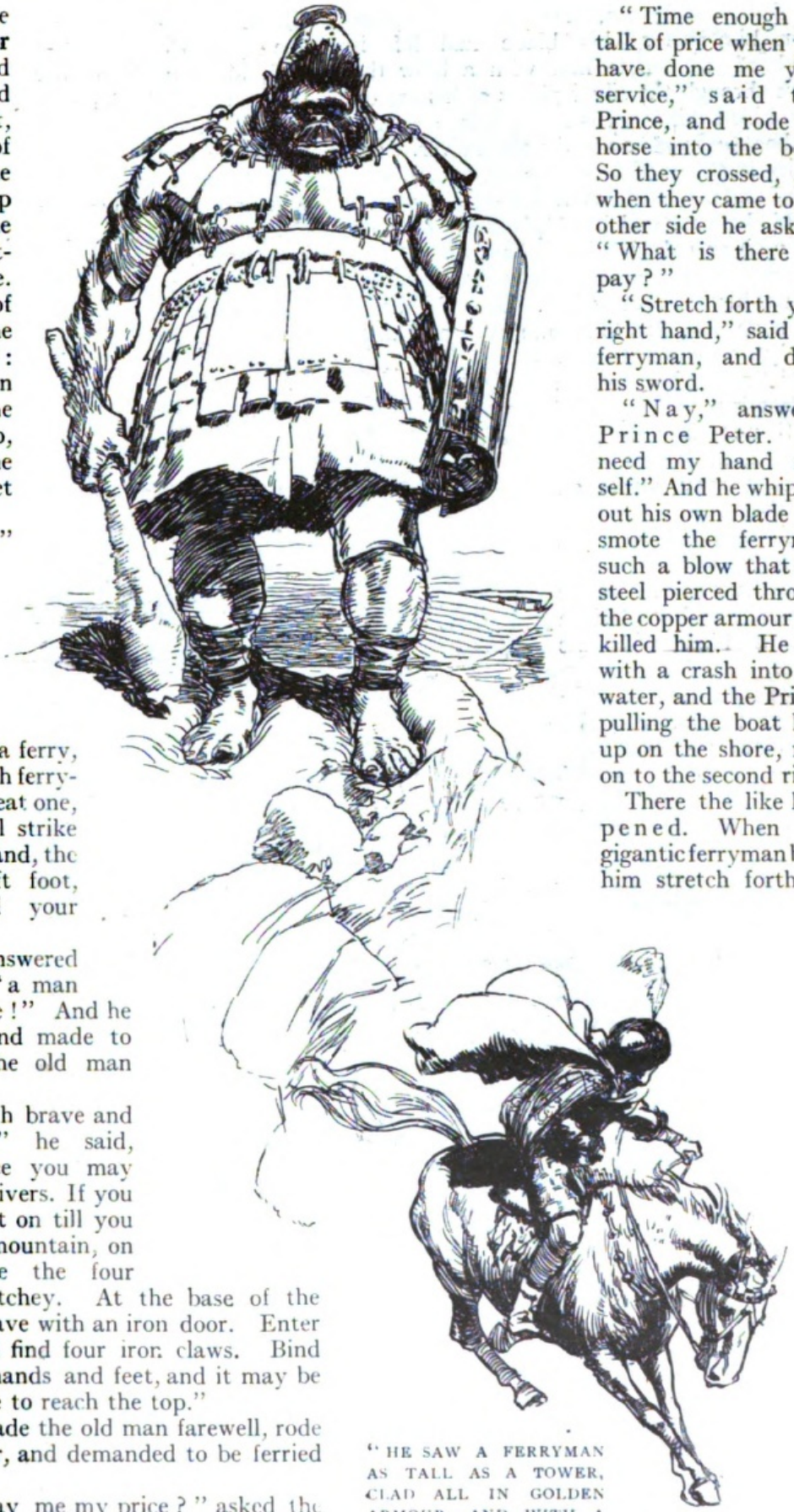
"Will you pay me my price?" asked the huge ferryman.

"Time enough to talk of price when you have done me your service," said the Prince, and rode his horse into the boat. So they crossed, and when they came to the other side he asked: "What is there to pay?"

"Stretch forth your right hand," said the ferryman, and drew his sword.

"Nay," answered Prince Peter. "I need my hand myself." And he whipped out his own blade and smote the ferryman such a blow that the steel pierced through the copper armour and killed him. He fell with a crash into the water, and the Prince, pulling the boat high up on the shore, rode on to the second river.

There the like happened. When the gigantic ferryman bade him stretch forth his



"HE SAW A FERRYMAN AS TALL AS A TOWER, CLAD ALL IN GOLDEN ARMOUR, AND WITH A FACE FIERCE AND TERRIBLE."

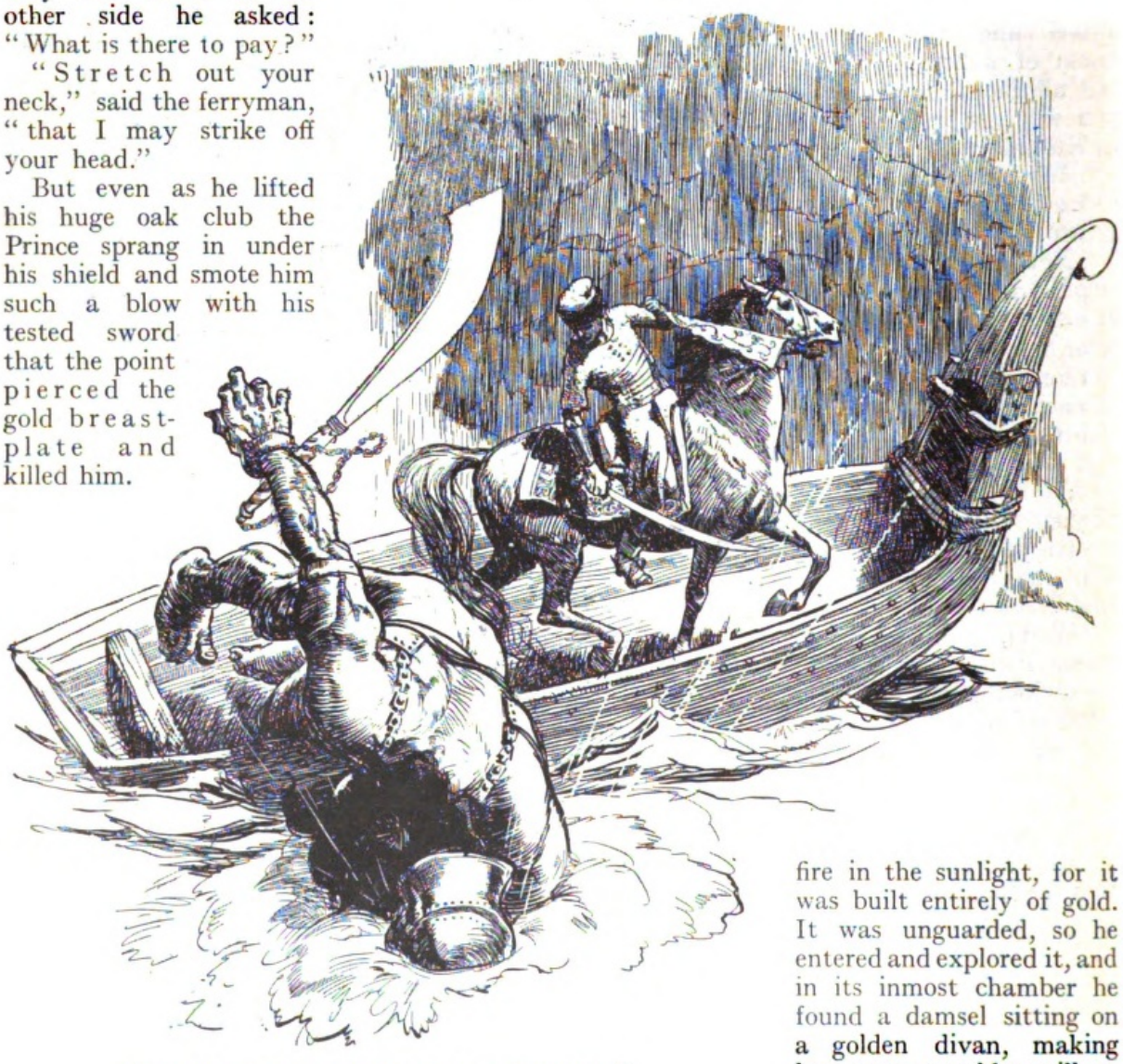
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left foot, the Prince, drawing sword, sprang upon him before his blade had left its scabbard and smote him with a blow that shore through the silver plates of his armour and killed him. Then the Prince secured the boat and rode on to the third river. And on its bank stood a wild man, as tall as a giant and as thick as a hay-stack, with a shield, helmet, and breastplate all of gold, and with an oak club in his hand.

Prince Peter, however, was not daunted, nor did his horse show fear. He rode aboard and bade the giant ferry him over, and when they were come to the other side he asked: "What is there to pay?"

"Stretch out your neck," said the ferryman, "that I may strike off your head."

But even as he lifted his huge oak club the Prince sprang in under his shield and smote him such a blow with his tested sword that the point pierced the gold breast-plate and killed him.



"HE FELL WITH A CRASH INTO THE WATER."

Prince Peter fastened the boat and rode on, and presently he came to a mountain so high that its top was propped against the sky, and he could scarcely lift his eyes to its summit. He turned out his good horse to graze on the wheat in the open field, searched till he came upon the iron door, and entered the cave. Here he found the four iron claws, and, binding them to his hands and feet, began to climb the mountain. For a whole month he climbed, higher and higher, and finally he reached the top, which was so high that from it one could see the whole world, with all its countries, spread out as if on the palm of the hand. Here he took off his iron claws, thanked God, and, after resting three days, went straight before him.

He came at length to a vast palace, wealthy and magnificent, which blazed like fire in the sunlight, for it was built entirely of gold. It was unguarded, so he entered and explored it, and in its inmost chamber he found a damsel sitting on a golden divan, making lace upon a golden pillow, and both the shuttle and the thread were of pure gold. The damsel was of such beauty that it could not be described, and Prince Peter could not look at her enough.

"Health to you, beautiful maiden!" he said.

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"Health to you, Prince!" she replied. "But how came you hither? By your own will, or by force?"

"By mine own will," he answered. "I seek my mother, who has been stolen away from my father's kingdom by Kastchey. Can you tell me where she is?"

"I can," she rejoined. "I, too, was stolen from my father's kingdom by the wizard, who visits me here once each month. But your mother he keeps in his fourth palace, which is built of pearl, and thither you must go. But, I implore you, if you overcome and slay the monster, remember me and take me with you out into the world."

"Sooner than leave you here to Kastchey would I give mine own life!" he answered. "Never fear that I could ever forget you!"



"HE FOUND A DAMSEL SITTING ON A DIVAN MAKING LACE."

"Hearken, now," she said. "When you come to the last of the wizard's palaces, you will see that it lies in a garden which is surrounded like a wall by an enormous serpent coiled with its tail in its mouth. Take this bundle of herbs, and when you come into the open field about the palace, choose a spot whence the wind blows from you toward the serpent, and there build a fire and throw some of the herb into the flame. Mind that you do not use it all, and that you stand behind the wind. The smoke will cause the serpent to fall asleep, and you may then climb over its body and enter the palace."

Prince Peter bade her farewell and set out, and when he had travelled a day he came to a palace which rose dazzling white from the midst of a green garden, and all about the garden lay coiled a huge snake, a living scaly wall. He went into the open field, built a fire, and threw upon it some sprigs of the herbs, and from it arose a great volume of smoke which the wind drove toward the serpent, causing it to fall asleep. He then climbed over it and entered the palace of pearl.

He passed through room after room till he came to the inmost of all, and there he saw his mother sitting on a high pearl throne, dressed in a robe of brocade sewn with seed pearls, and wearing a Queen's pearly crown.

When she saw him she ran to him and, embracing him, fell to weeping. "How have you found me here," she cried, "my brave and beloved son? For I, your mother, am in

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the power of this mighty wizard, who comes to me every day. You will strive to overcome him, yet is he strong in his enchantments, while you are but an untried youth, so that I greatly fear for you!"

"The wind does not blow for ever," said the Prince, and he comforted his mother, and they kissed and caressed one another, when there rose a roaring of wind so that all the crystal windows rattled. "Kastchey is coming," she said. "Hide quickly beneath my mantle!"

He concealed himself, and scarce had he done so when the wizard entered, green-eyed and hairy, with a bared sword in one hand, and a nose curved like a scimitar. He hastened to the Queen and began to pet and fondle her. "Have you been lonely, light of mine eyes?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "You travel far and have many enemies, and I fear for your life."

"No fear of that," he said. "My life I carry not in my body, but in another place."

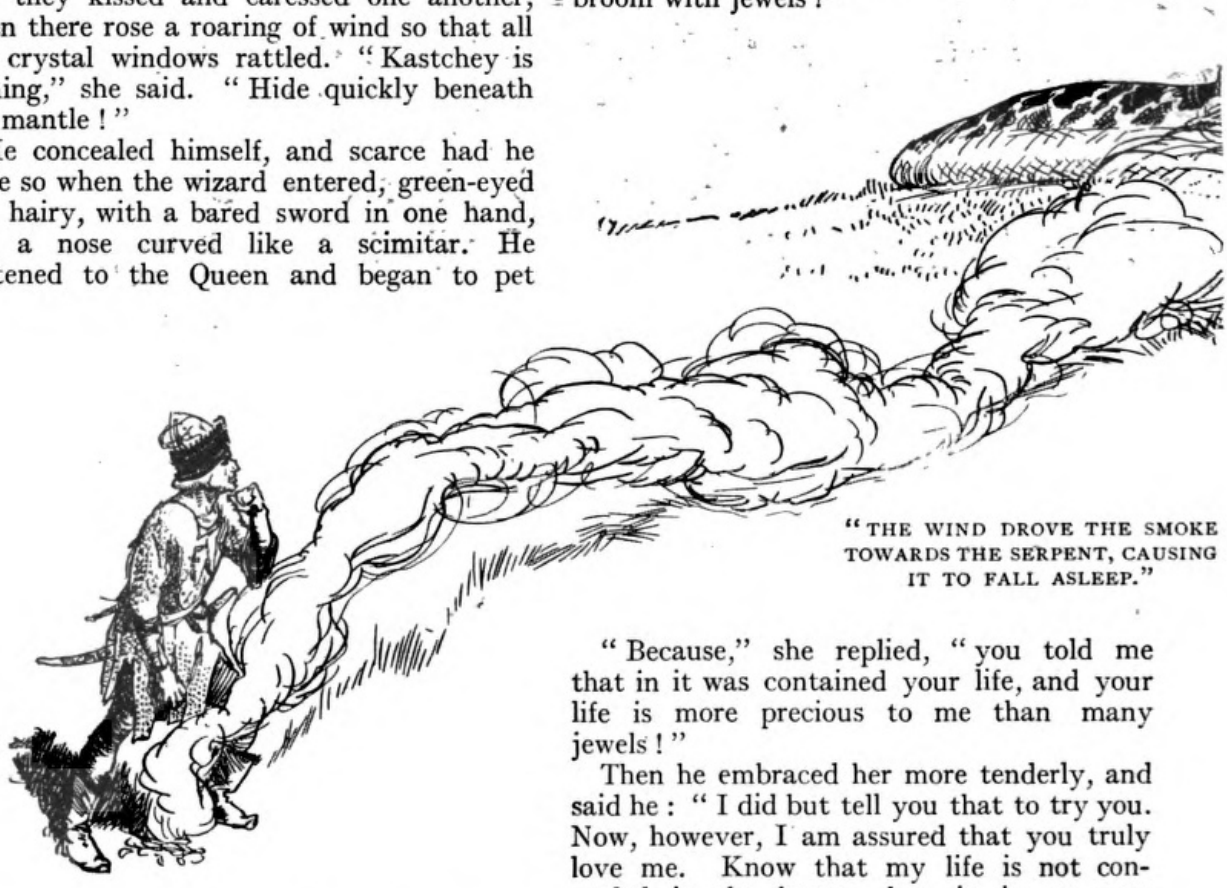
"Where is that place?" she asked.

"It is in the broom that stands beside the door," he answered; "but now I am tired and I would sleep."

He laid his head on the Queen's knees and slept, while the Prince lay hidden, and when he woke he bade her farewell till the morrow, and departed in a whirlwind from the palace.

Then the Queen went and fetched the broom, and, bringing a quantity of precious stones, bade Prince Peter sew them all about it. This he did, when she returned it to its place, and they spent the afternoon in conversation.

Next day, as they sat together, there came again the sound of the howling wind, and a second time she concealed the Prince beneath her mantle, when the wizard entered and began to fondle her as before. Presently he saw the broom, and asked: "Why, you dearest of women, have you sewn a common broom with jewels?"



"THE WIND DROVE THE SMOKE TOWARDS THE SERPENT, CAUSING IT TO FALL ASLEEP."

"Because," she replied, "you told me that in it was contained your life, and your life is more precious to me than many jewels!"

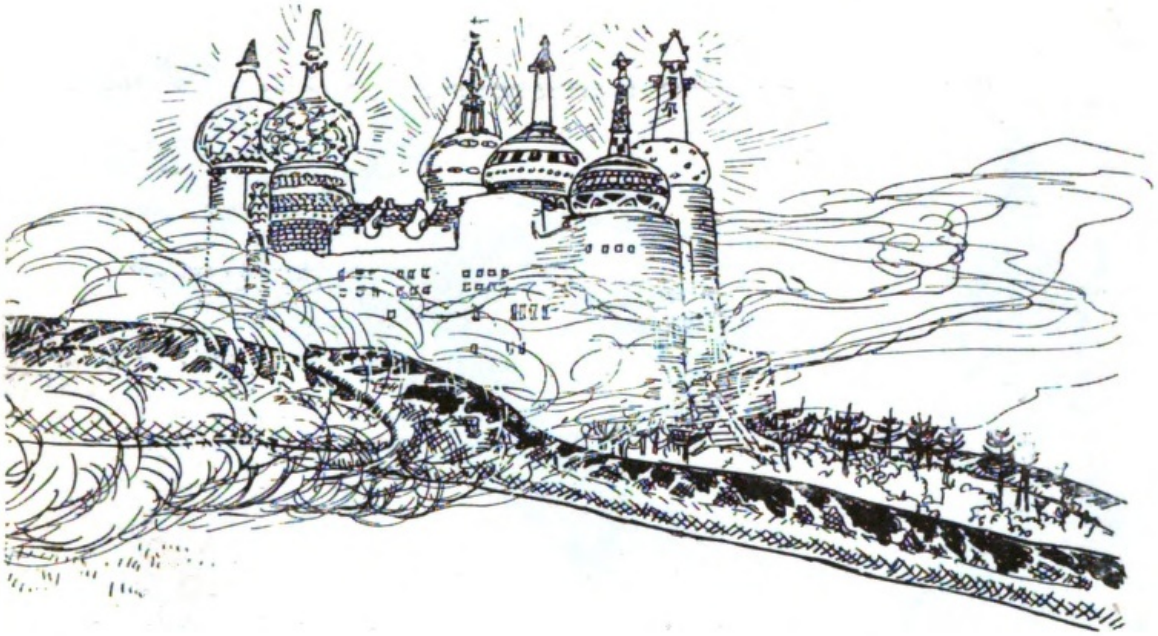
Then he embraced her more tenderly, and said he: "I did but tell you that to try you. Now, however, I am assured that you truly love me. Know that my life is not concealed in the broom, but is in an egg. The egg is in a duck, and the duck is in a hare, and the hare nests in a great hollow log that floats in a pond in a forest of the island of Bouyan." Having thus spoken, Kastchey put his head on the Queen's knees and slept, and soon, awaking, bade her farewell and departed.

Then Prince Peter came from his concealment, and his mother said: "This time, my dear son, Kastchey has told truly wherein his wicked life lies. Only when you have found the egg can you overcome him. Go, therefore, with God, for here your life is in danger every moment."

So he embraced her, and burning in the garden some of the herb which the maiden of the golden palace had given him, climbed over the serpent and went his way.

After travelling for some considerable time without stopping, he found his iron claws and began to climb down the mountain. At the end of a month he reached its foot,

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left the iron claws in the cave, found his horse grazing in the open field, and set out for the island of Bouyan.

He rode a long way and he rode a short way, and at length he came to the sea. On the sand, gasping out its life, lay a stranded fish, and, pitying its plight, the Prince dismounted, picked it up, and threw it into the water. Then, remounting his good horse, he spurred it into the water, and it began to swim to the island of Bouyan. It swam one day, it swam two, and on the third it reached the island, and leaving his steed to rest, Prince Peter went straight to the forest.

He had scarce entered it when he came upon a great bear, whose paw was caught beneath a fallen tree. Drawing his sword, he cut the creature loose and went on; and presently he saw an otter fast in a snare. He released the otter, and a little farther on he found a hawk struggling in a tangle of vines. He freed the hawk also, and, pressing on, soon came to the pond.

In the middle of it floated a great branchless log, but it was beyond his reach. While he wondered what he should do, a heavy rain began to fall and the water of the pond rose. He climbed a tree, and when the log floated near he secured it. When the rain ceased and the water fell, he attacked the log with his sword, but so huge was it that he could not cut it through. Suddenly, while he laboured, the bear he had befriended rushed from the wood and tore the log asunder with its great paws. Out of the log leaped a hare, but the otter he had released sprang from the thicket, pursued the hare, and caught it and tore it to pieces. From the hare flew a duck, but the hawk he had freed darted after it into the sky and seized it. The duck thereupon laid an egg, and the egg fell into the sea; but while the Prince was bemoaning its loss with tears there came swimming to the shore the fish whose life he had saved, bringing the egg in its mouth. Then Prince Peter put the egg in his belt, mounted his horse, which swam back with him across the ocean, and, having rested, set out again for the mountain of Kastchey.

The telling is easy, but the labour was hard. Whether he rode a week or a month, he came at length to the mountain, left his horse to graze on the meadow, and, binding the iron claws to his hands and feet, climbed to the summit and hastened to the palace of pearl. Again he burned some of the drowsy herb, climbed over the serpent, entered, and embraced his mother and showed her the egg.

Before long there arose the sound of the whistling wind, and in came Kastchey. He ground his teeth when he saw the Prince, and would have rushed at once upon him; but Prince Peter squeezed the egg in his hand, ever so slightly, and as he did so the fierce light grew dim in the wizard's eyes. The Prince tossed the egg from the right hand to the left, and Kastchey was hurled violently from one corner of the room to the other. With a last effort the wicked wizard strove to reach his enemy with his sword, but Prince Peter threw the egg on the

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"THE PRINCE TOSSED THE EGG FROM THE RIGHT HAND TO THE LEFT, AND KASTCHEY WAS HURLED VIOLENTLY FROM ONE CORNER TO ANOTHER."

floor. It broke, and instantly Kastchey fell down dead, and the serpent that coiled about the garden vanished.

The Prince made a great pyre, burned the body of the wizard to ashes, and scattered the ashes to the winds. Then with his mother he set out on their return. The lovely damsel of the gold palace met them with joy, and the Prince kissed her, and they plighted their troth that moment.

When they came to the brink of the steep descent, Prince Peter found his iron claws once more, donned them, and, tearing into strips the outer robes of the maiden, twisted a rope by means of which, as he climbed, he lowered her, with his mother, down the mountain. When they reached the level ground he caught his good steed, set his mother upon it, and they set out for the kingdom of his father.

When they drew near to the capital the Prince sent in advance a swift messenger to the Czar with this message: "Father! I, your son Peter, am returning home, bringing with me my mother the Queen, and my own bride to be, a maiden as lovely as the stars. Come out to meet us."

The Czar, hearing the message, could not believe his ears. He mounted and rode out of the capital at the head of all his Ministers and officers and his army, and when he saw that it was indeed true and that his well-beloved Queen was alive, his joy knew no bounds. He ordered the musicians to play their instruments and the drummers to beat their drums, and, bringing them to the palace, decreed a great festival, whose splendour made the whole kingdom wonder.

When the feastings were ended Prince Peter wedded the lovely damsel of the golden palace. And soon after Czar Bel-Belianin laid down his sceptre. Peter ruled the kingdom after him, and his life was long and his reign glorious.

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"ONE OF THE CREATURES WRIGGLED ON TO A SANDBANK AND EXPOSED A BARREL-SHAPED BODY AND HUGE FLIPPERS BEHIND THE LONG SERPENT NECK."

(*See page* 366.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xliv. OCTOBER, 1912. No. 262.

THE LOST WORLD.

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor George E. Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. E. D. Malone of the "Daily Gazette."

BY

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

CHAPTER XIV. (*continued*).

I AWOKE to find myself on my back upon the grass in our lair within the thicket. Someone had brought the water from the brook and Lord John Roxton was sprinkling my head with it, while Challenger and Summerlee were propping me up, with concern in their faces. For a moment I had a glimpse of the human spirits behind their scientific masks. It was really the shock rather than any injury which had prostrated me, and in half an hour, in spite of aching head and stiff neck, I was sitting up and ready for anything.

"But you've had the escape of your life, young fellah my lad," said Lord John. "When I heard your cry and ran forward, and saw your head twisted half off and your Stohwassers kickin' in the air, I thought we were one short. I missed the beast in my flurry, but he dropped you all right and was off like a streak. By George! I wish I had fifty men with rifles. I'd clear out the whole infernal gang of them, and leave this country a bit cleaner than we found it."

It was clear now that the ape-men had in some way marked us down, and that we were watched on every side. We had not so much to fear from them during the day, but they would be very likely to rush us by night, so the sooner we got away from their neighbourhood the better. On three sides of us was absolute forest, and there we might find ourselves in an ambush. But on the fourth side—that which sloped down in the direction of the lake—there was only low scrub with scattered trees and occasional open glades. It was, in fact, the route which I had myself taken in my solitary journey, and it led us straight for the Indian caves. This, then, must for every reason be our road.

One great regret we had, and that was to leave our old camp behind us, not only for the sake of the stores which remained there, but even more because we were losing touch with Zambo, our link with the outside world. However, we had a fair supply of cartridges and all our guns, so, for a time at least, we could look after ourselves, and we hoped soon to have a chance of returning and restoring our communications with the negro. He had faithfully promised to stay where he was, and we had not a doubt that he would be as good as his word.

It was in the early afternoon that we started upon our journey. The young chief

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walked at our head as our guide, but refused indignantly to carry any burden. Behind him came the two surviving Indians with our scanty possessions upon their backs.

We four white men walked in the rear, with rifles loaded and ready. As we started there broke from the thick, silent woods behind us a sudden great ululation of the ape-men, which may have been a cheer of triumph at our departure or a jeer of contempt at our flight. Looking back, we saw only the dense screen of trees, but that long-drawn yell told us how many of our enemies lurked among them. We saw no sign of pursuit, however, and soon we had got into more open country and beyond their power.

As I tramped along, the rearmost of the four, I could not help smiling at the appearance of my three companions in front. Was this the luxurious Lord John Roxton who had sat that evening in the Albany amidst his Persian rugs and his pictures in the pink radiance of the tinted lights? And was this the imposing Professor who had swelled behind the great mahogany desk in his massive study at Enmore Park? And, finally, could this be the austere and prim figure which had risen before the meeting at the Zoological Institute? No three tramps that one could have met in a Surrey lane could have looked more hopeless and bedraggled. We had, it is true, been only a week or so upon the top of the plateau, but our spare clothing was in our camp below, and the one week had been a severe one upon us all—though least to me, who had not to endure the handling of the ape-men. My three friends had all lost their hats and had now bound handkerchiefs round their heads, their clothes hung in ribbons about them, and their unshaven, grimy faces were hardly to be recognized. Both Summerlee and Challenger were limping heavily, while I still dragged my feet from weakness after the shock of the morning, and my neck was as stiff as a board from the murderous grip that had held it. We were indeed a sorry crew, and I did not wonder to see our Indian companions glance back at us occasionally with horror and amazement on their faces.

In the late afternoon we reached the margin of the lake, and as we emerged from the bush and saw the sheet of water stretching before us our native friends set up a shrill cry of joy, and pointed eagerly in front of them. It was indeed a wonderful sight which lay before us. Sweeping over the glassy surface was a great flotilla of canoes coming straight for the shore upon which we stood. They were some miles out when first we saw them, but they shot forward with great swiftness, and were soon so near that the rowers could distinguish our persons. Instantly a thunderous shout of delight burst from them, and we saw them rise from their seats, waving their paddles and spears madly in the air. Then, bending to their work once more, they flew across the intervening water, beached their boats upon the sloping sand, and rushed up to us, prostrating themselves with loud cries of greeting before the young chief. Finally one of them, an elderly man with a necklace and bracelet of great lustrous glass beads, and the skin of some beautiful mottled amber-coloured animal slung over his shoulders, ran forward and embraced most tenderly the youth whom we had saved. He then looked at us and asked some questions, after which he stepped up with much dignity and embraced us also each in turn. Then, at his order, the whole tribe lay down upon the ground before us in homage. Personally, I felt shy and uncomfortable at this obsequious adoration, and I read the same feeling in the faces of Roxton and Summerlee; but Challenger expanded like a flower in the sun.

"They may be undeveloped types," said he, stroking his beard and looking round at them, "but their deportment in the presence of their superiors might be a lesson to some of our more advanced Europeans. Strange how correct are the instincts of the natural man!"

It was clear that the natives had come out upon the warpath, for every man carried his spear, a long bamboo tipped with bone, his bow and arrows, and some sort of club or stone battle-axe slung at his side. Their dark, angry glances at the woods from which we had come, and the frequent repetition of the word "*Doda*," made it clear enough that this was a rescue party who had set forth to save or revenge the old chief's son, for such we gathered that the youth must be. A council was now held by the whole tribe, squatting in a circle, whilst we sat near on a slab of basalt and watched their proceedings. Two or three warriors spoke, and finally our young friend made a spirited harangue with such eloquent features and gestures that we could understand it all as clearly as if we had known his language.

"What is the use of returning?" he said. "Sooner or later the thing must be done. Your comrades have been murdered. What if I have returned safe? These others have been done to death. There is no safety for any of us. We are assembled now and ready." Then he pointed to us. "These strange men

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are our friends. They are great fighters, and they hate the ape-men even as we do. They command "—here he pointed up to heaven— "the thunder and the lightning. When shall we have such a chance again? Let us go forward and either die now or live for the future in safety. How else shall we go back unashamed to our women?"

The little red warriors hung upon the words of the speaker, and when he had finished they burst into a roar of applause, waving their rude weapons in the air. The old chief stepped forward to us and asked us some question, pointing at the same time to the woods. Roxton made a sign to him that he should wait for an answer, and then he turned to us.

"Well, it's up to you to say what you will do," said he. "For my part, I have a score to settle with these monkey-folk, and if it ends by wipin' them off the face of the earth, I don't see that the earth need fret about it. I'm goin' with our little red pals, and I mean to see them through the scrap. What do you say, young fellah?"

"Of course I will come."

"And you, Challenger?"

"I will assuredly co-operate."

"And you, Summerlee?"

"We seem to be drifting very far from the objects of this expedition, Lord John. I assure you that I little thought, when I left my professorial chair in London, that it was for the purpose of heading a raid of savages upon a colony of anthropoid apes."

"To such base uses do we come," said Roxton, smiling. "But we are up against it, so what's the decision?"

"It seems a most questionable step," said Summerlee, argumentative to the last; "but if you are all going I hardly see how I can remain behind."

"Then it is settled," said Roxton, and, turning to the chief, he nodded and slapped his rifle.

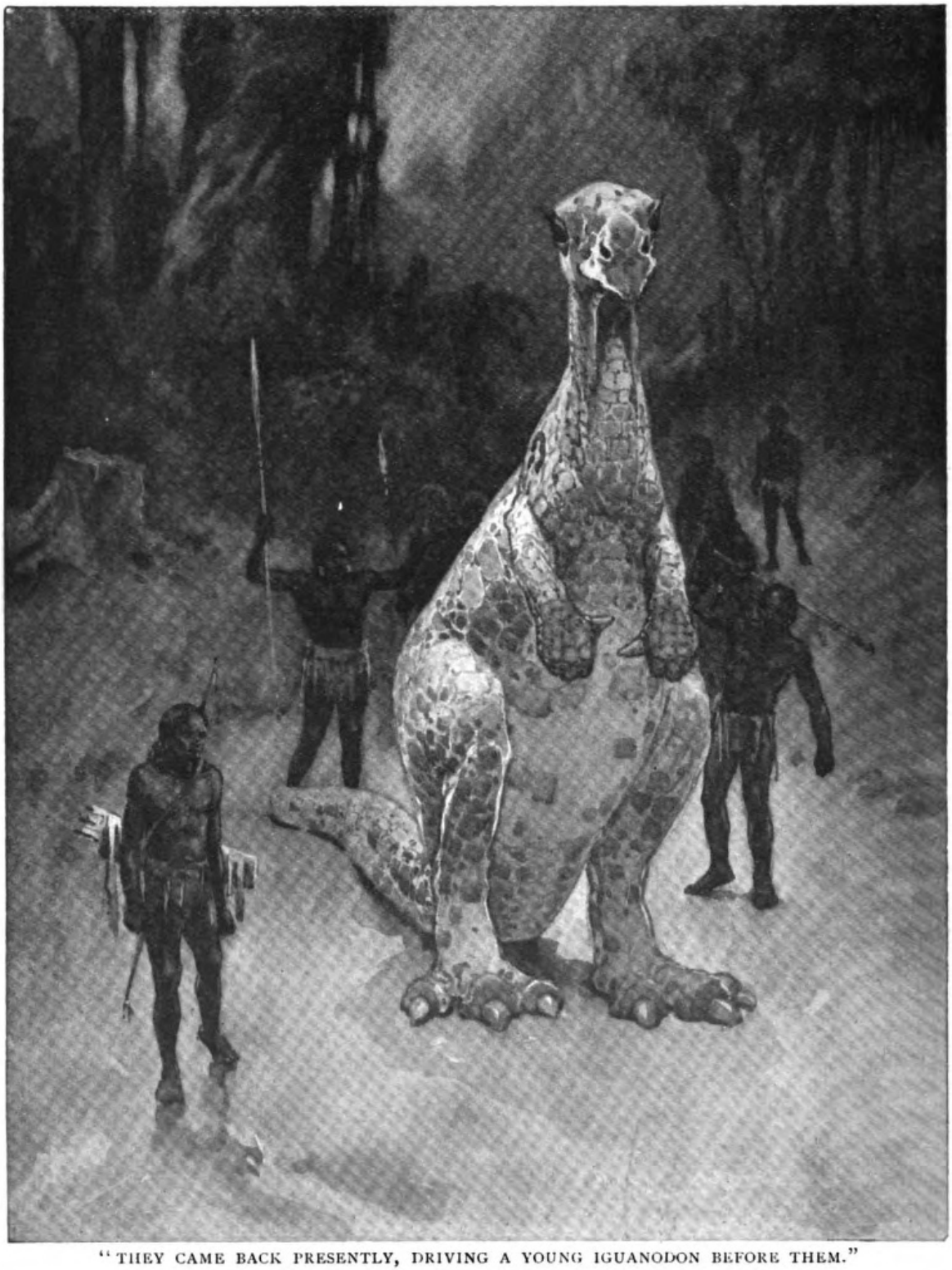
The old fellow clasped our hands each in turn, while his men cheered louder than ever. It was too late to advance that night, so the Indians settled down into a rude bivouac. On all sides their fires began to glimmer and smoke. Some of them who had disappeared into the jungle came back presently, driving a young iguanodon before them. Like the others, it had a daub of asphalt upon its shoulder, and it was only when we saw one of the natives step forward with the air of an owner and give his consent to the beast's slaughter that we understood at last that these great creatures were as much private property as a herd of cattle, and that these symbols which had so perplexed us were nothing more than the marks of the owner. Helpless, torpid, and vegetarian, with great limbs but a minute brain, they could be rounded up and driven by a child. In a few minutes the huge beast had been cut up, and slabs of him were hanging over a dozen camp-fires, together with great scaly ganoid fish which had been speared in the lake.

Summerlee had lain down and slept upon the sand, but we others roamed round the edge of the water, seeking to learn something more of this strange country. Twice we found pits of blue clay, such as we had already seen in the swamp of the pterodactyls. These were old volcanic vents, and for some reason excited the greatest interest in Roxton. What attracted Challenger, on the other hand, was a bubbling, gurgling mud geyser, where some strange gas formed great bursting bubbles upon the surface. He thrust a hollow reed into it, and cried out with delight like a schoolboy when he was able, on touching it with a lighted match, to cause a sharp explosion and a blue flame at the far end of the tube. Still more pleased was he when, inverting a leathern pouch over the end of the reed, and so filling it with the gas, he was able to send it soaring swiftly up into the air.

"An inflammable gas, and one markedly lighter than the atmosphere. I should say beyond doubt that it contained a considerable proportion of free hydrogen, or even of some lighter gas unknown to our science. The resources of G. E. C. are not yet exhausted, my young friend. I may yet show you how a great mind moulds all nature to its use." He swelled with some secret purpose, but would say no more.

There was nothing we could see upon the shore which seemed to me so wonderful as the great sheet of water before us. Our numbers and our noise had frightened all living creatures away, and, save for a few pterodactyls, which soared high above our heads while they waited for the carrion, all was still around the camp. But it was different out upon the waters of the Central Lake, rose-tinted by the setting sun. It boiled and heaved with strange life. Great slate-coloured backs and high serrated dorsal fins shot up with a fringe of silver foam, and then rolled down into the depths again. The sandbanks far out were spotted with uncouth crawling forms, huge turtles, strange saurians, and one great flat creature like an enormous writhing, palpitating mat of black, greasy leather, which flopped its way slowly to

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"THEY CAME BACK PRESENTLY, DRIVING A YOUNG IGUANODON BEFORE THEM."

the lake. Here and there high serpent-heads projected out of the water, cutting swiftly through it with a little horseshoe of foam in front, and a long, swirling wake behind, rising and falling in graceful, swan-like undulations as they went. It was not until one of these creatures wriggled on to a sandbank within a few hundred yards of us, and exposed a barrel-shaped body and huge flippers behind the long serpent neck, that Challenger and Summerlee, who had joined us, broke out into their duet of wonder and admiration.

"Plesiosaurus! A fresh-water plesiosaurus!" cried Summerlee. "That I should have lived to see such a sight! We are blessed, my dear Challenger, above all zoologists since the world began!"

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It was not until the night had fallen, and the fires of our savage allies glowed red in the shadows, that our two men of science could be dragged away from the fascinations of that primeval lake. Even in the darkness, as we lay upon the strand, we heard from time to time the snort and plunge of the huge creatures who lived therein.

At earliest dawn our camp was astir, and an hour later we had started upon our memorable expedition. Often in my dreams have I thought that I might live to be a war correspondent. In what wildest one could I have conceived the nature of the campaign which it should be my lot to report? Here, then, is my first despatch from a field of battle.

Our numbers had been reinforced during the night by a fresh batch of natives from the caves, and we may have been four or five hundred strong when we made our advance. A fringe of scouts were thrown out in front, and behind them the whole force in a solid column made their way up the long slope of the bush country until we were near the edge of the forest. Here they spread out into a thin, straggling line of spearmen and bowmen. Roxton and Challenger took their position upon the right flank, while Summerlee and I were on the left. It was a host of the Stone Age that we were accompanying to battle—we with the last word of the gunsmith's art from St. James's Street and the Strand.

We had not long to wait for our enemy. A wild, shrill clamour rose from the edge of the wood, and suddenly a body of ape-men rushed out with clubs and stones and made for the centre of the Indian line. It was a valiant move but a foolish one, for the great bandy-legged creatures were slow of foot, while their opponents were as active as cats. It was horrible to see the fierce brutes, with foaming mouths and glaring eyes, rushing and grasping, but for ever missing their elusive enemies, while arrow after arrow buried itself in their hides. One great fellow ran past me roaring with pain, with a dozen darts sticking from his chest and ribs. In mercy I put a bullet through his skull and he fell sprawling among the aloes. But this was the only shot fired, for the attack had been on the centre of the line, and the Indians there had needed no help of ours in repulsing it. Of all the ape-men who had rushed out into the open, I do not think that one got back to cover.

But the matter was more deadly when we came among the trees. For an hour or more after we entered the wood there was a desperate struggle, in which for a time we hardly held our own. Springing out from among the scrub, the ape-men with huge clubs broke in upon the Indians, and often felled three or four of them before they could be speared. Their frightful blows shattered everything upon which they fell. One of them knocked Summerlee's rifle to matchwood, and the next would have crushed his skull had an Indian not stabbed the beast to the heart. Other ape-men in the trees above us hurled down stones and logs of wood, occasionally dropping bodily on to our ranks and fighting furiously until they were felled. Once our allies broke under the pressure, and had it not been for the execution done by our rifles they would certainly have taken to their heels. But they were gallantly rallied by their old chief, and came on with such a rush that the ape-men began in turn to give way. Summerlee was weaponless, but I was emptying my magazine as quick as I could fire, and on the farther flank we heard the continuous cracking of our companions' rifles. Then, in a moment, came the panic and the collapse. Screaming and howling, the great creatures rushed away in all directions through the brushwood, while our allies yelled in their savage delight, following swiftly after their flying enemies. All the feuds of countless generations, all the hatreds and cruelties of their narrow history, all the memories of ill-usage and persecution were to be purged that day. At last man was to be supreme and the man-beast to find for ever his allotted place. Fly as they would, the fugitives were too slow to escape from the active savages, and from every side in the tangled woods we heard the exultant yells, the twanging of bows, and the crash and thud as ape-men were brought down from their hiding-places in the trees.

I was following the others when I found that Roxton and Challenger had come across to join us.

"It's over," said Roxton. "I think we can leave the tidying-up to them. Perhaps the less we see of it the better we shall sleep."

Challenger's eyes were shining with the lust of slaughter.

"We have been privileged," he cried, strutting about like a gamecock, "to be present at one of the typical decisive battles of history—the battles which have determined the fate of the world. What, my friends, is the conquest of one nation by another? It is meaningless. Each produces the same result. But those fierce fights, when in the dawn of the ages the cave-dwellers held their own against the tiger-folk, or the elephants first found that they had a master, those were

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the real conquests—the victories that count. By this strange turn of Fate we have seen and helped to decide even such a contest. Now upon this plateau the future must ever be for man."

It needed a robust faith in the end to justify such tragic means. As we advanced together through the woods we found the ape-men lying thick, transfixed with spears or arrows. Here and there a little group of shattered Indians showed where one of the anthropoids had turned to bay and sold his life dearly. Always in front of us we heard the yelling and roaring which showed the direction of the pursuit. The ape-men had been driven back to their city; they had made a last stand there; once again they had been broken, and now we were in time to see the final fearful scene of all. Some eighty or a hundred males, the last survivors, had been driven across that same little clearing which led to the edge of the cliff, the scene of our own exploit two days before. As we arrived the Indians, a semicircle of spearmen, had closed in on them, and in a minute it was over. Thirty or forty of the bravest died where they stood. The others, screaming and clawing, were thrust over the precipice and went hurtling down, as their prisoners had done of old, on to the sharp bamboos six hundred feet below. It was as Challenger had said, and the reign of man was assured for ever in Maple White Land. The males were exterminated, Ape Town was destroyed, the females and young were driven away to live in bondage, and the long rivalry of untold centuries had reached its bloody end.

For us the victory brought much advantage. Once again we were able to visit our camp and get at our stores. Once more also we were able to communicate with Zambo, who had been terrified by the spectacle from afar of an avalanche of apes falling from the edge of the cliff.

"Come away, massas—come away!" he cried, his eyes starting from his head. "The debbil get you sure if you stay up there."

"It is the voice of sanity!" said Summerlee, with conviction. "We have had adventures enough, and they are neither suitable to our character nor our position. I hold you to your word, Challenger. From now onwards you devote your energies to getting us out of this horrible country and back once more to civilization."

CHAPTER XV.

"OUR EYES HAVE SEEN GREAT WONDERS."

I WRITE this from day to day, but I trust that before I come to the end of it I may be able to say that the light shines, at last, through our clouds. We are held here with no clear means of making our escape, and bitterly we chafe against it. Yet I can well imagine that the day may come when we may be glad that we were kept, against our will, to see something more of the wonders of this singular place and of the creatures who inhabit it.

The victory of the Indians and the annihilation of the ape-men marked the turning-point of our fortunes. From then onwards we were, in truth, masters of the plateau, for the natives looked upon us with a mixture of fear and gratitude, since by our strange powers we had aided them to destroy their hereditary foe. For their own sakes they would perhaps be glad to see the departure of such formidable and incalculable people, but they have not themselves suggested any way by which we may reach the plains below. There had been, so far as we could follow their signs, a tunnel by which the place could be approached, the lower exit of which we had seen from below. By this, no doubt, both ape-men and Indians had at different epochs reached the top, and Maple White, with his companion, had taken the same way. Only the year before, however, there had been a terrific earthquake, and the upper end of the tunnel had fallen in and completely disappeared. The Indians now could only shake their heads and shrug their shoulders when we expressed by signs our desire to descend. It may be that they cannot, but it may also be that they will not, help us to get away.

At the end of the victorious campaign the surviving ape-folk were driven across the plateau (their wailings were horrible) and established in the neighbourhood of the Indian caves, where they would, from now onwards, be a servile race under the eyes of their masters. It was a rude, raw, primeval version of the Jews in Babylon, or the Israelites in Egypt. At night we could hear, from amid the trees, the long-drawn cry as some primitive Ezekiel mourned for fallen greatness and recalled the departed glories of Ape Town. Hewers of wood and drawers of water—such were they from now onwards.

We had returned across the plateau with our allies two days after the battle, and made our camp at the foot of their cliffs. They would have had us share their caves with them, but Roxton would by no means consent to it, considering that to do so would put us in their power if they were treacherously

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"THE OTHERS, SCREAMING AND CLAWING, WERE THRUST OVER THE PRECIPICE."

disposed. We kept our independence, therefore, and had our weapons ready for any emergency, while preserving the most friendly relations. We also continually visited their caves, which were most remarkable places, though whether made by man or by Nature we have never been able to determine. They were all on the one stratum, hollowed out of some soft rock, which lay between the volcanic basalt, forming the ruddy cliffs above them, and the hard granite which formed their base.

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The openings were about eighty feet above the ground, and were led up to by long stone stairs, so narrow and steep that no large animal could mount them. Inside they were warm and dry, running in straight passages of varying length into the side of the hill, with smooth grey walls, decorated with many excellent pictures done with charred sticks, and representing the various animals of the plateau. If every living thing were swept from the country the future explorer would find upon the walls of these caves ample evidence of the strange fauna, the dinosaurs, iguanodons, and fish-lizards, which had lived so recently upon earth.

Since we had learned that the huge iguanodons were kept as tame herds by their owners, and were simply walking meat-stores, we had conceived that man, even with his primitive weapons, had established his ascendancy upon the plateau. We were soon to discover that it was not so, and that he was still there upon tolerance. It was upon the third day after our forming our camp near the Indian caves that the tragedy occurred. Challenger and Summerlee had gone off together that day to the lake, where some of the natives, under their direction, were engaged in harpooning specimens of the great lizards. Lord John Roxton and I had remained in our camp, while a number of the Indians were scattered about upon the grassy slope in front of the caves, engaged in different ways. Suddenly there was a shrill cry of alarm, with the word "*Itopu!*" resounding from a hundred tongues. From every side men, women, and children were rushing wildly for shelter, swarming up the staircases and into the caves in a mad stampede.

Looking up, we could see them waving their arms from the rocks above, and beckoning to us to join them in their refuge. We had both seized our magazine rifles, and ran out to see what the danger could be. Suddenly from the near belt of trees there broke forth a group of twelve or fifteen Indians, running for their lives, and at their very heels two of those frightful monsters which had disturbed our camp and pursued me upon my solitary journey. In shape they were like horrible toads, and moved in a succession of springs, but in size they were of an incredible bulk, larger than the largest elephant. We had never before seen them save at night, and, indeed, they are nocturnal animals, save when disturbed in their lairs, as these had been. We now stood amazed at the sight, for their blotched and warty skins were of a curious, fish-like iridescence, and the sunlight struck them with an ever-varying rainbow bloom as they moved.

We had little time to watch them, however, for in an instant they had overtaken the fugitives and were making a dire slaughter among them. Their method was to fall forward with their full weight upon each in turn, and, leaving him crushed and mangled, to bound on after the others. The wretched Indians screamed with terror, but were helpless, run as they would, before the relentless purpose and horrible activity of these monstrous creatures. One after another they went down, and there were not half-a-dozen surviving by the time my companion and I could come to their help. But our aid was of little avail, and only involved us in the same peril. At the range of a couple of hundred yards we emptied our magazines, firing bullet after bullet into the beasts, but with no more effect than if we were pelting them with pellets of paper. Their slow reptilian natures cared nothing for wounds, and the springs of their lives, with no special brain centre, but scattered throughout their spinal cords, could not be tapped by any modern weapons. The most that we could do was to check their progress by distracting their attention with the flash and roar of our guns, and so to give both the natives and ourselves time to reach the steps which led to safety. But where the conical explosive bullets of the twentieth century were of no avail, the poisoned arrows of the natives, dipped in the juice of strophanthus and steeped afterwards in decayed carrion, could succeed. Such arrows were of little avail to the hunter who attacked the beast, because their action in that torpid circulation was slow, and before its powers failed it could certainly overtake and slay its assailant.

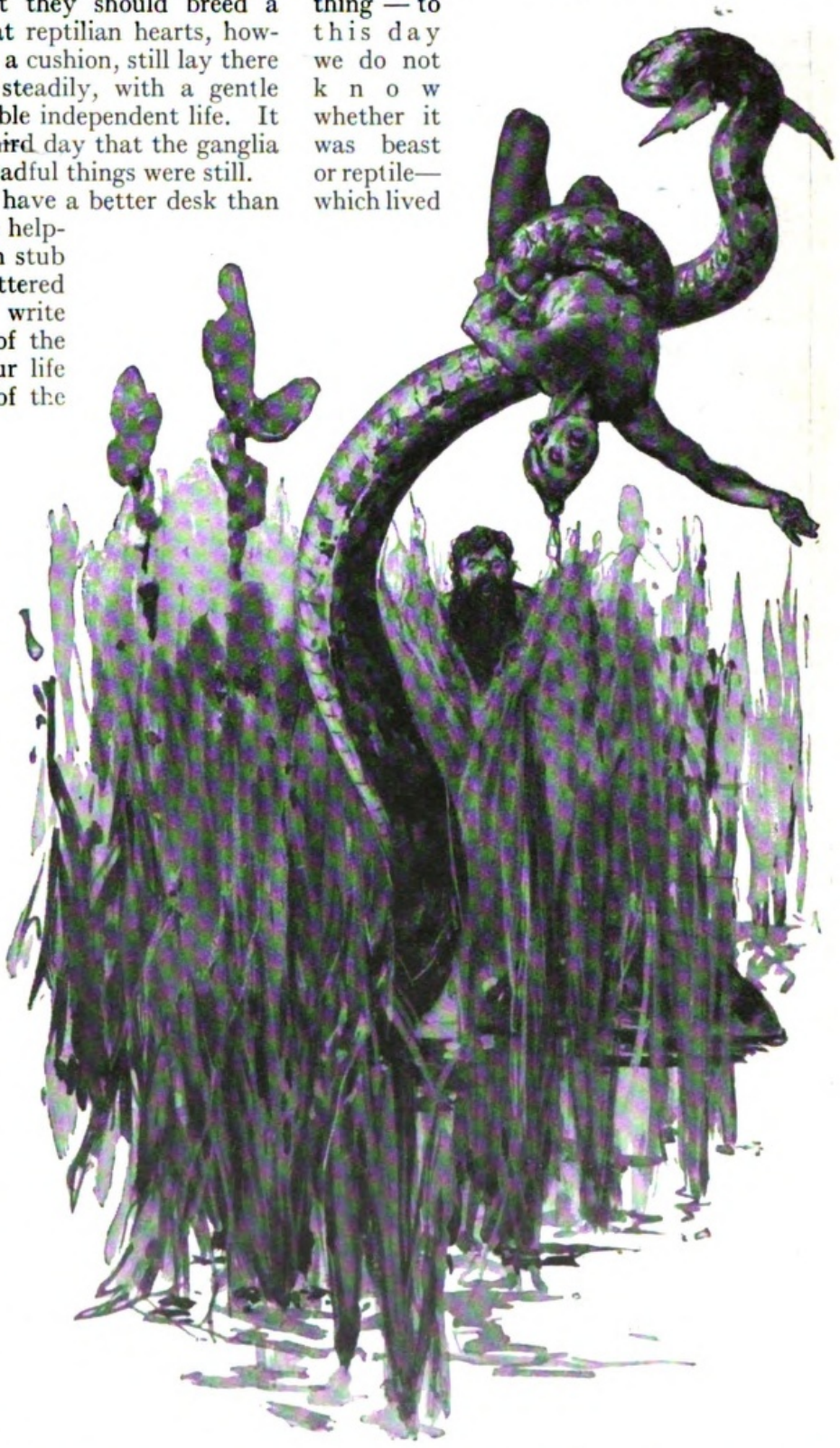
But now, as the two monsters hounded us to the very foot of the stairs, a drift of darts came whistling from every chink in the cliff above them. In a minute they were feathered with them, and yet, with no sign of pain, they clawed and slobbered with impotent rage at the steps which would lead them to their victims, mounting clumsily up for a few yards and then sliding down again to the ground. But at last the poison worked. One of them gave a deep, rumbling groan and dropped his huge squat head on to the earth. The other bounded round in an eccentric circle, with shrill, wailing cries, and then, lying down, writhed in agony for some minutes before it also stiffened and lay still.

With yells of triumph the Indians came flocking down from their caves, and danced

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a frenzied dance of victory round the dead bodies, in mad joy that two more of the most dangerous of all their enemies had been slain. That night they cut up and removed the bodies, not to eat—for the poison was still active—but lest they should breed a pestilence. The great reptilian hearts, however, each as large as a cushion, still lay there beating slowly and steadily, with a gentle rise and fall, in horrible independent life. It was only upon the third day that the ganglia ran down and the dreadful things were still.

Some day, when I have a better desk than a meat-tin, and more helpful tools than a worn stub of pencil and a last tattered notebook, I will write some fuller account of the Accala Indians, of our life amongst them, and of the glimpses which we had of the strange conditions of wondrous Maple White Land. Memory, at least, will never fail me, for so long as the breath of life is in me every hour and every action of that period will stand out as hard and clear as do the first strange happenings of our childhood. No new impressions could efface those which are so deeply cut. When the time comes I will describe that wondrous moonlit night upon the great lake when a young ichthyosaurus—a strange creature, half-seal, half-fish, to look at, with bone-covered eyes on each side of his snout, and a third eye fixed upon the top of his head—was entangled in an Indian net, and nearly upset our canoe before we towed it ashore; the same night that a green water-snake shot out from the rushes and carried off in its coils the steersman of Challenger's boat. I will tell, too, of the great nocturnal white thing — to this day we do not know whether it was beast or reptile—which lived



"A GREEN WATER-SNAKE SHOT OUT FROM THE RUSHES AND CARRIED OFF IN ITS COILS THE STEERSMAN OF CHALLENGER'S BOAT."

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"THE HUGE BIRD CHASED CHALLENGER TO THE SHELTER OF THE ROCKS."

in a vile swamp to the east of the lake, and flitted about with a faint phosphorescent glimmer in the darkness. The Indians were so terrified of it that they would not go near the place, and, though we twice made expeditions and saw it each time, we could not make our way through the deep marsh in which it lived. I can only say that it seemed to be larger than a cow and had the strangest musky odour. I will tell, also, of the huge bird which chased Challenger to the shelter of the rocks one day—a great running bird, far taller than an ostrich, with a vulture-like neck and cruel head which made it a walking death. As Challenger climbed to safety, one dart of that savage curving beak shore off the heel of his boot as if it had been cut with a chisel. This time, at least, modern weapons prevailed, and the great creature, twelve feet from head to foot—phororachus its name, according to our panting but exultant Professor—went down before Roxton's rifle in a flurry of waving feathers and kicking limbs, with two remorseless yellow eyes glaring up from the midst of it. May I live to see that flattened, vicious skull in its own niche amid the trophies of the Albany. Finally, I will surely give some account of the toxodon, the giant ten-foot guinea-pig with projecting chisel teeth, which we killed as it drank in the grey of the morning by the side of the lake.

All this I shall some day write at fuller length, and amidst these more stirring days I would tenderly sketch in those lovely summer evenings when, with the deep blue sky above us, we lay in good com-

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radeship among the long grasses by the wood, and marvelled at the strange fowl that swept over us and the quaint new creatures which crept from their burrows to watch us, while above us the boughs of the bushes were heavy with luscious fruit and below us strange and lovely flowers peeped at us from among the herbage; or those long, moonlit nights when we lay out upon the shimmering surface of the great lake, and watched with wonder and awe the huge circles rippling out from the sudden splash of some fantastic monster; or the greenish gleam, far down in the deep water, of some strange creature upon the confines of darkness. These are the scenes which my mind and my pen will dwell upon in every detail at some future day.

But, you will ask, why these experiences, and why this delay, when you and your comrades should have been occupied day and night in the devising of some means by which you could return to the outer world? My answer is that there was not one of us who was not working for this end, but that our work had been in vain. One fact we had very speedily discovered — the Indians would do nothing to help us. In every other way they were our friends—one might almost say our devoted slaves—but when it was suggested that they should help us to make and carry a plank which would bridge the chasm, or when we wished to get from them thongs of leather or liana to weave ropes which might help us, we were met by a good-humoured but an invincible refusal. They would smile, twinkle their eyes, shake their heads, and there was the end of it. Even the old chief met us with the same obstinate denial, and it was only Maretas, the youngster whom we had saved, who looked wistfully at us and told us by his gestures that he was grieved for our thwarted wishes.

Ever since their crowning triumph with the ape-men they looked upon us as supermen, who bore victory in the tubes of strange weapons, and they believed that so long as we remained with them good fortune would be theirs. A little red-skinned wife and a cave of our own were freely offered to each of us, if we would but forget our own people and dwell for ever upon the plateau. So far all had been kindly, however far apart our desires might be, but we felt well assured that our actual plans of a descent must be kept secret, for we had reason to fear that at the last they might try to hold us by force.

In spite of the danger from dinosaurs (which is not great save at night, for, as I may have said before, they are mostly nocturnal in their habits), I have twice in the last three weeks been over to our old camp in order to see our negro, who still kept watch and ward below the cliff. My eyes strained eagerly across the great plain in the hope of seeing afar off the help for which we prayed. But the long cactus-strewn levels still stretched away, empty and bare, to the distant line of the cane-brake.

"They will come soon now, Massa Malone. Before another week pass Indian come back and bring rope and fetch you down." Such was the cheery cry of our excellent Zambo.

I had one strange experience as I came from this second visit, which had involved my being away for a night from my companions. I was returning along the well-remembered route, and had reached a spot within a mile or so of the marsh of the pterodactyls, when I saw an extraordinary object approaching me. It was a man who walked inside a framework made of bent canes, so that he was enclosed on all sides in a bell-shaped cage. As I drew nearer I was more amazed still to see that it was Lord John Roxton. When he saw me he slipped from under his curious protection and came towards me laughing, and yet, as I thought, with some confusion in his manner.

"Well, young fellah," said he, "who would have thought of meetin' you up here?"

"What in the world are you doing?" I asked.

"Visitin' my friends the pterodactyls," said he.

"But why?"

"Interestin' beasts, don't you think? But unsociable. Nasty rude ways with strangers, as you may remember. So I rigged this framework, which keeps them from bein' too pressin' in their attentions."

"But what do you want in the swamp?" I asked.

He looked at me with a very questioning eye, and I read hesitation and some annoyance in his face.

"Don't you think other people besides professors can want to know things?" he said, at last. "I'm studyin' the pretty dears. That's enough for you."

"No offence," said I.

His good-humour returned and he laughed.

"No offence, young fellah. I'm goin' to get a young devil chick for Challenger. That's one of my jobs. No, I don't want your company. I'm safe in this cage, and you are not. So long, and I'll be back in camp by nightfall."

He turned away, and I left him wandering

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on through the wood with his extraordinary cage around him.

If Lord John's behaviour at this time was strange, that of Challenger was more so. I may say that he seemed to possess an extraordinary fascination for the Indian women, and that he always carried a large, spreading palm branch with which he beat them off as if they were flies when their attentions became too pressing. To see him walking, like a comic-opera Sultan, with this badge of authority in his hand, his black beard bristling in front of him, his toes pointing at each step, and a train of wide-eyed Indian girls behind him, clad in their slender drapery of bark-cloth, is one of the most grotesque of all the pictures which I will carry back with me. As to Summerlee, he was absorbed in the insect and bird life of the plateau, and spent his whole time (save that considerable portion which was devoted to abusing Challenger for not getting us out of our difficulties) in cleaning and mounting his specimens.

Challenger had been in the habit of walking off by himself every morning and returning from time to time with looks of portentous solemnity, as one who bears the full weight of a great enterprise upon his shoulders. One day, palm branch in hand and his crowd of adoring devotees behind him, he led us down to his hidden workshop and took us into the secret of his plans.

The place was a small clearing in the centre of a palm grove. In this was one of those boiling mud geysers which I have already described. Around its edge were scattered a number of leathern thongs cut from iguanodon hide, and a large collapsed membrane, which proved to be the dried and scraped stomach of one of the great fish-lizards from the lake. This huge sack had been sewn up at one end and only a small orifice left at the other. Into this opening several bamboo canes had been inserted, and the other ends of these canes were in contact with conical clay funnels, which collected the gas bubbling up through the mud of the geyser. Soon the flaccid organ began to slowly expand and show such a tendency to upward movement that Challenger fastened the cords which held it to the trunks of the surrounding trees. In half an hour a good-sized gas-bag had been formed, and the jerking and straining upon the thongs showed that it was capable of considerable lift. Challenger, like a glad father in the presence of his first-born, stood smiling and stroking his beard in silent, self-satisfied content as he gazed at the creation of his brain. It was Summerlee who first broke the silence.

"You don't mean us to go up in that thing, Challenger?" said he, in an acid voice.

"I mean, my dear Summerlee, to give you such a demonstration of its powers that after seeing it you will, I am sure, have no hesitation in trusting yourself to it."

"You can put it right out of your head—now, at once," said Summerlee, with decision. "Nothing on earth would induce me to commit such a folly. Lord John, I trust that you will not countenance such madness."

"Dooced ingenious, I call it," said our peer. "I'd like to see how it works."

"So you shall," said Challenger. "For some days I have exerted my whole brain force upon the problem of how we shall descend from these cliffs. We have satisfied ourselves that we cannot climb down, and that there is no tunnel. We are also unable to construct any kind of bridge which may take us back to the pinnacle from which we came. How, then, shall I find a means to convey us? Some little time ago I had remarked to our young friend here that gas of an extraordinary lightness was evolved from the geyser. The idea of a balloon naturally followed. I was, I will admit, somewhat baffled by the difficulty of discovering an envelope to contain the gas, but the contemplation of the immense entrails of these reptiles supplied me with a solution to the problem. Behold the result!"

He put one hand in the front of his ragged jacket and pointed proudly with the other.

By this time the gas-bag had swollen to a goodly rotundity, and was jerking strongly upon its lashings.

"Midsummer madness!" snorted Summerlee.

Roxton was delighted with the whole idea.

"Clever old dear, ain't he?" he whispered to me, and then, louder, to Challenger: "What about a car?"

"The car will be my next care. I have already planned how it is to be made and attached. Meanwhile, I will simply show you how capable my apparatus is of supporting the weight of each of us."

"All of us, surely?"

"No; it is part of my plan that each in turn shall descend, as in a parachute, and the balloon be drawn back by means which I shall have no difficulty in perfecting. If it will support the weight of one and let him gently down, it will have done all that is required of it. I will now show you its capacity in that direction."

He brought out a lump of basalt of a considerable size, constricted in the middle so

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that a cord could be easily attached to it. This cord was the one which we had brought with us on to the plateau after we had used it for climbing the pinnacle. It was over a hundred feet long, and, though it was thin, it was very strong. He had prepared a sort of collar of leather with many straps depending from it. This collar was placed over the dome of the balloon, and the hanging thongs were gathered together below so that the pressure of any weight would be diffused over a considerable surface. Then the lump of basalt was fastened to the thongs and the rope was allowed to hang from the end of it, being passed three times round the Professor's arm.

"I will now," said Challenger, with a smile of pleased anticipation, "demonstrate the carrying power of my balloon." As he said so he cut with his knife the various lashings that held it.

Never was our expedition in more imminent danger of complete annihilation. The inflated membrane shot up with frightful velocity into the air. In an instant Challenger was pulled off his feet and dragged after it. I had just time to throw my arms round his ascending waist when I was myself whipped up into the air. Lord John had me with a rat-trap grip round the legs, but I felt that he also was coming off the ground. For a moment I had a vision of four adventurers floating like a string of sausages over the land that they had explored. But, happily, there were limits to the strain which the rope would stand, though none apparently to the lifting powers of this infernal gas. There was a sharp crack, and we were in a heap upon the ground with coils of rope all over us. When we were able to stagger to our feet we saw, far off in the deep blue sky, one dark spot where the lump of basalt was speeding upon its way.



"LORD JOHN HAD ME WITH A RAT-TRAP GRIP ROUND THE LEGS, BUT I FELT THAT HE ALSO WAS COMING OFF THE GROUND."

"Splendid!" cried the undaunted Challenger, rubbing his injured arm. "A most thorough and satisfactory demonstration! I could not have anticipated such a success. Within a week, gentlemen, I promise that a second balloon will be prepared, and that you can count upon taking in safety and comfort the first stage of our homeward journey."

So far I have written each of the foregoing events as it occurred. Now I am rounding off my narrative from the old camp where Zambo has waited so long, with all our difficulties and dangers left like a dream behind us upon the summit of those vast, ruddy crags which tower above our heads. We have descended in safety, though in a most unexpected fashion, and all is well with us. In six weeks or two months we shall be in London, and it is possible that this letter may not reach you much earlier than we do ourselves. Already our hearts yearn and our spirits fly towards the great mother city which holds so much that is dear to us. Yet even there what adventures may await us and what reception is our story likely to receive? My instinct tells me that the last chapter of our experiences may be the strangest and most eventful of all.

(To be concluded.)

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PARSONS' WIT.

STORIES TOLD BY CLERICAL CELEBRITIES.

Illustrated by George Morrow.



"HIS PERSONALITY LACKS MAGNETISM."

AS dull and sombre as their cloth. The term, on more than one occasion, has been applied, in a more or less contemptuous vein, to the clergy in general by those who assert that one of the chief causes of empty churches and the growing distaste for religion is that the clergyman of to-day is wholly unattractive. His personality lacks magnetism; his conversation is monotonous and uninteresting; in his preaching there is no fire or enthusiasm; he does not get down to the people; he seems obsessed with the idea that his sole mission is to make people think, and that it is unbecoming and undignified on his part to endeavour to attract or entertain them with his discourse — in a word, he takes such a lugubrious view of life that he defeats his main object by repelling people.

Such are the accusations which are levelled against him. That there is some truth in them seems to be recognized by Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York, who, when he was Bishop of Stepney, remarked, apropos of the children of the East-end, "They are doing a great deal to rebuke the tendency of the clergy to become middle-aged in spirit—dull, morose, and superior." And he told one of his favourite stories of an East-end cleric who was feeling lifeless and disconsolate on setting out on his daily round of visits, when a little street urchin looked up at him with a cheerful eye and knowing smile and said:—

"'Ullo, young man!"

"That greeting quite set the parson up for the rest of the day," Dr. Lang declares.

And it was Dr. Ingram who once declared that "a sense of humour is essential to success. If a young man has no sense of humour I would keep him at college until he got one."

As a matter of fact, men like the Archbishop of York; Dr. Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Ingram, the Bishop of London; Dr. Knox, Bishop of Manchester; Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester; Dr. Boyd Carpenter, late Bishop of Ripon; Dean Pigou; the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and other famous clerics whose sense of humour and *bonhomie* have added not a little to their popularity, have, by their example, endeavoured to remove the reproach that the clergy of to-day are deficient in the knowledge of what attracts the public.

They may not possess the wit and capacity for small talk which characterized Sydney Smith, for instance, whose *bon mot* when walking in the garden in company with a lady to whom he was much attached is a typical example of his readiness of speech.



"'ULLO, YOUNG MAN!"

"Oh, Mr. Smith," said the lady, "do you not think that these sweet-peas are near to perfection?"

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"Permit me, madam," responded the wit, leading her forward, "to bring perfection near to the sweet-peas."

Or that of Bishop Wilberforce, who gave as the reason for his *sobriquet*, "Soapy Sam," that "he was always in hot water, and always came out of it with clean hands," and whose wit is further illustrated by the following anecdote.

He was caught one day in a sudden and heavy shower, when Lords Palmerston and Granville passed him in a carriage. The former, referring to a previous conversation, put his head out of the window and banteringly said to the Bishop:—

How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk!

Looking directly at Lord Granville, the prelate capped the quotation by finishing the verse thus:—

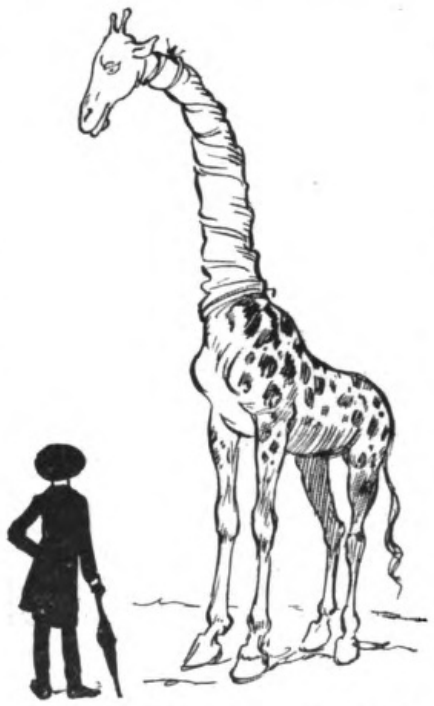
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

It was the same witty prelate who, when asked the Latin for hearse, at once replied, "Mors omnibus, of course."

Although, however, we may not have a counterpart of Smith or Wilberforce living to-day, it is possible to point to a number of eminent ecclesiastics who possess the saving grace of humour in a marked degree. Reference has already been made to Dr. Lang, and it is interesting to recall that it was he who, when the late Queen Victoria remarked upon his employing twelve curates at Portsea, and suggested that if he had a wife he could do with at least three fewer, replied, "Well, madam, if I disagree with my curates we can part, but if I disagreed with my wife, then it is I who might have to leave."

Of course, one of the most delightful of clerical raconteurs was the late Dean Hole, who in his "Memories" has left behind a plethora of good stories concerning authors, artists, sportsmen, athletes, and preachers with whom he came into contact during his praiseworthy life. His name, however, instantly reminds one of the Very Rev. Francis Pigou, the genial Dean of Bristol, who, in spite of his eighty years, is still vigorous, hale, and hearty. The Dean is famous for his anecdotes, and the writer remembers him telling the following story about his cousin, Goldwin Smith, on his eightieth birthday, in January, 1912. One day at breakfast Goldwin Smith was particularly silent, and his father exclaimed, "A penny for your thoughts, Goldwin."

"My thoughts," said Goldwin, with a sudden start. "Oh, I was merely thinking how awful it must be for a giraffe to have a sore throat."



"HOW AWFUL IT MUST BE FOR A GIRAFFE TO HAVE A SORE THROAT."

The Dean has for many years been an advocate for advancement and improvement in church music, and he has spoken strongly against what he called "corkscrew chants which were full of accidentals, and made the congregation feel as if they did not know where they were." He is also against the long interludes which occur in much church music. In this connection he once told an amusing story.

Two sailors met one day, and one of them asked the other:—

"Where have you been to-day, Bill?"

"To church," was the reply.

"What did you hear in church, Bill?"

"Oh, anthems."

"What is an anthem?" was the next question.

"Oh," replied Bill, "if I said, 'Give me that spade,' that would be a hymn. But if I said 'Give me that spade. Alleluia! Amen! Alleluia! Amen!' that would be an anthem."

One of the Dean's stories regarding prayer is worth reprinting, though it may possibly be a chestnut. There had been a children's party the night before, and a little girl had gone to bed very late.

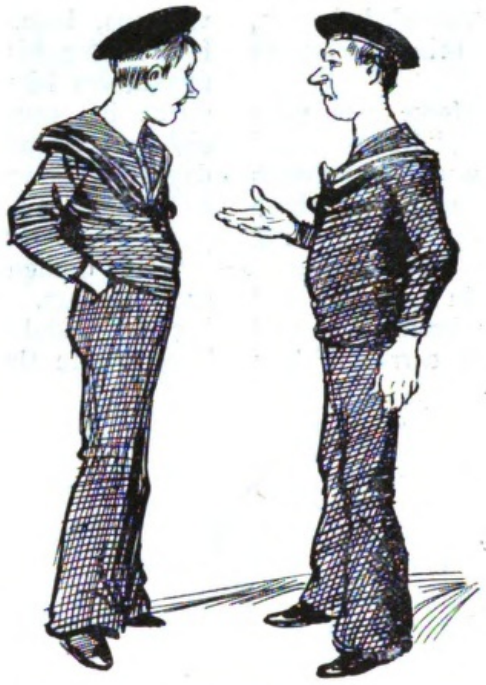
"I am afraid, dear, you did not say your prayers before you went to bed," said her mother next morning.

"No, mamma," was the answer, "I did not. But I knelt down and said, 'O God, I am too tired to say my prayers,' and He said, 'Pray don't mention it, Miss Jones.'"

Dr. Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is fond of telling this story. As

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some people are aware, his wife, Mrs. Davidson, is a daughter of the former Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, to whom the present Primate was formerly secretary. One day, while assisting with his Grace's correspondence, the Archbishop asked the then Mr. Davidson to read a letter he was about to send to the Press, remarking: "I have never yet written a letter of importance without giving it to someone to find faults in it. The silliest people are sometimes the best critics, so take this draft, Mr. Davidson, and give me your candid opinion upon it."



"WHAT DID YOU HEAR IN CHURCH, BILL?"

A delightful speaker, with ready wit, Dr. Davidson has produced some sparkling repartee at times, notably when going in to luncheon with a crowd of ecclesiastics, one of whom exclaimed: "Now to put a bridle on our appetites."

To which the Archbishop retorted, without a second's hesitation: "Now to put a bit between my teeth."

Dr. Davidson is probably the finest horseman among the occupants of the episcopal benches, a fact which throws some light on the retort.

The sense of humour of Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, is very marked. In the words of Mr. Harold Begbie, "he fronts life genially." Some time ago, at a meeting at the Trocadero Restaurant, he told the story of an old Scotch gillie who was wont to refer to him as the "Minister of London." "On one occasion," says Dr. Ingram, "when I was in Scotland, I nearly converted all the gillies from Presbyterianism to Episcopalianism. I said to them: 'Now, old boys, six salmon before lunch,' and held up five fingers and a thumb. By an extraordinary coincidence I had six rises and caught six eighteen-pound salmon. That was why the 'Minister of London' has an inflated reputation on the Tay."

A keen sense of humour is also the chief characteristic of that "straight-from-the-shoulder" Bishop, Dr. Knox, Bishop of Manchester, whose services on the sands at Blackpool during the summer, and his straight talks to the thousands of Lancashire mill-hands who make holiday there, have become institutions. Preaching on one occasion on charity, Dr. Knox, dealing with the various types of wastrels that parade up and down the country, told an amusing story of a particularly proud and haughty member of the fraternity. An old lady, being accosted by him, gave him a threepenny-piece. The beggar, holding the coin in the palm of his hand, gazed at it for some seconds.

"Wot d'ye think I'm goin' to do with this?" he growled.

"Oh, keep it," said the old lady, sweetly. "Keep it, and give it to some poor tramp."



"I SAID TO THEM: 'NOW, OLD BOYS, SIX SALMON BEFORE LUNCH,' AND HELD UP FIVE FINGERS AND A THUMB.'"

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"'WOT D'YE THINK I'M GOIN' TO DO WITH THIS?' HE GROWLED."

Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln, tells a good story of a trip he once took in the Highlands of Scotland in company with a big, burly Churchman. While crossing a loch in a small boat a heavy storm overtook them. Immediately Dr. King's companion began to pray. But this did not please the matter-of-fact boatman, who expostulated in loud tones.

"Na, na!" he exclaimed, pointing to Dr. King. "This wee mon can pray, but you big 'un mun row."

It is Dr. King, too, who tells the story of how he was sitting in a chair by the seashore, and, on attempting to rise, found that his legs were not so young as they were. While he was still struggling to gain an erect position a fisherman's little daughter came along and lent her aid.

"Thank you, little girl," said the Bishop, when safely on his feet.

"Oh, it's nothing," said the girl, in reply. "I've helped father to get up many a time when he has been quite as tipsy as you."

There is delightful humour, too, in the following remarks of Dr. Gore, who in August, 1911, was transferred from Birmingham to the See of Oxford. During a speech a short time ago he said his earliest educational recollection was of being addressed in rather a rough voice with the words, "Why are you fidgeting, you naughty boy?" Then he was slapped. If he had then known what he should hear on the modern educational platform, he would have replied, "Madam, you are unaware that these wrigglings on my part are only the indications which Nature gives of the safety-valve which requires regular movement."

A good illustration of the wit of Bishop Welldon, the popular Dean of Manchester, is afforded by the following story. Once at a luncheon given by the Lord Mayor of Manchester, the Dean sat next to Sir Herbert Tree.

"Well, Mr. Tree, what have you been doing to-day?" he asked.

"I went for a long motor-ride this morning and lost a bet," replied the famous actor.

"Indeed," said the Dean. "And may I ask what the bet was?"

"I made a bet that we would pass through four hundred different odours, and we only encountered three hundred and ninety-nine."

"Ah," replied Bishop Welldon, promptly, "you missed the odour of sanctity."

Dr. Boyd Carpenter, retired Bishop of Ripon, is fond of making puns on his own name, and once, when marrying a couple, he



"KEEP YER 'AIR ON! I'VE GOT THE HOLD BUFFER INSIDE!"

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caused much amusement by remarking, "I am not only a Carpenter, but a 'joiner' also."

A story, however, which the Bishop has been heard to recount with glee concerns an occasion when he was to perform the ceremony at a very smart wedding in a West-end church. As usual, a great crowd of people stood about the doors and lined up on either side of the strip of red carpet. Magnificent carriages and motor-cars rolled up and disgorged the splendidly-dressed guests, but at the end of a long string of fine equipages came a deplorably ramshackle old four-wheeler. It drew up gloomily opposite the strip of red carpet.

A couple of policemen dashed at the cabby.

"Here, hi!" they shouted. "You can't stop here! The Bishop's just coming!"

The old cabman regarded them with a scornful eye.

"Keep yer 'air on! I've got the hold buffer inside!"

And Dr. Carpenter opened the door and stepped out.

The astute workings of a child's mind are strikingly illustrated by a story told by Dr. Ryle, Dean of Westminster, who relates how the five-year-old daughter of a well-known clergyman walked into her father's study one day and said:—

"What are you writing, papa?"

"I am writing a sermon, my dear," replied the parent.

"How do you know what to write?" was the next question.

"God tells me what to write," was the answer furnished.

Then, after watching her father for a few minutes, the child exclaimed:—

"Well, papa, if God tells you what to write, why do you scratch some of it out?"

And there is no one who enjoys a good story better than Dr. Percival, Bishop of Hereford. Here is one of his favourites.

Gwendoline, on the eve of her natal day, had protested to her admirer, "But you must guess my age," whereupon he said, "Very well; and I will send you a rose for every year of your life."

At the florist's the young man's order was brief: "Send Miss Love eighteen of your best roses to-morrow morning. You know the address."



"A ROSE FOR EVERY YEAR OF HER LIFE."

A few minutes later the proprietor happened to look over the order-book.

"I see," he remarked, to the assistant, "Mr. Green has ordered eighteen roses. He's one of our best customers. Throw in a dozen more!"

Perhaps one may conclude with a story told by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple.

Mr. Campbell's story concerns the minister of a large parish who had for some time been much troubled by the scandalous gossip that seemed to be occupying the minds of a portion of his flock, and, after exercising a great amount of tact and perseverance, had at last succeeded in running to earth the originator of most of the slander. The guilty one was a regular attendant at the school-house services, and the minister knew that, should he take him to task personally and individually, he would inevitably lose a sheep—albeit a black one. So he decided to sermonize him. Accordingly a special discourse was prepared, and the following Sunday afternoon it was hurled at the offending member as he sat on a desk in the corner of the schoolroom. Everybody present seemed fully to appreciate the situation, and at the close of the service departed quietly and thoughtfully for home. All except the black sheep, who remarked to the minister:—

"That wer' a fine sermon, sir. I'll bet that hit some on 'em pretty 'ard!"

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THE OUTSIDER.

By E M. JAMESON.

Illustrated by W. H. Margetson, R.I.

IN the gaiety of her heart Fenella hummed a little song as she moved about the room. She was going to a ball to-night, and her soft pink satin frock, just arrived, lay outspread in all its loveliness on the couch, with the little buckled shoes near by, and a fan, and a rose for her hair. She paused before them for a moment, wishing it was time to dress, putting out a finger and stroking the smooth surface of the satin, like a child pleased with a new toy. Only lately had she been emancipated, and life seemed very good to her nineteen years. She lived at high pressure in these times, in a whirl of engagements, and as yet she was singularly fresh and unspoiled, though one of the beauties of her season.

She sat down presently, and, taking up a pair of long white gloves, began to draw them on. The room beyond was her bedroom. Through the half-opened door could be seen the dressing-table with its oval mirror framed in silver, and all the glittering paraphernalia of the toilet-table. Not every girl had a dainty suite to herself, but John Ransom grudged nothing to his only daughter. She was his idol. He cared little for luxury himself; the earlier years of his life had been passed in poverty, but he was glad to think that his little girl, who had no equal in the county for looks and good breeding, should ruffle it with the best.

One glove on to her satisfaction, Fenella drew it off and placed it with the fan. In the act of putting on the other, she raised her head and listened. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" She expected her father. "I want to show you——"

"You are at home, for a wonder," said her brother, with a kind of surly satisfaction. "Precious seldom I can find you."

He advanced to the hearth, looking at her with sombre eyes that always, she felt, held a tinge of resentment.

Fenella laughed and went on with her glove-fitting.

"Why, you never want me, Harry. How early you are!"

He said nothing, looking down at the ground, shoulders hunched up, and hands in his pockets. He was broadly built and plain, with eyes set deeply beneath frowning brows. He was only a year younger than Fenella, but there was little in sympathy between them, though, to do Fenella justice, she had often tried to bridge the gulf she vaguely felt to be there. It seemed a pity when there were only the two of them.

As he remained silent, she went on smoothing the glove into place and humming under her breath a waltz that was popular just then. Harry was always surly and unapproachable. He suddenly flung himself down upon the couch.

"Oh, my frock!" Fenella exclaimed. "Please be careful, Harry. Get up; you'll crush it."

He obeyed, muttering under his breath, and she swept it away and took it into the next room, shutting the door upon it as she came back. Harry sat forward, staring straight in front of him, hands tightly gripped together; then suddenly he lowered his head upon them with a smothered groan. Fenella drew nearer.

"What is the matter?" she asked, a chill sensation of disaster sweeping over her. "What has happened? Tell me; I'll help if I can."

He raised his head and looked at her with a curious searching fixedness that yet seemed mingled with fear.

"*What is it?*" asked Fenella again, and this time she unconsciously dropped her voice to a whisper.

He took up one of the long kid gloves and began tearing it to pieces with a slow, desperate deliberation. She made no remonstrance, but watched him shrinkingly. He had never been like this before. She leaned

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nearer. "You are worried about something. Let me help you; I will if I can."

He turned upon her half fiercely.

"Do you mean it? You can if you will. You are the only one to save me. Fenella, help me, do help me!"

He put out his hands and gripped hers so tightly that she gave a cry. He flung them away from him and sprang to his feet.

"Words, words!" he said, bitterly. "You don't mean it."

"Try me," she said; "and be quick, or father may come. Isn't it anything you can tell him?"

Harry burst into a harsh laugh. The sound made her wince.

"When you hear, I suppose you'll be down on me like the rest," he went on, moistening his lips; "but if anyone has a right to make allowances, you have!"

He glanced around him, and then into her startled face, giving a sneer as he looked.

"Nothing's too good for you, Fenella. Father's just crazy about you. He's proud of you because people think you a beauty. I'm ugly—homely, like himself—and not too good-tempered. He lavishes the best on you—anything's good enough for me. He thinks I ought to work as hard as he did years ago. He keeps me short of cash on purpose to spur me on. He ties me to the City, when I loathe it; and he won't let me go away to the country, where I might have a chance. Why should I bother you? Perhaps in the long run I might as well tell him, and then he'd kick me out for good and all. I was mad when I did it, but if he'd treated me better——"



"'WHAT IS THE MATTER?' SHE ASKED, A CHILL SENSATION OF DISASTER SWEEPING OVER HER. 'WHAT HAS HAPPENED? TELL ME; I'LL HELP IF I CAN.'"

He broke off with what sounded like a sob, and, walking away, looked out of the window. Fenella sat very still, her glance following him.

It was jealousy all the time that had caused the vague resentment in his eyes. She wished

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she had understood. She got up and went to him, putting a hand on his arm.

"I'll do whatever I can to help, Harry. What have you done?"

"Forgery!" He uttered the word in a loud whisper, fear looking from his eyes. "I signed another man's name to a cheque, and it may be discovered any day—to-morrow, perhaps; and then—Fenella—they give awful sentences for forgery, don't they?"

Fenella swayed towards him, and he put his arm out. "Whose name? Father's?"

He shook his head.

"Ballantyne's!"

"No, no!" She gave a sharp cry. "Not Hugh Ballantyne!"

He nodded, speaking hurriedly in jerks. "His cheque-book was on the table—he had gone out—he writes such an easy hand to imitate—no flourishes—just simple and square—H-u——" His fingers worked up and down, forming the letters.

"Don't!" she said, sharply, "don't! What can we do? He's hard—I'm sure he's hard. The disgrace for father! He has always prided himself——"

"It was his fault," said the boy, with passionate obstinacy. "I don't care what anybody says, *it was his fault!* I wanted money. I'd—well, I'd been betting—they told me it was a sure thing."

But Fenella paid no attention. Before her eyes rose Hugh Ballantyne's face, with its hard lines and firmly-compressed lips—the face of a man slow to condone a slip—even the slip of a boy fourteen years his junior. She had met him so often lately; at balls, at dinners, at theatre parties, Hugh Ballantyne had always seemed to stand in the background, tall, grave, impassive, but watchful of her all the time. She knew that he admired her, and only the other night she had warded off the proposal that hovered on his lips. It was not altogether unpleasant to know that she held in the hollow of her hand the happiness of a much-sought-after man, who had lived his thirty-two years without giving up his freedom for any woman; a man who had passed from childhood to boyhood, and on to manhood, without womenfolk about him, to make home pleasant. Perhaps because he knew women so little he was apt to put them on a pedestal, and Fenella, in spite of her fear of his stern, unsmiling ways, had not been averse to the heights. But marry him!—a thousand times no. She had pictured someone young, handsome, debonair, with a gay enjoyment of life to match her own.

Harry was in Ballantyne's office, with access to his room. Ballantyne had been kind in his severe way, but he expected good work from all his people.

Fenella stirred. Harry's eyes were on her with desperate appeal, as if in her lay all his hopes of salvation. She twisted her hands together in her lap.

"What can I do? Let me tell father. Perhaps Mr. Ballantyne would not be hard—he likes father."

Harry gave a contemptuous laugh and rose to his feet.

"Ballantyne's hard, but father's fifty times harder. If that's all you can do, then I was a fool to waste time." He flung himself down on the couch again and faced her.

"Now, look here, Fenella. Ballantyne's crazy about you. I know it—don't try to deny it—it's patent to anybody with eyes. Now do you see what I mean? If you promised to marry him he'd hush the thing up!"

Fenella sprang to her feet, her face flaming. "How dare you!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how dare you! Why should my life be spoilt just because you——"

He made a movement of finality.

"There you are! Well, failing you, I've always a remedy left."

The colour ebbed away again, leaving her very white.

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind."

She caught his arm and shook it, hardly knowing what she did.

"Wait, Harry; let me think. Oh, why didn't you ask me before? Father would have given me the money, perhaps."

"I took the other way. I was mad, but there didn't seem anybody that cared." He spoke in a hoarse tone. "Somehow, I've always been outside, alone; I guess it might have been different if mother hadn't died. Father's always been down on me because she died when I was born. Was it my fault? D'you think I *wanted* to come into the world? I haven't had so much of a time that I'd grudge going out of it." His face was convulsed for a moment. Fenella, in a rush of pity, for the first time understood. She put out a hand and took his, that groped blindly towards her. She might have done so much, if she had only comprehended before; had only tried harder to break down the barrier that Harry had put up between them.

Like children they sat for a while hand in hand, and Fenella's girlhood seemed to vanish with the moments. When she spoke

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presently, the sound of vivid youth had left her voice.

"Listen, Harry! I'll do what I can to help, and I think you are right—I can do a good deal. I wish we'd been better friends. I did try sometimes, but not very hard; perhaps I didn't think enough about it. But now I'm going to make up, if I can—for your sake, and father's, and——" her voice failed an instant—"no, not my own."

He moved towards the door, but awkwardly, not looking at her—ashamed. Opening it, he hesitated; then, inarticulate, as he had always been, he passed through, and she was left alone.

"I will give you three, if you like," said Fenella, with a gay little laugh that seemed to set the ache at her heart throbbing more acutely. "You deserve them for being so—so——"

She coloured softly as she met his glance. He looked so passionately in earnest that she knew she had only to show him a little more favour to have the question asked that was to save Harry from disgrace. The soul within her rose in revolt; essentially straightforward, she must play a part to-night, to her own discredit. She wanted to be free a little longer, to make her own choice, not to have a husband thrust upon her. She was half afraid of the man standing before her.

In the midst of his happiness Ballantyne was puzzled by a change in her. Underlying her gaiety was a hint of hardness that had not been there a day or two before. Later in the evening, when he asked her to be his wife, the hardness was still there to trouble him.

"I don't expect you to care as I do at first," he said, his dark, keen face moved for once out of its impassiveness; "but some day, please God, you will care for me."

He longed to take her in his arms and kiss her; but, instead, he sat down beside her and put his hand over both hers as they lay folded together on her knee.

At his touch she shrank away, keeping her face averted and becoming paler. A poignant sense of disappointment overwhelmed him.

"Surely you are not being coerced in any way?" he asked. "Your father?"

She shook her head, her colour coming back a little.

His face had fallen into its customary grave lines again. There was nothing of the happy lover about him. For an instant her heart failed her. Better to tell him—to throw herself and Harry on his mercy. He began to speak again, and the impulse fled.

"Your father would be glad for you to marry me," Ballantyne went on, slowly. "He told me so when he found out how much it meant to me. He has not forced you in any way? You see"—with a grave smile—"I want to know that you are giving yourself to me of your own free will."

Fenella drew her hands away and sat more erect. She must play her part better.

"Father would not force me to do anything I did not choose to do. He has said nothing at all about it. He—he—will be surprised, and, I suppose—glad."

"Fenella, you are quite sure? You will not tell me to-morrow that you have changed your mind—you are doing this of your own free will? Dear, if you only knew what it means to me!" He drew a long breath.

Looking up, she saw such a desperate anxiety in his eyes that for the second time she was swept by a desire to own the truth. Then Harry's words came back to her: "Somehow I've always been outside, alone. There didn't seem anybody that cared."

She gave another glance into the dark face above her, her own touched by a sudden solemnity. After all, he was being tricked to serve their ends, and he offered her a great affection.

"I shall not change my mind to-morrow, or any time," she said, slowly; "and, though I don't love you now—there hasn't really been time—I dare say I shall one day. You won't expect me to marry you soon? Not for quite a long time? I must get accustomed to the idea first."

He shook his head, puzzled and disappointed, but he knew women so little. "When you like. I'll try not to be an exacting lover. I won't even ask you to kiss me just yet."

"*Oh, no!*" She retreated a little, colouring vividly. Then, prompted by a sudden impulse she could not understand, she drew nearer and held up her face to him like a child. He stooped and very gently kissed the half-averted cheek, clenching his hands down hard at his sides.

"Thank you," he said, in a moment; "now let me take you back. We've missed one of our dances, but there's still another left for me later."

Looking back, Fenella always remembered that century-long evening in a dream. The gaiety and laughter, the flowers, the music, and the shifting life were dominated by Ballantyne's face; the puzzled, half-doubting happiness of it, and the tenderness that she would not let him put into words. And

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together with Ballantyne's face came Harry's, sullen, afraid of what an hour might bring forth. John Ransom usually called for his daughter, never hurrying her when she wanted to stay, but watching her with pride as she made her daintily triumphant way through social gatherings. To-night she came up to him quite early, and slipped her hand under his arm. He had talked with Ballantyne, and in his heart was a curious blending of gladness and resentment.

"Want to go now?" he asked, noting the change in her. "Why, of course, little girl, if you'd rather. You look tired out."

Ballantyne saw them into their electric brougham, and just before it started Fenella leaned forward and, putting out a small hand, smiled at him, half doubtfully, like a child repentant for a fault. Then, as the carriage glided away, she rested her forehead against her father's shoulder and closed her eyes. John Ransom's great arm went round her; there was a swelling in his throat.

"So you mean to leave your old father in the lurch?" he said, presently. "Not for a long time, eh? Ballantyne will have something to say to that—he generally gets his way. I'm glad you chose him out of them all, Fenella; he's a man, is Ballantyne, through and through, and I've often felt sorry for his loneliness. Not a soul belonging to him, and, as a consequence, mighty few of the things that make life worth while have come his way. He's a good chap, and a hard worker, in spite of his riches. You've made your old father very glad, and very sorrowful, to-night, Fenella. If your mother had lived she'd have been glad, too." He broke off hurriedly, for not even to Fenella could he speak of his dead wife. "Perhaps she *is* glad —somewhere——"

Ballantyne walked back to the big, rambling, empty house he called home. It had never been that, but now he regarded it from a different standpoint. It should be altered to make it more worthy of his little bride-to-be. She should have the sunny rooms for her own, furnished as she liked; he would spare no money to make them perfect. Money! He smiled up at the stars. It would seem more natural if the fairies waved their wands over the place Fenella was to occupy. He slackened his pace and went more slowly as the memory of her swept over him, her beauty, her delicate grace, the eyes that seemed to be appealing to him. He knew nothing of women; perhaps others were as cold as Fenella to the men who loved them. He felt again the velvet-soft cheek his lips had touched. She might not care yet, but in time he would make her; his own love was so vast, so compelling, surely one day——

He mounted the shallow steps and inserted his latch-key in the door, passing through the silent house to the study where he usually sat. The servants never waited up for him. There was a light in the room as he entered, and from an easy-chair someone rose to greet him. To his infinite surprise he recognized Harry Ransom.

"Why, Ransom, is that you?" he asked, going over with hand outstretched. But the boy ignored it, digging his own hands deep into his pockets. His face was haggard, his eyes had red rims round them—he was the picture of surly misery.

Ballantyne, who had taken him into his office at John Ransom's request, knew practically nothing of the boy, regarding him as rather a young cub when he thought of him at all. Harry's manners were far from ingratiating. But now, as the brother of the girl he was to marry, Harry assumed another guise.

"Surprised?" he exclaimed, in reply to the boy's muttered apology. "Well, naturally, since you never pay me nocturnal visits, but I'm very pleased, all the same. Sit down, won't you?"

The light from the electric reading-lamp fell full on Harry. He half averted his face, putting up his hand. Without appearing to notice, Ballantyne tilted the green shade. Harry drew a breath of relief. There were real trouble and tragedy in his eyes. He turned towards Ballantyne with a visible effort, as if spurring himself desperately to his task. On a side table stood a salver with a flask of whisky and a siphon, together with a box of cigars. Ballantyne brought them over, inviting Harry with a gesture to help himself, but the boy made a passionate movement of refusal. "It would choke me," he said, struggling against the dumbness that had always made him difficult to know.

"I've come to own up. D'you mind if I walk about while I tell you? It seems to make it a bit easier."

"As you like, of course," replied Ballantyne, realizing that Harry was speaking as man to man. By some miracle he had emerged in a few hours from the chrysalis state of boyhood. Ballantyne sat down, helping himself to a cigar and lighting it, his attention fixed on his visitor.

The next moment Harry returned to the circle of light and spread upon the table

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before him several bank-notes and a handful of gold. Ballantyne looked from them to the haggard young face above. He asked no question, but his eyes narrowed a degree in his keen face. Harry leaned across the table.

"Your money," he said, "what's left of it!" Ballantyne never moved a muscle—not for a moment did the truth dawn upon him.

"Is it a joke, Ransom? I don't understand!" The next moment, in a torrent of words, almost incoherent in their violence, Harry told the truth. For the first time in his life he was fluent—the burning injustice of years had broken bounds; all the primitive passions of his nature swept over him and raged around Ballantyne, leaving him filled with an amazed pity for the boy. He momentarily forgot that Harry was Fenella's brother. He was just a fellow-being suffering agonies of mind, and only a boy, after all.

As the rush of words ceased he got up, and taking the speaker by the shoulders pushed him into a chair. Harry flung his arms across the table, his head upon them, great sobs shaking him. Ballantyne put his hand on his shoulder.

"It's all right about the cheque, Harry. You'll never do such a thing again, that's certain. I wish you had come to me in the first place, if you were afraid of your father. I'll square your debts, such as they are, and



"THE NEXT MOMENT HARRY RETURNED TO THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT AND SPREAD UPON THE TABLE BEFORE HIM SEVERAL BANK-NOTES AND A HANDFUL OF GOLD."

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you can pay me back by degrees, if you like. And I'll do my best to persuade your father that a country life is more suited to you. I know a splendid chap who runs a farm, and who would appreciate a great strong fellow like you. You'd get on famously in your right element. I'm glad you came; it's only a pity you didn't come earlier."

Harry sat up, shading his disfigured face with his hand.

"You wouldn't have treated me like this yesterday," he said, slowly; "you're different to-night. I can't explain what I mean, but it's there, and—I'm not afraid of you—I was when I came, but it rushed over me that I'd just *got* to tell you the truth, whether you handed me over to the police or not, because it seemed behaving so low down to Fenella. I saw that afterwards."

Ballantyne's cigar had smouldered out; in the act of relighting it his hand shook suddenly, and the match dropped.

"Your sister? What has she to do with the affair? It is between you and myself—she must know nothing about it!"

"She knows," said Harry. "I told her this afternoon. I threatened to make away with myself. She said she would help me if she could, but she didn't see how——"

He paused, held by a look in Ballantyne's eyes.

"Go on."

"I told her that she—that you——" He broke off confusedly. "That I——"

"Hurry, can't you?"

"That you were just crazy about her, and—wait a minute—afterwards I knew somehow what a hound I should be to let her suffer for what I'd done, and so I came right away to make a clean breast of it to you. She was so *decent* to me, and now you've been the same. I can't tell you half what I feel!"

The room whirled round Ballantyne. A blind fury possessed him. He stared at the speaker with eyes that were filled with incredulous agony and disbelief. Then, as he met the boy's astonished glance, he gained control over himself, and laughed. It was not a pleasant sound.

"You had better get home now," he said, with a kind of deadly quiet in his voice; "I'll remember about the farm idea. Good night!"

He moved towards the fireplace, waiting until he heard the front door banged. So this was the reason. He understood now. As he paced the floor his brain by degrees grew clearer, and he made plans. Yes, he would hold her to her bargain. She should suffer as he was suffering. She should not escape scot-free. He drew the blinds aside presently and looked out. Day had dawned; the world outside was full of impalpable mists, as grey and dreary as his life. He turned off the electric light and went up to his room.

The months went by slowly enough. Harry had long ago taken up his work on the farm—some hundreds of miles separated him from the life he had hated. He was doing well; he wrote glowing accounts to Fenella. He had put the past behind him. It was the other two who suffered. Ballantyne had kept his word. Fenella was still in bondage; but in making her suffer he went through torture himself. They met frequently, of course. John Ransom was completely in the dark. It surprised him now and then that Ballantyne should make no movement towards an early marriage, but he was too contented to have Fenella with him to be anything but glad. Young people loved more impatiently in his time. He could not know that to each the burden of the betrothal grew more intolerable day by day, hanging like a millstone round each neck.

Fenella was rarely at home; she hardly allowed herself a moment for thought. And wherever she went there, too, went Ballantyne—grave, impassive, careful of her comfort, impervious to her slights. Sometimes he caught her looking at him with a glance he could not fathom, and now and then she surprised all the hurt soul of him in his eyes.

The matter of Harry had never been mentioned between them, but she knew that he realized quite plainly that he had been tricked. By nature Fenella was essentially honest, and it hurt. Then, quite suddenly, Ballantyne fell ill with influenza, followed by pneumonia. John Ransom, who had a genuine regard for him, called every day, and hourly bulletins were telephoned to Fenella. Ballantyne was very ill. Though a strong man, he had a hard battle to fight, and when the first danger was over he did not regain strength to the satisfaction of the doctors.

John Ransom returned home one evening concerned and puzzled.

"They got him down a bit to-day," he told Fenella, "into the study. He's an absolute wreck of what he was. He just lay on the couch looking as if he had nothing on earth to live for."

"Did he ask for me?" Fenella sat back in the shadows, but something in her voice struck upon the listener's ear.

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"Why, no; now that I come to think of it, he didn't. I told him you'd be glad to hear he was about again, and that you hoped to see him soon."

"Yes?" Fenella's hands were twisted together in her lap. "And what did he say?"

"Nothing," Ransom owned, reluctantly; "nothing."

A thought seemed to strike him as Fenella kept silence. He looked at her keenly.

"Have you and Ballantyne quarrelled?"

"No," said Fenella, composedly, "not exactly quarrelled; but he has the right to feel hurt with me. Take me with you to-morrow afternoon. Telephone in the morning to say I'm coming."

To the gratification of his attendants, Ballantyne showed a certain interest in life next day. He insisted on being fully dressed, ordered some roses to be put in the study, and resented being compelled to lie down on the couch. Tea was laid in the window on the sunny side of the room when Fenella came in.

"I'll call for her in an hour," said John Ransom from the doorway. "I have an important meeting with a man. Don't let him talk too much, Fenella."

The door closed; they were alone together. Ballantyne, cursing the weakness that put him at such a disadvantage, struggled into a more upright position on the cushions.

Fenella was horrified by the change in him. Gaunt and grey and hollow-eyed, she would not have known him. He held out his hand, forcing a smile, as she put hers into it. She was in her favourite pink to-day, a frock that matched the roses on the table near. She was paler and thinner, he thought, one swift glance taking in all her loveliness, and the brown eyes that swam in a mist of tears—for him, or for herself? He could not quite make out.

He broke the silence that surrounded them.

"It was good of you to come to-day. I hoped you would, even at the expense of your feelings. There's something I wanted to tell you. Do you think you'd mind drawing your chair a little more this way, where I can see you better?"

She obeyed without a word, but he noticed that as she shifted the position of her chair she hurriedly raised a morsel of cambric to her eyes. Well, she need not weep much longer.

A spasm contracted the face of the man watching her—she looked so incapable of deception.

"They say I must go away soon for a change," he said, in a moment; "but before I go I want not only to set you free, but to ask your forgiveness. I must have been mad, I think, all these months, to play the cowardly part, to hold you to your bargain. Since I've been ill I've seen things in a different light. Don't cry, Fenella; it's all right—I give you back your freedom. Why should I spoil your life?"

"I'm n-not crying," said Fenella, brokenly; "at least, not for what you think. You may be glad to be rid of me, but I don't want my freedom back."

She raised her soft eyes, swimming in tears, to his. An awful temptation to take her at her word assailed him. When she looked like that he felt that in time he could *make* her care, if he had her to himself, away from everyone. All the struggles of the long night watches were swept away. He sat up a little, his face ghastly, a singing in his ears.

"Don't tempt me, Fenella; I'm not going to take you at your word—you are free. I'll never trouble you again."

He groped into the darkness that descended upon him, and the next moment felt her hand in his, close and warm, and fluttering like a bird. The touch brought him out of the mists, and he realized that she was trembling all over. He forced a smile.

"I despise myself," he said, ruefully; "I'm so frightfully pulled down. There's some stuff in a glass over there—would you mind?"

She put her arm under his head for an instant, holding the glass to his lips, and as she withdrew it a sudden, heaven-sent courage came to her.

She moved nearer and held out her hand. His fingers closed over it.

"I've treated you very badly," she said, in a moment. "No; let me tell you. I had no right to sacrifice you for Harry. I should have followed the honest way and told you what he had done. I did not know you well enough. I was afraid of what you might do. It has been my punishment that you would never let me explain. You had built up an icy wall between us, and I stood in awe of you, and yet in my heart I wanted you to think well of me—desperately I wanted it."

He leaned nearer, his eyes on her face, hope stirring in his veins like wine. He put her soft palm to his lips. She coloured, tears in her eyes.

"You can never think well of me again, I suppose?"

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"I love you," said Ballantyne, slowly. "In my heart of hearts I knew that what you had done was contrary to your nature, to your inclinations, but I was angry, and deliberately blinded my eyes. Fenella"—he leaned nearer, his thin face eloquent—"give me your other hand as well. Listen! I set you free, but couldn't we begin again in a dearer, a more understanding way? And perhaps, if I'm patient, you'll care for me some time? Just a little—I'll be satisfied with so little!"

Her eyes, clear now and shining, met his, telling him the truth. He drew her towards him, and their lips met.

"When I heard you were ill," she said, after a long silence that meant more than words, "I knew that I loved you, and that all this time, in spite of my efforts to hate you, love had been growing and growing, until I felt that if you died——" She trembled at the thought, and, stooping, put her lips, in a passion of self-reproach, to his thin hand. "Now I want to help to make you well, Hugh. Couldn't we——"

"Yes?"

"Couldn't we get married quite soon, without any fuss at all, and go away to some quiet little place just by our two selves? I mean to be very good to you. You'd like to have me with you?"

He kissed her in a suppressed passion of happiness that told her what she was to him.

"You've changed the whole face of the world for me. Only an hour ago I did not care what became of me, and now—Fenella—just you and I together—think of it!"



"I SET YOU FREE, BUT COULDN'T WE BEGIN AGAIN IN A DEARER, A MORE UNDERSTANDING WAY?"

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THE PERILS OF THE PEDESTRIAN.

How to Minimize Road-Traffic Accidents. By R. P. HEARNE.



The Nervous Pedestrian's Nightmare.

LAST year 1,557 people were killed and 35,210 injured by traffic accidents in the United Kingdom. In London alone the number of killed was 410, and of injured 15,156. These casualties are equivalent to the losses in a great battle, and the distressing point about them is that each year shows a marked increase. The increase in fatal accidents, as compared with the previous year, was 230 for the United Kingdom and 107 for London. There is every indication that this year will show a still greater death-roll.

An occasional outcry is raised, but it usually resolves itself into a bigoted attack

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upon "murderous motors," and it is followed by inane suggestions that automobiles should be driven at a walking pace, or that they should be barred entirely from certain routes or localities. It is easy to show the foolishness of these recommendations. The very life of the nation depends on the free circulation of its traffic, and to convert this into a sluggish and obstructed stream would be to create widespread congestion and confusion, and probably increase the number of accidents.

It is a common belief that slow traffic is safe traffic, but when we come to examine statistics this will be disproved. For our purpose it is advisable to concentrate attention first on the details of London traffic accidents, for here we have the most dangerous area and the most difficult problem to deal with. If casualties can be reduced in the London streets and traffic rendered less destructive of life, although vehicles increase in numbers and mileage, we can readily apply the lessons all over the country.

It should first be pointed out that street accidents in London are no recent development. Ten years ago, when there was practically no mechanical locomotion save the bicycle, more than a hundred people were killed in the street each year by slow horse traffic. Over 50,000 horses have been withdrawn from London traffic since 1903 owing to the growth of mechanical traffic, and yet last year the horsed vehicles killed 122 people. Thus, with a decline in horse traffic, we have had an increase in fatalities.

The total number of traffic fatalities has increased four-fold in the last decade, but the traffic has increased in mileage and average speed at a far greater rate. There is a much bigger population to be dealt with, and each person travels a considerably greater distance per year owing to the increased facilities offered. Thus it cannot be said that the street traffic has become abnormally dangerous solely through the introduction of motor traction. Nevertheless, the dangers are serious enough to merit careful inquiry.

Turning from this point, we may next examine the casualty lists, and here it will be well to separate the mechanical from the non-mechanical traffic. The returns of accidents caused by street traffic in 1911 are:—

HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES.

	Persons killed.	Persons injured.
Horse omnibuses ...	1	136
Horse trams	1	44
Horse carts, etc. ...	120	5,298
Total	122	5,478

MECHANICALLY-PROPELLED VEHICLES.

	Persons killed.	Persons injured.
Electric trams	26	2,330
Motor-omnibuses ...	107	1,947
Motor cabs and cars ...	155	5,401
Total	288	9,678
Grand total ...	410	15,156

Arranging these figures in percentages, we get the following table, which graphically indicates the relative dangerousness of each class of vehicle:—

	Killed.	Injured.
Horse omnibuses ...	·2	·8
Horse trams	·2	·2
Horse carts	29·2	34·8
Electric trams ...	6·3	15·3
Motor-omnibuses ...	26·3	12·9
Motor cabs and cars...	37·8	35·6

It is worthy of special notice that motor-omnibuses kill a far larger percentage than they injure. Particular care should thus be taken with them, for their effects are more deadly than any other class of vehicle.

As a group, motor cars and cabs cause most accidents, but the official returns are misleading, since they do not compare numbers and mileages of the various vehicles. Automobiles can average from three to five times the mileage of horse vehicles, and until we know the exact number of horses employed in London no accurate comparison can be instituted. We know, however, that horses are rapidly decreasing in numbers, and that motor vehicles are rapidly increasing. But, although horses have been withdrawn by thousands annually during recent years, we find that horse traffic is still very dangerous, as this table shows:—

	1909.	1911.
Killed by horse-drawn vehicles ...	126	122
Injured by horse-drawn vehicles...	5,733	5,478

Comparing motor accidents for the same periods we find:—

	1909.	1911.
Killed by motor vehicles... ...	137	262
Injured by motor vehicles ...	4,402	7,348

Here we have indication of an alarming increase which certainly merits careful inquiry.

The most creditable record is held by the electric trams, as the following table shows:—

	1909.	1911.
Killed by electric trams	26	26
Injured by electric trams... ...	2,177	2,330

In this case there has been increased mileage and increased number of vehicles without any increase in fatalities. Of the 70,000 mechanical vehicles registered in London about 2,500 are electric trams, 2,000 motor-omnibuses, 7,000

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motor-cabs, and the remainder private cars, commercial vehicles, motor-cycles, etc.

Cursory examination of the detailed statistics shows that the most dangerous of the motor vehicles is the motor-omnibus, and it is closely followed by the motor-cab, both of these public service vehicles not comparing very well with other types of motors or with electric trams.

The conditions of usage, however, must be taken into account. Electric trams are usually run only on wide thoroughfares, and their mileage is less than the motor-buses, which, by opening up every part of London, must of necessity travel through many narrow streets. So, too, with taxi-cabs; and plying by day and night these vehicles have the maximum chance of meeting with accidents. At the same time it must be said that there is far too much reckless driving of cabs and omnibuses, and the police do not attach sufficient value to the lives sacrificed.

Horse carts, with a smaller and a rapidly-dwindling mileage, show little improvement. They rank next to motor-cabs and motor-cars in the percentage of killed, and also in the percentage of injured. Here, again, analysis shows that horse-drawn vans of the covered and uncovered types are the most prolific in causing accidents.

The danger of the horsed van is due to many causes. In the first place, it seldom has brakes, and, secondly, the hood or the arrangement of the load often obstructs the driver's view. Then, again, any unskilled man or boy may be given control of a brakeless horsed vehicle, whilst motor drivers are licensed and under the control of the authorities. A bad driver of a horsed vehicle may kill or injure several people and still continue at his calling. A motor driver is liable to have his licence suspended; and if more drastic action in this direction were taken by the police the results would be better. Inquests on deaths caused by traffic accidents need far more searching examination than at present, and a more competent tribunal than a coroner's jury should deal with them. The percentage of accidents may not disturb the statistician, but many people look with concern at the ever-growing list of mishaps, and cry out in panic that motor-cars should be abolished, or that their speed should be reduced to walking pace. But we must first be certain that motor vehicles are more dangerous than horse vehicles.

The only correct way to compare the relative dangers of vehicles is to reckon the accidents in proportion to the *total mileage*. A certain motor-car and a certain horse van may each cause one accident in a year, and look equally guilty in the police statistics. But the van mileage may be 3,000 and that of the motor 20,000, or, in other words, the van might cause over six accidents if it travelled as far as the motor-car in a year.

When we apply this test generally it is found that motor traffic is, on the whole, far safer than horse traffic. Every motor vehicle is fitted with powerful brakes, but no law exists with regard to horsed vehicles in this respect. Consequently the motor can stop in a shorter space than the horse-drawn vehicle, and its higher speed is not such a menace as it otherwise might be.

We must expect a steady growth in traffic in every progressive centre. Speed will tend to increase also. These two factors will increase the danger for foot passengers as long as the traffic system compels the pedestrian to frequently cross the lines of high-speed traffic. In this article I will deal only with the problem as it has to be faced to-day. The traffic of the future will assuredly be much better planned.

If the pedestrian could conduct his affairs without requiring to plunge into the stream of traffic which fills the roadway there would be an immense decrease in the number of street accidents. Failing that, if he would but learn how to cross the road in a sensible manner the improvement would be marked.

But the average pedestrian is a conservative and thoughtless person, with poor judgment of speed, and with a ridiculously inadequate estimation of the value of his own life at times. To save a few useless moments he or she will dash madly into a maelstrom of traffic, and there will flounder in a manner most calculated to cause disaster.

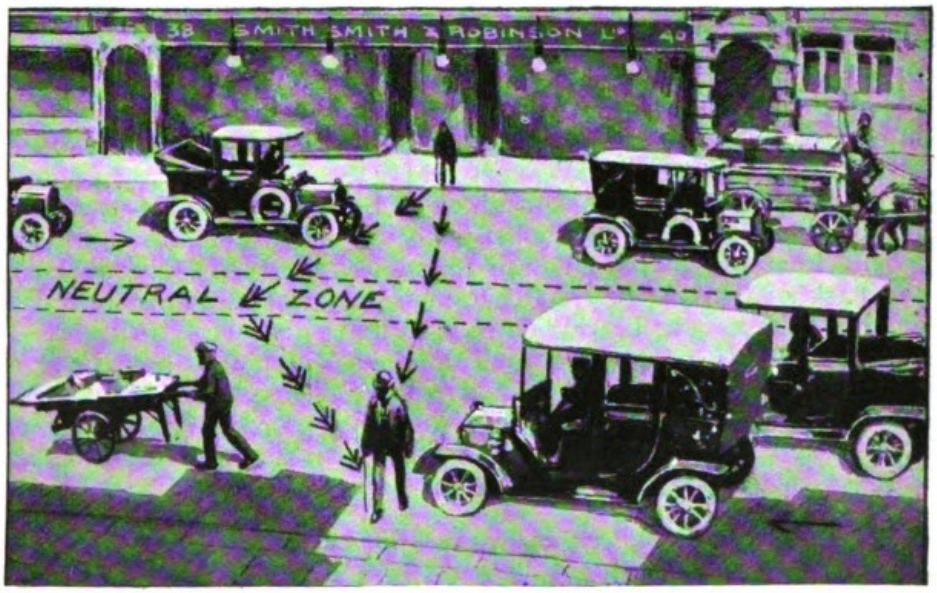
The person unused to London traffic is fearful about crossing the street at all. But eventually he or she musters up courage to take a desperate leap, usually at the time when several vehicles are close at hand. The Londoner in years gone by was very proud of his nimbleness in dodging horse traffic. Ever and again he miscalculated, and so there was a big list of accidents even before motors came. The automobile, however, set up other ranges of speeds which were quite new to the Londoner, and mistakes became more numerous.

Even the most alert pedestrian now finds a greater strain upon him, for he sees the roads filled with vehicles whose speeds can range from thirty to three miles an hour, and their number and variety are most con-

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fusing. To the less expert person the modern streets have an ever-growing horror; whilst children, at all times a source of anxiety to drivers, have now become a serious traffic problem.

To add to the difficulty, a good deal of confusion exists with regard to the laws which should govern traffic. In the British Isles it is the rule of the road that vehicles keep to the left. Pedestrians in London are requested to "Keep to the right" when on the pavement, and they thus have to adapt themselves to a new rule when they step out on the roadway. There is another danger attendant upon this double rule. When a pedestrian keeps to the right on the pavement and is on the outer edge, there is a stream of traffic on the road close to him, *and travelling in the same direction.* Thus, vehicles are coming up *behind him,* and if one jumps on to the pavement it may knock him down from behind. Or, should he suddenly step out into the road, he runs imminent risk of being run down at once from the rear.



Wrong and right methods of crossing a street.—The wrong method is to make a bee-line as shown by the single arrows. Here the pedestrian can only partially see the oncoming traffic. By taking the oblique course shown by the double arrows he is always facing the approaching traffic.

Now, if there were one law of "Keep to the left" for road and pavement, the pedestrian on the outer edge of the pavement would be *always facing* the line of traffic nearest to him. He would thus see oncoming vehicles, and might avoid injury in many cases.

Most accidents, however, arise when pedestrians cross the roadway. A good deal has to be learned yet in the art of crossing a busy thoroughfare, but the following suggestions may help to bring about an improvement. Let us first take the case of a side-road intersecting the path of the pedestrian. Here he must of necessity step on to the road and cut through two streams of traffic. He should not pursue a course at right angles to vehicles, as a glance at the above diagram will show. The great danger is of being run down from the rear, or from the side, when he is looking in the other direction. Hence his first care should be to *partly face the line of traffic nearest to him,* and not be content with a hasty glance over his shoulder.

The best plan is shown in the case where the "Keep to the left" rule is observed by both driver and pedestrian. The latter, before stepping off the kerb, should turn at an angle so as to command a view of the oncoming traffic, and pursue a slanting course to the middle of the road. Here there ought to be a three-foot-wide space on which the pedestrian could remain stationary as if an "island" existed. A police law could be enforced that no driver encroach on this space when it is occupied by a foot-passenger. In time, at such a crossing, people would know that even though an "island" did not exist in the centre of the road, there was a certain neutral zone which could be safely occupied. This zone could easily be marked out by whitewashed lines or by white stones.

In crossing a main road from one kerb to another the foot-passenger should also follow the double oblique course, so as to be always partly facing the oncoming stream of traffic. If, after reaching the centre of the road, a sudden influx of fast vehicles on each side threaten him with destruction, the safest plan is to stand still in the centre. Drivers are only too anxious to avoid an accident, and if they can be sure of the pedestrian's intentions, it is easy for them to steer a safe course. Matters would be simplified if it became generally understood that in the centre of every roadway there existed a three-foot-wide zone, in which pedestrians would stand until a clear passage offered.

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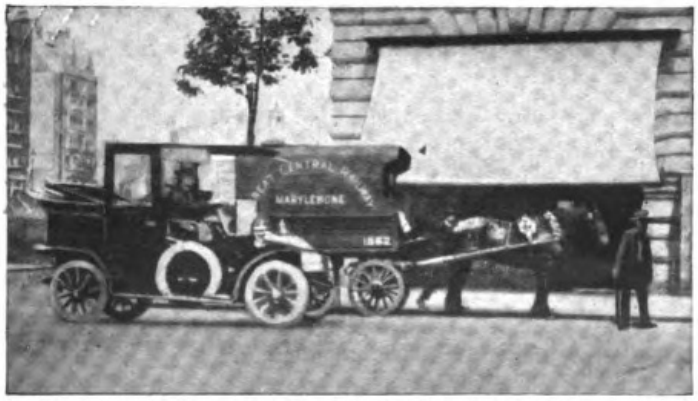
The "masked" tramcar danger.—The passenger steps off one tram and dashes across the rails at the rear of the car, which masks oncoming traffic. On alighting from a stationary tram step back five or six feet in the wake of this vehicle, and thus obtain a view of any car coming from the opposite direction. Or cross the road in front of the stationary car.

Another serious danger arises from one vehicle "masking" another. It usually occurs at tram-car halts. One tram-car stops in mid-road and its passengers alight. Some make for the near-side pavement and get across with little risk. Others wish to attain the other side. Their usual plan is to dismount from the tram and dash round by the back of this vehicle. At that moment another tram may be bearing down from the opposite direction. Its approach and its signals are alike masked by the stationary tram, and a passenger may dash right into it when he leaves the shelter of his tram.

In crossing the road behind a stationary tram the utmost caution must be exercised. Before leaving the tracks of this tram it is wise to walk back five or six feet from it, and then look forward along the other track. A clear view can thus be had of any approaching tram or other traffic. The stationary tram will afford some measure of protection from any other vehicles in its wake, provided the pedestrian does not wander too far from his "base." A yet safer course would be to cross to the near-side pavement and walk to the *front* of the tram, crossing the road there. Much of the danger with trams halting in mid-road could be avoided if the tram-lines were made to curve in close to the kerb at all important stopping-places. The trams could thus discharge passengers on the pavement, and fast traffic could meantime go by without obstruction.

Any vehicle standing by the kerb also forms a "mask" for the confusion of the unwary pedestrian about to cross the road. He generally steps into the thoroughfare in *front* of this stationary vehicle, and thus runs the danger of being dashed into by unseen traffic coming from behind this vehicle once he leaves its shelter. The obvious rule here is to cross at the *rear* of a stationary vehicle close to the kerb. This is the reverse of the procedure to be followed in the case of a tram standing in mid-road.

The relation between speed and danger is very badly understood by the public and by many motorists. If we could rigidly separate up traffic from down traffic, run vehicles at uniform speeds along each route, and build bridges or subways to take intersecting traffic and pedestrians across the roads, we could have safe traffic moving along suitable routes at a mile a minute, and so rapidly would journeys be accomplished that the streets would look almost deserted, for the longer



The "masked" vehicle danger.—The pedestrian wrongly steps off the kerb in front of a stationary vehicle and fails to see the approaching traffic, masked by the vehicle at the kerb. This error is commonly made in narrow streets.



How to avoid the "masked" vehicle danger.—Step off the kerb at the rear of the stationary vehicle, and thus have a clear view of approaching traffic.

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15 miles per hour	Car travels 22ft. per second
Car stops in	14ft. 10in.
20 miles per hour	Car travels 29·3ft. per second
Car stops in	25ft. 1in.
25 miles per hour	Car travels 36·7ft. per second
Car stops in	33ft. 4in.
30 miles per hour	Car travels 44ft. per second
Car stops in	48¾ft. (non-skid tyres)
Car stops in	54¾ft. (with smooth rubber tyres)

Speed and safety.—The stopping power of a motor-car. From recent tests in America the following returns were obtained. Up to speeds of twenty-five miles an hour the driver could stop his car within a second of observing an obstacle in his path. Note that as speed increases so does the distance the car travels per second, and so the obstacle must be removed farther from the car. The weight of the car, the condition of the road, and the form of tyres used affect these figures.

a moving vehicle remains in a street—that is to say, the slower its speed — the more obstruction and congestion does it cause.

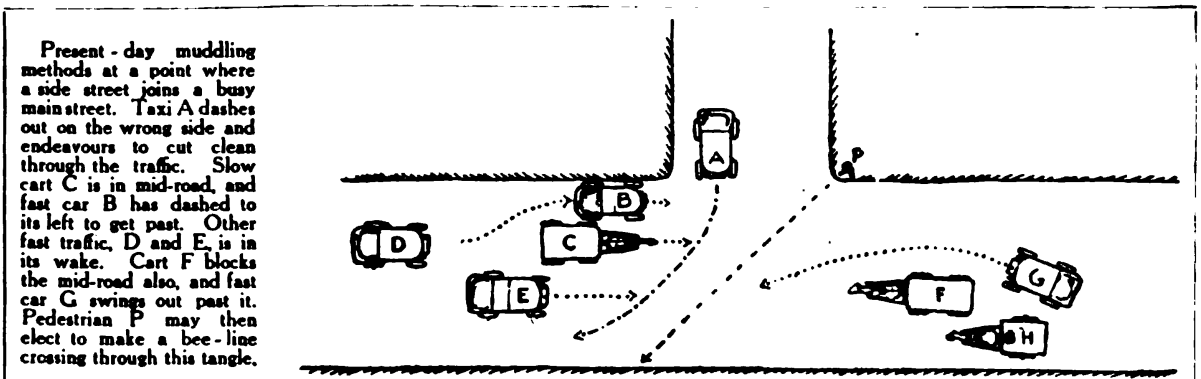
It is for this reason that, if London reduced its traffic speed all round by a few miles an hour, the confusion would be appalling, and accidents would increase. The vehicles would be packed together in a dense mob at every junction, and pedestrians would incur very serious risk in trying to get through.

Fast traffic is needed to relieve the congestion, and there really will be less danger when every vehicle has a fairly high speed. The removal of horsed locomotion from London will ease the traffic problem, and then a uniform pace can be maintained.

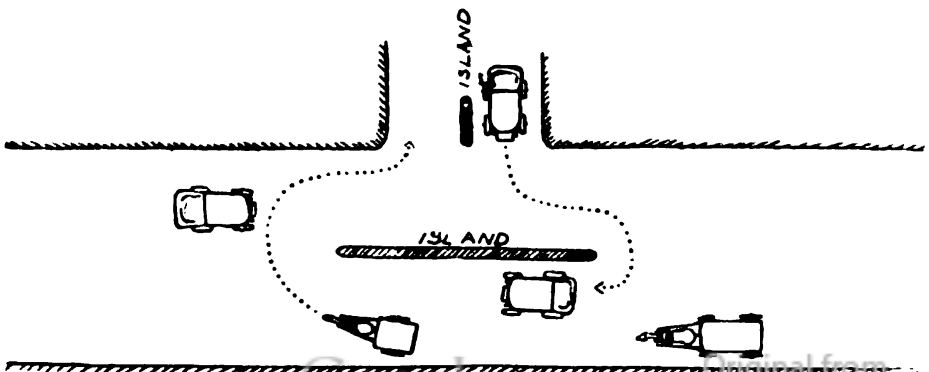
But slow traffic cannot be done away with just yet, and the pedestrian will always remain with his right to cross every highway, and with his habit of doing it carelessly.

Road-traffic speed must, then, to a certain extent, be rendered subservient to the safety of the foot-passenger, and on this assumption motor-speed limits have been drawn up. But in theory no set speed limit can be applied to every road with satisfaction. Fix the speed limit at twelve miles an hour, and a car can be recklessly and dangerously driven at ten miles an hour; reduce the limit to eight miles an hour—the speed of many horsed vehicles—and accidents will not be avoided. Traction engines moving at a walking pace have killed people.

The main criterion of safe speed is the



Present-day muddling methods at a point where a side street joins a busy main street. Taxi A dashes out on the wrong side and endeavours to cut clean through the traffic. Slow cart C is in mid-road, and fast car B has dashed to its left to get past. Other fast traffic, D and E, is in its wake. Cart F blocks the mid-road also, and fast car G swings out past it. Pedestrian P may then elect to make a bee-line crossing through this tangle.



How the road should be arranged at such a junction. — Narrow islands would divide the traffic streams and automatically slow them down when passing the danger point.

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stopping power of the vehicle. Most horsed vehicles have no brakes, and even at low speeds they are very slow in stopping. The automobile, with its powerful brakes, is much superior at all speeds. Light vehicles can stop more readily than heavy vehicles.

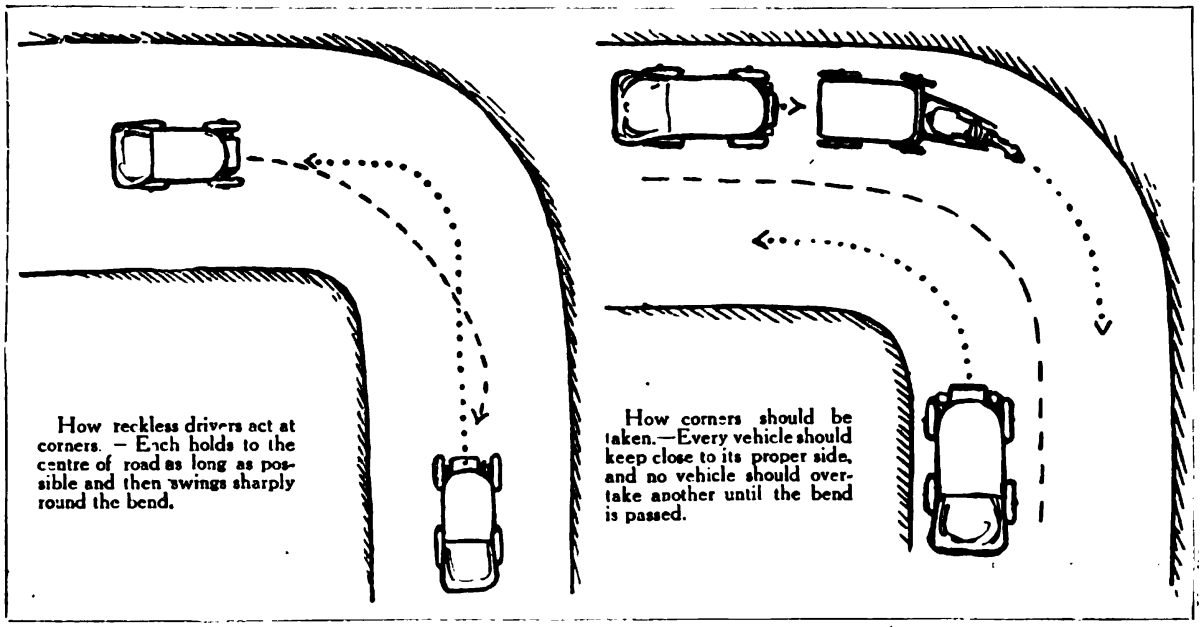
But as pace increases a greater time and space are required in which to bring the most powerfully-braked vehicle to a standstill. With the wheels locked the vehicle can still slide forward under its momentum. There is also the serious danger of skidding when the brakes are too suddenly used at high speeds.

I publish a most interesting table of brake tests recently carried out under novel conditions in America, and they give a graphic idea of the distance a motor-car requires in which to stop at various speeds. A notable point brought out is that at speeds up to twenty-five miles an hour a driver could stop his car from running over an obstacle provided he observed it one second before reaching it, or, in other words, had one clear second in which to bring the car to a standstill. The tests were made on an average road, and the car had non-skid tyres. With smooth tyres from five to ten feet more must be allowed.

The pedestrian may glean from this table that if a car bears down on him at fifteen miles an hour he should not cross its path unless it is at least twenty-two feet away; when its speed is twenty miles an hour he should allow twenty-nine feet, and thirty-six feet at twenty-five miles an hour. At the higher speeds he would be wise to allow about one hundred feet, or wait until the car goes by. It may only take a few seconds to get past, and to the pedestrian this time makes no difference. The table would be very useful to the police in judging what was dangerous speed in a given situation.

The ideal of the motorist should be to so adapt his speed to the road, and to the traffic conditions and probabilities, that he could at any instant stop his car before colliding with an obstruction. On a narrow and winding road he would drive very slowly; in rounding a sharp corner his pace would also be low; and in narrow streets or busy thoroughfares, as also when passing schools or side-streets, his car would be well in hand.

In short, modern traffic demands highly skilled and responsible drivers, and the authorities should spare no effort in eliminating all the reckless and incompetent men. Pedestrians, for their own sake, should get some idea of speed and stopping power of vehicles by careful observation; and properly-trained police should be set up as the controllers of traffic speed in dangerous localities, using simple signals to warn drivers to slacken pace. In this way the speed laws would be rendered plastic, and traffic on the whole would be much safer than now, whilst a far greater number of vehicles could pass over the roads in a given time.



How reckless drivers act at corners. — Each holds to the centre of road as long as possible and then swings sharply round the bend.

How corners should be taken.—Every vehicle should keep close to its proper side, and no vehicle should overtake another until the bend is passed.

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The Tuppenny Millionaire.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by René Bull.

IN the crowd that strolled on the Promenade des Étrangers, enjoying the morning sunshine, there were some who had come to Roville for their health, others who wished to avoid the rigours of the English spring, and many more who liked the place because it was cheap and close to Monte Carlo.

None of these motives had brought George Albert Balmer. He was there because, three weeks before, Harold Flower had called him a vegetable.

What is it that makes men do perilous deeds? Why does a man go over Niagara Falls in a barrel? Not for his health. Half an hour with a skipping-rope would be equally beneficial to his liver. No; in nine cases out of ten he does it to prove to his friends and relations that he is not the mild, steady-going person they have always thought him. Observe the music-hall acrobat as he prepares to swing from the roof by his eyelids. His gaze sweeps the house. "It isn't true," it seems to say. "I'm not a jelly-fish."

It was so with George Balmer.

In London at the present moment there exist some thousands of respectable, neatly-dressed, mechanical, unenterprising young men, employed at modest salaries by various banks, corporations, stores, shops, and business firms. They are put to work when young, and they stay put. They are mussels. Each has his special place on the rock, and remains glued to it all his life.

To these thousands George Albert Balmer belonged. He differed in no detail from the rest of the great army. He was as respectable, as neatly-dressed, as mechanical, and as unenterprising. His life was bounded, east, west, north, and south, by the Planet Insurance Company, which employed him; and that there were other ways in which a man might fulfil himself than by giving daily imitations behind a counter of a mechanical figure walking in its sleep had never seriously crossed his mind.

On George, at the age of twenty-four, there descended, out of a clear sky, a legacy of a thousand pounds.

Physically, he remained unchanged beneath the shock. No trace of hauteur crept into his bearing. When the head of his department, calling his attention to a technical flaw in his work of the previous afternoon, addressed him as "Here, you—young what's-your-confounded-name!" he did not point out that this was no way to speak to a gentleman of property. You would have said that the sudden smile of Fortune had failed to unsettle him.

But all the while his mind, knocked head over heels, was lying in a limp heap, wondering what had struck it.

To him, in his dazed state, came Harold Flower. Harold, messenger to the Planet Insurance Company and one of the most assiduous money-borrowers in London, had listened to the office gossip about the legacy as if to the strains of some grand, sweet anthem. He was a bibulous individual of uncertain age, who, in the intervals of creeping about his duties, kept an eye open for possible additions to his staff of creditors. Most of the clerks at the Planet had been laid under contribution by him in their time, for Harold had a way with him that was good for threepence any pay-day, and it seemed to him that things had come to a sorry pass if he could not extract something special from Plutocrat Balmer in his hour of rejoicing.

Throughout the day he shadowed George, and, shortly before closing-time, backed him into a corner, tapped him on the chest, and requested the temporary loan of a sovereign.

In the same breath he told him that he was a gentleman, that a messenger's life was practically that of a blanky slave, and that a young man of spirit who wished to add to his already large fortune would have a bit on Giant Gooseberry for the City and Suburban. He then paused for a reply.

Now, all through the day George had been assailed by a steady stream of determined ear-biters. Again and again he had been staked out as an ore-producing claim by men whom it would have been impolitic to rebuff.

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He was tired of lending, and in a mood to resent unauthorized demands. Harold Flower's struck him as particularly unauthorized. He said so.

It took some little time to convince Mr. Flower that he really meant it, but, realizing at last the grim truth, he drew a long breath and spoke.

"Ho!" he said. "Afraid you can't spare it, can't you? A gentleman comes and asks you with tack and civility for a temp'y loan of about 'arf nothing, and all you do is to curse and swear at him. Do you know what I call you—you and your thousand quid? A tuppenny millionaire, that's what I call you. Keep your blooming money. That's all I ask. *Keep* it. Much good you'll get out of it. I know your sort. You'll never have any pleasure of it. Not you. You're the careful sort. You'll put it into Consols, *you* will, and draw your three-ha'pence a year. Money wasn't meant for your kind. It don't *mean* nothing to you. You ain't got the go in you to appreciate it. A vegetable—that's all you are. A blanky little vegetable. A blanky little gor-blimey vegetable. I seen turnips with more spirit in 'em than what you've got. And Brussels sprouts. Yes, *and* parsnips."

It is difficult to walk away with dignity when a man with a hoarse voice and a watery eye is comparing you to your disadvantage with a parsnip, and George did not come anywhere near achieving the feat. But he extricated himself somehow, and went home brooding.

Mr. Flower's remarks rankled particularly because it so happened that Consols were the identical investment on which he had decided. His Uncle Robert, with whom he lived as a paying guest, had strongly advocated them. Also they had suggested themselves to him independently.



"A VEGETABLE—THAT'S ALL YOU ARE."

But Harold Flower's words gave him pause. They made him think. For two weeks and some days he thought, flushing uncomfortably whenever he met that watery but contemptuous eye. And then came the day of his annual vacation, and with it inspiration.

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He sought out the messenger, whom till now he had carefully avoided.

"Er—Flower," he said.

"Me lord?"

"I am taking my holiday to-morrow. Will you forward my letters? I will wire you the address. I have not settled on my hotel yet. I am popping over"—he paused—"I am popping over," he resumed, carelessly, "to Monte."

"To who?" inquired Mr. Flower.

"To Monte. Monte Carlo, you know."

Mr. Flower blinked twice rapidly, then pulled himself together.

"Yus, I *don't* think!" he said.

And that settled it.

The George who strolled that pleasant morning on the Promenade des Étrangers differed both externally and internally from the George who had fallen out with Harold Flower in the offices of the Planet Insurance Company. For a day after his arrival he had clung to the garb of middle-class England. On the second he had discovered that this was unpleasantly warm and, worse, conspicuous. At the Casino Municipale that evening he had observed a man wearing an arrangement in bright yellow velvet without attracting attention. The sight had impressed him. Next morning he had emerged from his hotel in a flannel suit so light that it had been unanimously condemned as impossible by his Uncle Robert, his Aunt Louisa, his Cousins Percy, Eva, and Geraldine, and his Aunt Louisa's mother, and at a shop in the Rue Lasalle had spent twenty francs on a Homburg hat. And Roville had taken it without blinking.

Internally his alteration had been even more considerable. Roville was not Monte Carlo (in which gay spot he had remained only long enough to send a picture-postcard to Harold Flower before retiring down the coast to find something cheaper), but it had been a revelation to him. For the first time in his life he was seeing colour, and it intoxicated him. The silky blueness of the sea was startling. The pure white of the great hotels along the promenade and the Casino Municipale fascinated him. He was dazzled. At the Casino the pillars were crimson and cream, the tables sky-blue and pink. Seated on a green-and-white striped chair he watched a *revue*, of which from start to finish he understood but one word—"*oui*," to wit—absorbed in the doings of a red-moustached gentleman in blue who wrangled in rapid French with a black-moustached gentleman in yellow, while a snow-white *commère* and a *compère* in a mauve flannel suit looked on at the brawl.

It was during that evening that there flitted across his mind the first suspicion he had ever had that his Uncle Robert's mental outlook was a little limited.

And now, as he paced the promenade, watching the stir and bustle of the crowd, he definitely condemned his absent relative as a narrow-minded chump.

If the brown boots which he had polished so assiduously in his bedroom that morning with the inside of a banana-skin, and which now gleamed for the first time on his feet, had a fault, it was that they were a shade tight. To promenade with the gay crowd, therefore, for any length of time was injudicious; and George, warned by a red-hot shooting sensation that the moment had arrived for rest, sank down gracefully on a seat, to rise at once on discovering that between him and it was something oblong with sharp corners.

It was a book—a fat new novel. George drew it out and inspected it. There was a name inside—Julia Waveney.

George, from boyhood up, had been raised in that school of thought whose watchword is "Findings are keepings," and, having ascertained that there was no address attached to the name, he was on the point, I regret to say, of pouching the volume, which already he looked upon as his own, when a figure detached itself from the crowd, and he found himself gazing into a pair of grey and, to his startled conscience, accusing eyes.

"Oh, thank you! I was afraid it was lost."

She was breathing quickly, and there was a slight flush on her face. She took the book from George's unresisting hand and rewarded him with a smile.

"I missed it, and I couldn't think where I could have left it. Then I remembered that I had been sitting here. Thank you so much."

She smiled again, turned, and walked away, leaving George to reckon up all the social solecisms he had contrived to commit in the space of a single minute. He had remained seated, he reminded himself, throughout the interview; one. He had not raised his hat, that fascinating Homburg simply made to be raised with a debonair swish under such conditions; two. Call it three, because he ought to have raised it twice. He had gaped like a fool; four. And, five, he had not uttered a single word of acknowledgment in reply to her thanks.

Five vast bloomers in under a minute!

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"A WOODEN-FACED HIGH PRIEST FLICKS A RED

What could she have thought of him? The sun ceased to shine. What sort of an utter outsider could she have considered him? An east wind sprang up. What kind of a Cockney bounder and cad could she have taken him for? The sea turned to an oily grey; and George, rising, strode back in the direction of his hotel in a mood that made him forget that he had brown boots on at all.

His mind was active. Several times since he had come to Roville he had been conscious of a sensation which he could not understand, a vague, yearning sensation, a feeling that, splendid as everything was in this paradise of colour, there was nevertheless something lacking. Now he understood. You had to be in love to get the full flavour of these vivid whites and blues. He was getting it now. His mood of dejection had passed swiftly, to be succeeded by an exhilaration such as he had only felt once in his life before, about half-way through a dinner given to the Planet staff on a princely scale by a retiring general manager.

He was exalted. Nothing seemed impossible to him. He would meet the girl again on the promenade, he told himself, dashingly renew the acquaintance, show her that he was not the gaping idiot he had appeared. His imagination donned its seven-league boots. He saw himself proposing—eloquently—accepted, married, living happily ever after.

It occurred to him than an excellent first move would be to find out where she was staying. He bought a paper and turned to the list of visitors. Miss Waveney. Where was it? He ran his eye down the column.

And then, with a crash, down came his air-castles in hideous ruin.

"Hotel Circle de la Mediterranée. Lord Frederick Weston. The Countess of Southbourne and the Hon. Adelaide Liss. Lady Julia Waveney——"

He dropped the paper and hobbled on to his hotel. His boots had begun to hurt him again, for he no longer walked on air.

At Roville there are several institutions provided by the municipality for the purpose of enabling visitors temporarily to kill thought. Chief among these is the Casino Municipale, where, for a price, the sorrowful may obtain oblivion by means of the ingenious game of *boule*. Disappointed lovers at Roville take to *boule* as in other places they might take to drink. It is a fascinating game. A wooden-faced high priest flicks a red india-rubber ball into a polished oaken bowl, at the bottom of which are holes, each bearing a number up to nine. The ball swings round and round like a planet, slows down, stumbles among the holes, rests for a moment in the one which you have backed, then hops into the next one, and you lose. If ever there was a pastime calculated to place young Adam Cupid in the background, this is it.

To the *boule* tables that night fled George with his hopeless passion. From the instant when he read the fatal words in the paper he had recognized its hopelessness. All other obstacles he had been prepared to overcome, but a title—no. He had no illusions as to his place in the social scale. The Lady Julias of this world did not marry insurance clerks, even if their late mother's cousin had left them a thousand pounds. That

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INDIARUBBER BALL INTO A POLISHED OAKEN BOWL, AT THE BOTTOM OF WHICH ARE HOLES."

day-dream was definitely ended. It was a thing of the past—all over except the heart-ache.

By way of a preliminary sip of the waters of Lethe, before beginning the full draught, he placed a franc on number seven and lost. Another franc on six suffered the same fate. He threw a five-franc cart-wheel recklessly on evens. It won.

It was enough. Thrusting his hat on the back of his head and wedging himself firmly against the table, he settled down to make a night of it.

There is nothing like *boule* for absorbing the mind. It was some time before George became aware that a hand was prodding him in the ribs. He turned, irritated. Immediately behind him, filling the landscape, were two stout Frenchmen. But, even as he searched his brain for words that would convey to them in their native tongue his disapproval of this jostling, he perceived that they, though stout and in a general way offensive, were in this particular respect guiltless. The prodding hand belonged to somebody invisible behind them. It was small and gloved, a woman's hand. It held a five-franc piece.

Then in a gap, caused by a movement in the crowd, he saw the face of Lady Julia Waveney.

She smiled at him.

"On eight, please, would you mind?" he heard her say; and then the crowd shifted again and she disappeared, leaving him holding the coin, his mind in a whirl.

The game of *boule* demands undivided attention from its devotees. To play with a mind full of other matters is a mistake. This mistake George made. Hardly conscious of what he was doing, he flung the coin on the board. She had asked him to place it on eight, and he thought that he had placed it on eight. That, in reality, blinded by emotion, he had placed it on three was a fact which came home to him neither then nor later.

Consequently, when the ball ceased to roll and a sepulchral voice croaked the news that eight was the winning number, he fixed on the croupier a gaze that began by being joyful and expectant and ended, the croupier remaining entirely unresponsive, by being wrathful.

He leaned towards him.

"Monsieur," he said. "*Moi! J'ai jetté cinq francs sur huit!*"

The croupier was a man with a pointed moustache and an air of having seen all the sorrow and wickedness that there had ever been in the world. He twisted the former and permitted a faint smile to deepen the melancholy of the latter, but he did not speak.

George moved to his side. The two stout Frenchmen had strolled off, leaving elbow-room behind them.

He tapped the croupier on the shoulder.

"I say," he said. "What's the game? *J'ai jetté cinq francs sur huit,* I tell you. *Moi!*"

A forgotten idiom from the days of boyhood and French exercises came to him.

"*Moi qui parle,*" he added.

"*Messieurs, faites vos jeux,*" crooned the croupier, in a detached manner.

To the normal George, as to most Englishmen of his age, the one cardinal rule in life was at all costs to avoid rendering himself conspicuous in public. Than George, normal, no violet that ever hid itself in a mossy bank could have had a greater distaste for scenes. But to-night he was not normal. Roville and its colour had wrought a sort of fever in his brain. *Boule* had increased it. And love

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had caused it to rage. If this had been entirely his own affair it is probable that the croupier's frigid calm would have quelled him and he would have retired, fermenting but baffled. But it was not his own affair. He was fighting the cause of the only girl in the world. She had trusted him. Could he fail her? No, he was dashed if he could. He would show her what he was made of. His heart swelled within him. A thrill permeated his entire being, starting at his head and running out at his heels. He felt tremendous —a sort of blend of Oliver Cromwell, a Berserk warrior, and Sir Galahad.

"Monsieur," he said again. "Hi! What about it?"

This time the croupier did speak.

"*C'est fini*," he said; and print cannot convey the pensive scorn of his voice. It stung George, in his exalted mood, like a blow. Finished, was it? All right, now he would show them. They had asked for it, and now they should get it. How much did it come to? Five francs the stake had been, and you got seven times your stake. And you got your stake back. He was nearly forgetting that. Forty francs in all, then. Two of those gold what-d'you-call-'em's? in fact. Very well, then.

He leaned forward quickly across the croupier, snatched the lid off the gold tray, and removed two louis.

It is a remarkable fact in life that the scenes which we have rehearsed in our minds never happen as we have pictured them happening. In the present case, for instance, it had been George's intention to handle the subsequent stages of this little dispute with an easy dignity. He had proposed, the money obtained, to hand it over to its rightful owner, raise his hat, and retire with an air, a gallant champion of the oppressed. It was probably about one-sixteenth of a second after his hand had closed on the coins that he realized in the most vivid manner that these were not the lines on which the incident was to develop, and, with all his heart, he congratulated himself on having discarded those brown boots in favour of a worn but roomy pair of gent's Oxfords.

For a moment there was a pause and a silence of utter astonishment, while the minds of those who had witnessed the affair adjusted themselves to the marvel, and then the world became full of starting eyes, yelling throats, and clutching hands. From all over the casino fresh units swarmed like bees to swell the crowd at the centre of things. Promenaders ceased to promenade, waiters to wait. Elderly gentlemen sprang on to tables.

But in that momentary pause George had got off the mark. The table at which he had been standing was the one nearest to the door, and he had been on the door side of it. As the first eyes began to start, the first throats to yell, and the first hands to clutch, he was passing the counter of the money-changer. He charged the swing-door at full speed, and, true to its mission, it swung. He had a vague glimpse from the corner of his eye of the hat-and-cloak counter, and then he was in the square with the cold night breeze blowing on his forehead and the stars winking down from the blue sky.

A paper-seller on the pavement, ever the man of business, stepped forward and offered him the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail*, and, being in the direct line of transit, shot swiftly into the road and fell in a heap, while George, shaken but going well, turned off to the left, where there seemed to be rather more darkness than anywhere else.

And then the casino disgorged the pursuers.

To George, looking hastily over his shoulder, there seemed a thousand of them. The square rang with their cries. He could not understand them, but gathered that they were uncomplimentary. At any rate, they stimulated a little man in evening dress, strolling along the pavement towards him, to become suddenly animated and to leap from side to side with outstretched arms.

Panic makes Harlequin three-quarters of us all. For one who had never played Rugby football George handled the situation well. He drew the defence with a feint to the left, then, swerving to the right, shot past into the friendly darkness. From behind came the ringing of feet and an ever-growing din.

It is one of the few compensations a fugitive pursued by a crowd enjoys that, while he has space for his manœuvres, those who pursue are hampered by their numbers. In the little regiment that pounded at his heels it is probable that there were many faster runners than George. On the other hand, there were many slower, and in the early stages of the chase these impeded their swifter brethren. At the end of the first half minute, therefore, George, not sparing himself, had drawn well ahead, and for the first time found leisure for connected thought.

His brain became preternaturally alert, so that when, rounding a corner, he perceived entering the main road from a side-street in front of him a small knot of pedestrians, he did not waver, but was seized with a keen

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spasm of presence of mind. Without pausing in his stride, he pointed excitedly before him, and at the same moment shouted the words, "*Là! Là! Vite! Vite!*"

His stock of French was small, but it ran to that, and for his purpose it was ample. The French temperament is not stolid. When the French temperament sees a man running rapidly and pointing into the middle distance and hears him shouting "*Là! Là! Vite! Vite!*" it does not stop to make formal inquiries. It sprints like a mustang. It did so now, with the happy result that a moment later George was racing down the road, the centre and recognized leader of an enthusiastic band of six, which, in the next twenty yards, swelled to eleven.

Five minutes later, in a wine-shop near the harbour, he was sipping the first glass of a bottle of cheap but comforting *vin ordinaire* while he explained to the interested proprietor, by means of a mixture of English, broken French, and gestures, that he had been helping to chase a thief, but had been forced by fatigue to retire prematurely for refreshment. The proprietor gathered, however, that he had every confidence in the zeal of his still active colleagues.

It is convincing evidence of the extent to which love had triumphed over prudence in George's soul that the advisability of lying hid in his hotel on the following day did not even cross his mind. Immediately after breakfast, or what passed for it at Roville, he set out for the Hotel Circle de la Mediterranée to hand over the two louis to their owner.

Lady Julia, he was informed on arrival, was out. The porter, politely genial, advised monsieur to seek her on the Promenade des Étrangers.

She was there, on the same seat where she had left the book.

"Good morning," he said.

She had not seen him coming, and she started at his voice. The flush was back on her face as she turned

"HE SHOT SWIFTLY INTO THE ROAD AND FELL IN A HEAP."

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to him. There was a look of astonishment in th grey eyes.

He held out the two louis.

"I couldn't give them to you last night," he said.

A horrible idea seized him. It had not occurred to him before.

"I say," he stammered—"I say, I hope you didn't think I had run off with your winnings for good! The croupier wouldn't give them up, you know, so I had to grab them and run. They came to exactly two louis. You put on five francs, you know, and you get seven times your stake. I——"

An elderly lady seated on the bench, who had loomed from behind a parasol towards the middle of these remarks, broke abruptly into speech.

"Who is this young man?"

George looked at her, startled. He had hardly been aware of her presence till now. Rapidly he diagnosed her as a mother—or aunt. She looked more like an aunt. Of course, it must seem odd to her, his charging in like this, a perfect stranger, and beginning to chat with her daughter, or niece, or whatever it was. He began to justify himself.

"I met your—this young lady"—something told him that was not the proper way to put it, but hang it, what else could he say?—"at the casino last night."

He stopped. The effect of his words on the elderly lady was remarkable. Her face seemed to turn to stone and become all sharp points. She stared at the girl.

"So you were gambling at the casino last night?" she said.

She rose from the seat, a frozen statue of displeasure.

"I shall return to the hotel. When you have arranged your financial transactions with your—friend, I should like to speak to you. You will find me in my room."

George looked after her dumbly.

The girl spoke, in a curiously strained voice, as if she were speaking to herself.

"I don't care," she said. "I'm glad."

George was concerned.

"I'm afraid your mother is offended, Lady Julia."

There was a puzzled look in her grey eyes as they met his. Then they lit up. She leaned back in the seat and began to laugh, softly at first, and then with a note that jarred on George. Whatever the humour of the situation—and he had not detected it at present—this mirth. he felt, was unnatural and excessive.

She checked herself at length, and a flush crept over her face.

"I don't know why I did that," she said, abruptly. "I'm sorry. There was nothing funny in what you said. But I'm not Lady Julia, and I have no mother. That was Lady Julia who has just gone, and I am nothing more important than her companion."

"Her companion!"

"I had better say her late companion. It will soon be that. I had strict orders, you see, not to go near the casino without her—and I went."

"Then—then I've lost you your job—I mean, your position! If it hadn't been for me she wouldn't have known. I——"

"You have done me a great service," she said. "You have cut the painter for me when I have been trying for months to muster up the courage to cut it for myself. I don't suppose you know what it is to get into a groove and long to get out of it and not have the pluck. My brother has been writing to me for a long time to join him in Canada. And I hadn't the courage, or the energy, or whatever it is that takes people out of grooves. I knew I was wasting my life, but I was fairly happy—at least, not unhappy; so—well, there it was. I suppose women are like that."

"And now——?"

"And now you have jerked me out of the groove. I shall go out to Bob by the first boat."

He scratched the concrete thoughtfully with his stick.

"It's a hard life out there," he said.

"But it *is* a life."

He looked at the strollers on the promenade. They seemed very far away—in another world.

"Look here," he said, hoarsely, and stopped. "May I sit down?" he asked, abruptly. "I've got something to say, and I can't say it when I'm looking at you."

He sat down, and fastened his gaze on a yacht that swayed at anchor against the cloudless sky.

"Look here," he said. "Will you marry me?"

He heard her turn quickly, and felt her eyes upon him. He went on doggedly.

"I know," he said, "we only met yesterday. You probably think I'm mad."

"I don't think you're mad," she said, quietly. "I only think you're too Quixotic. You're sorry for me and you are letting a kind impulse carry you away, as you did last night at the casino. It's like you."

For the first time he turned towards her.

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"I don't know what you suppose I am," he said, "but I'll tell you. I'm a clerk in an insurance office. I get a hundred a year and ten days' holiday. Did you take me for a millionaire? If I am, I'm only a tuppenny one. Somebody left me a thousand pounds a few weeks ago. That's how I come to be here. Now you know all about me. I don't know anything about you except that I shall never love anybody else. Marry me, and we'll go to Canada together. You say I've helped you out of your groove. Well, I've only one chance of getting out of mine, and that's through you. If you won't help me, I don't care if I get out of it or not. Will you pull me out?"



"I SHALL RETURN TO THE HOTEL. WHEN YOU HAVE ARRANGED YOUR FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS WITH YOUR—FRIEND, I SHOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU."

She did not speak. She sat looking out to sea, past the many-coloured crowd.

He watched her face, but her hat shaded her eyes and he could read nothing in it.

And then, suddenly, without quite knowing how it had got there, he found that her hand was in his, and he was clutching it as a drowning man clutches a rope.

He could see her eyes now, and there was a message in them that set his heart racing. A great content filled him. She was so companionable, such a friend. It seemed incredible to him that it was only yesterday they had met for the first time.

"And now," she said, "would you mind telling me your name?"

The little waves murmured as they rolled lazily up the beach. Somewhere behind the trees in the gardens a band had begun to play. The breeze, blowing in from the blue Mediterranean, was charged with salt and happiness. And from a seat on the promenade a young man swept the crowd with a defiant gaze.

"It isn't true," it seemed to say. "I'm not a jelly-fish."

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Is England on the Down Grade?

A Symposium of Eminent Persons in Many Walks of Life.

FOR many years past one of the most popular pastimes of the day among those who are pessimistically inclined—and unfortunately their name is Legion—would seem to have been to openly bemoan England's decadence at any and every available opportunity. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, according to a certain section of the public, England and everything English is on the down grade. In commerce, trade, music, athletics, enterprise—in fact, in almost every walk of life—according to these pessimistic critics, England has, for the past few years, been slowly but surely dropping behind her foreign competitors in the march of progress.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Photo. by Central News.

As a matter of hard fact, however, are there any grounds for such depressing views? Is it true that in many walks of life England has lately been losing caste and much of her old-time prestige? To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on these points, we have collected the views of many prominent heads of professions and celebrities in various walks of life, each of whom is entitled to speak with particular authority on the subject under discussion. All of them, except Mr. Winston Churchill, whose views are public property, have favoured us with a special contribution on the subject.

"*No chance of falling behind in naval supremacy,*" *says Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, First Lord of the Admiralty;* "*and we shall make it clear that other naval Powers, instead of overtaking us by additional efforts, will only be more outdistanced in consequence of the measures which we ourselves shall take.*"

There is no chance whatever of our being overtaken in naval strength unless we want to be. We think that we can build as well and as good ships as any other constructors in the world. I could put it higher, but, as Dr. Pangloss observes, "On their own merits modest men are dumb." But we know, whatever may be said about quality—we know that we can build as fast and faster, cheaper, and on a far larger scale than any other Power in the world. So that if the money is all right the shipbuilding plant is all right.

What of the men? We have to-day a hundred and thirty-five thousand men in the active service ratings of the Navy. The great bulk of them are long-service men, who began as boys and have been trained as a lifelong profession to the naval service. We have no difficulty in recruiting for the Navy, because the Navy offers practically a lifelong career to those who render good service. There is no doubt whatever of our ability to make any increases which may be necessary, and which I think will be necessary, in the personnel of the Navy.

As naval competition becomes more acute we shall have not only to increase the number of the ships we build, but also the ratio which our naval strength will have to bear to that

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SIR HIRAM MAXIM.
Photo. by Central News.

of other great Powers, so that our margin of superiority will become larger and not smaller as the strain grows greater. Thus we shall make it clear that other naval Powers, instead of overtaking us by additional efforts, will only be more outdistanced in consequence of the measures which we ourselves shall take."

"I do not think it is fair to say that England is on the down grade," says SIR HIRAM MAXIM.

I do not think it is fair to say that England is on the down grade. I have been in England about thirty years, and certainly a great deal of progress has been made during that time — progress in every direction. But some nations have progressed even faster than the English. Germany and Japan have made great progress, but this is largely on account of the very backward condition that they were in only a few years ago. If the country could be governed by a class of men who thought more of their country than of their political party, and had sufficient backbone to see that the laws were rigidly executed, it is quite possible that, with the suppression of disorders, we should make greater progress than any other country in the world.

Mme. CLARA BUTT considers that "vocally" England is greatly on the up grade.

I have ever been a firm believer in the maxim which tells us that comparisons are "best left to the tactless," for which reason I prefer not to compare any individual singers of the day with other famous artistes of, let us say, fifteen to twenty years ago. At the same time my own opinion is that, in any case, the modern singer has assuredly not "gone back." I am speaking of those artistes at the top of the tree, whose number is necessarily more or less limited. Regarding England vocally on wider lines, I feel, too, that lovers of music have every reason to be proud of the greater facilities offered to-day to singers of all classes, from the richest to the poorest, for the cultivation of the voice on the best possible methods. Time was when England was woefully lacking in really good schools of music, but



MME. CLARA BUTT.
Photo. by Dover Street Studios.

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to-day that charge can certainly not be levelled against her.

The Rev. F. B. MEYER considers that the query, "Is England on the down grade?" is fully justified, but that there are stronger reasons for optimism than pessimism, so far as the future of the country is concerned.

Surely there were sufficient grounds for the asking of the question; but I none the less feel that the reasons on the other hand for optimism are greater far, and lie deep in the heart of our people.

When great moral issues are presented England ever has immediately responded—and, in my own heart, I feel, ever will—to the appeal of the higher against the lower and baser. For that reason, although I think to a certain extent lethargy has settled down upon certain sections of the public, I am nevertheless firmly convinced that a moral or physical "call to arms" would be responded to as whole-heartedly to-day as ever before in the history of our country.



THE REV. F. B. MEYER.

Photo. by E. Mills.

Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT says: "Speaking from an artistic point of view, I consider that England is in a stronger position to-day than she has ever been since first I was privileged to know her."

I have been a very close observer of the English stage ever since I first made my appearance in London at the Gaiety Theatre in "Phèdre" over thirty years ago, and I can say, with the firmest conviction, that my facts are right, that since those far-away days, from the point of view of real art, the English theatre has made rapid, far-reaching strides for the better. To me, indeed, it seems that in every detail of stage work the English theatre to-day is in a stronger position, artistically, than when first I made my bow to London audiences.



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

Photo. supplied by Stanley & Co.

Methods of production are greatly superior to-day; numerically speaking, there are far more talented actors and actresses to-day than, let me say, twenty to thirty years ago. The atmosphere of the theatre is more faithful to the policy of true art; all round, indeed, the dramatic art in England appears to be in a more flourishing condition than it ever has been before.

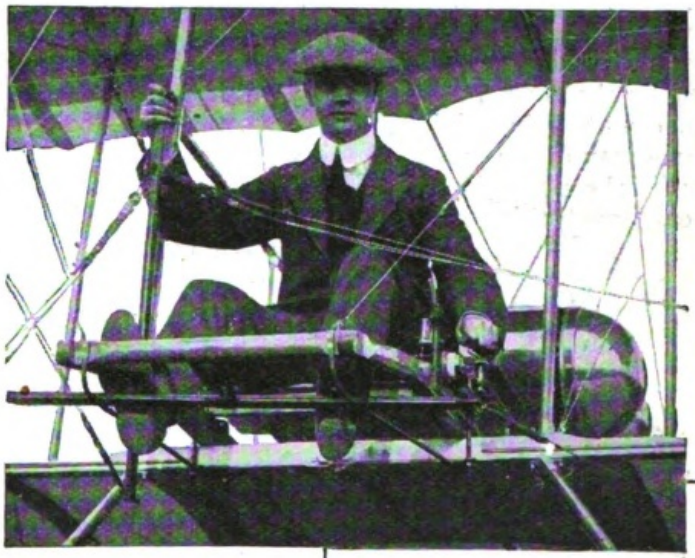
When first I made the acquaintance of the English stage there were not a fifth of the

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places of amusement in London or in the provinces that there are to-day. And yet I have observed that although theatres and other places of amusement have, within recent years, been springing up, I might almost say like mushrooms, so suddenly have they made their appearance, yet, withal, in every case, new ventures seem to thrive and prosper in a manner which must be truly gratifying to their promoters.

To-day people who live in small provincial towns in Great Britain frequently have the opportunity of seeing London successes played, not in a way which might be considered good enough for the provinces, but very often almost as well as when they were originally produced in your great capital. No, no, no; it is unfair, unkind, unjust to point the finger of scorn at the dramatic art in England to-day and say, "That is all that we have left of the great art of the theatre as our fathers and grandfathers knew it."

Those who profess to believe that, artistically speaking, the dramatic art in England is on the decline can know little of their subject. As one who has ever been a faithful student of the methods of English playwrights, players, and play-producers, I most emphatically state that I consider, theatrically speaking, England is stronger to-day than she has ever been since first I was privileged to know her.



THE LATE MR. D. GRAHAM GILMOUR.

Photo. by Central News.

The late Mr. D. GRAHAM GILMOUR sent THE STRAND MAGAZINE *the following opinion a few days before his tragic death.*

In the aerial competition of the nations, although England has not yet taken the lead, bearing in mind that the old country is notoriously slow to launch out in innovations of any kind, the present position—comparatively speaking—she now holds assuredly points to the fact that she is at least as enterprising to-day as she was twenty years ago. Thus, when the possibilities of motoring first became apparent England was slow to take her place in this new industry—far slower, indeed, than she has been in ranging up alongside other nations in the aeroplane industry—which conclusively proves, I think, that she is not on the down grade so far as initiative is concerned.

Indeed, I am inclined to think that it is official apathy which has allowed other countries to get ahead of us in aviation. At present, in land flying, we are a great distance behind various other countries—France, for example — but in sea flying we might even now start upon equal terms and get the lead if prompt encouragement were given to the Navy. Why this encouragement has not been instantly forthcoming is a secret known only to Whitehall. Why, too, our War Office is behind all other War Offices so far as flying is concerned is a query the answer to which must be sought in the same quarter. Contrast our policy with the French policy of extra pay and promotion for officers who fly, of subsidies to constructors, and prizes for the best machines, and the reason why England lags behind in some respects must be seen at once. But, as I have explained, England has shown greater initiative in aviation than she did at a similar period in the motoring industry, and therefore it would seem clear that she has advanced rather than gone back, from the point of view of enterprise.

Mr. EUGENE CORRI, the well-known boxing referee, dissents from the majority. "English boxers," he says, "have certainly not improved within recent years."

It is never an easy matter to compare bygone with present-day celebrities in any branch of sport, for the simple reason that it is impossible to strike a line which has any direct bearing on their respective merits. But, even so, I feel bound to say that I have

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often, within recent years, been compelled to form the opinion that, as the mother of boxing, England latterly has not turned out such skilful and sturdy children as she did a decade or so ago; for it seems to me then both amateur and professional followers of the fistic art were distinctly better than they are to-day. For instance, to take a few names at random, Peggy Bettinson, Tom Hill, Bob Hare, John Douglas, and the Dearsleys represent a better-class brand of boxer than the majority of the best-known exponents of the fistic art to-day.

Naturally, however, there are exceptions. For example, the present amateur champion, W. H. T. Douglas, is quite one of the finest amateur boxers I have ever seen, while John Hopley is assuredly one of the finest heavy-weights that ever put a glove on. But still one cannot help thinking that the average young man of the present day is not quite so tough as he used to be, though, so far as boxing is concerned, this may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the amateur and the professional are much closer together these days than they were twenty years ago.



MR. EUGENE CORRI.
Photo. by Sport & General.

However, so far as the lighter division of boxers are concerned, an exception must be made to the above remark, for in the annals of fistic history there can surely never have been any better men than Jim Driscoll, Fred Welsh, or Johnny Summers. True, in one or two small respects they may, perhaps, compare unfavourably with Pedlar Palmer, who, as I have elsewhere remarked, was quite a wonderful boxer when at his best; but in other respects they are his superiors. So that it is really an invidious task to belittle the best representatives among the light-weight division to the smallest extent.

In the other branches of boxing, however, both amateur and professional, I regret to say that I cannot conscientiously give it as my opinion that England has recently turned out as good men as she did fifteen to twenty years ago.



SIR JOSEPH LYONS.
Photo. by Dover Street Studios.

SIR JOSEPH LYONS says that, "commercially speaking, it is my firm conviction that England is on the up grade."

Commercially speaking, it is my firm conviction that the United Kingdom is not only not on the down grade, but is actually making rapid progress every year. Many reasons for this stronger position suggest themselves to me. The enormous increase of imports and exports indicates the way Britannia's shop has expanded. The greater facilities for the carriage of these imports and exports, and the growth of shipping, have had much to do with that expansion.

Cheaper fares and greater travelling facilities and comforts have brought more people from abroad to our shores, and every person who comes to this country has a certain spending capacity, greater or lesser, as the case may be. They not only come to London as a capital, but they go to all parts of the kingdom, leaving some of their dollars, their francs, or their marks behind them on their departure.

The larger hotels, the better accommodation, and the increased amusements we now offer all assist in this separation of our visitors

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from their money. I think I may humbly claim to have had a fair knowledge—and withal an accurate knowledge—of commercial England for many years past, and, in my opinion, when places of amusement increase there is no surer sign that the prosperity of the whole country has been increasing, thus giving the masses more money to spend upon pleasure.

There is one unfortunate phase, however, that we have to face, and that is the higher prices which now obtain for the necessaries of life. So far as luxuries are concerned, the wants of the well-to-do can be limited. But the people's necessaries are becoming less and less easy to secure, because, I imagine, the population of the world increases in a ratio which is not met by any commensurate increase in the supplies from the land for the use of that ever-growing mass of humanity.



MR. LANDON RONALD.

Photo by Dover Street Studios.

Even America, with its vast arable areas, which ought to be able to supply the food of the whole world, is not self-supporting, but imports some of her own requirements. The remedy? Well, it would help a great deal were more British capital put into some of our Colonies for the production of food-stuffs, making those Colonies more prosperous and rendering the Mother Country less dependent upon foreign nations. If you say this is a pill to cure an earthquake—well, maybe you will not be utterly wrong. I am no specialist in world troubles, but I think my way would reduce the inflammation. In conclusion, I may perhaps be allowed to add that those who continually throw storms of invective at what they call "Er gland's decline as a commercial nation" are doing more than merely utter idle untruths—they are assisting in no small way to belittle our increasing commercial greatness in the eyes of the foreigner. That, surely, is no patriotic thing to do.

Mr. LANDON RONALD considers that "from a musical standpoint England is progressing by leaps and bounds."

I confess that I have little patience with those pessimistic grumblers who chant the mournful song, "England is on the down grade," with parrot-like faithfulness. To their depressing cries there is no end—and, worse still, although they can seldom find any sound argument on which to base their remarks, they nevertheless continue to decry everything English with unflagging determination.

Now, so far as "musical England" is concerned, not mere hearsay, but practical experience, has taught me that she is not only steadily progressing, but that she is doing so by leaps and bounds. For at least the past twenty-five years there has been no question of music being on the down grade in this country. Rather, indeed, have we gone ahead so quickly that we have not given our activity time to spread abroad, with the result that even to-day we are still dubbed "an unmusical nation." It is only a question of time, however, for this stigma to be removed, and for us to take our proper place amidst the great musical nations of the world.

To-day we have as great musicians in every branch—whether vocal, instrumental, or creative—as can be found in any country in the world. The sole reason that we have to struggle harder than other nations who have earned the reputation—sometimes all too cheaply—of being natural musicians lies in our nationality. It would seem to have become the fashion to designate England as an unmusical nation. And than fashion there is surely no harder taskmaster.

One great danger, and one danger only, can I see on the musical horizon—and that is the overcrowding of the profession. There are hundreds, nay thousands, who, through the ill-advised and thoughtlessly-bestowed flattery of friends, adopt music as a profession, when really they ought never to be heard outside their own drawing-room. It is critics of this class who do so much to keep back England's reputation for being a musical nation. But despite the strength of the forces

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of these unconscious enemies of music, nothing can, or will, stay the vast progress—musical progress, that is to say—which is taking place in England to-day.

SIR CHARLES MACARA, Bart., the well-known Lancashire cotton magnate, says that unless English business men "show greater interest in commercial propositions a down-grade movement will set in."

I do not consider that England is yet on the down grade, but unless business men show a much greater interest in those matters which are necessary for the maintenance of our pre-eminent industrial and commercial position, I fear a down-grade movement will set in. I have not known public spirit to be at a lower ebb than it is at the present time, and I attribute this largely to the absorbing interest in party politics to which everything else appears to be subservient.



SIR CHARLES MACARA.
Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"I do not think there are any visible signs of physical decadence in the British thoroughbred," writes Mr. F. W. BALL ("Hotspur"), the special racing correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph."

You ask me whether England is on the down grade as regards its racehorses. It would be considered rank heresy on my part if I said "Yes." As a matter of fact, I don't think there are any visible signs of physical decadence in the British thoroughbred, notwithstanding the fact that foreigners have for years been buying up our best blood, both stallions and brood mares. The fact that the British racehorse remains supreme despite this continuous drain is sufficiently significant—it conveys a striking answer to the above query.

By the present generation of racegoers it is tacitly agreed that Ormonde was probably the best horse ever foaled, though it is a practical impossibility to settle such questions as these effectually or satisfactorily. It is extremely doubtful if we have, since Ormonde's day, seen anything quite so good as the famous son of Bend Or, but I have not observed any signs of deterioration in the best thoroughbreds either as regards strength, symmetry, quality, or the sterling courage for which the British racehorse has ever been so eminently distinguished. We hear from time to time that consistent inbreeding to Galopin and St. Simon has tended to develop undesirable idiosyncrasies of temperament in certain horses, but, on the whole, there is not much to grumble about.

It is, of course, difficult to lay down hard and fast rules in connection with breeding, but experts are agreed that the most splendid triumphs of the Turf have been achieved by horses bred from special combinations of size and strength in one parent with what is called "quality" in the other. Stockwell, Rataplan, and King Tom were types of big, stout, or even coarse horses. They may have represented a hardier standard than that maintained to-day, though it would be impossible to find grander specimens of the high-class racehorse than Persimmon and Ard Patrick, for instance, and the former at any rate transmitted much of his own power, bone, and substance to his sons, whilst in his daughter, Sceptre, we saw one of the best mares foaled.

One thing is certain, and that is that we have not so many genuine stayers as we had formerly, and in this department France is perhaps our superior. At the same time, I do not consider this as a sign of deterioration in the literal sense, but rather a question of opportunity and degree. Owners and trainers do not take the trouble to develop stamina in their horses, for the simple reason that more money can be won in the short-distance races, and, however much we might like to disguise it, the fact remains that "commercialism" is the dominating factor in sport at the present day.

No, upon serious consideration, I do not think that England is on the down grade as a horse-breeding nation, whatever may be her decadence in other directions.

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The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol.

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

VIII.—The Adventure of the Pig's Head.

FROM the theatre of Perpignan, where the necessity of the moment had reduced him to accept the position of drummer in the orchestra, Aristide Pujol issued one morning after rehearsal, and, leaving his colleagues to refresh themselves at a humble *café* hard by, went forth in search of distraction. On the Quai Sadi-Carnot a familiar sound met his ears—the roll of a drum, followed by an incantation in a quavery, high-pitched voice. It was the town crier, with whom, as with a brother artiste, he had picked acquaintance.

They met by the parapet of the Quai, just as Père Bracasse had come to the end of his incantation. The old man, grizzled, tanned, and seamed, leant weakly against the parapet.

"How goes it, Père Bracasse?"

"Alas! *mon bon monsieur*, it goes from bad to worse," sighed the old man. "I am at the end of my strength. My voice has gone, and the accursed rheumatism in my shoulder gives me atrocious pain whenever I beat the drum."

"How much more of your round have you to go?" asked Aristide.

"I have only just begun," said Père Bracasse.

A lunatic idea flashed through Aristide's mind. He whipped the drum-strap over the old man's head.

"Père Bracasse," said he, "you are suffering from rheumatism, bronchitis, fever, and corns, and you must go home to bed. I will finish your round for you. Listen." And he beat such a tattoo as Père Bracasse had never accomplished in his life. "Where are your words?"

The old man, too weary to resist, and fascinated by Aristide's laughing eyes, handed him a dirty piece of paper. Aristide read, played a magnificent roll, and proclaimed in a clarion voice that a gold bracelet having been lost on Sunday afternoon in the Avenue des Platanes, whoever would deposit it at the Mairie would receive a reward.

Aristide darted off like a dragon-fly in the sunshine, as happy as a child with a new toy. Here he could play the drum to his heart's content, with no score or conductor's baton to worry him.

The effect of his drumming before the Café de la Loge was electric. Shopkeepers ran out of their shops, housewives craned over their balconies to listen to him. By the time he had threaded the busy strip of the town and emerged on to the Place Arago he had collected an admiring train of urchins. On the Place Arago he halted on the fringe of a crowd surrounding a cheap-jack, whose vociferations he drowned in a roll of thunder. He drummed and drummed till he became the centre of the throng. Then he proclaimed the bracelet. He had not enjoyed himself so much since he left Paris.

He was striding away, merry-eyed and happy, followed by his satellites, when a prosperous-looking gentleman, with a very red face, a prominent roll of fat above the back of his collar, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his buttonhole, hurried up and laid a finger on his arm.

"Pardon, my friend," said he; "what are you doing there?"

"I am crying the loss of a bracelet, monsieur."

"But who are you?"

"I am Aristide Pujol, and I play the drum, kettledrum, triangle, cymbals, castanets, and tambourine in the orchestra of the Tournée Gulland. And now, in my turn, may I ask to whom I have the honour of speaking?"

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"I am the Mayor of Perpignan."

Aristide raised his hat politely. "I hope to have the pleasure," said he, "of M. le Maire's better acquaintance."

The mayor, attracted by the rascal's guileless mockery, laughed.

"You will, my friend, if you go on playing that drum. You are not the town crier."

irresistible charm and roguishness about the fellow, with his intelligent oval face, black Vandyke beard, and magically luminous eyes.

"I should have thought you had enough of drums in your orchestra."

"Ah! there I am cramped!" cried Aristide. "I have it in horror—in detesta-



"'I HOPE TO HAVE THE PLEASURE,' SAID HE, 'OF M. LE MAIRE'S BETTER ACQUAINTANCE.'"

Aristide explained. Père Bracasse was ill, suffering from rheumatism, bronchitis, fever, and corns. He was replacing him.

The mayor retorted that Père Bracasse, being a municipal functionary, could not transmit his functions except through the Administration. Aristide bowed to authority and unstrung his drum.

"But I was enjoying myself so much, M. le Maire. You have spoiled my day," said he.

The mayor laughed again. There was an

tion. Here I am free. I can give vent to all the aspirations of my soul!"

The mayor mechanically moved from the spot where they had been standing. Aristide, embroidering his theme, mechanically accompanied him; and such is democratic France, and also such was the magnetic, Ancient-Mariner-like power of Aristide, that in a few moments the amateur town crier and the mayor were walking together, side by side, along the Quai Sadi-Carnot, engaged in

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amiable converse. Aristide told the mayor the story of his life—or such incidents of it as were meet for mayoral ears; and when they parted—the mayor to lunch, Aristide to yield up the interdicted drum to Père Bracasse—they shook hands warmly and mutually expressed the wish that they would soon meet again.

They met again—Aristide saw to that. They met again that very afternoon, in the *café* on the Place Arago. When Aristide entered he saw the mayor seated at a table in the company of another prosperous, red-ribboned gentleman. Aristide saluted politely and addressed the mayor. The mayor saluted and presented him to M. Quérin, the President of the Syndicat d'Initiative of the town of Perpignan.

Then ensued a conversation momentous in its consequences.

The Syndicat d'Initiative is a semi-official body existing in most provincial towns in France for the purpose of organizing public festivals for the citizens and developing the resources and possibilities of the town for the general amenity of visitors. Now Perpignan is as picturesque, as sun-smitten, and, in spite of the icy *tramontana*, even as joyous a place as tourist could desire, and the Carnival of Perpignan, as a spontaneous outburst of gaiety and pageantry, is unique in France. But Perpignan, being at the end of everywhere and leading to nowhere, attracts very few visitors.

No English or Americans—the only visitors of any account in the philosophy of provincial France—flock to Perpignan. This was a melancholy fact bewailed by M. Quérin. The town was perishing from lack of Anglo-Saxon support. M. Coquereau, the mayor, agreed. If the English and Americans came in their hordes to this paradise of mimosa, fourteenth-century architecture, sunshine, and unique carnival, the fortunes of all the citizens would be assured. Perpignan would outrival Nice. But what could be done?

"Advertise it," said Aristide. "Flood the English-speaking world with glowing descriptions of the place. It is not known to the Anglo-Saxons."

"How can you be certain of that?" asked M. Quérin.

"*Parbleu!*" he cried, with a wide gesture. 'I have known the English all my life. They have never heard of Perpignan."

His companions acquiesced sadly. Aristide, aglow with a sudden impudent inspiration, leant across the marble table.

"M. le Maire and M. le Président du Syndicat d'Initiative, I am sick to death of playing the drum, the kettledrum, the triangle, the cymbals, the castanets, and the tambourine in the Tournée Gulland. I was born to higher things. Entrust to me" —he converged the finger-tips of both hands to his bosom—"to me, Aristide Pujol, the organization of Perpignan—Ville de Plaisir, and you will not regret it."

The mayor and the president laughed.

But my astonishing friend prevailed, to the extent of being employed, I fear in a subordinate capacity, by the mayor and the Syndicat in the work of propagandism.

His rise in the social scale of the town was meteoric, chiefly owing to the goodwill of Mme. Coquereau, the widowed mother of the mayor. She was a hard-featured old lady, with a face that might have been made of corrugated iron painted yellow, and with the eyes of an old hawk. She dressed always in black, was very devout and rich and narrow and iron-willed. Aristide was presented to her one Sunday afternoon at the *café* on the Place Arago—where on Sunday afternoons all the fashion of Perpignan assembles—and —need I say it?—she fell at once a helpless victim to his fascination. Accompanying her grandmother was Mlle. Stéphanie Coquereau, the mayor's niece (a wealthy orphan, as Aristide soon learned), nineteen, pretty, demure, perfectly brought up, who said "*Oui, monsieur,*" and "*Non, monsieur,*" with that quintessence of modest grace which only a provincial French convent can cultivate.

Aristide's heart left his body and rolled at the feet of Mlle. Stéphanie. It was a way with Aristide's heart. It was always doing that.

Aristide called on Mme. Coquereau. In a short space of time he became the intimate friend of the house, and played piquet with Mme. Coquereau, and grew familiar with the family secrets. First he learned that Mlle. Stéphanie would go to a husband with two hundred and fifty thousand francs. Aristide's heart panted at the feet of Mlle. Stéphanie. Further he gathered that, though M. Coquereau was a personage of great dignity and importance in civic affairs, he was but as a little child in his own house. Mme. Coquereau held the money-bags. Her son had but little personal fortune. He had reached the age of forty-five without being able to marry. Marriage unauthorized by Mme. Coquereau meant immediate poverty and the testamentary assignment of Mme.

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Coquereau's fortune to various religious establishments.

So passed the halcyon hours. During the daytime Aristide, in a corner of the mayor's office, drew up flamboyant circulars in English which would have put a pushing land and estate agent in the New Jerusalem to the blush, and in the evening played piquet with Mme. Coquereau, while Mlle. Stéphanie, model of modest piety, worked pure but nameless birds and flowers on her embroidery frame. M. le Maire, of course, played his game of manilla at the *café* after dinner, and generally came home just before Aristide took his leave.

On the first evening of the Carnival, which lasts nearly a fortnight in Perpignan, Aristide made an excuse to slip away rather earlier than usual, and, the front door having closed behind him, crossed the strip of gravel with a quick step and flung out of the iron gates. Now the house was surrounded by a low brick wall. Aristide, on emerging through the iron gates, heard the sound of scurrying footsteps on the side of the wall nearest to the town, and reached the corner just in time to see a masquer, attired in a pierrot costume and wearing what seemed to be a pig's head, disappear round the farther angle. Paying no



"SHE FELL AT ONCE A HELPLESS VICTIM TO HIS FASCINATION."

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heed to this phenomenon, Aristide lit a cigarette and walked, in anticipation of enjoyment, to the great Avenue des Platanes, where the revelry of the Carnival was being held.

The next morning the mayor entered his office with a very grave face.

"Do you know what has happened? My house was broken into last night. The safe in my study was forced open, and three thousand francs and some valuable jewellery were stolen. *Quel malheur!*" he cried, throwing himself into a chair and wiping his forehead. "It is not I who can afford to lose three thousand francs at once. If they had robbed *maman* it would have been a different matter!"

Aristide expressed his sympathy.

"Whom do you suspect?" he asked.

"A robber, *parbleu!*" said the mayor. "The police are even now making their investigations."

The door opened and a plain-clothes detective entered the office.

"M. le Maire," said he, with an air of triumph, "I know a burglar."

"Arrest him at once," said Aristide.

"Alas, monsieur!" said the detective, "that I cannot do. I have called on him this morning, and his wife tells me that he left for the North yesterday afternoon. But it is José Puégas that did it. I know his ways."

"*Tiens!*" said the mayor, reflectively. "I know him also; an evil fellow."

Aristide suddenly bethought him of the furtive masquer of the night before.

"I can put you on his track," said he, and related what he knew.

The mayor looked dubious. "It wasn't he," he remarked.

The detective did not condescend to reply to Aristide.

"M. le Maire," said he, "I should like to examine the premises, and beg that you will have the kindness to accompany me."

When they reached the house—distances are short in Perpignan—they found policemen busily engaged with tape measures around the premises. Old Mme. Coquereau, in a clean white linen dressing-jacket and bare-headed, defying the keen air, stood grim and eager in the midst of them.

"Good morning, M. Pujol. What do you think of this?"

"A veritable catastrophe," said Aristide.

She shrugged her iron shoulders. "I tell him it serves him right," she said, cuttingly. "A sensible person keeps his money under his mattress, and not in a tin machine by a window which anyone can get at. I wonder we've not been murdered in our beds before."

"Ah, *maman!*" expostulated the Mayor of Perpignan.

But she turned her back on him and worried the policemen. They, having probed and measured and consulted with the detective, came to an exact conclusion. No one in Perpignan but José Puégas, with his bad, Socialistic, Barcelona blood, could have done it. Aristide felt strangely depressed. He had narrated his story of the pig-headed masquer once more to unresponsive ears.

Moodily he wandered away from the little crowd. He hated the police and their airs of gods for whom exists no mystery. He went round the house and examined the place by himself.

Suddenly his quick eye lit on something in the gravel path, and his heart gave a great leap. It was a little round pink disc of confetti.

"Aha!" he cried. "Now we shall see who is right and who is wrong!"

He began to search, and soon found another bit of confetti. A little farther along he discovered a third and a fourth. By using his walking-stick he discovered that they formed a trail to a point in the wall. He examined the wall. There, if his eyes did not deceive him, were evidences of mortar dislodged by nefarious toes. And there, *mirabile visu!* at the very bottom of the wall lay a little woollen pompon or tassel, just the kind of pompon that gives a finish to a pierrot's shoes.

The pig-headed masquer stood confessed.

"*Tron de l'air!*" cried Aristide—a Provençal oath which he only used on sublime occasions. "It is I who will discover the thief and make the whole lot of you the laughing-stock of Perpignan."

"Mme. Coquereau," said he that evening, while she was dealing a hand at piquet, "what would you say if I solved this mystery and brought the scoundrel to justice?"

"To say that you would have more sense than the police would be a poor compliment," said the old lady.

Stéphanie raised cloistered eyes from her embroidery frame. She sat in a distant corner of the formal room, discreetly lit by a shaded lamp.

"You have a clue, monsieur?" she asked, with adorable timidity.

Aristide tapped his forehead with his forefinger. "All is there, mademoiselle."

They exchanged a glance—the first they had exchanged—while Mme. Coquereau was

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frowning at her cards; and Aristide interpreted the glance as the promise of supreme reward for great deeds accomplished.

The mayor returned early from the *café*, a dejected man. The loss of his hundred and twenty pounds weighed heavily on his mind. He kissed his mother sorrowfully on the cheek, his niece on the brow, held out a drooping hand to Aristide, and, subsiding into a stiff imitation Louis XVI. chair, rested his elbows on its slim arms, and hid his face in his hands.

"My poor uncle! You suffer so much?" breathed Stéphanie, in divine compassion.

Mme. Coquereau's attention wandered from the cards.

"*Dis donc*, Fernand," she said, sharply; "why are you not wearing your ring?"

The mayor looked up.

"*Maman*," said he, "it is stolen."

"Your beautiful ring?" cried Aristide.

The mayor's ring, which he usually wore, was a remarkable personal adornment. It consisted of a couple of snakes in old gold clenching an enormous topaz between their heads.

"You did not tell me, Fernand," rasped the old lady. "You did not mention it to me as being one of the stolen objects."

The mayor rose wearily. "It was to avoid giving you pain, *maman*. I know what a value you set upon the ring of my good Aunt Philomène."

"And now it is lost," said Mme. Coquereau, throwing down her cards. "A ring that belonged to a saint. Yes, M. Pujol, a saint, though she was my sister. A ring that had been blessed by His Holiness the Pope! And instead of taking care of this precious heirloom, he goes and locks it away in a safe. Ah! you fill me with shame. M. Pujol, I am sorry I can play no more; I must retire. Stéphanie, will you accompany me?"

And, gathering up Stéphanie like a bunch of snowdrops, the yellow, galvanized iron old lady swept out of the room.

The mayor looked at Aristide and threw out his arms dejectedly.

"Such are women," said he.

The next few days passed busily for Aristide. He devoted every spare hour to his new task. He scrutinized every inch of ground between the study window and the wall; he drew radiating lines from the point of the wall whence the miscreant had started homeward, and succeeded in finding more confetti. He cross-examined every purveyor of pierrot shoes and pigs' heads in Perpignan.

The thing became an obsession. Not only his honour, but his future was at stake. If he discovered the thief he would be the most talked-of person in Perpignan. He would know how to improve his position. He would rise to dizzy heights. And, finally, both the mayor and Mme. Coquereau would place the blushing and adorable Mlle. Stéphanie in his arms and her two hundred and fifty thousand francs dowry in his pocket.

On the last Saturday night of the Carnival there was a special *corso* for the populace in the Avenue des Platanes—the long, splendid avenue of plane trees just outside the Porte Notre Dame which is the special glory of Perpignan. The masquers danced to three or four bands. It was a *corso blanc*, and everyone wore white—chiefly modifications of pierrot costume—and everyone was masked. Shouts and laughter and music filled the air.

Aristide, in a hideous red mask and with a bag of confetti under his arm, plunged with enthusiasm into the revelry. To enjoy yourself you only had to throw your arm round a girl's waist and swing her off wildly to the beat of the music. There was one fair masquer to whom Aristide became peculiarly attracted. Her movements were free, her figure dainty, and her repartee, below her mask, more than usually piquant.

"This hurly-burly," said he, drawing her into a quiet eddy of the stream, "is no place for the communion of two twin souls."

"Beau masque," said she, "I perceive that you are a man of much sensibility."

"Shall we find a spot where we can mingle the overflow of our exquisite natures?"

"As you like."

"*Allons! Hop!*" cried he, and, seizing her round the waist, danced through the masquers to the very far end of the Avenue.

"There is a sequestered spot round here," he said.

They turned. The sequestered spot, a seat beneath a plane tree, with a silent, lonesome arc-lamp shining full upon it, was occupied.

"It's a pity!" said the fair unknown.

But Aristide said nothing. He stared. On the seat reposed an amorous couple. The lady wore a white domino and a black mask. The cavalier, whose arm was around the lady's waist, wore a pig's head and a clown or pierrot's dress.

Aristide's eyes fell upon the shoes. On one of them the pompon was missing.

The lady's left hand tenderly patted the cardboard snout of her lover. The fierce light of the arc-lamp caught the hand and revealed, on the fourth finger, a topaz ring,

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"THE LADY'S LEFT HAND TENDERLY PATTED THE CARDBOARD SNOUT OF HER LOVER."

the topaz held in its place by two snakes' heads.

Aristide stared for two seconds; it seemed to him two centuries. Then he turned simply, caught his partner again, and with a "*Allons! Hop!*" raced back to the middle of the throng. There, in the crush, he unceremoniously lost her, and sped like a maniac to the entrance gates. His friend the Brigadier Pésac happened to be on duty. He unmasked himself, dragged the police agent aside, and, breathless, half hysterical, acquainted him with the astounding discovery.

"What do you want me to do?" asked the brigadier, stolidly.

"Do?" cried Aristide. "Do you think I want you to kiss them and cover them with roses? What do you generally do with thieves in Perpignan?"

"Arrest them," said the brigadier.

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"*Eh bien!*" said Aristide. Then he paused—the drama of the situation striking him. "No, wait. Go and find them. Don't take your eyes off them. I will run and fetch M. le Maire, and he will identify his property—*et puis nous aurons la scène à faire.*"

The stout brigadier grunted an assent and rolled monumentally down the Avenue. Aristide, his pulses throbbing, his heart exulting, ran to the mayor's house. He dashed past the maid-servant who opened the door, and burst into the prim *salon*. Mme. Coquereau was alone.

"*Mon Dieu!* what is all this?" she cried.

"Madame," shouted he, "glorious news! I have found the thief!"

He told his tale. Where was M. le Maire?

"He has not yet come back from the *café*."

"I'll go and find him," said Aristide.

"And waste time? Bah!" said the iron-faced old lady, catching up a black silk shawl. "I will come with you and identify the ring of my sainted sister Philomène. Who should know it better than I?"

Two minutes found them on their journey. Mme. Coquereau, in spite of her sixty-five years, trudged along with springing step. When they arrived at the gate of the Avenue the police on guard saluted. The mother of M. le Maire was a power in Perpignan.

"Monsieur," said Aristide, in lordly fashion, to a policeman, "will you have the goodness to make a passage through the crowd for Mme. Coquereau, and then help the Brigadier Pésac to arrest the burglar who broke into the house of M. le Maire?"

The man obeyed, went ahead clearing the path with the unceremoniousness of the law, and Aristide, giving his arm to Mme. Coquereau, followed gloriously. As the impressive progress continued the revellers ceased their revels and followed in the wake of Aristide. At the end of the Avenue Brigadier Pésac was on guard. He approached.

"They are still there," he said.

The two police officers, Aristide, and Mme. Coquereau turned the corner. At the sight of the police the guilty couple started to their feet. Mme. Coquereau pounced like a hawk on the masked lady's hand.

"I identify it!" she cried. "Brigadier, I give these people in charge for theft."

The white-masked crowd surged around the group, in the midst of which stood Aristide transfigured. It was his supreme moment. He flourished in one hand his red mask and in the other a pompon which he had extracted from his pocket.

"This I found," said he, "beneath the wall of M. le Maire's garden. Behold the shoe of the accused."

The crowd murmured their applause and admiration. Neither of the prisoners stirred. The pig's head grinned at the world with its inane, painted leer.

"*Attention, s'il vous plaît,*" said the policemen, and, each holding a prisoner by the arm, they made a way through the crowd. Mme. Coquereau and Aristide followed close behind.

"What did I tell you?" cried Aristide to the brigadier.

"It's Puégas all the same," said the brigadier, over his shoulder.

"I bet you it's not," said Aristide, and, striding swiftly to the back of the male prisoner, whipped off the pig's head, and revealed to the petrified throng the familiar features of the Mayor of Perpignan!

Aristide regarded him for two or three seconds open-mouthed, and then fell back into the arms of the Brigadier Pésac, screaming with convulsive laughter. The crowd caught the infection of merriment. Shrieks filled the air. The vast mass of masqueraders held their sides, swayed helplessly, rolled in heaps, men and women, tearing each other's garments as they fell.

Aristide, deposited on the ground by the Brigadier Pésac, laughed and laughed. When he recovered some consciousness of surroundings he found the mayor bending over him and using language that would have made Tophet put its fingers in its ears. He rose. Mme. Coquereau shook her thin fists in his face.

"Imbecile! Triple fool!" she cried.

Aristide turned tail and fled. There was nothing else to do.

And that was the end of his career at Perpignan. Vanished were the dreams of civic eminence; melted into thin air the vision of the modest Stéphanie crowned with orange-blossom; gone for ever the two hundred and fifty thousand francs.

If the mayor had been allowed to go disguised to the police-station he could have disclosed his identity and that of the lady in private to awe-stricken functionaries. He might have forgiven Aristide. But Aristide had exposed him to the derision of the whole

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"ARISTIDE, GIVING HIS ARM TO MME. COQUEREAU, FOLLOWED GLORIOUSLY."

of Roussillon and the never-ending wrath of Mme. Coquereau. Ruefully Aristide asked himself the question: Why had the mayor not taken him into the confidence of his masquerading escapade? Why had he not told him of the pretty widow whom, unknown to his mother, he was courting? Why had he permitted her to wear the ring which he had given her so as to spite his sainted Aunt Philomène? And why had he gone on wearing the pig's head after Aristide had told him of his suspicions? Ruefully Aristide found no answers save in the general chuckleheadedness of mankind.

"If it hadn't been such a good farce I should have wept like a cow," said Aristide, after relating this story. "But every time I wanted to cry I laughed. *Nom de Dieu!* You should have seen his face! He was very cross with me," he added, after a smiling pause, "and when I got back to Paris I tried to pacify him."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I sent him my photograph," said Aristide.

Next month's Story, "The Adventure of a St. Martin's Summer," which concludes Aristide Pujol's Joyous Adventures, will be found one of the most delightful of the whole series.

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"My Favourite Love-Scene."

A Symposium of the Opinions of Leading Actors and Actresses of the Love-Scenes They Have Played Which Have Made the Greatest Appeal to Them.



MR. GRAHAM BROWNE. MISS ETHEL IRVING.

Miss Ethel Irving selects the well-known dressing-room scene in "Lady Frederick" as her favourite love-scene.

From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

CYNICS may sneer, but the love of a man for a maid is the one touch of Nature that makes us all kin, and although there have been in the past, and probably will be in the future, successful plays in which a love interest has been absent, the fact remains that from time immemorial the majority of the most successful plays seen on the English stage have been those in which there has been a strong love interest.

Curiously enough, however, a love-scene which, from the point of view of the public, may appear particularly attractive, by no means invariably makes the same appeal to the actor and actress taking part in it, and in order, therefore, to provide readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE with situations connected with affairs of the heart which have made the greatest appeal to them from an acting point of view, we have collected from many of the most popular artistes of the day their views on "My Favourite Love-Scene."

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Miss ETHEL IRVING.

I find it far from an easy matter to reduce the many love-scenes I have played down to one, as my favourite. On the whole, however, by reason of the love-making—or perhaps I should say love-breaking—being of a decidedly unusual kind, I feel disposed to vote for the love-scene in the third act of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's very clever and successful comedy, "Lady Frederick."

As a general rule, from an actress's point

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of view, no doubt a love-scene which has a happy ending—that is to say, in which the two lovers finally *decide* to marry, and *hope* to live happily ever after—must be the most satisfactory. In the case of the scene referred to in "Lady Frederick," however, I felt the clever characterization of the dramatist to the full, and knew that the "end" was not only the right end, but was also the one end to make the greatest appeal to all thinking people, and on that account it was naturally effective with the public, for your twentieth-century theatre-goer is, as a rule, a particularly sound critic. Yes, I select the third act of "Lady Frederick" with every confidence that I am justified in naming it as my favourite love-scene.

Most readers will have pleasurable recollections of this scene, in which Lady Frederick so effectually cures Lord Mereston of his infatuation by receiving him before she is "made up" and then, by performing her toilet in his presence, revealing to him the fact that her beauty is largely artificial.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER.

I can think of many characters I have played in the course of representing which an element of love has entered in a greater or lesser degree; of such, perhaps, my favourite is Brutus. My reason for selecting Brutus lies in the fact that he appeals to me as the most perfect man in the whole gallery of the great Shakespearean characters, on account of his dignity and gentleness, his absolute sense of right and



From a Photo. by] MISS GRACE LANE. MR. LEWIS WALLER. *[Ellis & Walery.*

A favourite love-scene of Mr. Lewis Waller's is in "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner."

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duty, his tenderness, and the love he bore to Portia.

Again, regarding the matter from the actor's point of view of playing the part for a run, I should feel disposed to select Othello or Henry V., for the reason that they are greater acting parts. Still, it is possible that, regarding a character purely from the standpoint of the possibilities it gives the actor as a stage lover, the histrionic "appeal" of the love-scene in "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," by Robert Neilson Stephens and E. Lyall Swete, is greater than all—that is, from a wide, sympathetic standpoint. I am not suggesting for a moment that the part of Peyton is my favourite, but from an "appealing" heart standpoint as an actor I can fully appreciate the various reasons which combined to make the scene so popular with all classes of theatre-goers.

In the scene in question, as will doubtless be remembered, Harry Peyton, a rebel captain of Lee's Horse, while lying wounded in the Philipse Manor House, falls in love with Miss Elizabeth Philipse. Consequently, when the troops come to take him, instead of giving up her prisoner, Miss Elizabeth tells them he has escaped, and sends them off on a false scent,

Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

My favourite love-scene is that between the Countess of Killone and the Right Hon. Denzil Trevena, M.P., in "The Earth" (by James Bernard Fagan).

The theatre is not a court for the trying of the moral failings of poor, frail human beings, and because Lady Killone, a married woman, loved the Hon. Denzil Trevena, M.P., is an unfortunate state of affairs which has no bearing on the strength of the love-scene the dramatist so cleverly portrayed. Unfortunate attachments of this sort are none the less strong from a dramatic point of view by reason of the fact that they are wrong, and I select the scene by reason of its dramatic power, coupled with the human sympathy and unselfishness of both Trevena and Lady Killone. The dignity of their affection, too, in my humble opinion, assists greatly in the appeal it must make alike to artiste and audience.

It may be helpful to any readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who did not, perchance, witness "The Earth" if I say that in the last act of the play Lady Killone proved the disinterestedness of her affection for Trevena



MISS LENA ASHWELL. MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

The love-scene in "The Earth" is chosen by Mr. Allan Aynesworth as his favourite.

From a Photograph by The Dover Street Studios.

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by asking—nay, begging—to be allowed to sacrifice her reputation rather than that Trevena should retract one whit from the policy he had arranged to follow in his political career.

one, but at the same time I feel bound to say that I have played in no other part connected with "the love of a man for a maid" which has appealed to me more than Scene 1, Act II., of "The Taming of the Shrew."



MISS LILY BRAYTON. MR OSCAR ASCHE.

The unorthodox love-making scenes in "The Taming of the Shrew" make the greatest appeal to Mr. Oscar Asche.

From a Photograph by [*Johnston & Hoffmann.*

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.

From the point of view of orthodox love-making the situation is certainly a peculiar

The part of Petruchio appeals to me strongly for various reasons. Thus Petruchio, madman though he is in his senses, is at heart a really

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honest fellow who, nevertheless, hardly speaks a word of truth, and yet succeeds in all his tricks and impostures. Petruchio thus gives the actor particularly wide scope, for he is so full of untiring animal spirits, and, acting as he does his assumed character to the life, he still never really shows a particle of real ill-humour from beginning to end. By many critics, no doubt, my choice will be regarded as a somewhat curious one, but the fact none the less remains that Petruchio's love-making methods throughout the whole play seem to me to give an actor a real chance of displaying his art to the full.

Miss LILY BRAYTON.

My favourite love-scene is that between Orlando and Rosalind in "As You Like It." I select this particular scene for the sole and simple reason that it always appeals to me as being quite one of the most beautiful love-scenes ever written. Within the peaceful and romantic glades of the Forest of Arden Rosalind and Orlando select an ideal spot in which to unfold their love. Again, this love-scene appeals to me particularly strongly by reason of the wonderful light and shade of Rosalind's character. One moment she is bubbling over with the joy of life, the next she is tender and sympathetic; and all the time her tongue runs the faster to hide the pressure at her heart. And the faster she talks the deeper does she fall in love. Yes, to me this scene is of wondrous beauty, and I hope soon to play it again.

Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.

My favourite love-scene is the scene between Portia and Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice." I choose this particular scene because it shows to the full the depths of Portia's love—a love in which there is not a trace of thought for self. Surely if "the truest self be unselfishness," Portia attained that self in the following wonderful passage, beginning:—

Portia: You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am; though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself.

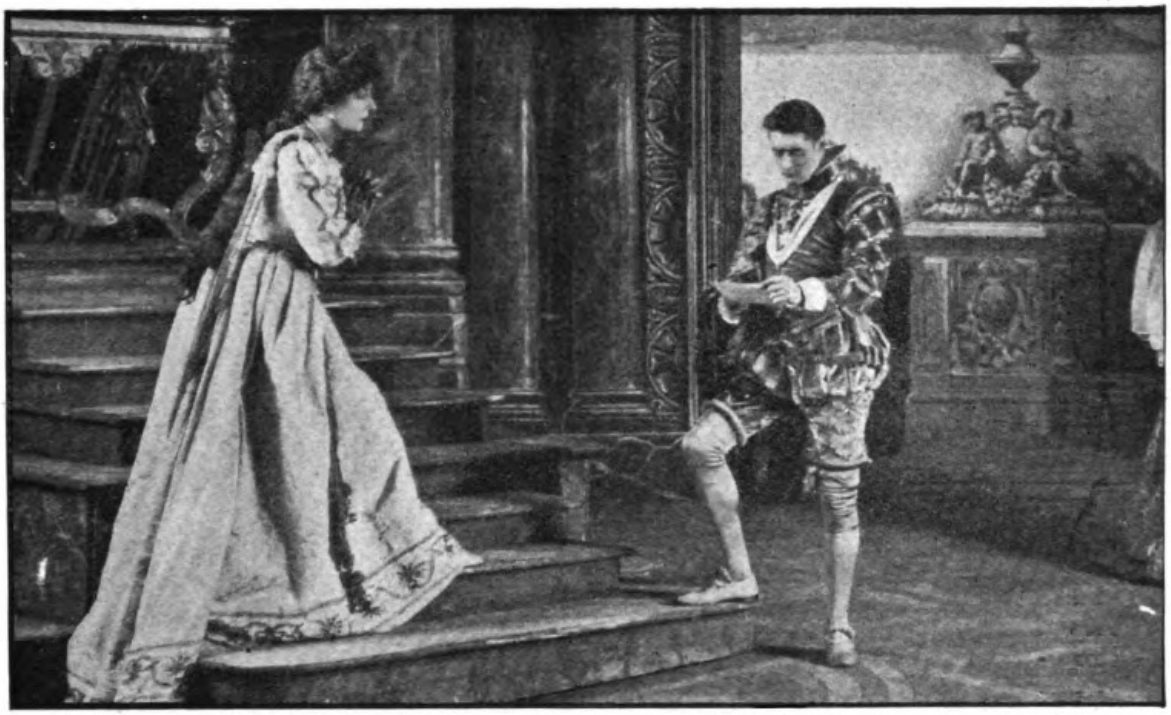


MISS LILY BRAYTON. MR. HENRY AINLEY.

The love-scene between Orlando and Rosalind in "As You Like It" is Miss Lily Brayton's choice.

From a Photograph by Rita Martin.

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MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. MR. JULIAN L'ESTRANGE.

The Casket Scene in "The Merchant of Venice" is selected by Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.

I can think of no love-scene in which I have played that has appealed to me more than that between Major Bingham (10th Dragoon Guards) and Muriel Mannering, in the late Captain Robert Marshall's delightful comedy, "The Second in Command." "Binks" to his friends—and their name was legion upon legion—and Bingham to his casual acquaintances, who, by the way, generally called him "Binks" on the first really plausible opportunity—a thunderingly good *human* fellow, who could see at least a dozen good points in even the so-styled "worst" of his fellows, and not a single bad point in the others—was a stage character so cleverly drawn that, somehow or other, one felt the better for being allowed to try to play the part. No doubt as an artistic lover, in the academical sense of the word, hundreds of men



MISS DORIS LYTTON. MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

Mr. Cyril Maude's choice falls on the love-scene in "The Second in Command."

From a Photograph by the "Daily Mirror" Studios.

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about town could lay claim—and with a certain amount of justification, too—to be able to give "Binks" points. But in one respect he surely cannot fail to appeal more strongly than most stage lovers—or perhaps I should say than many—he possessed a heart of gold with an elastic-sided covering. What more can any *good* woman want than that? And, of course, as you have doubtless seen "The Second in Command," you realize, too, that Muriel Mannering was like "Binks," one of the best and most human of human beings. Yes, of the many stage love-scenes in which I have played I was never happier than when doing my humble best to try to represent Major Bingham as a lover.

Miss ELLEN TERRY.

I find it a matter of very great difficulty to select one particular love-scene as my favourite. I can at least say, however, that I have ever felt the deepest affection and admiration for the passage in "Romeo and Juliet" in which Juliet makes apology for her maiden boldness.

My reason for selecting this particular passage is that it serves to show to the full the perfect refinement and delicacy of Shakespeare's conception of the female character. In this passage—and, indeed, in all the rest—Juliet's heart, fluttering between joy, hope, and fear, seems to regulate her speech in so beautiful a manner that the thought instinctively crosses one's mind that here, at least, the feelings of youth and of the spring are blended together like the breath of opening flowers.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY.

My favourite love-scene is that between Pelleas and Melisande in Act IV. of "Pelleas and Melisande," by M. Maeterlinck.

You ask me why I select this particular scene? What were my sensations while playing it? Why the scene was effective from the point of view of an actor, as also from the point of view of the public? My reply must be that the lines are so beautiful that they surely demand no "explanation." In any case, it is beyond me to explain why "a thing of beauty, a thought of beauty, why everything beautiful, in fact, must be a joy for ever." Surely, too, it is nigh on sacrilege to try to paint a beautiful word-picture in mere common-matter-of-fact, everyday language. I feel I can safely leave the beauty of the scene to make its own appeal.



Mr. Martin Harvey as Pelleas in "Pelleas and Melisande," which contains his favourite love-scene.

From a Photograph by L. Caswall-Smith.



Miss Ellen Terry in the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet," which she selects from the many famous love-scenes she has played.

From a Photograph by Window & Grove.

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The Light Side of Flying.

By CHARLES ROSS.

THAT there is a humorous as well as a serious side to the science of aviation has so far been somewhat overlooked by the average man. When men first began to fly in aeroplanes the results were frequently of so serious a nature that there was a resultant idea that flying was not a subject to be treated lightly. "Fortunately," writes Mr. C. G. Grey, the editor of the *Aeroplane*, "aviation has its lighter side. Everyone who is in the habit of frequenting our flying grounds knows how extremely humorous many of the happenings are—from the humour of a smash which might have been a serious accident, but is not, to the humour of the wonderful machine which would beat everything in existence except for its one fault—the fact that it refuses to fly."

Naturally, our humorous artists, ever seeking something new, have not neglected the opportunities provided by the advent of the aeroplane. The drawing that has provided the flying world with most amusement, and for which the majority of the members of the Aero Club would vote as the best that has ever appeared, is the one depicting the aviator's return home at 3 a.m., drawn by Mr. Fleming Williams for the *Aeroplane*, and reproduced on the next page.



"UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH."

HOUSEBREAKER: "Well, that don't look to me 'ardly safe, some'ow."

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Then there is the sketch of the polite airman who has collided with a church steeple, apparently with results more disastrous to the steeple than to himself. One of the best of American flying drawings also concerns a church steeple, and adequately explains why aeroplane weddings are not likely ever to become popular. Even the intrepid Mr. Grahame-White, who was recently married, adopted the old-fashioned methods of progression, although numbers of guests arrived "by air." Perhaps he had seen this drawing from *Life*.

Mr. Grahame-White tells of one of those machines which are heard of from time to time, which are going to revolutionize aviation. In this particular case the mysterious machine had been in course of construction for a lengthy period, and although its somewhat pompous inventor had much to say of what it was going to do, he seemed in no hurry to put his theories to a practical test. At last, when every possible excuse had been exhausted, a trial flight of the new machine was announced. With much solemnity it was wheeled out from the friendly shelter of its shed, and was at once surrounded by the ever-present photographers, who suggested

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WIFE (to husband returning at 3.30 a.m.): "Come down, you coward!"
By permission of "The Aeroplane."

to the inventor that he should be photographed sitting in the machine before making a flight. They found him only too ready to oblige, and, with the dignity of a man who was about to make history, he leaped into the seat. Before he had time to attempt to arrange himself there was an ominous crack, and then the seat began to subside beneath his weight, and the wonderful aircraft bent and broke, and finally parted in the middle, leaving its unfortunate designer seated on the ground in a pile of *débris*, making a pathetic attempt to maintain his dignity. The effect on the spectators may be better imagined than described.

At the first Blackpool flying meeting it had been a rough, stormy morning, and flying was quite out of the question. After the spectators had waited patiently for some hours in the hope that things might improve, a burly North Countryman solemnly inquired of one of the attendants: "'Ere, I'm tired o' this spoort. When's the interval?"

In Germany much more attention was at first paid to dirigible balloons than to aeroplanes, and the unfortunate series of accidents which have befallen the numerous Zeppelin family of aircraft have provided material for much quiet jesting in the German Press. It is said that the sentiment expressed in the phrase, "A short life and a gay one," is now rendered in Germany by a new proverb—"To live as a Zeppelin."

Model aeroplanes in which the motive power is supplied by means of a stretched elastic thread have been much in vogue lately. There is a true story told of a lady who had examined one of these models, and to whom the purpose of the elastic had just been explained. "How interesting!" she said. "And do they drive real aeroplanes with elastic?" There is another story of a working man who was shown this same model. "Does it fly?" he asked. He was assured that it did. "How do you get it to come down when it has finished flying?" was his next query. Yet another remark which has been found worth recording was heard on an occasion when a number of models were being flown. A long string attached to a small weight, used for recovering models which had hung up in trees, was lying on the grass,

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and a spectator asked his companion what it could be for. "Why," was the reply, "they throw it over the airship when it gets too high, and then they pull it down."

Aviators' names sometimes prove a stumbling-block to those who do not regularly follow the flying news. When Morane was acting as pilot at a Bournemouth flying meeting a native of a village a few miles outside the town was asked whether Morane had been out that way. "More rain?" was the reply. "No; and we don't want none, neither, this side of harvest."

An Irishman was watching for the first time an aeroplane in full flight. His simple mind was unable to understand how the machine could stay up in the air without support of some kind. "Pat," said he, "there must be a wire houldin' thot up." What the other end of the wire was attached to didn't bother him. Perhaps it was in some miraculous manner hung to a cloud, a feat to be accomplished by means of some philosopher's stone known only to aviators. But Pat was a man of the world, and assured his friend, with no small amount of scorn, that such a thing was impossible. The argument had continued for a minute or so when something happened, the machine failed, and, coming down with a crash, was smashed to pieces, the pilot escaping by something approaching a miracle. "Shure, an' that proves it!" exclaimed Pat's unbelieving friend. "The wire's broke!"

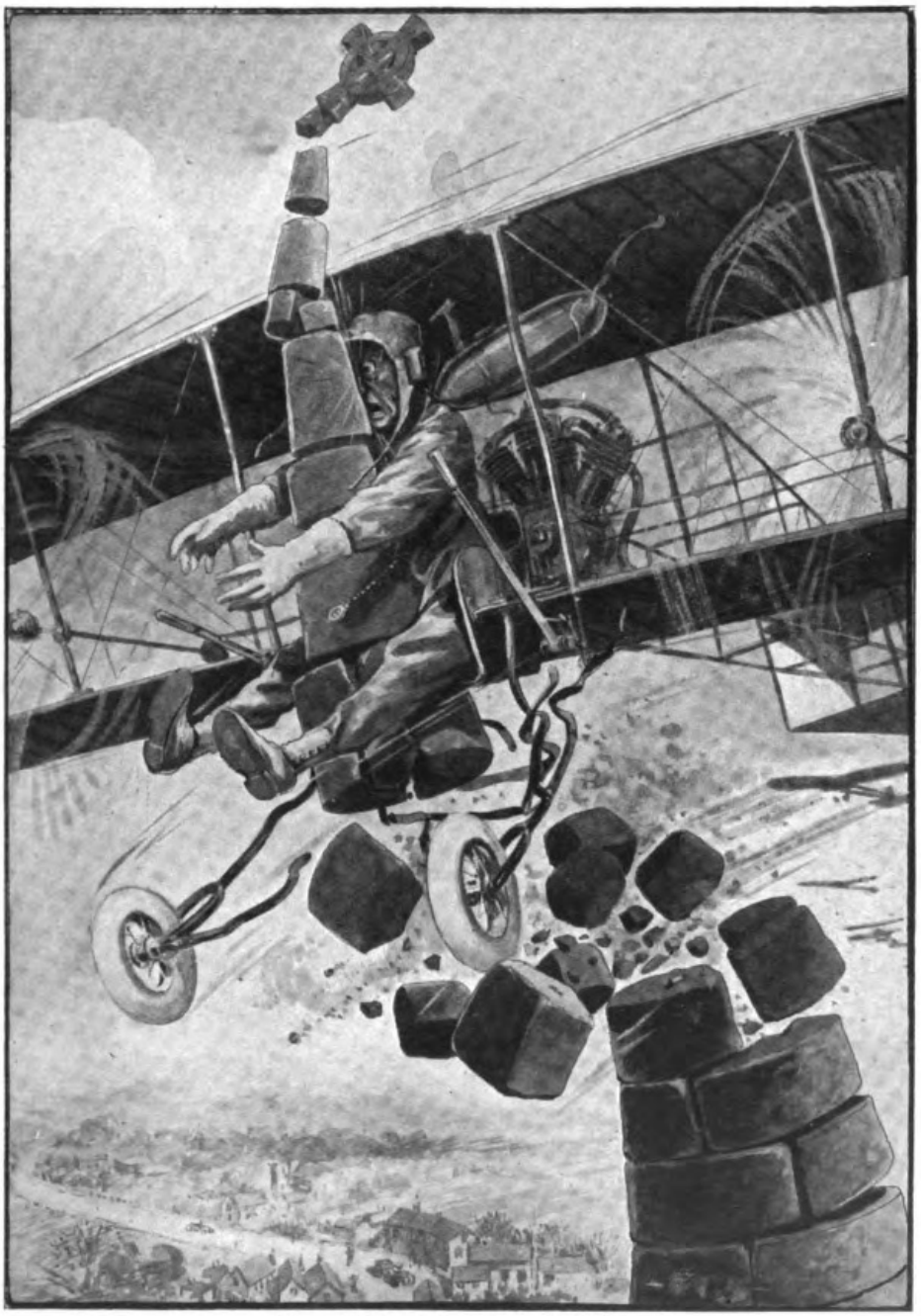
This Irishman must have been a relation of that artist's house-breaker who, standing on the top of a tottering wall which he had almost completely demolished, thought that aeroplaning "looked 'ardly safe, somehow."

Probably there is not now a man, woman, or child in this country who does not know



THE ANSWER. "WHAT CAN BE KEEPING THE BRIDEGROOM?"

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DISESTABLISHING THE CHURCH.

PILOT (from force of habit): "Sorry!"

By permission of "The Automobile Club Journal."

what an aeroplane is, although they may have been far from seeing one. It is only a year or so ago, however, that one of our early airmen, motoring through a remote and sleepy village, was forced to stop whilst a tyre was repaired. He came across the village carpenter, and, to pass the time, engaged him in conversation. It occurred to the aviator to find out what was thought in this remote spot of the wonderful progress that had recently been made in the flying world, so he put a preliminary question. "Have you even seen an aeroplane?" he asked. "Noa; an' I doan't warnt to," said the villager, opening his tool-bag. "I doan't believe in these 'ere 'Merikan tools. But I tell 'ee what—'ere's a jack-plane I've used fer the last sixty year, an' me feyther afore me."

M. Paulhan, at an aviation banquet, told of his having met a one-legged, one-armed man who claimed the sympathies and the alms of the passers-by on the ground of his once having been an aeronaut.

"'How did you meet with such a terrible calamity?' I asked.

"'Why,' said he, 'it was this way. I once made an ascent with my five-year-old daughter, a beautiful child with blue eyes and golden hair. Ah, I wish you had known her, sir! Well, at a height of five thousand feet we began to descend with incredible rapidity. A sharp and cutting wind rendered me almost helpless, but I threw out bag after bag of ballast. Still we descended. I threw out everything—my telescope, my boots, my clothes, even my watch—everything. I threw out all my child's garments. In vain! I realized that twenty pounds less would save my life. Should I throw out my daughter? No, a thousand times no. Her helplessness appealed to me. There was only one thing to do—I must sacrifice a leg. In another moment my left leg was being hurled downwards into space, and our terrific speed instantly slackened. But more was needed.

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This was no time for hesitation. Another sacrifice was called for, and this time our lives were saved. We dropped gently on the turf, panting and bleeding, and I had lost an arm and a leg.'

"'But how on earth (or rather in the air) did you manage it? Did you have a knife or saw in the car? And how could you use them?'

"The man smiled pityingly.

"'Ah, *mon ami*,' he said, 'it is clear that you know nothing of atmospherical conditions at high altitudes. I have told you that the wind was sharp. I merely had to place my limb over the side of the car, and it was taken off as clean as *that*,' and he made a motion suggesting the fall of a guillotine.

"'Well,' I said, 'as you are the biggest liar I have ever heard in my line of business, I think you are entitled to a franc,' and I gave him one."

Of a different character is the yarn of the American aviator who was called upon to give an exhibition before a prince of one of the petty German States. The exhibition took place in a field near the palace, and the Grand Duke and his family, seated in a band-stand, watched the airman make several flights with far less enthusiasm than might have been expected. In fact, the Royal party were beginning to be rather bored, when a sudden gust of wind came along and caught the machine and capsized it in mid-air. By a miraculous effort the aviator contrived to free himself from the machinery, and though he fell some thirty feet, managed to land with only a few slight bruises. In order to reassure the Royal party, he instantly sprang up and bowed. An equerry came towards him, laughing and clapping his hands. "His Serene Highness enjoyed that last bit very much," he said. "Would you mind doing it again, as the Grand Duchess didn't see it?"



OUT OF THEIR RECKONING.

PILOT: "Where are we?"
Mechanician (who is taking fog soundings): "Piccadilly, I reckon!"
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Many are the tales related of himself and against himself by the famous Count Zeppelin. On one occasion he went to lunch with a certain high-born lady who had a large family of children. After luncheon a visit was suggested to the nursery. As they approached strange sounds were heard—clapping of hands, booing, cries of "Here she comes!" and finally a loud explosion. As the fond mother opened the door a sturdy youngster of five volunteered an explanation: "We've had such a jolly game, mother. Old Zeppelin's busted again!"

"I was once," writes Mr. Attwood, "induced, for a consideration, to take up an American concert singer, who wished to reap a healthy advertisement from his adventure. He asked me if I had any objection to his singing while up in the air, and I told him I had none—that all I expected him to do was to keep his body quiet. I reckoned without my host. The fellow had the voice of a bull, and fairly drowned the sound of the engines. He began with—

I would I were a bird,

which made the welkin ring at five hundred feet of altitude. From this he passed to—

I want to be an angel

and—

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.

"In vain I called out to him to shut up. He said he had a repertoire for the occasion, and he meant to go through with it. He sang 'O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove,' 'O for the Wings of a Dove,' 'There Are Mansions in the Sky,' 'Up in a Balloon, Boys,' 'Hark, Hark, the Lark,' 'Sing, Birdie, Sing,' and when we finally descended he was roaring out 'Down Among the Dead Men' and 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.' I never had such an uncanny experience, and I sha'n't repeat it in a hurry."

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"New Lamps for Old."

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Illustrated by E. Verpilleux.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE STORY.—Mr. Mangles, the proprietor of a little, old-fashioned country grocery shop, is perfectly content to run his business on the same quiet lines as his father. His wife, however, constantly urges him to adopt modern methods, and even, when the Cosmopolitan Stores offers to buy him out, wished him to agree. Then, on learning that she has inherited £4,000 a year, she decides to forsake the shop for London, but her husband persists in his refusal to sell his business.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT evening Mr. Mangles went up to the vicarage and was shown into the study. He fingered his hat uncomfortably until the vicar came into the room, but Mr. Naismith soon put him at his ease. Very different though their stations in life may have been, these two were of one mind, of one generation, both at war in their separate ways with the changing order of things.

"I've come for your advice, vicar," said Mr. Mangles, with an effort.

"Any way I can help you," replied the vicar, "I will. Take that chair; put your hat away—on that shelf. Now?"

The little grocer settled himself, scarcely to comfort. Then he looked up.

"Is there anything," said he, "as can make it right for a man to leave his wife?"

The vicar did not hesitate.

"Nothing," said he. "Nothing."

"Supposin' she wants to go one way and he wants to go another?"

"There must be give and take," replied the vicar.

"Is she at liberty to have a wish of her own?"

"Certainly—why not? She's as much a human being as the man."

"Well—it's my wife, vicar. She's come into all this money. It's been left to her. What I want to know is, is it hers?"

In the most generous effort to put the case fairly the grocer courted misunderstanding. It flashed uncomfortably across the vicar's mind that this man, whose character he had always believed to be admirable, was suddenly spoilt by the poison of gold. He thought that Mr. Mangles wanted to lay claim to his wife's fortune.

"The Married Woman's Property Act," he replied, "has made all that a woman possesses her own. Without her consent you have no right to touch it."

"Do you think I want her money, vicar?" asked Mr. Mangles.

"I thought so," Mr. Naismith replied.

"No, sir—that's not it. I only wanted to know, without influencing you, if it was hers. If it's hers, she's at liberty to spend it how she likes. She wants to go to London, Mr. Naismith. Your good lady and her sister, Mrs. Kenderdine, have advised her that that's the best thing she can do. Now you say there's nothing as can make it right for a man to leave his wife. So I must go with her. I'd sort of guessed that was what I ought to do myself. I'd always thought that a man's work, if it was honest, was the biggest thing he had. But this eighty thousand pounds has kind of bowled me out. Times is changing and I've got to change my ideas along with 'em. Money's the thing these days, vicar—and whether you like it or not, you've got to give way to it. Why, I sort of feel awed by it myself. If a man was to come into my shop as I knew had eighty thousand pounds, I should feel—well"—he became confused for expression—"I should feel as if he was somebody out of the way—just as my father used to feel when the late Lord Morton 'ud come and sit in the shop. And here have I got someone in my own parlour with every penny as much, and though it is my own wife I somehow feel she's almost a stranger as I've got to be civil to."

"You shouldn't let that idea take hold of you, Mangles," said the vicar, kindly. "Gold is only dross. It comes out of the earth—it's part of the earth, the earth you walk on, the earth you brush from your boots when you come into your house."

"I do try to get over it, vicar—but everyone else feels the same as I do. They make a fuss of her there in my parlour, people always comin' in and out to see her, as if she was a curiosity. Why, there was a man come down from a well-known London paper this morning just to interview her. He said she was

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now of interest to the public. I told him she was no different to what she was last week, and if it was the money he wanted to see in sacks it hadn't come yet. But he saw her all the same, and he's going to write about her in the paper. And now she's going to London. She's going to get a house in South Kensington. She's going to get a motor-car. Fancy me lollin' in a motor-car! But, as you say, it's hers, and if she don't spend it some way, what good is it to her? I've no right to stop her spendin' it what way she likes if it's hers. And you've said it. If I direct her to spend it on my business, I'm spendin' it, and on myself — aren't I? If I don't follow her to London, I'm leavin' her — aren't I? She's got the power to dictate. She's got the money."

"Are you going to sell your business then, Mangles?" asked the vicar, sadly.

"Sell my business, sir?" Mr. Mangles rose to his feet. "No, not I! I owe a duty to the customers who have helped my father and his father to make it what it is, and as long as I can keep the cheap stores from comin' and poisonin' St. Abbots it's my duty to do it. Sell my business? No, sir. No man can advise me to do that."

The vicar showed him to the door, and, when he had gone, returned to his study alone. There for an hour he sat in silence, with his chin resting on his hands.



"OUT OF IT STEPPED AN OVER-DRESSED LADY AND A QUIET, INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE MAN."

CHAPTER VII.

LONDON is a secretive place, and Onslow Gardens will hide your identity as completely as anywhere else. Lady Castles on one side and Mrs. Foster Barry on the other were neither of them aware that the new-comer who had taken the house between them was the same Mrs. Mangles of whose good fortune they had read with envy and disgust some weeks before in their daily paper.

When everything had been prepared and the house was complete, they had observed a brand-new motor-car drive up to the door. Out of it had stepped an over-dressed lady and a quiet, insignificant little man, who, silently, followed her up the steps and disappeared from sight.

The Mangles settled down in Onslow Gardens as quietly as though it were an everyday occurrence, instead of the complete upheaval of both their lives, and even the little grocer was surprised at the ease with which the change was made.

They stayed at first with Mrs. Kenderdine close to the house where eventually they were going to reside. There, while Onslow Gardens was being prepared, they learnt many of the things which were to fit them for the life into which it had pleased Mrs. Kenderdine to call them. Mr. Kenderdine, who had plenty of time on his hands, took Mr. Mangles about with him in the daytime. They lunched together. Frequently they stayed out to dine in a restaurant, and as Mrs. Mangles had been given to understand that her husband must not be without money in his pocket, the cost of the entertaining fell largely on the purse of the little grocer. He never realized that it was anything but just. Mr. Kenderdine was his host, but only in his own house. He really preferred dining quietly at home. The dinners were much simpler than those Mr. Kenderdine advised him to order at a restaurant.

His first appearance in evening dress was a moment which lived long in his memory.

He came from the dressing-room into his wife's room when he was ready, and, standing before a long mirror, he had silently regarded himself.

"Emily," he said at last, "are you sure

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you care for this sort of thing? What d'you think Mercer, the ironmonger at St. Abbots, would say if he saw me now?"

She turned him round and looked at him, feeling a thrill of pride at the thought that her money had done so much.

"Where are you going this evening?" she had asked.

"Out with Mr. Kenderdine."

"Why can't you call him Kenderdine?" she had replied, with annoyance. "Night before last at dinner you called him 'sir.'"

"I can't help it," said he. "You get into these sort of ways quicker than what I do. You think of what the people here think of you—I keep thinking what a man like Mercer would think of me at St. Abbots. Mercer's a blunt sort of chap. He'd say I was a confounded fool. I'm only saying what he'd say." He looked at his watch.

"What time have you got to be ready by?" asked his wife.

"Seven-thirty. They're just putting up the shutters now at home."

She turned upon him with uncontrolled irritation.

"Can't you remember your home's here!" she exclaimed. "Here am I trying hard for your benefit, as well as mine, to forget there ever was such a place as St. Abbots—though I must say I'd like to go back and let them see me now—and all you do is to talk about the shutters. It's mean, I call it, after the way I'm sharing with you, as if the money was yours as much as mine."

He looked at her apologetically.

"I'm sorry," said he. "I don't want to be ungrateful, but how could I go on in this sort of style if I hadn't got some money for myself?"

"If you had any pride about it," said she, "you'd sell that wretched business in Morton St. Abbots, and then you could have money you could really call your own. Two thousand pounds is worth having. Many a man has to work jolly hard for it."

This had been the first time that Mrs. Mangles had actually spoken her mind about their relative positions, the first time she had shown him plainly in what regard he stood in her eyes. Taking it in a spirit of apology, he gave her power to refer to it again. By the time they were well settled in Onslow Gardens there was scarcely a day but that she made comparison between her money and his want of it. All profits from his business in Morton St. Abbots were swallowed up in the expenses of the manager whom he had left in his place. He could not retaliate. Whenever she reminded him of the offer of two thousand pounds he kept silent. In time he came even to think that it was mean and selfish himself. Two thousand pounds invested at five per cent. would return a hundred a year. Two pounds a week was such pocket-money as, with his simple tastes, he could easily live on. To a certain extent then he would be independent of the money that was hers. He would never have to ask her for any more.

But somehow or other he could not bring himself to make this sacrifice, even to his pride. So the life he led became more and more irksome; the struggle to touch this fringe of South Kensington society more and more grotesque in his mind.

It came at last to their first dinner-party, when, under the guidance of that superior man-servant—Lawson—whom Mrs. Kenderdine had so advisedly engaged, they stepped forth into the light of publicity.

Mrs. Kenderdine had delayed it until the auspicious moment when, as she had said herself to her husband, "I don't really think I'd mind if she came and dined with us now—when we've got a few, I mean—a few who'd understand."

"How about him?" asked her husband. "He's a decent little chap, you know. He quite saw my idea about putting more money into the club this year to increase the profits. He said he'd speak to his wife about it. He's a decent little chap, but I don't think I'd like him to meet Sir Charles, for instance."

"Oh, well," she had replied, "he's quiet; he was not half so much to be reckoned with as she was. He keeps in the background. But that woman has the nerve of an Amazon. I feel positively ill sometimes at the way she grows in confidence and asserts herself—all because she has four thousand a year, if you please."

"People are very vulgar when they have money," said her husband. "Astonishin' thing—but that's the effect it seems to have."

Late that afternoon, when Mr. Mangles was sitting alone in the breakfast-room, Lawson opened the door. Mr. Mangles closed the *Grocers' Journal* and laid it face downwards on the table.

"There's a young person, sir, askin' to see you."

"Asking to see me?" he repeated, with surprise. No one ever came to see him, unless it were Mr. Kenderdine when that gentleman had an idle day, and thought they might lunch together up west. A young person?

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"Who is it?" he asked.

"She gives her name as Penfold, sir."

"What, Gladys Penfold! Well, ask her to come in."

"I think she's more the sort of person, sir, you ought to see in the 'all."

he felt suddenly in touch with his old life. The energies which the enforced idleness of the last few months had reduced to somnolence were now awake. There came a different look in his eyes. He had not dared to return to Morton St. Abbots all this time; but now



"HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN EVENING DRESS WAS A MOMENT WHICH LIVED LONG IN HIS MEMORY."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the little grocer. "She's as good as either of us. Ask her to come in here."

"Certainly, sir. I'm obliged for the comparison, sir."

Mr. Mangles neither knew nor cared what he meant by that remark. In that moment Morton St. Abbots had come to him. Perhaps there was still something left which he could do, even at this distance from the scene of business. The hope of it made a new man of him. He waited eagerly till the door opened and Miss Penfold entered. Lawson watched him with superiority as he hastened forward

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and shook her warmly by the hand. Then, with a smile which he did not trouble to conceal, he left the room.

"Well, I'm very glad to see you," said Mr. Mangles, and to prove it he continued shaking her hand up and down, regardless of the many times that he had been told such methods were vulgar. "I'm delighted to see you," he repeated. "How's business? I've just been reading the *Grocers' Journal*—I keep in touch, you see—I keep in touch. I expect they all think I'm too grand to look at business now. But do you know, I often go up and sit in the office of that Mr. Fordham—our tea man, you know—I go and sit in his office just to listen to the orders and hear them doin' business."

He turned her round to the light.

"Well, it seems to agree with you," he continued. "You're looking mighty well. Like it better behind the counter than in that cash desk, don't you? I was never in favour of that cash desk myself. Showy—that was all it was. They do all right here, where a man has enough to do to look after his counter, but it wasn't right for St. Abbots."

So he talked on, in the delight of seeing her, hardly realizing that she must have some purpose in her visit to town. At last it dawned upon him, and he asked.

"There ain't nothing wrong, is there?" he inquired.

She looked very straightly in his eyes.

"The stores have opened," said she.

There followed a long pause.

"Where?" said he, presently.

"That shop of Mercer's."

"Mercer's!"

"The ironmonger's."

"You don't mean to say he failed?"

"No—he sold out."

"Sold out! Why?"

"They came to him, the same as they did to you. They're going to combine his business and the grocery. They offered him a good price. Over two thousand, some say. It was the best position in the High Street, next to ours."

"And what are they doin' in the grocery line?"

"Selling very cheap—much cheaper than us. Their jams are threepence and some even fourpence a three-pound pot cheaper."

"Have you seen it?"

"Yes; we got a pot in the other night. It's hardly jam. There's the label of one of those big London firms on it. I suppose they make it. Their butter's not good."

"Margarine and muck," said Mr. Mangles.

She smiled.

"But the people are beginning to go to them already. They've enlarged the shop-front and their window's full of tempting sorts of prices. I suppose that's what does it—that and the pictures in frames they have. They give them away, too, with certain quantities sold. But I suppose it doesn't matter to you now. You've got everything you could wish for. I only came up to tell you because I didn't feel I could say it all in a letter."

"And you think I've got all I want?" said he. "However, that's neither here nor there. But you imagine it doesn't matter to me. Heavens! It matters more than anything I know. We've got to think now how we can stop it. I said they could do their worst—they're doing it; but by Jove they sha'n't win!"

"There's only one way to stop it," said she, gently.

"How's that?"

"Well, they're saying in St. Abbots that you're too good for your business. Mrs. Neville came in the other morning, and she said——" She paused.

"Well?" said he. "Well, what did she say?"

"She asked why you kept your name over the shop, when you didn't want to be seen inside it. She was speaking to Mr. Walters across the counter, and other people must have heard her, because I was down the other end of the shop and I heard her plainly."

"Is that all she said?" he asked, shortly.

"No."

"What else, then? Come on—what else?"

"She asked him why he didn't have his name over the shop, seeing he did the work."

He took her firmly by the shoulders.

"Go straight back to Morton," said he, "and say that Mr. and Mrs. Mangles are comin' back next week. His name over the shop! By Heaven! there shall never be another name but Mangles."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHETHER it were this decision in his mind or the sight of Miss Penfold bringing back the life in Morton St. Abbots more vividly to his thoughts—whatever it was, Mr. Mangles forgot all Mr. Kenderdine's careful tuition that evening. To the ill-concealed amusement of some of the company, he called that gentleman "sir." To the reconciled despair of Lawson, he chose the fish fork when he was eating meat; he even ate his cheese in the old country fashion, conveying it to his mouth

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with his knife. To the final disgust of his wife, when the conversation turned upon the beauties of the county of Warwickshire, he spoke of Morton St. Abbots as one of the prettiest villages in those parts.

It was the mere mentioning of his knowledge of the place which raised the anger in Mrs. Mangles. So often and so firmly had she repeated the injunction that never or on any account was he to mention the name of St. Abbots, or let one of their friends know that he had ever lived there.

"People are so inquisitive," she had frequently said. "Soon as they heard we came from St. Abbots they'd find out at once what we'd been there. If you've got any respect for me at all, you'll never speak of it."

And here he was descanting on the beauties of Lock Meadows; telling the company the age of many of the houses in the High Street, showing them all how intimately he was acquainted with this out-of-the-way, unfashionable little village in the heart of the provinces. She frowned in indignation until she caught his eyes, and then those of them at the table who were watching her saw plainly all that lay in store for him when once the company had gone.

A woman shielding her reputation is as fierce an animal as a mother guarding her young.

As soon as it was possible she made a sign for the ladies to retire to the drawing-room; but all the time that they were sitting upstairs over their coffee her thoughts were wandering in the direction of the dining-room. At that very moment he might be telling the whole company of men that at one time he dealt in jams and butter and bacon and was not ashamed of it. This she could never understand in him—that he was not ashamed.

It became unbearable in her mind at last. She called Mrs. Kenderdine aside and asked her advice.

"Go downstairs," said the good lady. "Go downstairs and find Lawson; tell him to hover about in the room. Your husband won't say anything while he's there. But if he gets talking about the conditions of trade—goodness only knows what he might say. Of course, that Mr. Lumley's bound to talk about trade—he's a wine merchant."

"Yes—well, that's different," replied Mrs. Mangles. "That's different from bein' a grocer. I'll go and tell Lawson now."

It was a wise course, no doubt, but it failed. When Lawson hurried to the dining-room he found that, contrary to all carefully-instilled etiquette, Mr. Mangles, being a teetotaller, had left the gentlemen to their port and gone upstairs to the drawing-room. There he had arrived before his wife returned. She had left the door open, and as he was about to enter the room he heard the voice of Mrs. Kenderdine, arresting, compelling the interest of all her silent listeners.

"Well, no one must say a word," she was declaring, "but, of course, it's bound to be known sooner or later, so that I don't see it can do any harm—but they were grocers—just common little grocers in that village—Morton St. Abbots—he was speaking about at dinner. They both served over the counter until she came in for this money—four thousand a year. Then, of course, she wanted to cut a dash."

Mr. Mangles stood still. There was no question of the right or wrong of eavesdropping in his mind. He listened because he wished to learn; because in his mind there was every reason that he should learn. And as he stood there Mrs. Mangles came swiftly up the stairs.

"What on earth are you doing here?" she whispered. "Why aren't you with the men, eh? You know you ought to be in the dining-room till they've finished their port wine. If you don't have any yourself, that's no reason why they shouldn't."

He held her arm tightly in his hand.

"Listen!" he whispered. "Listen—to what they're saying in there."

Compelled by the command in his voice, she stood still and inclined her head towards the crack of the door, and then she heard—heard the judgment of her friends.

"Go in and tell them," her husband whispered. "Go—and tell them what you think of them."

"And lose all the acquaintances I've made?" said she. "What a fool you must think I am! All people are brutes like that really—but they can't say I haven't got four thousand a year. You go downstairs and bring the men up, and you'd better apologize to them for going away. I'll make these people forget one of these days—they'll be glad to know me then. Go on. You wait till I get a title or two at my dinners—then they'll want to come. Go on—go downstairs and fetch 'em."

She sailed into the drawing-room then with such graciousness of apology as a few months' custom and Mrs. Kenderdine had taught her to make.

In a few moments the little grocer brought the gentlemen upstairs, and half an hour later Mr. Mangles was left facing his wife as the last guest was shown out of the drawing room by the imperturbable Lawson.

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CHAPTER IX.

DIRECTLY the door had closed Mrs. Mangles sank down into the chair beside her and burst into tears. For some moments the little grocer watched her, powerless to sympathize.

Of course it had been a failure. She knew that. Even her best friend, Mrs. Kenderdine, had deserted her. The anger she felt as she thought of her treachery burnt the tears hot and smarting in her eyes.

And then, after he had regarded her for a while in amazement, Mr. Mangles knelt down by the side of her chair, endeavouring to offer what consolation he could.

"Don't give way, old girl," he murmured, affectionately. "They ain't worth it. They're a set of snobs—every single one of 'em. They'll borrow your motor-car and your money—they'll take all the hospitality they can get—but they don't care for you. We ain't of a feather with them. It ain't no good our trying to come into their flock. We was a thousand times happier, you know, at Morton St. Abbots; you coming in and out of the shop just as you felt inclined."

Still she wept on. It was not to be supposed that he would understand the bitterness of her disappointment. One might have expected he would talk like this. His mistakes and blunders had been the cause of her failure. Everything would have gone all right through that dinner if he had not been there. She was getting used to it herself—Lawson had told her she was. But he never would. Lawson had admitted, when she went down after dinner to find him—he had admitted then that Mr. Mangles was hopeless. So she let him talk on while she gave vent in tears to the consuming anger in her mind. He little knew the furnace he was stirring.

"So don't fret, old girl," he continued. "There's no need to go on with it. I haven't sold the shop, and I'll tell you something I hadn't time to tell you before. Miss Penfold came to see me to-day. She came right up to town to tell me that the stores had opened and we should fail if I didn't go back there again. People are saying I'm ashamed of the business. But they sha'n't say that for long."

She looked up suddenly, brushing the tears from her eyes.

"What do you mean—they sha'n't say that for long?" she asked.

"Well, they sha'n't; because I'm going back."

"Going back? You go alone, then."

He stared at her in astonishment.

"You wouldn't come, too?" said he.

"No—never—not so long as I live."



"WELL, NO ONE MUST SAY A WORD, BUT THEY WERE JUST COMMON LITTLE GROCERS."

"Not when you're surrounded with these snobs and liars on every side of you, picking your pockets in a genteel sort of way?"

"No—never," she repeated. "If they are all snobs and liars, they're gentlefolk; they know how to behave. They're not tradesmen, except Mr. Lumley, and he's a wine merchant."

"D'you mean you'd sooner be a liar, then, than a tradesman's wife?"

"Yes—any day. Seems to me you have to be a liar if you're going to do any good in London."

"Well, supposin' I tell you you've got to come back?" said he. "You're my wife, and that's where you ought to be, money or no money."

"Well, go on," she said, imperturbably. "You go on back to your butter and your cheese and your bacon. My money's my own. I'm as much at liberty to spend it as I like as you are to sell bacon all your life. You can't touch it. It's mine. I've got just as much right to life as what you have. I have got just as much right to choose—haven't I?"

"Don't marriage mean anything to you?" he asked.

"Marriage!" she laughed. "It don't mean anything to anybody now. Because you're an exception to the rule, that's no

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reason why marriage should make me put myself out for you. You're the only man I've ever met who'd prefer groceries if his wife came in for a bit of money. Most of 'em 'ud like to improve themselves with it—same as I do. And I can't help it if you're not like I am. Marriage isn't going to make a different woman of me. Why should it? I change my name—Dawdle is as good as Mangles, any day—but I'm not going to change my nature. A man's the master because he's got the money. He can tell his wife to do what he likes, and if she wants to be kept she's got to do it. But when the woman has the money—well—you can go back to St. Abbots if you like—but I don't come with you."



"'LISTEN!' HE WHISPERED. 'LISTEN—TO WHAT THEY'RE SAYING IN THERE.'"

"But mustn't there be a little give and take in marriage?" he said, at last.

"Well—and who's been doing all the

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giving?" she asked. "And who's been doing all the taking?"

He clenched his hands that were hidden in his pockets.

"And you mean to say you prefer this lot of people," said he, "to the folk we used to know at St. Abbots?"

I'm goin' to make 'em sorry for what they said this evening," she replied. "That's what I'm goin' to do. And I'm goin' to stay here to do it."

"Then you and I must say good-bye," said he, thickly. "Our ways lie different. I'm a grocer—you're a lady—and I can't take nothing from ladies—I wasn't brought up to it."

Then he turned slowly and left the room.

CHAPTER X.

IT is for scientific psychologists to say how much of conventional morality there is in the conscience of a man; to let us understand how far his conscience is the index to what is right for him to do.

All the way back in the train, when he returned the next day to Morton St. Abbots, the little grocer was a prey to his conscience. Without pity, it accused him of having broken the most holy of sacraments; of deserting his wife for selfish ends when one stronger and nobler in character would have faced out the difficulties of his position in the house in Onslow Gardens and yet held his head up to the world.

But once back behind his own counter again, with all the familiar associations shutting out the immediate past, with the spirit of competition stirring him to great endeavour, then he began to find those callings of his conscience less importunate. The stores had indeed secured a hold in the village. There was work to be done, and he did it.

In all the additional labour which fell to his share Gladys Penfold worked silently with him. Her gratitude to the little man had always been full in her heart. He had saved her from a great deal when he had given her employment. But now there was more than gratitude in her mind. She had seen and understood much in her short visit to Onslow Gardens. When, then, he returned, and alone, she guessed at what cost the effort must have been made.

"Isn't Mrs. Mangles coming back?" she asked him, some days after he had taken up his work again.

"Well," said he, hesitatingly, "I suppose—oh, yes, you'll see her here again—now and then, you know—now and then. She's keepin' on her house in London, of course; London suits her—she likes London."

But the weeks went by and Mrs. Mangles had not paid one of her occasional visits to Morton St. Abbots. The people in the village whispered that she had thrown him over and would have no more to do with him; that he had spent her money in London, and she was about tired of his doing nothing for his own support. Such are the reports which always spread amongst a Christian and a civilized people.

They did not reach his ears; but Miss Penfold heard of them, and thought it wiser to tell him what was being said.

He listened quietly while she faltered over her sentences, helping her here and there when she found the words too difficult to say.

"But it isn't true, is it?" she asked, eagerly, when she had finished, and, as she waited for his answer, knew in the apprehension of her mind that gratitude and admiration had welded into an affection for this little man, at the thought of which she stood confused and ashamed.

"No, that's not true," said he, at last; "but it ain't much good my settin' off to explain. She sees her way of life and I see mine. They don't join, somehow. That's what it amounts to."

"Then do you mean she won't ever come back here again?" she asked.

"I'm not expectin' her," said he, simply.

Yet, notwithstanding his expectations, Mrs. Mangles returned. He was sitting in the shop one hot day in summer. Miss Penfold was taking her weekly holiday.

He looked up as the sound of footsteps broke the silence in the shop. It was his wife.

"Emily!" said he.

"Yes—didn't expect me—did you?" she replied, and beneath the note of genial pleasure in her voice—a note he would least have expected—he seemed to hear the tone of eagerness, almost of apprehension. It came sufficiently to his mind to make him inquire if anything were the matter.

"There is," said she; "something very much the matter. Can I go into the parlour?"

With the sight of her in her expensive clothes some of the old lessons in manners which he had received from Mr. Kenderdine came prompting to his mind. He stepped hastily forward and opened the door for her. With a rustle of silk she passed through into the little room behind the shop.

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"My word! it is strange, isn't it?" she said, as she looked about her. "I never thought it was as tiny as this. I suppose that's being used to Onslow Gardens. I'll sit in my old chair, shall I?"

"Of course," said he. "It's yours still."

She paused a moment, then, "Samuel," she began, "something terrible's happened. You remember that Mrs. Lumley? Her husband's a large wine merchant. They're not up to much, of course, but he seems to know a lot of people." She paused again.



"'TELL YOU THE TRUTH!' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'I'VE TOLD YOU THE TRUTH. I DON'T WANT YOU TO COME AND HELP ME OUT OF THE MESS I'VE GOT INTO.'"

She sat down, thinking differently, but saying nothing.

"Well," said he, presently, "what's happened?"

"Well—what about them?" he asked.

"She's bringing a case of divorce against her husband, and she's—she's draggin' me into it."

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"Draggin' you? How draggin' you?"

His eyes opened wide with questions. It was clear he did not understand.

"Well—I'm the—the woman—he's supposed—oh!—isn't it horrible?"

"But what's she mean?" he exclaimed. "You're not—are you?"

"Of course I'm not!" she replied, indignantly. "But that won't stop it going into the courts. That won't stop me from having to go into the witness-box and standin' up to be asked the most awkward questions. Those barristers are awful, they tell me—make everything out of the slightest thing you say."

"But why, in Heaven's name, does she pick you out?" he asked.

"Oh, because he and I became rather friendly. He used to take me to the theatre sometimes—once or twice he came to tea. She says he's cruel to her; that she's got evidence to prove he hit her with a walkin'-stick—but I don't believe it. She's tellin' lies all round. He's not that sort of man. I know him better'n that."

"Well—what are you going to do?" he asked.

"That's what I've come to see you about. I want you to come up and stay awhile in Onslow Gardens; just to show that we are livin' together, only that for the time when it happened you had to be away on business."

"But it didn't happen," said he.

"No, no; of course I mean for the time when he was comin' to see me."

"But you said he only came twice."

A sickness of apprehension was creeping into his mind. He did not quite dare to look at her lest he might suspect.

"Well," she faltered, "perhaps it was a little more than twice. Not much, anyhow. But don't you see it'll be terrible for me if you don't show up in this? I want you to come into the courts and say that I've been a good wife to you—and that—that—I should never dream of doing such a thing. Why—it's too horrid! And all because that beastly woman's jealous, and wants to harm me as much as she can."

"Why's she jealous?" he asked.

"Well—we've been friendly, I suppose."

"He's not in love with you, is he?"

Now suspicion was rushing through his mind. He felt that he wanted to know the truth, however terrible it was. It almost lent cunning to the simplicity of his mind.

"Is he in love with you?" he repeated.

"No," said she. "What do you want to ask such a silly question for?"

"Then why's she jealous?"

"Because—because we're friendly—as I said."

"You must be very friendly for a woman to take steps like that."

"Well—p'r'aps we are. He's a very interestin' man, though he is only a wine merchant."

"And you've only seen him two or three times?"

"Well—I said p'r'aps more than that."

"Then why didn't you tell me the truth about it at first?"

"Oh—you're gettin' very particular, aren't you? You won't be much help to me in the courts if you're going to talk like that. I tell you there isn't an ounce of truth in it from beginning to end. She's tryin' to spoil my reputation — that's what she's tryin' to do."

"Can't she find no better way of doing it than by divorcing her husband?" he asked.

"Well, she doesn't care for him. He told me so."

"Why did he tell you that?" he asked.

"I suppose because he was feelin' unhappy about it; and one evenin' at supper—he told me."

"At supper?"

"Yes—we went out to supper once—there's no harm in that—though she's makin' a lot of it."

"She knows?"

"Yes; she had detectives watchin' us, if you want to know."

"Emily," he said, suddenly, and now he turned his eyes full upon her own, "tell me the truth about it. You're not tellin' it yet. Tell me the truth."

For a moment she was confused; then daring and the knowledge of failure came to her aid. She rose with contempt to her feet; she looked once round that little parlour, and then her eyes rested on him with his white apron, stamping the hall-mark of his trade.

"Tell you the truth!" she exclaimed. "I've told you the truth. I don't want you to come and help me out of the mess I've got into. You aren't no good to me. I don't want you to come questioning me about what I've been doin' after you went away and left me, to come to this pretty little place. I sha'n't call you as a witness. You'd only spoil my case—that's what you'd do. All I wanted you to say was that I'd been a good wife to you. Surely that was easy enough, without all this badgering to find out what I've been doing. This is the last you'll see of me, and if he is divorced because

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of me—it'll be your fault for leavin' me exposed to temptation."

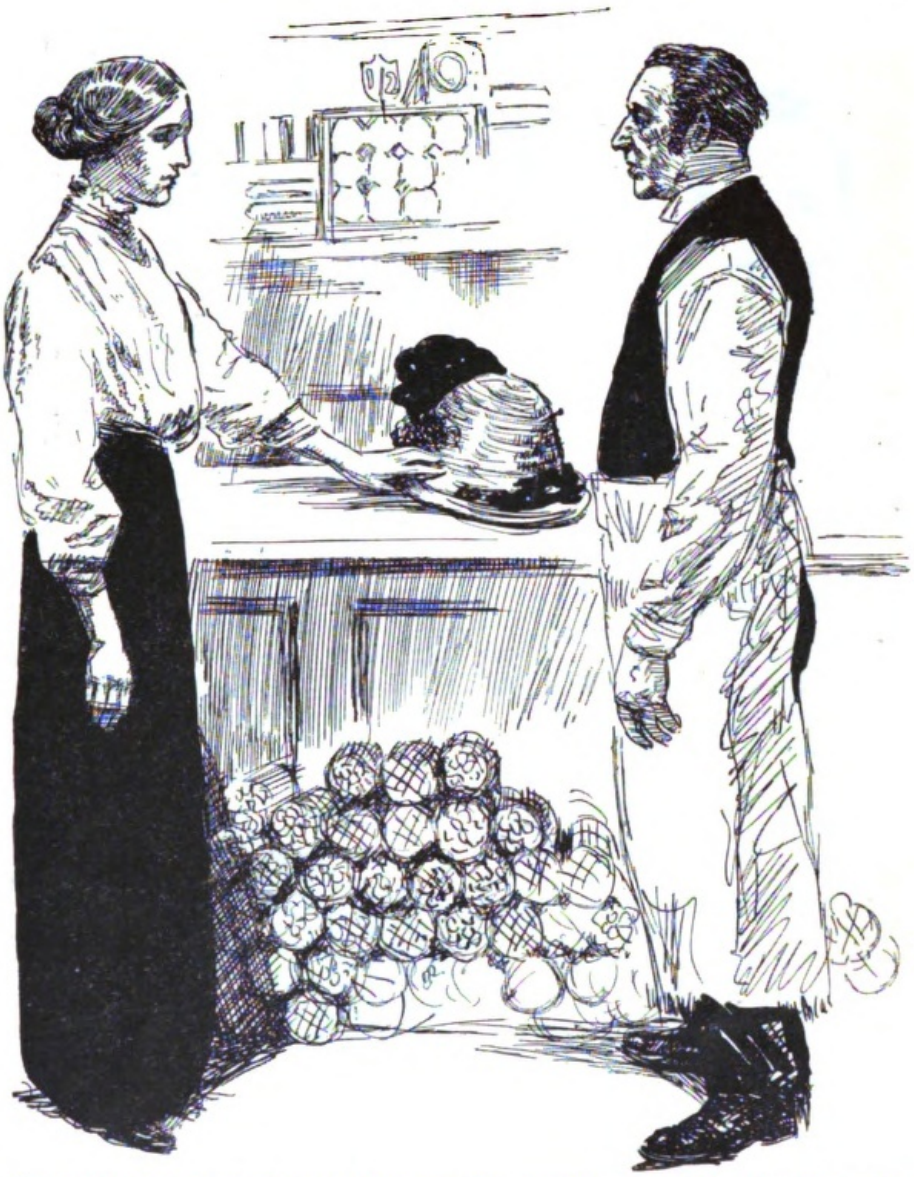
"Leavin' you exposed to temptation?" he repeated, in a dull voice.

"Yes—of course it was a temptation when a woman's got a husband who won't live with her."

"And you fell?" he whispered.

"I did not," said she, in anger. "And you'll never get me to say so. You can think what you like out of that, but this is the last you'll see of me, Mr. Mangles, unless you like to divorce me yourself after this case has gone against me; and I shouldn't be sorry if you did."

The little grocer leant against the mantelpiece in the parlour. He was scarcely aware that she had gone. After a while he sat down and, when two customers came in, ringing the bell of the shop, he went out behind the counter and served them as though he were in a dream.



"SHE LOOKED UP INTO HIS EYES; THEN, TAKING OFF HER HAT, SHE LAID IT ON THE COUNTER AND BEGAN MAKING UP THE SHOP FOR THE NIGHT."

At half-past six, as the boy was putting up the shutters, Gladys Penfold came into the shop. She had heard in the village of Mrs. Mangles's return. Her informant had not told her that Mrs. Mangles had gone back again to London. She knew then that the time had come for her to leave the shop. So long as he was alone she thought of nothing but staying at his side, helping him in this battle of competition. Now it was impossible.

"Mr. Mangles," she said, "I came back this evening because I wanted to tell you that I'm going—giving notice."

He steadied himself.

"Why?" he asked.

The whole of his world seemed tumbling about his ears.

"Well—now that Mrs. Mangles has come back you won't want me really any more. I—feel I shall be in the way."

"Mrs. Mangles has gone," said he, quietly. "She's gone back to London. She's never comin' here any more."

He waited, but she let her heart throb in silence. At that moment she dared not speak.

"If you go too," he went on, "I expect the stores'll beat me. Have you lost interest in the shop?"

She shook her head

"Well—if I ask you to stay on?"

She looked up into his eyes; then, taking off her hat, she laid it on the counter and began making up the shop for the night.

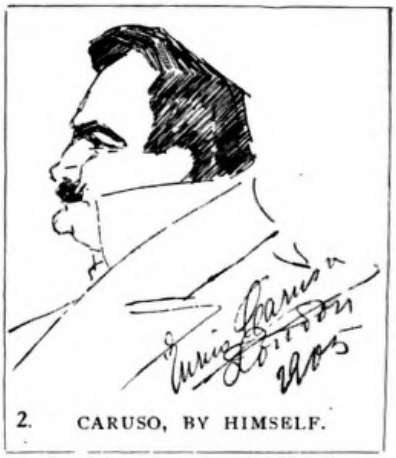
THE END.

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1. A. BORIANI, BY CARUSO.

Autographs After Dinner.



2. CARUSO, BY HIMSELF.

DURING the past few years Signor Arnolfo Boriani, co-proprietor of the Pall Mall Restaurant in the Haymarket, has formed a collection of contemporary autographs which, for interest, variety, and originality, has probably no equal.

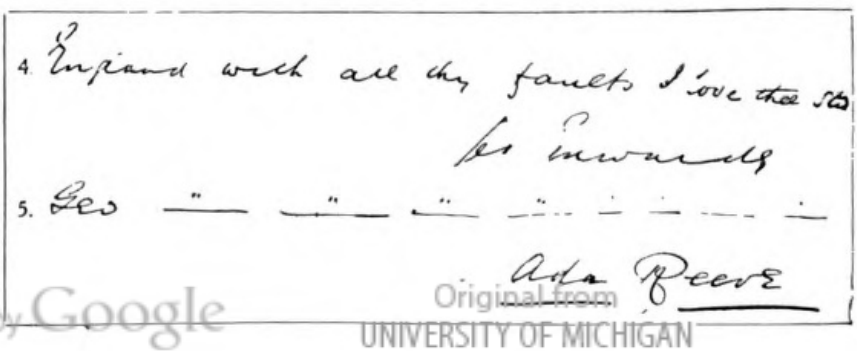
Before engaging in business for himself, Boriani held responsible positions at the Savoy and Carlton hotels. It was as superintendent of the Carlton grill-room that he obtained his first autograph of General Baden-Powell, who ate his first dinner there on his return to London, after the relief of Mafeking, on November 11th, 1901. As soon as Boriani knew of the gallant soldier's arrival he secured a menu-card which was decorated with the coloured drawing of a tattered Union Jack waving in the breeze. At the end of the meal General Baden-Powell made some inquiry about the card, and when told that Boriani had procured it specially in his honour, he asked for pen and ink, wrote his name and the date underneath the flag, and handed it to the delighted owner as a souvenir of the occasion (Fig. 3).



3.

When Boriani abandoned the *rôle* of servant for that of proprietor he placed his autographs in a book, and availed himself of every opportunity of adding to their number. He got the autographs written in the pages of his book instead of on menu-cards, with the result that his distinguished customers would give expression to their feeling or play to their fancy as inspired by an excellent dinner, by a little drawing when they were artistic, in a few lines of wit or wisdom when they were humorous or philosophic.

Thus Caruso was led to draw two portraits, one of himself and one of Boriani (Figs. 1 and 2). Between restaurateur and singer there is a wonderful facial resemblance, so much so that on more than one occasion the one has been mistaken for the other, with more or less amusing results. Caruso's portraits do justice to the likeness, and prove him to be an artist of some ability.



4. England with all thy faults I love thee so

5. God

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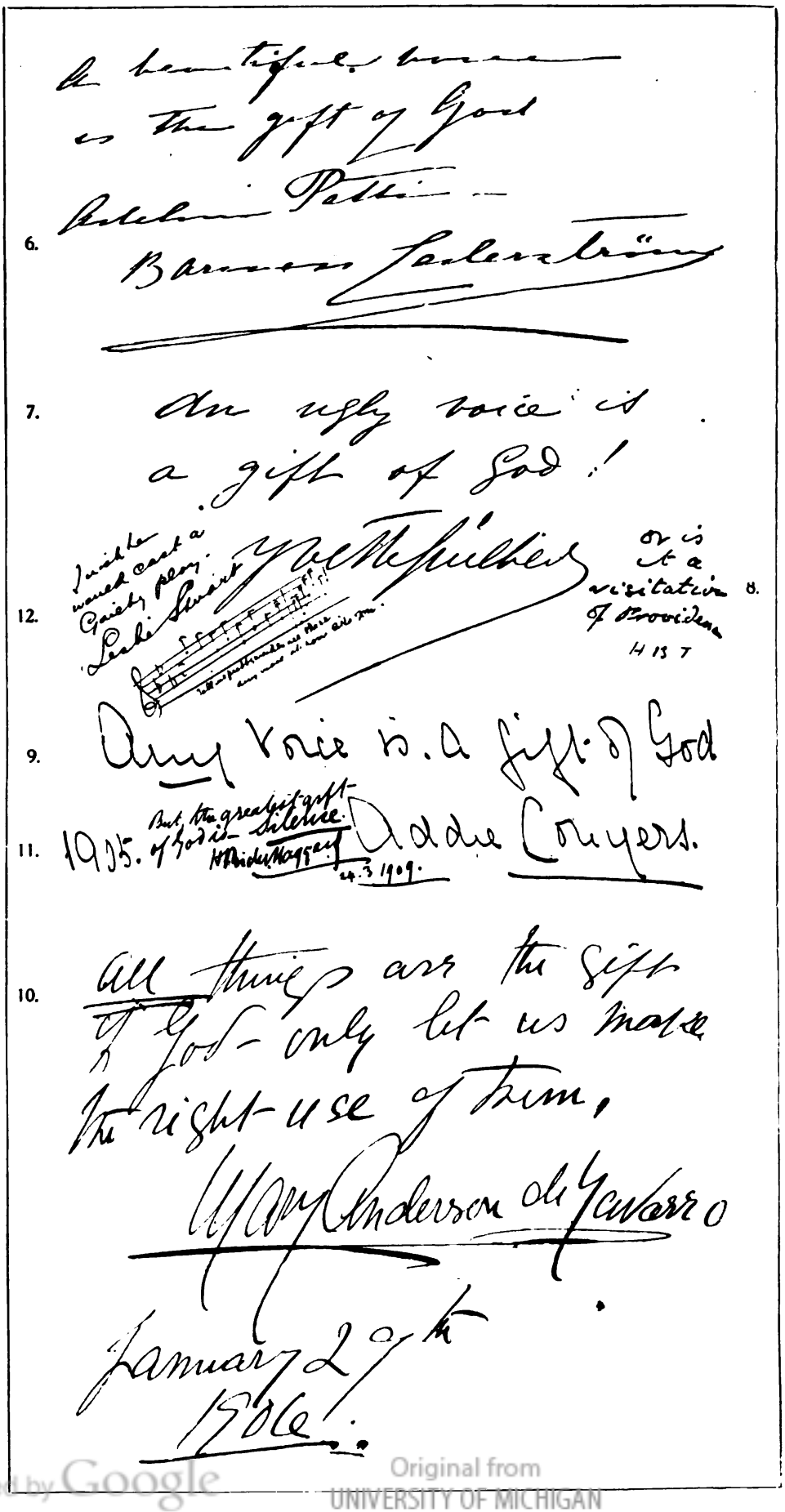
The autographs of Mr. George Edwardes and Miss Ada Reeve form a harmonious memento of the lawsuit which Miss Ada Reeve won against George Edwardes.

After the adverse decision Mr. Edwardes consoled himself with a restaurant dinner, and, feeling a little natural soreness against the law of his country, tempered, no doubt, by the excellence of his repast, wrote in Boriani's book: "England, with all thy faults I love thee still" (Fig. 4).

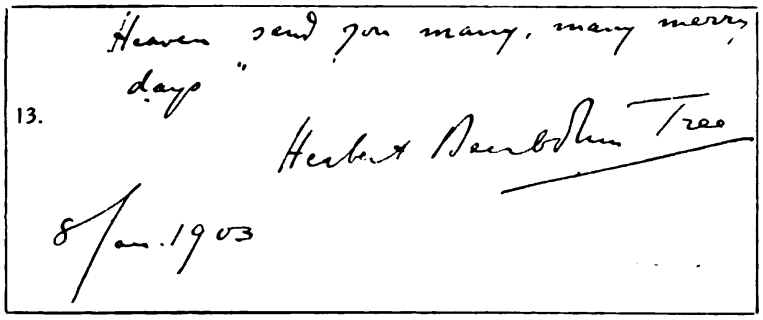
When the musical-comedy manager had gone it happened that Miss Ada Reeve herself visited the restaurant, and on being shown the quotation of Mr. Edwardes, wrote underneath it the happy inscription shown in Fig. 5.

Borianishowed the page to George Edwardes again on his next visit to the restaurant, and the reconciliation was effected.

Another batch of contributions similarly connected the one with the other are those of Patti, Yvette Guilbert,



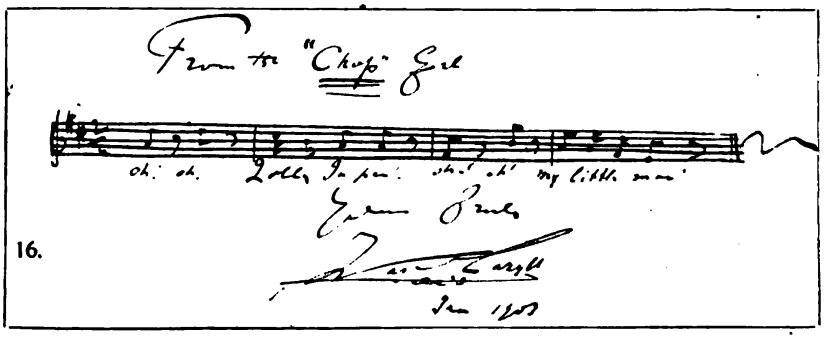
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Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Addie Conyers, Mary Anderson, and Sir H. Rider Haggard.

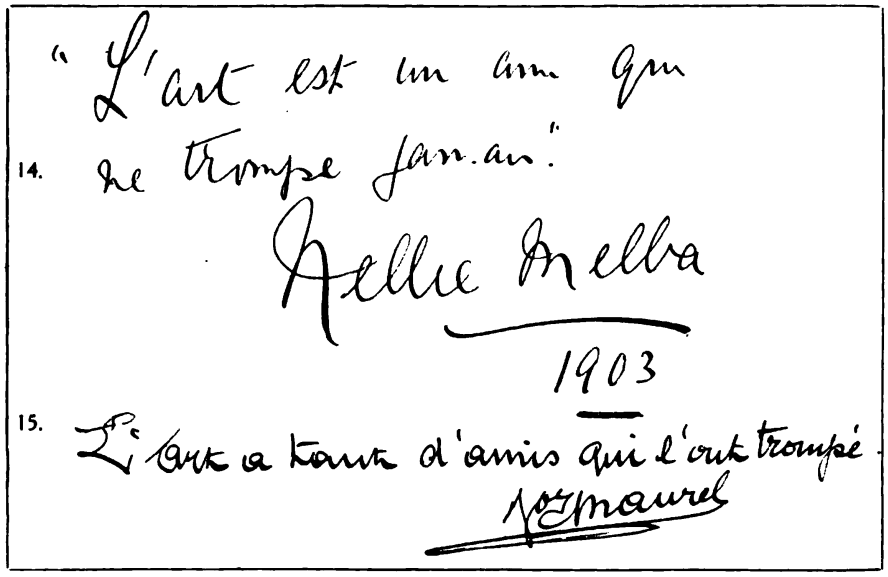
Mme. Patti started this battle of wits by inscribing, "A beautiful voice is the gift of God" (Fig. 6). To this Mme. Yvette Guilbert added, in undue depreciation of her own vocal powers, the equally true remark that "An ugly voice is a gift of God" (Fig. 7), on which Sir H. Beerbohm Tree cruelly commented, "Or is it a visitation of Providence?" (Fig. 8). Miss Addie Conyers carried on the epigrammatic debate with, "Any voice is a gift of God" (Fig. 9), and Miss Mary Anderson with, "All things are the gift of God, only let us make the right use of them" (Fig. 10). As Boriani thought it was time that "this discussion must now cease," he asked Sir Henry Rider Haggard to add a concluding epigram, which he very appropriately did by writing, "But the greatest gift of God is—Silence" (Fig. 11).

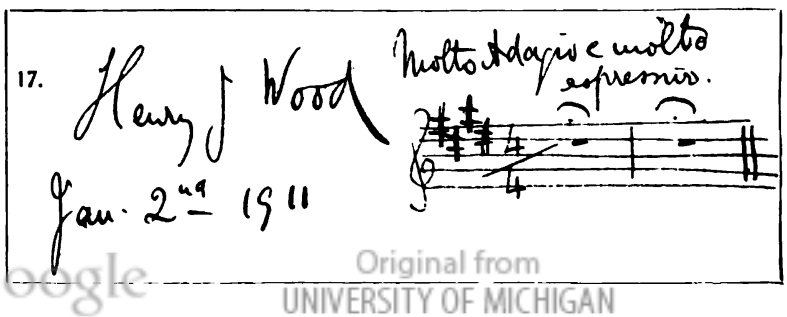
As a digression from this theme, it will be observed that Leslie Stuart, the famous comic-opera composer, interspersed with the remark, in allusion to Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's observation, "I wish he would cast a Gaiety play." The composer also appends a bar or two from one of his most successful lyrical efforts, "Tell me, pretty maiden" (Fig. 12).



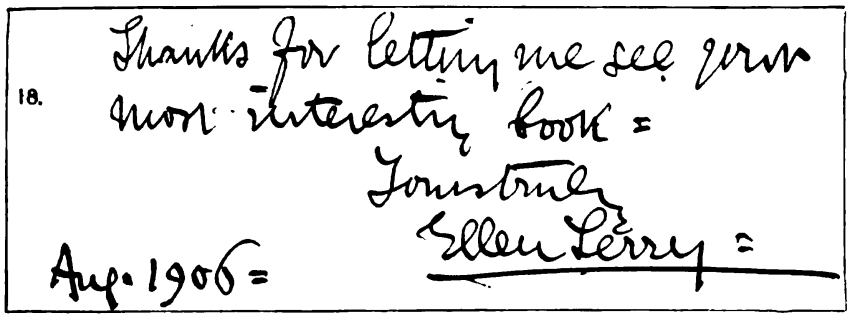
Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, by the way, enjoys the distinction of having twice contributed to this book. His other contribution takes the form of a happily-worded good wish to Boriani: "Heaven send you many, many merry days" (Fig. 13).

Melba, Tetrazzini, Puccini, Leoncavallo, and Sir Henry J. Wood are among the stars of the musical world represented in the volume. The celebrated Australian songstress wrote in French, "Art is a friend which never deceived" (Fig. 14), to which sentiment Victor Maurel retorted in the same, his native, tongue, "Art has very many friends who have

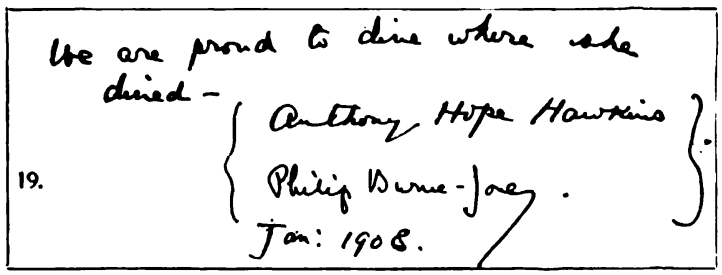




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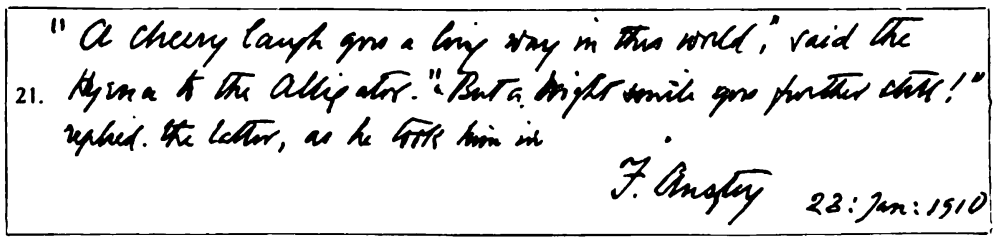
deceived her" (Fig. 15). Puccini inscribed a few notes of his popular opera, "La Bohème," and Leoncavallo followed suit



with some notes from his hardly less successful opera with the same name. Ivan Caryll, the author of "The Shop Girl," gives us a typical specimen of what he calls the "Chop Girl" (Fig. 16). Sir Henry J. Wood, it is interesting to know, made his little score (Fig. 17) the day after the announcement of his knighthood.

There is a small but highly-distinguished company of authors' names—Anthony Hope Hawkins, H. G. Wells, Fred Anstey, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Sir Francis Burnand.

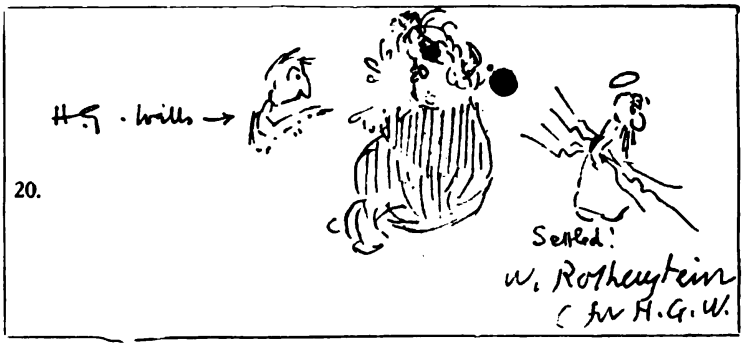
"Anthony Hope's" contribution takes the



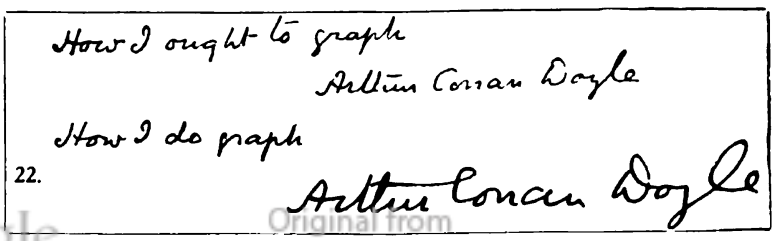
form of a tribute to Miss Ellen Terry. The popular actress had written simply enough, "Thanks for letting me see your most interesting book" (Fig. 18). Dining at the Pall Mall Restaurant about eighteen months after, the author wrote: "We are proud to dine where she dined," his companion, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, also adding his signature (Fig. 19).

H. G. Wells visited the restaurant with some friends, including W. Rothenstein, the artist, who provided an illustration, it will be seen, to their signature (Fig. 20).

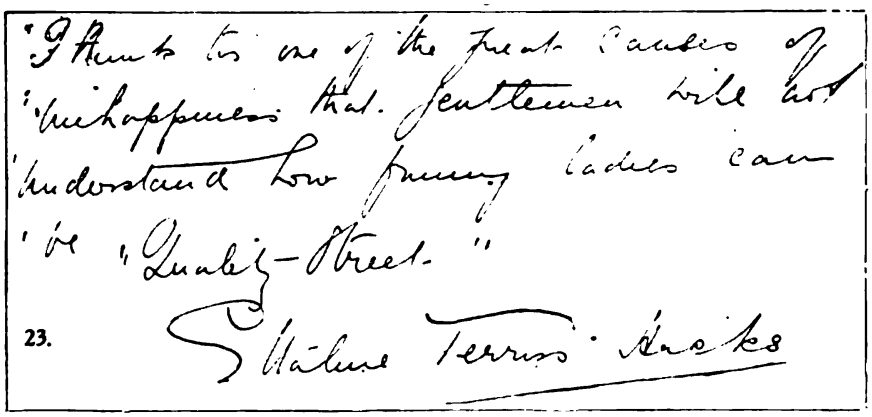
Fred Anstey indulges in a brief but striking allegory: "'A cheery laugh goes a long way in this world,' said the hyena to the alligator. 'But a bright smile goes further still,' replied the latter, as he took him in" (Fig. 21). Sir Arthur Conan Doyle must be credited with the cleverest pun in the book, as well as two signatures. "How I ought to graph," he wrote above the first, and "How I do graph" above the second (Fig. 22). Yet it would be hard to say which signature is the more legible of the two. Equally good in its way is the witticism suggested to the ex-editor of *Punch* by the contribu-



tion of Mme. Réjane. "A souvenir of a country I admire," wrote the great French actress, "of a people that I love, and of a public whose memory I cherish." "Here Mme. Réjane should have written 'restaurant,' and not 'public,'" was the correction of Sir Francis Burnand.

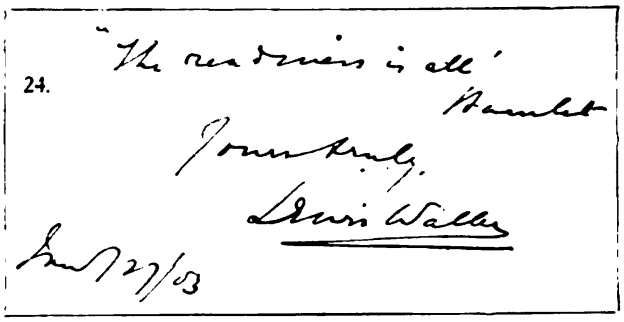


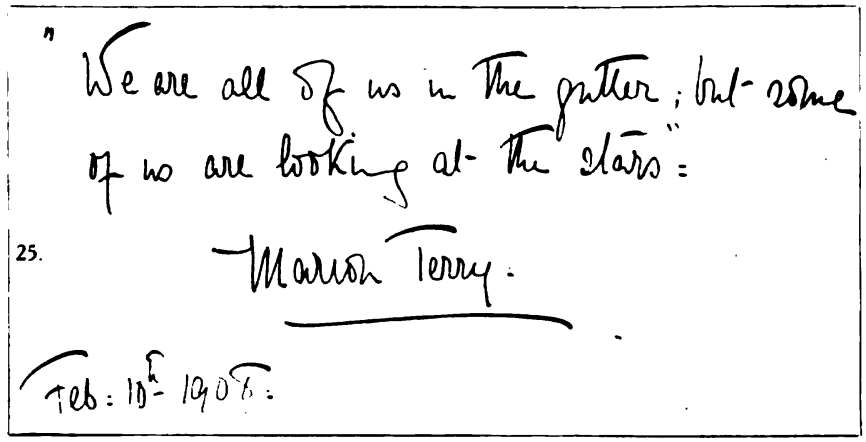
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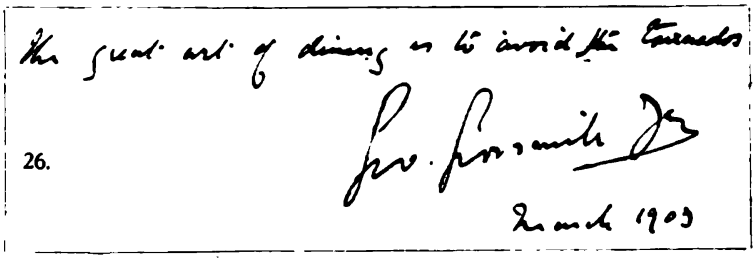
Among other theatrical names will be found Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, Ellaline Terriss (Fig. 23), Lewis Waller (Fig. 24), Marion Terry (Fig. 25), George Grossmith, jun. (Fig. 26), and George Robey (Fig. 27).

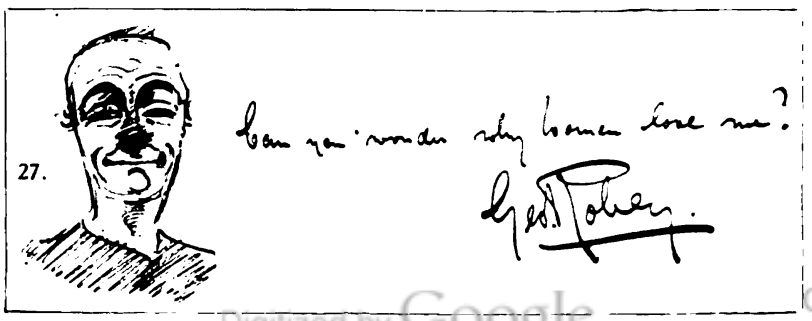
The Pall Mall Restaurant being a favourite resort of Upper Bohemia, it is only natural that the drama and music should predominate in this remarkable collection of autographs. But politics,





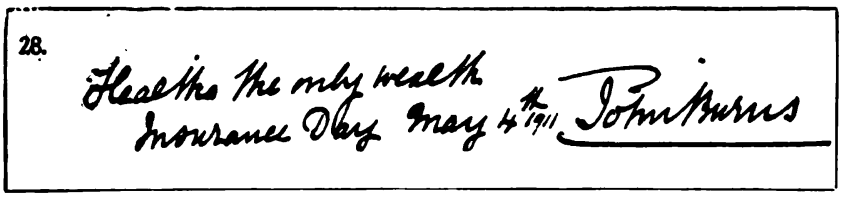
science, and sport are by no means unrepresented. Even Mr. Lloyd George will be found in this gallery. When the much-loved, much-hated Chancellor of the Exchequer recently paid an unexpected visit to the restaurant the autograph-book was duly presented to him by Boriani, who was determined that he should not leave it again without having added his autograph. Mr. Lloyd George was interested, but, when it was suggested that he should write something, objected that the names were all those of actors, singers, and the like, and not of serious people like politicians. Whereupon Boriani triumphantly drew his attention to the pages containing the signatures of Lord Gladstone, whose autograph, written just before his departure from London to become Governor of South Africa, seems almost a facsimile of that of his illustrious father, and Mr. John





Burns, who wrote "Health is the only wealth" on what he described as "Insurance Day, May 4th, 1911" (Fig. 28), the date of the introduction of what is now the Insurance Act. On seeing these signatures Mr. Lloyd George could resist no longer, and he took the pen and

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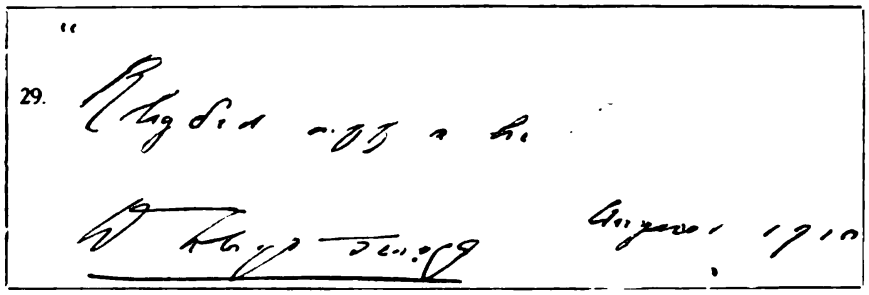
wrote what appeared to Boriani to be a string of unintelligible consonants mixed up with a few vowels. They are, however, the Welsh rendering of the words, "Liberty wins the day" (Fig. 29).

Science could hardly have a finer representative than Marconi. This signature, says Boriani, was even more difficult to obtain than that of Mr. Lloyd George, and he takes great delight in explaining how it was managed. One day, on Marconi's entering the restaurant, Boriani took the menu from the table at which the inventor was to sit and, deleting the item "Haricots verts au beurre," substituted, in compliment to his guest, the words, "Haricots verts à la Marconi." The celebrated inventor, however, was not to be caught merely by a compliment, and he remarked to Boriani that he saw no reason why the beans should be called *à la* Marconi, seeing that they were quite ordinary beans.

"Quite ordinary!" said Boriani. "Tell me, sir, did you find any strings in them?"

"No," admitted Marconi.

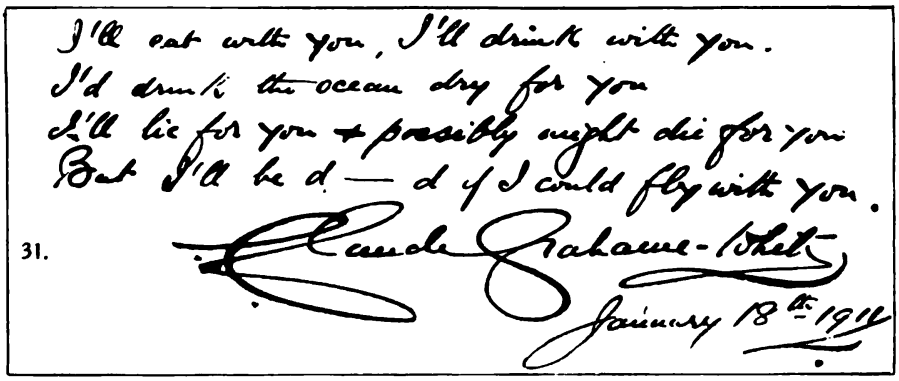
"Then were they not really *haricots verts sans fils?*" (without strings).





The author of wireless telegraphy (*télégraphie sans fils*) was so pleased with this ingenious pun that he consented for once to break his rule and sign Boriani's autograph-book (Fig. 30).

Finally, sport has its representatives in two of the world's greatest "flying" men—Dorando, one of the fleetest of runners, and Grahame-White, one of the most daring of aviators. After the Olympic Marathon (1909), in which Dorando made himself famous by just failing to win, the plucky runner paid a visit to the Pall Mall Restaurant by special invitation and enjoyed a good dinner. Boriani was naturally proud of his compatriot, and asked him to add his autograph to the collection of other notabilities; but as the little ex-pastrycook could run better than he could write, Boriani had the rest of the page filled up with a sketch by an artist, the picture including Windsor Castle and the Stadium (the starting and finishing points of the Marathon in this country), the English and Italian flags, and a representation of the cup which was presented by Queen Alexandra. Grahame-White contrived to introduce a sly dig at the restaurateur's somewhat weighty figure in the piece of rhyming given in Fig. 31.



In the "good old times" of the coaching inn and the convivial tavern "mine host" was often on the most excellent terms with his patrons. This autograph-book of Signor Boriani's affords striking evidence of the fact that the same thing is by no means impossible with the modern cosmopolitan restaurateur.

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The Man Who Turned the Leaves.

By MARY TENNYSON.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

KEEN excitement reigned generally in the old-world town of Stanford, situated less than twenty miles from Cottonopolis; but especially in the shop of Simeon Marchmont, music-seller, did the air seem positively charged with it. And no wonder, for on the night of that twenty-fifth day of June, the great, the unapproachable violinist, Hertzheimer, was to play the glorious sonata, for violin and piano, by Morowitch, over which London, on first hearing, had lately gone mad.

On the previous evening Herr Hertzheimer and Mme. Schuster, with whom he was always associated in the playing of the sonata, had performed before enthusiastic crowds in Manchester, and now it was Stanford's turn.

Stanford had recently blossomed forth with a particularly ornate town hall, which building was the pride and delight of the townspeople; and it was to do honour to the musical inauguration of this new town hall that the citizens of Stanford had met in conclave many months before and, after serious consideration, had guaranteed a sufficient sum with which to approach Herr Hertzheimer and the celebrated Mme. Schuster.

The business had been speedily arranged, and now every seat in the great room had been paid for, and beyond the chairs at the very back the humbler folk were to be allowed to come in and stand for an almost nominal payment, so that all classes of music-lovers might be represented on the occasion.

The committee had already in hand even

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more than would pay the famous artistes, but they desired to make no profit out of the inaugural concert, and so the surplus had been devoted to floral decorations.

At Simeon Marchmont's old-established and very old-fashioned shop the tickets for the wonderful concert had been sold; and day after day his daughter Isobel, herself an ardent and most talented musical student, had sat behind a small table disposing of them, from the guinea seats in the front of the area, to the one-shilling bit of cardboard, on which was stamped "Standing-room only."

Simeon Marchmont himself would be behind the scenes on the great occasion, to give general advice; but two of the ten-shilling tickets he had bought, and one of them he had bestowed upon his daughter and the other upon his shop-assistant, Godfrey Sudeley, who had received it with a muttered acknowledgment which was scarcely civil in its curtness, for the bestowal of this ticket sent him almost speechless with joy.

A five-shilling seat would have been more than Godfrey could have well afforded, and in the five-shilling seats he would have felt in exile; but now he was to hear Hertzheimer and Schuster play the Sonata in C actually seated by the side of Isobel. That extra five shillings meant the difference to him of heaven and—well, at least, earth. To be with her through a whole evening, to be practically alone with her, for the surrounding crowds would be non-existent to him; to feel her thrill with excitement, and to see the spirit of the music shine in her dear eyes!

He was in love with Isobel. No wonder Godfrey accepted the ticket almost silently.

And certainly in advance the great impending concert had brought into three lives infinite pleasure beyond that of mere anticipation; for Simeon Marchmont, the local teacher of the violin, his daughter, and also his assistant were themselves performers of no mean order.

Indeed, it was this fact that, five years before, had made young Godfrey Sudeley apply to his violin master for employment, when, by the sudden death of his parents, he had, still in his teens, been thrown on the world to fend for himself, preferring to serve in the shop at a small salary to entering a commercial office, where he would assuredly have made twice as much money in the present, and possibly a fortune in the future.

And now for weeks past these three had devoted their evenings to a reverent study of the Sonata in C, that they might be the better able to appreciate to the full its interpretation by the pair of famous virtuosos.

As a rule Simeon Marchmont and his daughter played the marvellous work, and Godfrey turned over the leaves for Isobel, and secretly revelled in her near proximity; but often the generous old man, noticing the glow in the two young faces, would, on coming to the suave and flowing andante movement, which the impressionable girl had named "The Evening by the Brookside," hand over his fiddle to his pupil, saying kindly, "Here, Sudeley, this is where you come in. Now, put your heart into it, lad."

But that was not quite so easy, for Godfrey's heart, for six months past—indeed, ever since Isobel returned from Leipsic to preside over her father's home—had not been in his own keeping.

And now the eventful day had come, and before they sat down to their afternoon cup of tea Simeon ordered that the blinds in the shop should be lowered.

"Every ticket is sold," he said, "and there's nothing doing. We'll take it easy, all of us. Unless we just run through Morowitch for the last time, eh?"

But they had scarcely commenced the exhilarating allegro than there came a thundering knock at the closed door of the shop, repeated again and again in apparently frantic impatience.

"Of course, just because we are shut!" Simeon muttered, resignedly. "See what they want, Sudeley, but come back as soon as you can, there's a good chap."

But when Godfrey returned he was accompanied by no less a person than Sir George Manners, the Mayor of Stanford, and the faces of the two men were so utterly dismayed that Isobel's white hands dropped from the keys and Marchmont exclaimed aloud: "Sir George! Good heavens, sir! what's the matter?"

The portly mayor's always rubicund, jolly face was purple with excitement; panting for breath, he sank speechlessly into an easy chair and, with a helpless gesture of his trembling fat hand towards Godfrey—who had placed upon the table a bulky roll of music—proceeded in silence to mop his face and neck.

"It's awful — really awful!" Godfrey stammered.

"What is?" Simeon cried.

"She's fallen down and sprained her wrist badly," Godfrey explained, unsteadily.

"Who has? Good Lord, boy, don't be a fool!"

"It's Mme. Schuster. She's sprained her arm."

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"Eh? My word!"

Not another syllable was spoken, and for a long minute the four stared blankly at each other, the faces of the two young people white with dismay and a positive anguish of disappointment. Simeon was the one to break the heavy silence.

"And Hertzheimer?" he asked.

"He doesn't know," the mayor gasped.

"Doesn't know?"

"No; that makes the confounded thing worse. Hertzheimer went to Liverpool after the concert last night. He is to come straight on here."

"Eh? My word!" Simeon repeated, helplessly.

"And he'll be at the George here at half-past six, not before. He's ordered two pounds of rump-steak, nearly raw, for dinner," the mayor continued; "and we can't communicate with him."

He finished with a gulp of misery which was suspiciously like a sob, and Marchmont went on, rather feebly:—

"How did you get to know?"

"Why, Madame's maid came by the three-thirty from Manchester and brought the confounded news. The accident had just happened, and Madame had sent her off quick sharp to tell us, and to bring us the piano part marked; and whatever she meant by that," the poor mayor continued, "I know no more than the babe unborn. But it's in that parcel there. So I ran round to you, Marchmont. What are we to do, man? Come, pull your wits together. What the dickens are we to do in this horrible mess? I tell you, the unreserved ladies are picnicking round the doors now on camp-stools. They are having tea sent from the George. And twenty dinners are on order there, besides Hertzheimer's. It's a calamity—a downright calamity."

But Simeon appeared for the moment absolutely overwhelmed, and for another minute the silence in the room was only broken by the rustle of the leaves in the thick and frayed piece of music which Godfrey had extracted from the parcel sent by Mme. Schuster.

It was he who spoke first this time; and Isobel noted with surprise that his face had suddenly flushed even to the roots of his crisply curling, dark-brown hair.

"You must find another pianist, Sir George," he said, quietly; "that is why Mme. Schuster sent her piano part. It is marked throughout. She knew it would be a help to whoever was her substitute."

"Her substitute!" the mayor cried, beating his hands frantically together. "Good heavens, young man! Where in the name of goodness can I get a substitute at a couple of hours' notice?"

"I think I know of one," Godfrey said, with a meaning glance which caused Isobel an actual shock.

"You know of one? Then why the dickens didn't you say so before? Can't you see I'm almost off my head? Who is it? Where is she, or he?"

"She's there at your elbow, Sir George."

"At my elbow?" the bewildered mayor echoed, shifting himself violently in his chair. "What the deuce do you mean, sir?"

"I mean," Godfrey said, his eyes blazing with suppressed excitement—"I mean that Miss Marchmont could take Mme. Schuster's place."

"Godfrey! Oh, no! Oh, Godfrey!"

His heart thrilled with joy as he noted her perfectly unconscious use of his Christian name, but, disregarding her interruption, he proceeded steadily, to the utter amazement of old Simeon:—

"Miss Marchmont is familiar with every phrase of the Morowitch sonata, Sir George, and plays it most exquisitely."

"Good Lord, lad! you don't mean it? What, that pretty child?" the mayor cried, in almost awed astonishment. "I've heard say, Marchmont, that your daughter has come home an A 1 pianist, but I never thought of anything like this!"

Then, turning to the girl, he clutched her tightly by the arm. "Is he telling the truth, that young chap?" he demanded, breathlessly. "Can you play the confounded thing?"

"I can, after a fashion," Isobel replied, faintly; "but, oh, Sir George! to replace Mme. Schuster, to play with the greatest violinist in the world—oh, I couldn't! I should die of fright! Oh, Mr. Sudeley, how could you—how could you?"

Tears choked her voice, and, covering her face with her hands, she broke into a tempest of sobs. The three men watched her for a moment, and then old Simeon's eyes began to gleam, and, crossing to the girl's side, he put his arm round the quivering shoulders.

"My darling," he said, brokenly, "the chance has been sent you; you must not turn from it. For my sake, if not for your own, you must do this, Isobel."

"But, father, dearest, I couldn't. I should break down and shame you cruelly," she sobbed.

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"Nonsense!" he cried; "you will not shame me. I shall be the proudest man in Cheshire to-night. Sudeley is quite right, I am sure. You do play the sonata exquisitely. He's got the soul of a musician, and he has been able to judge you better than I, because he's been a listener and I, like a blind old fool, have been wrapt up in my own doings. Come, Isobel, Sudeley knows, and you must come to the rescue of Stanford."

"And you really think I can do it?—really and truly?" she asked, raising her glittering, excited eyes to Godfrey's.

"I am certain you can do it," he answered, with a thrill in his voice. "When you play with Hertzheimer you will forget everything but the music."

For an instant she looked intently into his eyes, and then she turned to the mayor.

"I will do my best, sir," she faltered. And Sir George, quite carried away by the fervour of his gratitude, pushed old Simeon out of his path and actually kissed her.

"No other substitute would have done half so well," he declared, triumphantly. "Sudeley, I shall be for ever grateful to you. This dear girl is one of our own. Her father is one of our most respected citizens, and we'll stand by his daughter to a man. Lord, there will be an excitement!" he continued, chuckling with delight.

"Good-bye to you all for the present," he went on, seizing his hat. "Buck up, my dearest of girls. I'm just going now to tell them at the George to be awfully careful about that steak."

When the door slammed loudly Simeon Marchmont's pent-up excitement broke loose



"HE FELT HER LITTLE TREMBLING FINGERS AGAINST HIS BARE THROAT, AND SCENTED THE ROSES WHICH NESTLED AGAINST HER SNOWY BOSOM."

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in a torrent of words, of which the only intelligible ones were that a careful rehearsal with the aid of Mme. Schuster's marked score was to be gone through then and there.

But he was too unstrung to play himself, and soon Isobel begged to be allowed to study her part alone. But ere she sat down two new and important considerations forced themselves upon her distracted brain.

What was she to wear? She had no evening dress in any way suitable to the occasion, her only frock being the simple white silk in which, as a student, she had gone up to the platform to receive her medal at Leipsic more than six months before. This, however, would have to do, for there was plainly no time to procure anything different. But who was to turn over the leaves of her music—that marked part of Mme. Schuster's which was absolutely necessary to her?

A glance at her agitated father showed that he was out of the question; his acute nervousness would infect her and make her breakdown inevitable.

"Eh, my word!" Simeon cried once more. "Sudeley will do, for he's got a dress-suit, I'll be bound."

And as Isobel looked into Godfrey's smiling face the trouble faded out of her eyes.

When they met again, at half-past seven, old Simeon opened his eyes in astonishment at the sight of the charming young couple. She in her modest white frock, and the distinguished youth, whose manner was almost courtly as he offered her the bunch of delicate pink roses on which he had expended all his available cash, and which was to add the one touch of colour to what appeared to him her ravishingly simple attire.

And when she had pinned his flowers into the bosom of her gown, the colour of the roses was not more delicate and pure than that in her own peach-like cheeks.

The old man raised his hands in unaffected admiration, and then suddenly his countenance altered.

"My word, lad!" he cried, "your tie is in a pretty muddle."

"My hands were a bit shaky," the young man explained. "I've got out of the way of such things, too. But it will do, sir."

"It won't," Marchmont declared, testily. "It's a disgrace to the establishment. Here, Isobel, you do it for him."

And as Godfrey saw her standing before him, with her sweet face uplifted, and felt her little trembling fingers against his bare throat, and scented the roses which nestled against her snowy bosom, an exquisite thrill ran through him and he sighed involuntarily, a deep sigh of rapture, and at his slight movement she raised her eyes to his.

For a long moment they gazed spellbound at each other, and then the girl's head drooped and she turned from him without a word. But there was no need of speech, there was no secret now between them, and, although old Simeon grumbled at his daughter's clumsiness, declaring that she had made things worse instead of better in the matter of Sudeley's white bow, neither of the two heeded; for they had just passed through the gates of Paradise together, and earthly matters interested them not at all

Herr Hertzheimer's rump-steak had been cooked to perfection—that is to say, it had, to quote the cook, just smelt the fire—and the great artiste was smoking, and beaming with replete satisfaction, when the mayor approached him, quaking with apprehension.

But his disastrous news was received far better than he had anticipated, he being, of course, unaware of the fact that Mme. Schuster had been giving herself airs lately, which airs of equality had secretly exasperated the very irritable and highly-strung violinist. Therefore Herr Hertzheimer was not so sorry as he otherwise might have been to have a chance of proving to Madame that she was not absolutely indispensable to him.

And the mayor's apology at the concert also was most amiably received. The Stanford people had plainly come to hear Hertzheimer, who had reigned supreme in the northern counties for many a year; therefore the relief of the crowded assembly was great when they heard it was Mme. Schuster, who was but a name to them, and who, in fact, had only come to England with the Morowitch sonata, who was the absentee. And when Sir George announced her substitute, and almost emotionally begged their indulgence for the young lady who had so bravely stepped into the breach at the last moment lest her fellow-citizens should miss the joy of hearing the greatest performer on earth interpret the greatest of modern compositions, his words were received with a murmur of applause.

Most of the audience had known Isobel from her childhood, and when the mayor brought the blushing girl forward—for Isobel, as Madame's substitute, had to open the concert with an impromptu of Chopin's—a reception was accorded her which caused her almost fainting heart to flutter with delight, and steadied her nerve in the most surprising way.

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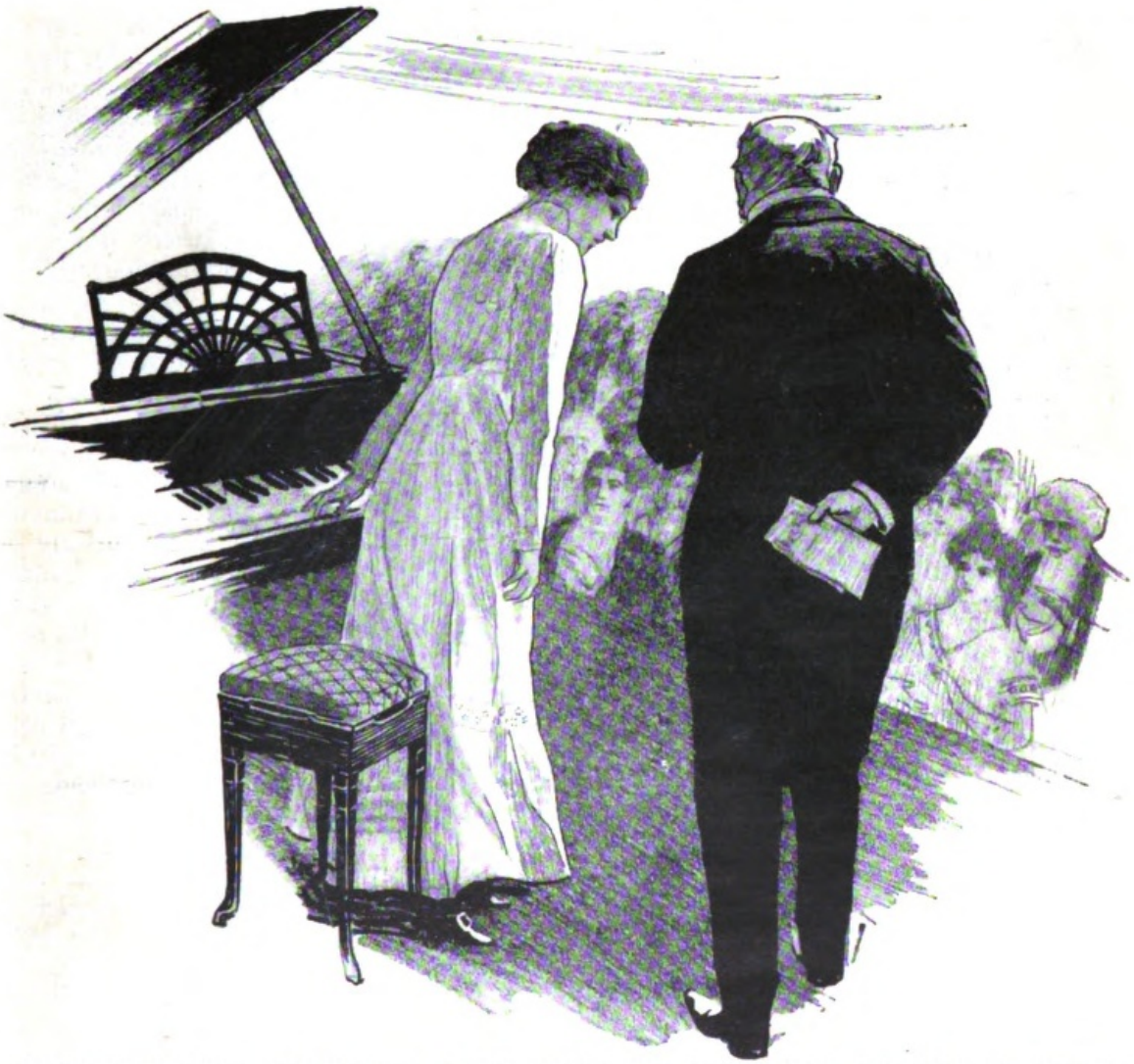
She executed the impromptu of Chopin to such perfection that Godfrey, sitting on the steps which led up to the platform, to get as near her as he could and to be the first to clasp her hand when her task was completed, found his breath coming short and quick with the intensity of his pride and love.

Tears of joy ran down old Simeon's cheeks at this triumph of his darling, and the great Hertzheimer himself, appreciating to the full the brilliance of the performance, laughed kindly as he smote the old man gently on the shoulder, saying, in his guttural German-English :—

"She is a marvel, that little lady of yours. Ach, my friend, no wonder your tears they flow. Mme. Schuster never played that Chopin impromptu better. If she is as goot in the Morowitch we must have some talk, you and I and the little lady. Madame's sprained wrist cannot be mended for many weeks, and I go to Edinburgh in ten days to play the Morowitch and other things. We will see, Herr Marchmont—we will see."

When Isobel came down to them her eyes were radiant and her sweet, tremulous lips were wreathed with smiles, as she listened to the thunders of applause which rewarded her maiden effort.

And presently, when, hand-in-hand with Godfrey, who carried the bulky roll of music, she stepped again on to the platform, in advance of Herr Hertzheimer, it was the young man whose heart was fluttering wildly and whose fingers trembled in her steady grasp.



"A RECEPTION WAS ACCORDED HER WHICH CAUSED HER ALMOST FAINTING HEART TO FLUTTER WITH DELIGHT."

He arranged her music and they seated themselves at the piano, and then there was a little pause to give extra importance to the entry of the unapproachable Hertzheimer. But the pause was sufficiently long for the

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young Countess N——, the great lady of the neighbourhood, to whisper to her husband :—

"Did you ever see such a ripping picture as that girl and boy with those roses? Love among the roses, eh, Bill? Look at his face!"

And then Hertzheimer, with his shaggy, leonine head, kindly eyes, and black-clad figure, slouched up the stairs and on to the platform, and at the sight of him acclamations of delight rent the air.

But at the first sound of the final testing of the strings of his world-famous Stradivarius the noisy clamour suddenly ceased, to be succeeded by a breathless silence.

Never had the allegro which opened the Morowitch sonata gone with a better swing. Violinist and pianist vied with each other in the most friendly rivalry, and Isobel's runs and trills and merrily defiant shakes were no less brilliant than those of the great master himself; and when the movement finished, such a tempest of applause arose that, under its cover, Hertzheimer turned to the triumphant *débutante* and, dabbing his face, down which the moisture streamed, said in an excited undertone :—

"Well done, little lady, well done! That was goot, goot! Now we will reach the souls of these people here. We have tickled them, but now we will make their tears to flow."

And then there followed "The Evening by the Brook-side," and it seemed to Godfrey, as he listened to the marvellous and pellucid strains, that his heart went right out of him. This movement had always been dear to him, but now it was different—quite different to anything he had ever imagined. He was actually walking there, by the brook-side, on which the pure moonlight gleamed, and she was by his side; the air was laden with the scent of roses, his ears were full of the murmur of the brook and the song of the nightingale, and in her sweet eyes he saw her steadfast love; and he knew that they were to walk on by the brook-side, hand-in-hand, even to the very end of their lives. She and he and love!

For five minutes his rapturous dream endured, and then, with a cruel, jarring start, it was shattered.

"Oh, please, please—quick, quick!"

It was Isobel who cried to him, Isobel whose dilated, scared eyes were fixed on his in an agony of reproach, and with a smothered ejaculation he sprang to his feet; but already the little hands were trembling piteously, and false notes caused the sensitive Hertzheimer to shudder painfully.

Desperately Godfrey leaned over the girl and seized the page to turn the leaf, but his hand shook, and, with a discordant crash, the heavy music fell upon the keyboard, enveloping the hands of the player.

For an instant there was a horrified silence, and then Hertzheimer turned to the piano with blazing, terrible eyes.

"Ach! Ach!" he cried, carried away with excitement and wild rage. "It is the last time. The very, very last!" And then, as the startled audience, realizing what had happened, began to murmur sympathetically and to timidly applaud, he shook his fist in a transport, and, rushing across the platform, stumbled heavily down the stairs.

The two left upon the platform sat with pale cheeks and bowed heads, motionless. To Isobel it seemed that she must wait until the excitable master returned, if she sat there until the day of doom, and Godfrey, of course, could not leave her. It was part of his punishment that he should sit there and see her suffer, himself a mark for the finger of scorn to point at.

For an eternity it seemed to them they waited, and with each moment the murmur of the audience grew more ominous. But when the mayor came slowly into view the noise died away, to be succeeded by an uproar that, to the two young people, was actually terrible. For the poor mayor had to announce that Hertzheimer, apparently utterly unstrung, had rushed through the building, jumped into his automobile, which was in waiting, and was already several miles on his way to Manchester.

There was nothing to be done, therefore, but, on behalf of the grieved committee, to deplore the untimely accident which had occurred, and to assure the audience that their entrance-money would be returned to them.

As Godfrey paced his room that night, shut in with his misery, the hisses which had followed him as he crept from the public gaze filled his ears and seared his brain. It was not for himself he cared, but he had crushed Isobel, he had failed her, the girl for whom he would gladly have died. And she had spoken no word of reproach, not one; but her sweet lips had trembled as she faltered out her good night, and she had averted her tearful eyes from his.

They had prepared a little feast in honour of the occasion, but it had been left untouched, and throughout the weary night the young man had paced his room ceaselessly.

He must leave Stanford, that was certain. He had disgraced himself, and she would hate

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"'ACH! ACH!' HE CRIED, CARRIED AWAY WITH EXCITEMENT AND RAGE."

the sight of him. It could not be otherwise, for had he not ruined her fair prospects?

But presently, utterly exhausted with remorseful grief, Godfrey seated himself on the side of the bed, and then he caught sight of a piece of paper that had been pushed under the wide crack of his door so softly it had not attracted his attention. Stooping, he took it up, and then the tears started from his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. It was addressed to him in Isobel's writing.

What had she to say? Was it to ask him to go without seeing her again? With shaking fingers he opened the envelope.

"Dear Mr. Sudeley," Isobel wrote, "I have heard you walking up and down all night, and I am so sorry. But a new day has come now, and we must look forward, not backwards. The thing was an accident. No one was to blame. Let us therefore forget it as soon as possible. There's nothing to be done, so please, please don't worry over it more than you can help. We must make the best of it, and now I am going to try to

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sleep. You do the same.—Yours most sincerely, ISOBEL MARCHMONT."

With a sob he pressed his lips to the paper.

"There is nothing to be done," he murmured aloud; "nothing to be done! Oh, Heaven! It's too hard to bear. My darling! My darling!"

Going to his window, he leant out of it. The sky was full of the glory of the sunrise. The birds twittered, and the soft, scented breeze blew in his haggard young face, carrying with it the spirit of hope. He caught his breath sharply, and then into his strained eyes there flashed a new thought.

"It is half-past three," he muttered. "I could do it in five hours."

And then, treading softly, he took up a cloth cap and, going from his room, stole down the stairs and out of the house.

At nine o'clock Herr Hertzheimer lay in his pyjamas outside his bed in the Manchester hotel. He had already breakfasted, and now he was smoking, but there was a frown on his rugged brow, and every now and then he raised his clenched brown fist and brought it down with a sounding thump on the spring mattress.

He was thoroughly out of temper. That, however, was not a rare occurrence with the highly-strung, nervous artiste; but on this occasion he was out of temper with himself. There was nothing mean about the renowned German, but he was fond of money, and he saw that he could not possibly retain the handsome cheque which had been paid to him in advance by the Stanford concert committee. This certainly was not a matter of serious consequence to the wealthy musician, but it added to the annoyance he felt in realizing that, in his utter loss of self-control the night before, he had, before the eyes of his beloved public, made a fool of himself.

"My nerves," he muttered, "my infernal nerves! Ach! but it was awful, just at that moment!"

And then there came a knock at his door, and his elderly English valet entered.

"A young man wishes to see you, sir," he said, timidly.

"A young man—what young man?"

"He is a stranger to me, sir, and he looks very queer, but I should say he was a gentleman."

"But—— Did he not give a name?"

"Scarcely a name, sir, but——"

"Well?"

"Well, sir, I was to tell you he was the man who turned the leaves of the music."

With a cry of astonishment Hertzheimer flung away his cigar and, jumping up, thrust his bare feet into slippers.

"Show him up," he said, harshly. "I shall feel better when I've spoken a bit of what is in my mind."

But when Godfrey Sudeley entered the room and stood with bent head before him, there came a sudden click in the great musician's throat, which choked back the torrent of his angry words. Hertzheimer had a big, tender heart, or he would not have been the renowned artiste he was, and the sight of this woe-begone, pale youth, with the split patent leather shoes, the dusty, disordered evening dress, and the crumpled shirt-front and deplorable collar and neck-bow, seemed to him infinitely pathetic.

He stared at him a moment, and then, as the other remained silent, he commenced, forcing a wrathful tone:—

"Ach! and so it is you? And what the deuce do you mean by coming here?"

Godfrey raised his pleading eyes, and the German winced.

"I have come, sir, to beg for justice."

"For justice? Ach, my word!"

"Not for myself—for her."

"For her?"

"For Miss Marchmont. Oh, sir, it was all my fault. Don't punish her. Don't make the awful thing too hard for me to bear."

"Ach, but——"

"I know, I know, it was terrible, but she was not to blame. She will be a great artiste some day, but she needs a helping hand. Oh, don't break my heart. It was my fault—my fault—and yours."

"My fault?" Hertzheimer cried.

And then Godfrey lifted his drooping head and spoke excitedly and fast.

"It was this way. I had played that andante movement with her so often; we used to call it 'The Evening by the Brookside,' and we loved it—oh, how we loved it! And I thought I understood it; but when you played it, it was as if I had never heard it before. There was actually the murmur of the brook and the song of the nightingale, and the moonlight shining on the water and in her eyes, and the scent of the roses was round us, and we walked on together, always alone, and together."

His voice broke and he covered his eyes for a moment, and then he added, faintly, "And so I forgot to turn the leaves. I lost myself in a dream of heaven, and woke in torment."

There was a long pause, and then Hertzheimer, laying his hand upon the bowed

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shoulders, forced the young man gently into a chair and, still holding him, rocked him to and fro.

"Oh, you silly young ass!" he murmured, tenderly. "You dear, appreciative, poetical, silly, silly young ass!"

And at noon that day the cloud which lowered over the house of Simeon Marchmont rolled away before a glorious stream of sunlight; for Godfrey Sudeley returned with such wonderful news that for the moment daughter and father doubted the evidence of their own ears, in the fear that the exhilarated but travel-stained youth, who appeared perfectly unconscious of his disgraceful appearance, had become temporarily demented.

Hertzheimer was coming in the afternoon, he announced, to clinch the touring engagement with Isobel, and, better still, Hertzheimer had tested his powers, and he also was to accompany the concert party to play second violin in a trio for piano and two fiddles, which was to form a portion of their repertoire.



"I HAVE COME, SIR, TO BEG FOR JUSTICE."

And when, later in the day, Simeon Marchmont timidly suggested to the great man the necessity for providing Isobel with a suitable chaperon, a humorous twinkle appeared in the deep-set brown eyes which beamed so benevolently upon them all.

"Ach! that will be all right, Mr. Marchmont," he said. "We do not make the start of the concert for ten days. There is goot time for everything. These two foolish young dears have already walked often by that brook-side in the evenings, I'm told——"

"Sir!" the amazed father exclaimed.

"Well, then, they had better enter on life's journey together before we start for Edinburgh. Then we shall need no chaperon."

Three months later Simeon Marchmont received the following letter:—

"DEAR FRIEND MARCHMONT,—The tour is a splendid success; but I am still deeply regretful for my conduct at Stanford. I couldn't help it, however—I'm made so. But this is what we all three wish. We wish to give a concert at Stanford early in November, and to charge you nothing at all. Let the money go to the local hospital. Will you approach the mayor for me? Tell him both Sudeley and I want to make atonement. We shall not require anyone to turn over the leaves—Isobel knows the Morowitch as well as I do now.—Yours ever,

"MORITZ HERTZHEIMER."

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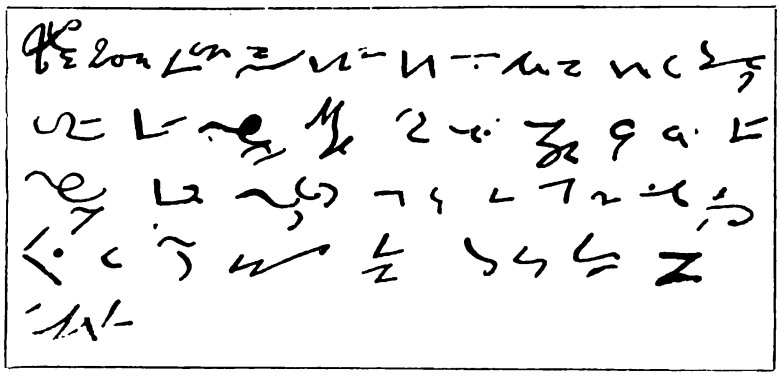
The Story and Romance of Shorthand.

AN ART THAT HAS A MILLION VOTARIES.

By ARTHUR T. DOLLING.

"SHORTHAND!" wrote Thackeray. "What an accomplishment to boast about! Look at this. Nothing could be easier. You do not know what it means? Of course not. Neither do I. Neither does it. But what of that? Shorthand, indeed!"

Could this humorous raillery have been evoked by David Copperfield's assertion that shorthand, as an accomplishment, was "about equal to the mastery of six languages"?



PORTION OF A SPEECH BY CICERO IN SHORTHAND, B.C. 61.

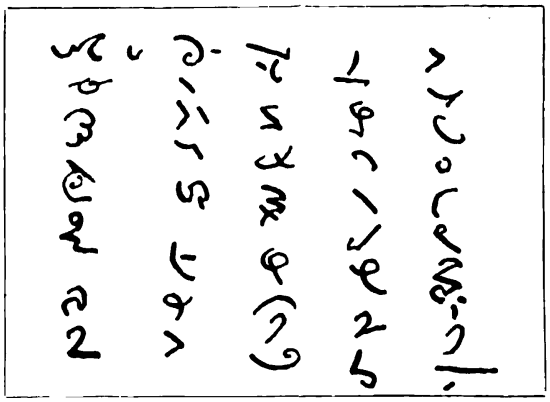
Think of it. To-day there are nearly a million shorthand writers in the kingdom. They have journals of their own, societies of their own, even clubs of their own; and the wonder is, so great is the success attained by these scribes and their systems, that anybody can be found who will trouble to express their thoughts in so cumbersome a calligraphy as longhand at all.

Why should not everybody write shorthand? Why should not THE STRAND MAGAZINE itself be printed in shorthand? It has, as Mr. W. F. Lambert writes to us to say, frequently been transcribed, either wholly or in part, by numerous students, the latest being an ambitious native on the West Coast of Africa, who writes telling his tutor that "This enormous-interest periodical was by me phonographed in nineteen pleasing hours."

Next year will see the centenary of the founder of phonography, and there is to be an exhibition in London of rare and curious specimens of the art of shorthand, illustrating its history from the earliest times. By the courtesy of several of the exhibitors we are enabled to reproduce some of these specimens, which will surely command universal interest.

Shorthand is now so well known and so widely practised that we are apt to think of it merely as a product of our own bustling times. Nevertheless, the history of the art of shorthand writing extends over a period of some thousands of years, and its origin, in spite of much discussion and the production of an enormous amount of literature on the subject, is obscured in the mists of antiquity. It is a history filled with humour, with romance, and even with tragedy.

The first system of which we have definite knowledge has itself a romantic story. It is the system of Marcus Tullius Tiro, originally a slave of the immortal Cicero. Whether Tiro was the inventor of the method he used, whether it was devised by Cicero, or whether the system was much older than either, are points upon which historians have squabbled for centuries, but the fact remains that Tiro became so proficient in the art (if it had not been for this gifted slave many of the famous orator's most treasured speeches would never have been recorded) and so useful to his master that he was given his freedom by

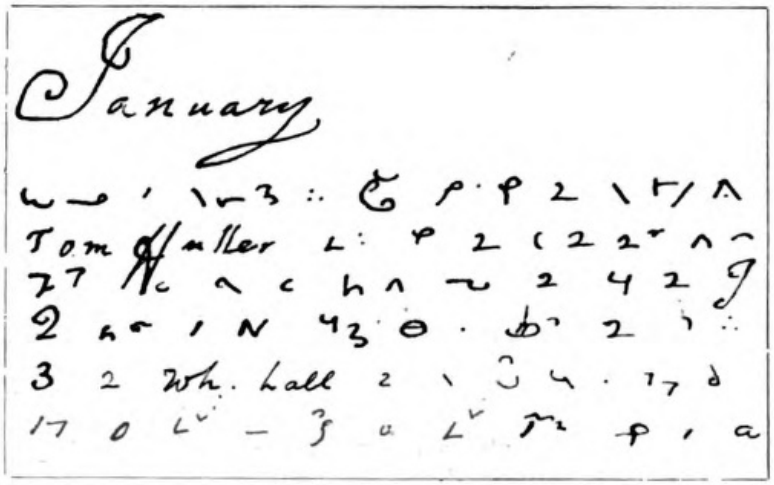


A SPECIMEN OF BRIGHT'S SHORTHAND, WRITTEN IN 1592, USED FOR TAKING DOWN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

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Cicero, becoming his private secretary and staunch friend.

This is romance. There are both humour and tragedy in the fate of Cassianus, who was a teacher of shorthand at Imola during the fourth century. Whether it was the fault of the teacher or the system we are not told, but the class one day became so exasperated that they attacked and killed the unfortunate Cassianus with their styluses. The system he used was that of Tiro, which survived for many centuries, and though extremely useful in the absence of any better method, it did not always lead to that accuracy which could be desired, as a certain unhappy notary found when the Emperor Severus ordered that the sinews of the fingers of his right hand should be cut on account of some inaccuracy! Nevertheless, Tiro's system survived in a more or less imperfect state down to mediæval times.



AN ENTRY FROM PEPYS'S DIARY FOR JANUARY 5, 1660.



SAMUEL PEPYS TAKING DOWN CHARLES II.'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth there was a sudden revival of interest in shorthand in England. Dr. Timothy Bright published his system, the first English one, in 1588, and was followed in 1590 by Peter Bales. In 1602 came John Willis, who was the first to devise a method on alphabetical lines, a method crude indeed when compared with modern standards, but nevertheless the forerunner of all our modern systems.

Scholars are in doubt whether it was the system of Bright or Willis which was used for taking down Shakespeare's plays. For, little as we pause to reflect upon it, Shakespeare's plays were nearly all first taken down in shorthand, and it is from the reporter's transcripts that the plays were, for the most part, printed in the poet's lifetime. It is this fact that accounts for the odd variants in the text. The greatest interest, therefore, must attach to a specimen of Bright's shorthand reproducing a portion of Leonato's speech in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act V., beginning :—

I pray thee, cease thy counsel.

Thomas Heywood, a contemporary of Shakespeare, says that his own play of "Queen Elizabeth"

Did throng the seats, the boxes and the stage
So much that some by stenography drew
A plot, put it in print, scarce one word true.

As all the world knows, the inimitable

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"'THEY TELL ME YOU'RE THE LEADING PHONOGRAPHER,' SHE SAID TO SIR ISAAC PITMAN, 'AND I'VE COME TO HAVE MY PHONOGRAPH MENDED.'"

Samuel Pepys wrote his diary in shorthand, and by the same means took down, in 1680, Charles II.'s own account of the Battle of Worcester. Previous to this the debates in the House of Commons at the time of the arrest of the five members by Charles I. were said to have been taken down verbatim by one John Rushworth.

All sorts of names have been given to systems of shorthand—besides tachygraphy, brachygraphy, stenography, and phonography. As to this last, another and quite different invention has now rendered it dubious, and the late Sir Isaac Pitman was once quite annoyed when a woman came to him at his house in Bath and carefully unwrapped a large parcel.

"They tell me you're the leading phonographer," she said, "and I've come to have my phonograph mended."

Gurney, who published his system in 1752, wrote in the preface :—

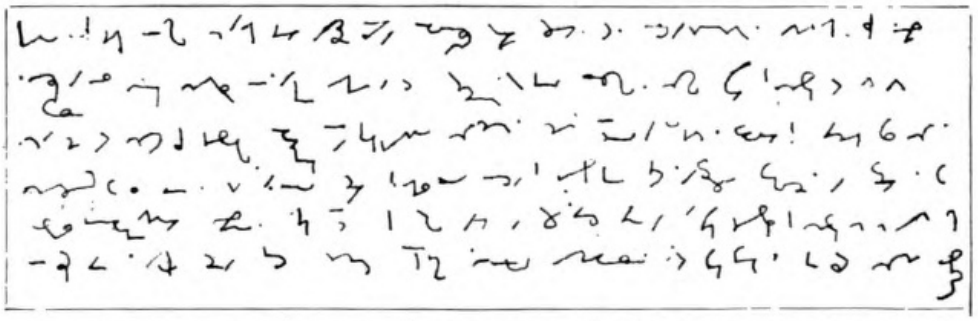
> Good or bad Sense are wrote with equal Speed,
> No need of Grammar Rules to write or read ;
> Let wise or foolish with their words abound
> The faithful Pen shall copy every sound:
> Ages unborn shall rise, shall read, and say,
> "Thus! thus! our Fathers did their Minds convey."

It was Gurney's book, at half a guinea, that young Charles Dickens bought when he resolved to become, as his father had done before him, a shorthand writer.

There are several notebooks in existence used by Dickens as a reporter, and specimens even of his writing many years after he ceased to be a professional shorthand writer. How vividly he describes his acquisition of the art!

"The changes that were rung upon dots, which in such a position meant such a thing, and in such another position something else entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effects of a curve in a wrong place; not only troubled my waking hours, but reappeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way blindly through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, there appeared a procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters; the most despotic characters I have ever known; who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cobweb meant expectation, and that a pen-and-ink sky-rocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up I dropped the other fragments of the system; in short, it was almost heart-breaking."

"Boz" was fond of relating stories of his shorthand career. Once, at Exeter, he took



A SPECIMEN OF CHARLES DICKENS'S SHORTHAND, TAKEN FROM ONE OF HIS NOTE-BOOKS (1833). [*Miss Hogarth.*

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down an election speech of Lord John Russell "in the midst of a lively fight maintained by all the vagabonds in that division of the county, and in the midst of such a pelting rain that I remember two good-natured colleagues who chanced to be at leisure held a pocket-handkerchief over my notebook, after the manner of a state canopy in an ecclesiastical procession."

Lord Chief Justice Campbell, who held office at the time of the trial of Warren Hastings, found occasion to complain of the inaccuracy of the shorthand reports. Burke had remarked that "Virtue does not depend upon climates and degrees." According to Lord Campbell, Hastings's shorthand-writer had rendered this as "Virtue does not depend upon climaxes and trees." But the Lord Chief Justice seems to have been himself mistaken, for the transcript of the original shorthand notes, preserved at the British Museum, gives a different version of the mistake, and reads "but by climaxes such as these."

A volume could be filled with amusing stories of shorthand mistakes, the greater number of them due to mistaken vowels. For instance, "This day is big with fate," was transcribed, "This day is big with fat," whilst "Do not indulge in spite" came out "Do not indulge in spit," and "A house of many gables" was transformed into "A house of many gabbles." The use of a wrong vowel may have the most amusing result, as in the phrase, "Man, know thyself," which was once converted, in the report of a sermon, into "Man, gnaw thyself." To misplace a vowel is, in shorthand, the easiest thing in the world. Mr. T. A. Reed, the well-known reporter, tells of a pupil who by this means turned "mighty acts" into "mighty cats," and another report of a sermon was spoiled by the advice "Return a blow with an axe" instead of "a kiss."

The "reporting style," in which the vowels are omitted altogether for the sake of rapidity, is responsible for the famous American story of the shorthand clerk who took down a note of his wife's instruction to "Be sure and remember to bring home some Castile soap," and, as a result, returned home with a tin of ox-tail soup!



CHARLES DICKENS TAKING DOWN AN ELECTION SPEECH OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL IN THE RAIN, WHILE TWO COLLEAGUES HELD A HANDKERCHIEF OVER HIS NOTEBOOK.

Newspaper readers are sometimes astonished by mistakes on the part of reporters. Consider, for instance, the surprise of the readers of a certain staid daily some years ago when they learned that a public man had the night before solemnly announced that "All reforms in this country have been brought about by Prussia"! The word the great man had really used was "pressure," not "Prussia." So, too, considerable astonishment was caused when "curates," instead of "pew rates" were reported to be "the greatest enemies of the Church." A somewhat similar type of error was perpetrated by the reporter who made Lord Carnarvon say that "In these days clergymen are expected to have the wisdom and learning of a journeyman tailor." What he had said was, of course, "a Jeremy Taylor." Another reporter referred to John Bright as "the gamecock," instead of "the Gamaliel of Birmingham," and yet another transcribed his notes of Mr. Chamberlain's remark, "They bring up their puny pop-guns

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and spatter me with abuse" as "They bring out their penny pop-guns and spatter me with peas." The people of Edinburgh were once highly indignant that Professor Blackie should have referred to the "greasy" atmosphere of their town, when he had really been commending its "breezy atmosphere."

A really expert shorthand writer can do some surprising things at times. Mr. B. de Bear, the well-known principal of Pitman's School, tells how he made use of his art in somewhat unusual circumstances, and how he has found it of value when no other means of communication would have been possible.

"I remember being in a railway station in a country town at holiday time," said Mr. de Bear. "The station was besieged with 'trippers,' and, having got in, it was impossible to get out again. I was most anxious to communicate with a friend standing in the street some little distance away, and on the window-pane of the waiting-room I communicated my message by writing reversed shorthand, the outlines thus reading correctly to my friend in the street. By using the thumb for thick strokes and the first finger for thin, there was no difficulty at all in telegraphing my thoughts. In no other circumstances would it have been possible to effect the same purpose."



"I COMMUNICATED MY MESSAGE BY WRITING REVERSED SHORTHAND, THE OUTLINES THUS READING CORRECTLY TO MY FRIEND IN THE STREET."

On another occasion, when Mr. de Bear was lecturing on shorthand matters at Harrogate, the proceedings were opened by the mayor with a speech of about five minutes' duration. The mayor was considerably astonished when he found that the lecturer had taken down the whole of his remarks on the somewhat limited area provided by his shirt-cuff, which he had previously prepared for the purpose with horizontal lines.

When George du Maurier died, a sentence in the report was made to read: "He was distinguished for his *clatter*, and the world was the *purer* for his demise." Shorthand writers will appreciate the errors. "The second instance," said Mr. de Bear, "reminds me of a clever mnemonic furnished by a foreign student some years ago. According to the Pitmanic rules, 'poor' and 'pure' would be written in the same manner, both ending with the downward 'r.' Special distinction is, however, provided, so that these two likely words will not clash. The student referred to informed me one day that he had discovered the means of remembering which was which, adding: 'For when you are "poor" you go down, and when you are "pure" you go up.'

"In the early editions of the 'Phonographic Teacher' one or two hymns were given, and I well remember the trouble occasioned to young students by the line printed in shorthand, 'Revives my soul with grace.' The last word was frequently mistranscribed 'grass,' but still more popularly as 'grease,' and when this was coupled with the misspelling of the word 'soul' as 'sole' the transformation was complete."

A remarkable, but quite understandable, error is that which changes one's "birthplace" into one's "burial-place," as is also the error which changed a speaker's statement that "The law on the subject was all right" into the very different remark that "The law on the subject was all rot."

Mr. Brodrick, when War Minister, said in a speech: "There is no training for general officers and their staff in times of peace." The unsuspecting transcriber, by just failing to observe "position," rendered it—"There is no training for general officers, and *they are stiff* in times of peace." Later, Mr. Brodrick said, "This is a wild scheme for augmenting the Army." This came out as "gammoning" the Army, and the moral will not be lost on budding reporters.

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"A NOTE, MARKED 'URGENT,' WAS PASSED UP TO HIM."

Once, when giving evidence as an expert witness before the late Lord Chief Justice Russell of Killowen, the whole of the dispute turned upon whether a certain outline in a shorthand clerk's notebook was intended as a thick or thin stroke. Mr. de Bear gave his opinion, and was supported by the counsel on the one side, Sir Edward Clarke, himself a shorthand writer of no mean attainments. Lord Russell, in a particularly bad humour, would have none of it, and despite all the weight of evidence from people who might be supposed to know, positively refused to accept the suggestion that anybody in any circumstances could preserve a distinction between the values of strokes when taking notes. "Only I observe," he said, turning to Mr. Asquith, counsel for the other side, "that our friend is resolved to stand by his client 'through thick and thin.'"

Once a well-known M.P., speaking at a political meeting in the provinces, was becoming carried away by his own eloquence and was delivering his speech faster and faster as he became more excited. Just as he had reached the climax of his oration and was holding his audience spell-bound with a flood of eloquence, a note, marked "urgent," was passed up to him. Opening it, he read as follows: "Will you be kind enough not to talk so fast? I can only write ninety words a minute, and you're firing away like an express engine. Please go a little slower."

"Right," answered the speaker, and the rest of the speech was delivered at a pace well within the amateur reporter's powers.

The story is probably apocryphal about Mr. Gladstone rebuking a certain youthful reporter for making him say that certain nuns had taken the "cows of chastity," and adding that "he had not premeditated this accusation of bovine larceny." Once, during the Midlothian campaign, noticing with chagrin a masterly inactivity amongst the journalists during a certain part of his speech, the orator said, "I am rejoiced to see that my friends of the Press are not taking this down. For I wish to speak to you in strict confidence, etc."—a manœuvre which had the effect, of course, of setting the pencils busily at work again. It was John Bright who said of a very rapid but physically diminutive gallery stenographer, "The Almighty seems to have writ him in shorthand."

To Mr. J. D. Sloan, secretary of the Sloan-Duployan Society, we are indebted for the following:—

There is in the Far West a remarkable shorthand newspaper, the *Kamloops Wawa*.



"I AM REJOICED TO SEE THAT MY FRIENDS OF THE PRESS ARE NOT TAKING THIS DOWN."

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A MISSIONARY INITIATING A CLASS OF REDSKINS INTO THE MYSTERIES OF SHORTHAND.

If there be any romance in shorthand, here it is. A Breton missionary, Father J. M. Le Jeune, arrives in British Columbia to take charge of a large territory some fifty miles square in extent. With so much ground to cover, his personal visits to each little settlement can only be few and far between. He realizes the urgent necessity for a means of written intercommunication between his headquarters and the numerous native villages. But the Indian tribes in these districts possess no written language, and the missionary's persevering attempts to teach them to read and write end in repeated failure. He is on the point of abandoning hope when a happy inspiration occurs to him: "They have failed at longhand; why not try them with shorthand?" He is already acquainted with the Duployan system, and immediately puts the idea to the test. His first class proves an entire success, and its members, when proficient, are sent forth to spread the new knowledge throughout the territory. The result is that to-day there are some thousands of redskin stenographers in the North-West able to write and read their own language by no other means than shorthand. They subscribe to the *Kamloops Wawa*, which not only gives them local and religious news, but also the chief items of world news, all in shorthand. Kamloops is the headquarters of Father Le Jeune, and ***wawa***, in the Chinook, means "talk," hence the title of this remarkable newspaper.

Of the humorous shorthand drawing by Lord Albemarle, which is here reproduced, his lordship furnishes the following description. "The faces of the happy pair are outlined by the two principal classes of phonographic letters, the man's face by the surds p, t, ch, k, and the breaths f, th, s, sh, which are male sounds—mere consonant contacts without voice or affection; and the woman's face being formed by the affectionate vocal surds and continuants. On the neck of the woman lie the vocal or affectionate nasals, liquids, and coalescents; and between the sturdy male and the smiling female lies the aspirant h, waiting for the first of the six vowels beneath to give utterance to 'Ha! ha! ha! formed for each other!'"



A DRAWING IN SHORTHAND BY THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

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WASSILISSA THE BEAUTIFUL.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

Re-told from the Russian by Post Wheeler.

IN a certain kingdom there once lived a merchant. He had been married for twelve years, but in that time there had been born to him only one child, a daughter, who from her cradle was called Wassilissa the Beautiful. When the little girl was eight years old the mother fell ill, and before many days it was plain to be seen that she must die. So she called her little daughter to her, and, taking a tiny wooden doll from under the blanket of the bed, put it into her hands and said :—

" My little Wassilissa, I leave to you this little doll. It is very precious, for there is no other like it in the whole world. Carry it about in your pocket, and never show it to anyone. When evil threatens you or sorrow befalls you go into a corner, take it from your pocket, and give it something to eat and drink. It will eat and drink a little, and then you may tell it your trouble and ask its advice, and it will tell you how to act."

Little Wassilissa grieved greatly for her mother, and her sorrow was so deep that when the dark night came she lay in her bed and wept, and did not sleep. At length she bethought herself of the tiny doll, so she rose and took it from the pocket of her gown, and, finding a piece of wheat-bread and a cup of milk, she set them before it and said :—

" There, my little doll, take it. Eat a little and drink a little, and listen to my grief. My dear mother is dead, and I am lonely without her."

Then the doll's eyes began to shine like fire-flies, and suddenly it became alive. It ate a morsel of the bread and took a sip of the milk, and when it had finished it said :—

" Do not weep, little Wassilissa. Grief is worst at night. Lie down, shut your eyes, comfort yourself, and go to sleep. The morning is wiser than the evening."

So Wassilissa the Beautiful lay down and went to sleep, and the next day her grieving was not so deep and her tears were less bitter.

Now, after the death of his wife the merchant sorrowed for many days, as was right, but at the end of that time he began to desire to marry again, and to look about him for a suitable wife. The one who suited him best of all was a widow of about his own age, with two daughters of her own, and she, he thought, besides being a good housekeeper, would be a kind foster-mother to his little Wassilissa.

So the merchant married the widow, and brought her home as his wife, but the little girl soon found that her foster-mother was very far from being what her father had thought. She was a cold, cruel woman, who had desired the merchant for the sake of his wealth, and had no love for his daughter. Wassilissa was the greatest beauty in the whole village, while her own daughters were as spare and homely as two crows, and because

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of this all three envied and hated her. They gave her all sorts of errands to run and difficult tasks to perform, in order that the toil might make her thin and worn, and that her face might grow brown from sun and wind, and they treated her cruelly. But all this the little Wassilissa endured without complaint, and while the stepmother's two daughters grew always thinner and uglier, in spite of the fact that they had no hard tasks to do, never went out in cold or rain, and sat always with their arms folded like ladies of a Court, she herself had cheeks like roses and milk, and grew every day more and more beautiful.

Now, the reason for this was the tiny doll, without whose help little Wassilissa could never have managed to do all the work that was laid upon her. Every night, when everyone else was sound asleep, she would get up from her bed, take the doll into her arms, and, locking the door, give it something to eat and drink, and say:—

"There, my little doll, take it. Eat a little, drink a little, and listen to my grief. I live in my father's house, but my spiteful stepmother wishes to drive me out of the world. Tell me: how shall I act, and what shall I do?"

Then the little doll's eyes would begin to shine like glow-worms, and it would become alive. It would eat a little food and sip a little drink, and then it would comfort her and tell her how to act. While Wassilissa slept it would get ready all her work for the next day, so that she had only to rest in the shade and gather flowers, for the doll would have the kitchen garden weeded, and the beds of cabbage watered, and plenty of fresh water brought from the well, and the stoves heated exactly right. And beside this the little doll told her how to make, from a certain herb, an ointment which prevented her from ever being sunburnt. So all the joy in life that came to Wassilissa came to her through the tiny doll that she always carried in her pocket.

Years passed, till Wassilissa grew up and became of an age when it is good to marry. All the young men in the village, high and low, rich and poor, asked for her hand, while not one of them stopped even to look at the stepmother's two daughters, so ill-favoured were they. This angered their mother still more against Wassilissa; she answered every gallant who came with the same words: "Never shall the younger be married before the older ones!" and every time when she had let a suitor out of the door she would soothe her anger and hatred by beating her stepdaughter. So, while Wassilissa grew every day more lovely and graceful, she was often miserable, and but for the little doll in her pocket she would have longed to leave the world.

At last there came a time when it was necessary for the merchant to leave his home and to travel to a distant kingdom. He bade farewell to his wife and her two daughters, kissed Wassilissa and gave her his blessing, and departed, bidding them say a prayer each day for his safe return. Scarcely was he out of sight of the village, however, when his wife sold his house, packed all his goods, and moved with them to another dwelling far from the town, in a gloomy neighbourhood on the edge of a wild forest. Here every day, while her two daughters were working indoors, the merchant's wife would send Wassilissa on one errand or other into the forest, either to find a branch of a certain rare bush or to bring her flowers or berries.

Now, deep in this forest, as the stepmother well knew, there was a green lawn, and on the lawn stood a miserable little hut on hen's legs, where lived a certain Baba-Yaga, an old witch grandmother. She lived alone, and none dared go near the hut, for she ate people as one eats chickens. The merchant's wife sent Wassilissa into the forest every day, hoping she might meet the old witch and be devoured; but every day the girl came home safe and sound, because the little doll showed her where the bush, the flowers, and the berries grew, and did not let her go near the hut that stood on hen's legs. And each time the stepmother hated her more and more because she came to no harm.

One autumn evening the merchant's wife called the three girls to her and gave them each a task. One of her daughters she bade make a piece of lace, the other to knit a pair of hose, and to Wassilissa she gave a basket of flax to be spun. She bade each finish a certain amount. Then she put out all the fires in the house, leaving only a single candle lighted in the room where the three girls worked, and she herself went to sleep.

They worked an hour, they worked two hours, they worked three hours, when one of the elder daughters took up the tongs to straighten the wick of the candle. She pretended to do this awkwardly (as her mother had bidden her) and put the candle out, as if by accident.

"What are we to do now?" asked her sister. "The fires are all out, there is no

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other light in all the house, and our tasks are not done."

"We must go and fetch fire," said the first.



"SHE ANSWERED EVERY GALLANT WHO CAME WITH THE SAME WORDS, 'NEVER SHALL THE YOUNGER BE MARRIED BEFORE THE OLDER ONES.'"

"The only house near is a hut in the forest, where the Baba-Yaga lives. One of us must go and borrow fire from her."

"I have enough light from my steel pins," said the one who was making the lace, "and I will not go."

"And I have enough light from my silver needles," said the other, who was knitting the hose, "and *I* will not go."

"You, Wassilissa," they both said, "shall go and fetch the fire, for you have neither

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steel pins nor silver needles, and cannot see to spin your flax!"

They both rose up, pushed Wassilissa out of the house, and locked the door, crying: "You shall not come in till you have fetched the fire."

Wassilissa sat down on the doorstep, took the tiny doll from one pocket and from another the supper she had ready, put the food before it, and said:—

"There, my little doll, take it. Eat a little and listen to my sorrow. I must go to the hut of the old Baba-Yaga in the dark forest to borrow some fire, and I fear she will eat me. Tell me: what shall I do?"

Then the doll's eyes began to shine like two stars, and it became alive. It ate a little and said:—

"Do not fear, little Wassilissa. Go where you have been sent. While I am with you no harm shall come to you from the old witch."

So Wassilissa put the doll back into her pocket, crossed herself, and started out into the dark, wild forest.

The wood was very dark, and she could not help trembling from fear. Suddenly she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and a man on horseback galloped past her. He was dressed all in white, the horse under him was milk-white, and the harness was white, and just as he passed her it became twilight.

She went a little farther, and again she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and there came another man on horseback galloping past her. He was dressed all in red, and the horse under him was blood-red, and its harness was red, and just as he passed her the sun rose.

That whole day Wassilissa walked, for she had lost her way. She could find no path at all in the dark wood, and she had no food to set before the little doll to make it alive.

But at evening she came all at once to the green lawn where the wretched little hut stood on its hen's legs. The wall around the hut was made of human bones, and on its top were skulls. There was a gate in the wall, whose hinges were the bones of human feet, and whose locks were jaw-bones set with sharp teeth. The sight filled Wassilissa with horror, and she stopped as still as a post buried in the ground.

As she stood there a third man on horseback came galloping up. His face was black, he was dressed all in black, and the horse he rode was coal-black. He galloped up to the gate of the hut, and disappeared there as if he had sunk through the ground, and at that moment night came and the forest grew dark.

But it was not dark on the green lawn, for instantly the eyes of all the skulls on the wall were lighted up, and shone till the place was as bright as day. When she saw this Wassilissa trembled so with fear that she could not run away.

Then suddenly the wood became full of a terrible noise; the trees began to groan, the branches to creak, and the dry leaves to rustle, and the Baba-Yaga came flying from the forest. She was riding in a great iron mortar and driving it with the pestle, and as she came she swept away her trail behind her with a kitchen broom.

She rode up to the gate and, stopping, said:—

"Little House, little House,
Stand the way thy mother placed thee,
Turn thy back to the forest and thy face to me!"

And the little hut turned, facing her, and stood still. Then, smelling all round her, she cried:—

"Foo! Foo! I smell a 'smell that is Russian. Who is here?"

Wassilissa, in great fright, came nearer to the old woman, and, bowing very low, said:—

"It is only Wassilissa, grandmother. My stepmother's daughters sent me to you to borrow some fire."

"Well," said the old witch, "I know them. But if I give you the fire you shall stay with me some time and do some work to pay for it. If not, you shall be eaten for my supper." Then she turned to the gate and shouted: "Ho! You, my solid locks, unlock! You, my stout gate, open!"

Instantly the locks unlocked, the gate opened of itself, and Baba-Yaga rode in whistling. Wassilissa entered behind her, and immediately the gate shut again and the locks snapped tight.

When they had entered the hut the old witch threw herself down on the stove, stretched out her bony legs, and said:—

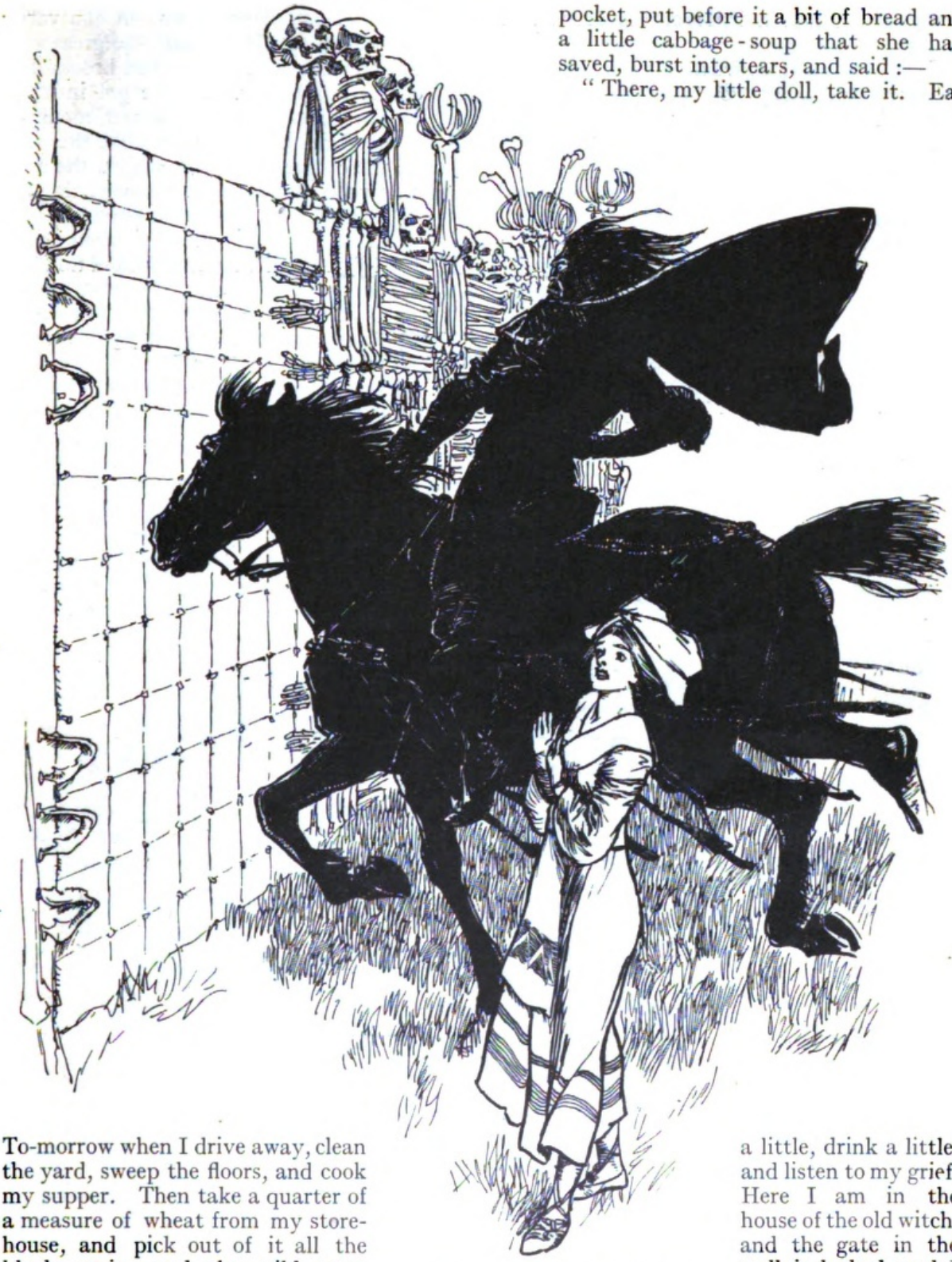
"Come, fetch and put on the table at once everything that is in the oven. I am hungry."

So Wassilissa ran and lighted a chip of wood from one of the skulls on the wall, and took the food from the oven and set it before her. There was enough cooked meat for three strong men. She brought also from the cellar milk, honey, beer, and wine, and the Baba-Yaga ate and drank the whole, leaving the girl only a little cabbage-soup, a crust of bread, and a morsel of sucking-pig.

When her hunger was satisfied the old witch, growing drowsy, lay down on the stove, and said:—

"Listen to me well, and do what I bid you.

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"HIS FACE WAS BLACK AND THE HORSE HE RODE WAS COAL-BLACK."

To-morrow when I drive away, clean the yard, sweep the floors, and cook my supper. Then take a quarter of a measure of wheat from my store-house, and pick out of it all the black grains and the wild peas. Mind you do all that I bid you; if not, then you shall be eaten for my supper."

Presently Baba-Yaga turned towards the wall and began to snore, and Wassilissa knew that she was fast asleep. Then she went into the corner, took the tiny doll from her pocket, put before it a bit of bread and a little cabbage-soup that she had saved, burst into tears, and said:—

"There, my little doll, take it. Eat a little, drink a little, and listen to my grief. Here I am in the house of the old witch, and the gate in the wall is locked, and I am afraid. She has given me a difficult task, and if I do not do all she has bidden she will eat me to-morrow. Tell me: what shall I do?"

Then the eyes of the little doll began to shine like two candles. It ate a little of the

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bread and drank a little of the soup, and said :—

"Do not be afraid, Wassilissa the Beautiful. Be comforted. Say your prayers and go to sleep. The morning is wiser than the evening."

So Wassilissa trusted the little doll, and was comforted. She said her prayers and lay down on the floor and went fast asleep.

When she woke next morning, very early, it was still dark. She rose and looked out of the window, and she saw that the eyes of the skulls on the wall were growing dim. As she looked the man dressed all in white, riding the milk-white horse, galloped swiftly around the corner of the hut, leaped the wall, and disappeared, and as it went it became quite light, and the eyes of the skulls flickered and went out. The old witch was in the yard; now she began to whistle, and the great iron mortar and pestle and the kitchen broom flew out of the hut to her. As she got into the mortar the man dressed all in red, mounted on the blood-red horse, galloped like the wind around the corner of the hut, leaped the wall, and was gone, and at that moment the sun rose. Then the Baba-Yaga shouted: "Ho! my solid locks, unlock! My stout gate, open!" And the locks unlocked and the gate opened, and she rode away in the mortar, driving with the pestle, and sweeping away her path behind her with the broom.

When Wassilissa found herself left alone she examined the hut, wondering to find it filled with such an abundance of everything. Then she stood still, remembering all that the old witch had bade her do, and wondering what to begin first. But as she looked she rubbed her eyes, for the yard was already neatly cleaned, and the floors were nicely swept, and the little doll was sitting in the storehouse picking the last black grains and wild peas out of the quarter-measure of wheat.



"IMMEDIATELY THREE PAIRS OF HANDS APPEARED AND SEIZED THE MEASURE OF WHEAT."

Wassilissa ran and took the little doll in her arms.

"My dearest little doll!" she cried. "You have saved me from my trouble! Now I have only to cook the Baba-Yaga's supper, since all the rest of the tasks are done."

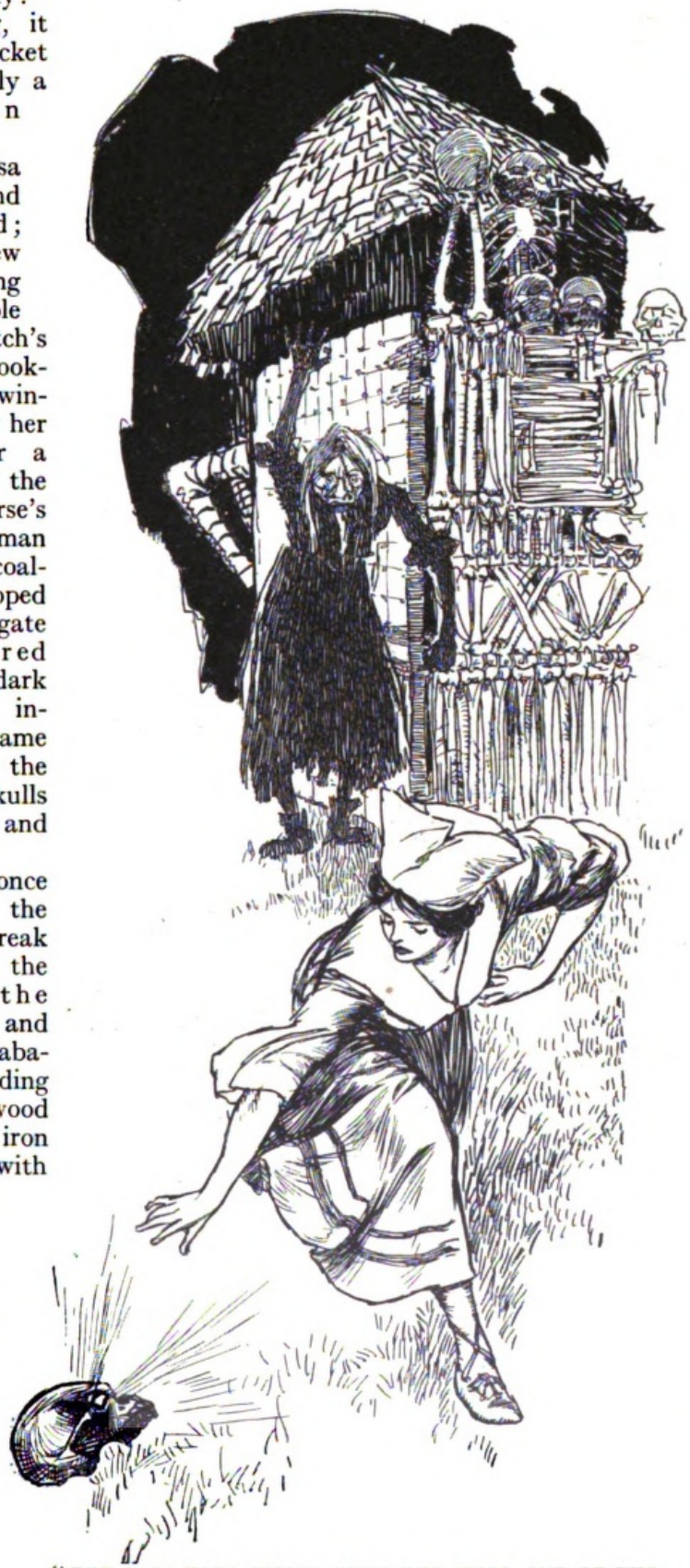
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"Cook it, with God's help," said the doll, "and then rest, and may the cooking of it make you healthy!" And so saying, it crept into her pocket and became only a little wooden doll.

So Wassilissa rested all day and was refreshed; and when it grew towards evening she laid the table for the old witch's supper, and sat looking out of the window, waiting for her coming. After a while she heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and the man in black, on the coal-black horse, galloped up to the wall-gate and disappeared like a great dark shadow, and instantly it became quite dark and the eyes of all the skulls began to glitter and shine.

Then all at once the trees of the forest began to creak and groan, and the leaves and the bushes to moan and sigh, and the Baba-Yaga came riding out of the dark wood in the huge iron mortar, driving with the pestle, and sweeping out the trail behind her with the kitchen broom. Wassilissa let her in; and the old witch, smelling all around her, asked, in a voice that made her tremble:—

"Well, have you done perfectly all the tasks I gave you to do, or am I to eat you for my supper?"



"THE BABA-YAGA SEIZED FROM THE WALL ONE OF THE SKULLS WITH BURNING EYES AND FLUNG IT AFTER HER."

"Be so good as to look for yourself, grandmother," answered Wassilissa.

The Baba-Yaga went all about the place, tapping with her iron pestle, and carefully examining everything. But so well had the little doll done its work that, try as hard as she might, she could not find anything to complain of. There was not a weed left in the yard, nor a speck of dust on the floors, nor a single black grain or wild pea in the wheat.

The old witch was greatly angered, but was obliged to pretend to be pleased. "Well," she said, "you have done all well." Then, clapping her hands, she shouted: "Ho! my faithful servants! Friends of my heart! Haste and grind my wheat!"

Immediately three pairs of hands appeared, seized the measure of wheat, and carried it away.

The Baba-Yaga then sat down to supper, and Wassilissa put before her all the food from the oven,

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"'BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN,' SAID THE CZAR, 'YOU SHALL BE MY WIFE.'"

with milk, honey, beer, and wine. The Baba-Yaga ate and drank it all, every morsel, leaving not so much as a crumb of bread; then she said snappishly:—

"Well, why do you say nothing, but stand there as if you were dumb?"

"I spoke not," Wassilissa answered, "because I dared not. But if you will allow me, grandmother, I wish to ask you some questions."

"Well," said the old witch, "only remember that every question does not lead to good. If you know over-much you will grow old too soon. What will you ask?"

"I would ask," said Wassilissa, "of the men on horseback. When I came to your hut a rider passed me. He was dressed all in white, and he rode a milk-white horse. Who was he?"

"That was my white, bright day," answered the Baba-Yaga, angrily. "He is a servant of mine, but he cannot hurt you. Ask me more."

"Afterwards," said Wassilissa, "a second rider overtook me. He was dressed in red, and the horse he rode was blood-red. Who was he?"

"That was my servant, the round, red sun," answered the Baba-Yaga, "and he too cannot injure you," and she ground her teeth. "Ask me more."

"A third rider," said Wassilissa, "came galloping up to the gate. He was black, his clothes were black, and the horse was coal-black. Who was he?"

"That was my servant, the black, dark night," answered the old witch, furiously; "but he also cannot harm you. Ask me more."

But Wassilissa, remembering what the Baba-Yaga had said, that not every question led to good, was silent.

"Ask me more!" cried the old witch. "Why do you not ask me more? Ask me of the three pair of hands that serve me!"

But Wassilissa saw how she snarled at her, and she answered:—

"The three questions are enough for me. As you have said, grandmother, I would not, through knowing over-much, become old too soon."

"It is well for you," said the Baba-Yaga, "that you did not ask of them, for the three pair of hands would have seized you also, as they did the wheat, to be my food. Now I would ask a question in my turn. How is it that you have been able, in a little time, to do perfectly all the tasks I gave you? Tell me!"

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Wassilissa was so frightened to see how the old witch ground her teeth that she almost told her of the little doll; but she bethought herself just in time, and answered:—

"The blessing of my dead mother helps me."

Then the Baba-Yaga sprang up in a fury. "Get out of my house this moment!" she shrieked. "I want no one who bears a blessing to cross my threshold! Begone!"

Wassilissa ran to the yard, and behind her she heard the old witch shouting to the locks and the gate. The locks opened, the gate swung wide, and she ran out on to the lawn. The Baba-Yaga seized from the wall one of the skulls with burning eyes and flung it after her. "There," she howled, "is the fire for your stepmother's daughters. Take it. That is what they sent you here for; and may they have joy of it!"

Wassilissa put the skull on the end of a stick and darted away through the forest, running as fast as she could, finding her path by the skull's glowing eyes, which went out only when morning came.

Towards evening of the next day, when the eyes in the skull were beginning to glimmer, she came out of the dark, wild forest to her stepmother's house.

Now, since Wassilissa had gone the stepmother and her two daughters had had neither fire nor light in all the house. When they struck flint and steel the tinder would not catch, and the fire they brought from the neighbours would go out immediately as soon as they carried it over the threshold, so that they had been unable to light or warm themselves or to cook food to eat. Therefore now, for the first time in her life, Wassilissa found herself welcomed. They opened the door to her, and the merchant's wife was greatly rejoiced to find that the light in the skull did not go out as soon as it was brought in. "Maybe the witch's fire will stay," she said, and took the skull into the best room, set it on a candlestick, and called her two daughters to admire it.

But the eyes of the skull suddenly began to glimmer and to glow like red coals, and wherever the three turned or ran the eyes followed them, growing larger and brighter, till they flamed like two furnaces, and hotter and hotter, till the merchant's wife and her two wicked daughters took fire and were burned to ashes. Only Wassilissa the Beautiful was not touched.

In the morning Wassilissa dug a deep hole in the ground and buried the skull. Then she took the little doll from her pocket, and asked its help. And the doll became alive, and said:—

"Set out and walk from village to village until you come to the Czar's palace."

Accordingly Wassilissa set out, and in course of time she arrived before the Czar's splendid palace, and fell to walking up and down before the windows. The servants came to ask her her errand; but she answered them nothing, and kept walking up and down. At length the Czar opened his window, and as soon as he saw her he fell in love with her with all his soul. He sent for her.

"Beautiful maiden," he said, "never will I part from you, and you shall be my wife."

So the Czar and Wassilissa the Beautiful were married, and her father returned and lived always with her in the splendid palace in all joy and contentment. And as for the little wooden doll, she carried it about with her in her pocket all her life long.

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PERPLEXITIES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

103.—THE HONEYCOMB PUZZLE.

HERE is a little puzzle with the simplest possible conditions. Place the point of your pencil on a letter in one of the cells of the honeycomb, and trace out a very familiar proverb by passing always from a cell to one that is contiguous to it. If you take the right route you will have visited every cell once, and only once. The puzzle is much easier than it looks.



104.—A SHOPPING PERPLEXITY.

Two ladies went into a shop where, through some curious eccentricity, no change was given, and made purchases amounting together to less than five shillings. "Do you know," said one lady, "I find I shall require no fewer than six current coins of the realm to pay for what I have bought." The other lady considered a moment, and then exclaimed: "By a peculiar coincidence, I am exactly in the same dilemma!" "Then we will pay the two bills together." But, to their astonishment, they still required six coins. What is the smallest possible amount of their purchases—both different?

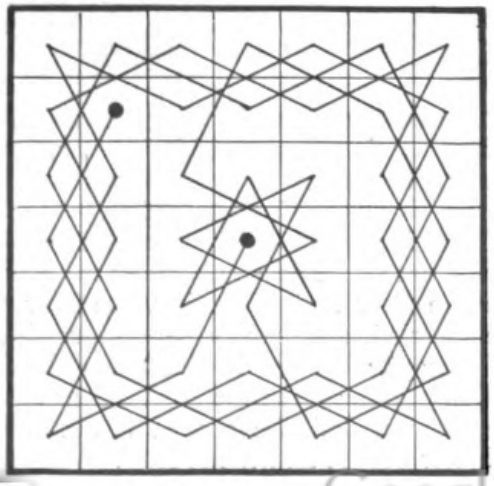
105.—A WONDERFUL VILLAGE.

THERE is a certain village in Japan, situated in a very low valley, and yet the sun is nearer to the inhabitants every noon, by three thousand miles and upwards, than when he either rises or sets to these people. In what part of the country is the village situated?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

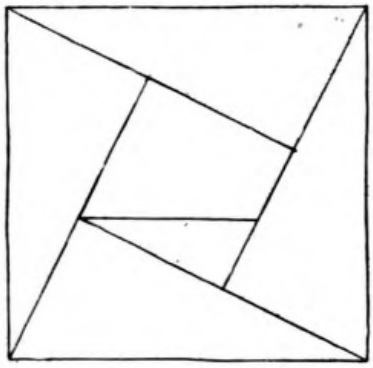
100.—ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

WE select for the solution of this puzzle one of the prettiest designs that can be formed by representing the moves of the knight by lines from square to square. The chequering of the squares is omitted to give greater clearness. St. George thus slays the Dragon in strict accordance with the conditions and in the elegant manner we should expect of him.



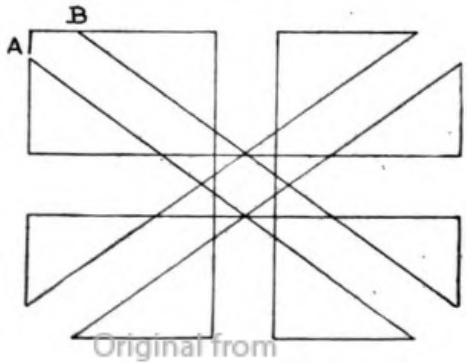
101.—AN EASY SQUARE PUZZLE.

THE diagram explains itself, one of the five pieces having been cut in two to form a square.



102.—THE UNION JACK.

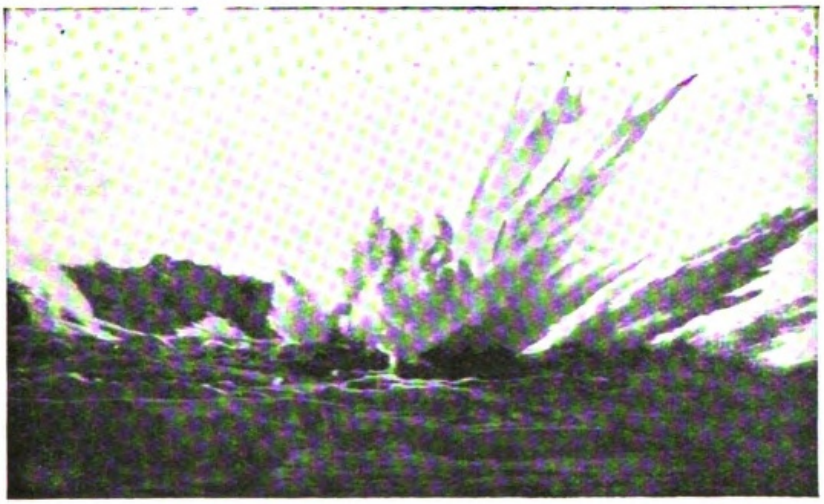
THERE are just sixteen points (all on the outside) where three roads may be said to join. These are called by mathematicians "odd nodes." There is a rule that tells us that in the case of a drawing like the present one, where there are sixteen odd nodes, it requires eight separate strokes or routes (that is, half as many as there are odd nodes) to complete it. As we have to produce as much as possible with only one of these eight strokes, it is clearly necessary to contrive that the seven strokes from odd node to odd node shall be as short as possible. Start at A and end at B, or go the reverse way.



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CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



WHAT IS IT?

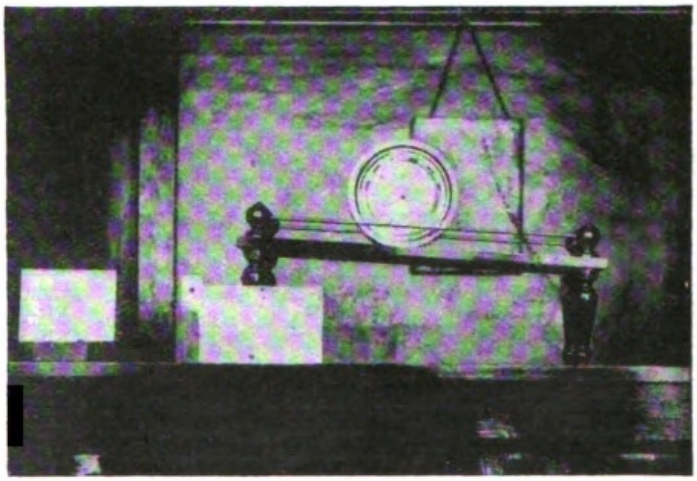
THE curious photograph shown above was taken during my visit to Rochester, N.Y., this year. I was in the Genesee Gorge taking photographs of the ice effects, and, finding myself standing right under the cliff, I pointed my camera up and took this picture. It shows the huge icicles hanging from the cliff. I think that no one is likely to guess what the photograph really represents. —Mr. T. N. Chambers, c/o Williamson, Balfour, and Co., Valparaiso, Chile.

CAN YOU READ THIS?

THIS sign is on a building at Nankow, the point on the Peking-Kalgan Railway where the Great Wall can be seen at its best. As you can see, it is painted directly backwards, and should read, "Lee Stshinte, Representative, The Asiatic Petroleum Co., Ltd.," the reason for this being that the Chinese read, write, and do most things in directly the opposite direction from us.—Mrs. A. N. Hoagland, Y.M.C.A., Peking, China.

A GRAVITY CLOCK.

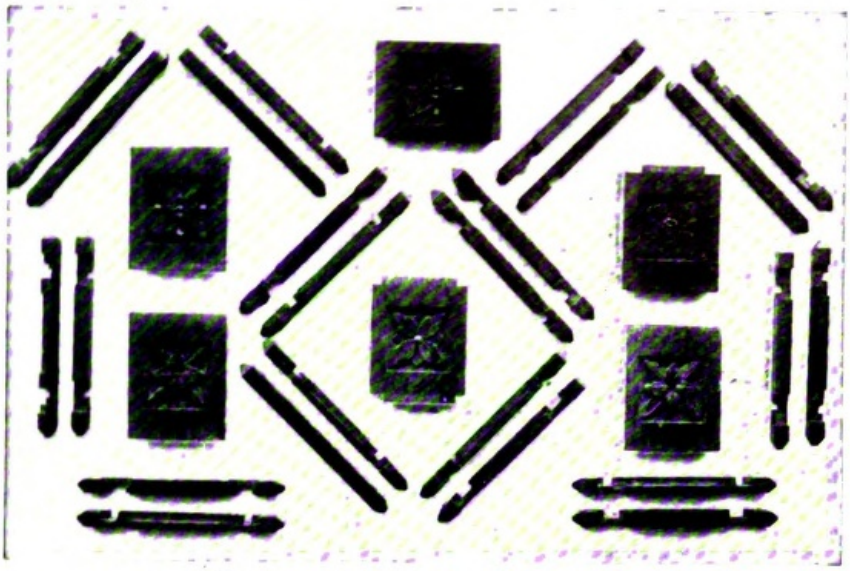
A UNIQUE timepiece has recently been invented by Mr. Eugene Walser, a watchmaker in Los Angeles. Four years of work has perfected a clock which keeps accurate time, but is without a spring in its entire make-up. The motive-power is gained by the clock rolling down an incline, regulated by a wonderful arrangement of weights on the inside of the clock. There is no winding to be done, but every thirty days the clock is lifted to the top of the incline and begins to slide downward. The dial does not revolve with the case, but remains as an ordinary dial with the figure 12 at the top. The



incline is of polished wood, sixteen inches long, with an eight and a third per cent. grade. There is no relation between the wood and the clock—it is simply a matter of properly-adjusted weights which move the hands and control the downward motion of the timepiece.—Mr. L. Edholm, 4,624, Figueroa St., Los Angeles, California.



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NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS

THE smaller of these two photographs represents an interesting oak puzzle-box, reputed to be the only one of its kind in existence, which has been in the possession of a Bristol family for overone hundred years. It consists of thirty parts—shown in the larger of the two photographs—which are most difficult to put together, many people having spent weeks, and even months, in endeavouring to do so, without success. Is it possible that any "STRAND" readers have a similar box in their possession?

CAN ANY READER MATCH THIS?

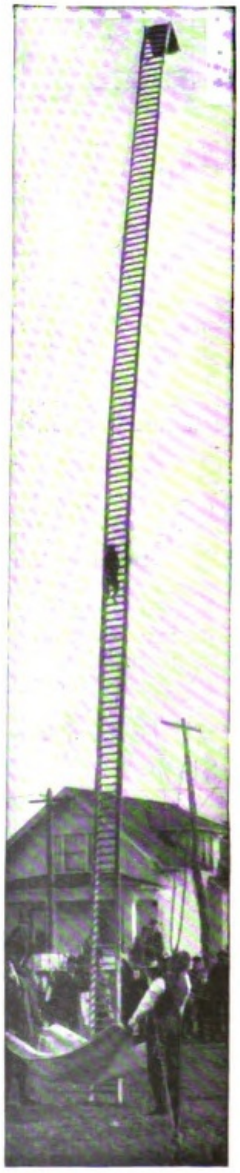
A BABY twenty-six months old registering the extraordinary weight of one hundred and twenty-seven pounds is almost beyond belief, were it not for the fact that I found one living with its parents not twenty miles from the centre of the City of Ottawa.



The fact becomes more amazing when it is stated that the baby in question has a younger brother which shows every promise of following in the same remarkable path of growth; for, though it is only fourteen months old, its present weight is nearly fifty-seven pounds. For the purposes of comparison, it may be added that the average baby boy at twenty-six months old is doing well if it weighs thirty-two pounds, and one at fourteen months is doing likewise if it weighs twenty-three pounds. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bres, come of an old country French family. The elder child, which bears the name of John, was quite a normal baby at birth, weighing only five pounds. It was fed by the bottle, and only developed its present extraordinary growth about twelve months ago. It is perfectly healthy, and has always slept well, but can only walk with assistance, the weight of the body being too great for the legs. It is eating something pretty well all the day, and before going to bed drinks a quart and a half of milk, and during the night a further pint of cold water. A baby-carriage of ordinary dimensions cannot contain John, but a wheelbarrow comfortably fitted up serves as an ideal substitute. The parents are naturally deeply attached to their bouncing babies, and have sternly rebuked several speculators who have chanced to make them offers to exhibit their children. The measurements of John are interesting, being: chest 40in., thigh 23in., biceps 11¼in., leg below knee 13in., while his height is about 34in.—Mr. F. J. Burke, *Journal* Office, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

DOG'S MARVELLOUS JUMP.

THOUGH performing dogs are by no means uncommon, I think the one shown in this photograph may claim to be amongst the most daring of his kind. He is seen climbing a ladder, the great height of which may be gauged by comparing it with the men standing at its foot, from the top of which he delights to jump into the sheet stretched out below. The dog is the property of Deputy-Sheriff Wallace, of Marion County, Kentucky; and, though of course the dog's fame has spread far and wide, his master only allows him to perform for charitable purposes.—Mr. John Macaulay, 155, Kennington Park Road, S.E.



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"ITS OWNER GRABBED AT ITS LEGS, BUT WAS TOO LATE TO HOLD IT."

(*See page* 491.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xliv. NOVEMBER, 1912. No. 263.

THE LOST WORLD.

Being an account of the recent amazing adventures of Professor George E. Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. E. D. Malone of the "Daily Gazette."

BY

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

CHAPTER XV. (*continued*).

IT was on the very evening of our perilous adventure with Challenger's home-made balloon that the change came in our fortunes. I have said that the one person from whom we had had some sign of sympathy in our attempts to get away was the young chief whom we had rescued. He alone had no desire to hold us against our will in a strange land. He had told us as much by his expressive language of signs. That evening, after dusk, he came down to our little camp, handed me (for some reason he had always shown his attentions to me, perhaps because I was the one who was nearest his age) a small roll of the bark of a tree, and then, pointing solemnly up at the row of caves above him, he had put his finger to his lips as a sign of secrecy and had stolen back again to his people.

I took the slip of bark to the firelight and we examined it together. It was about a foot wide, and on the inner side there was a singular arrangement of lines, which I have reproduced.

They were neatly done in charcoal upon the white surface, and looked to me at first sight like some sort of rough musical score.

"Whatever it is, I can swear that it is of importance to us," said I. "I could read that on his face as he gave it."

"Unless we have come upon a primitive practical joker," Summerlee suggested; "which I should think would be one of the most elementary developments of man."

"It is clearly some sort of script," said Challenger.

"Looks like a guinea puzzle competition,"

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remarked Lord John, craning his neck to have a look at it. Then suddenly he stretched out his hand and seized the puzzle.

"By George!" he cried, "I believe I've got it. 'The boy guessed right the very first time.' See here! How many marks are on that paper? Eighteen. Well, if you come to think of it, there are eighteen cave openings on the hillside above us."

"He pointed up to the caves when he gave it to me," said I.

"Well, that settles it. This is a chart of the caves. What! Eighteen of them all in a row, some short, some deep, some branching, same as we saw them. It's a map, and here's a cross on it. What's the cross for? It is placed to mark one that is much deeper than the others."



THE INDIAN CHART OF THE CAVES, DRAWN ON THE BARK OF A TREE.

"One that goes through," I cried.

"I believe our young friend has read the riddle," said Challenger. "If the cave does not go through I do not understand why this person, who has every reason to mean us well, should have drawn our attention to it. But if it *does* go through and comes out at the corresponding point on the other side, we should not have more than a hundred feet to descend."

"A hundred feet!" grumbled Summerlee.

"Well, our rope is still more than a hundred feet long," I cried. "Surely we could get down."

"How about the Indians in the cave?" Summerlee objected.

"There are no Indians in any of the caves above our heads," said I. "They are all used as barns and storehouses. Why should we not go up now at once and spy out the land?"

There is a dry, bituminous wood upon the plateau—a species of araucaria, according to our botanist—which is always used by the Indians for torches. Each of us picked up a faggot of this and we made our way up weed-covered steps to the particular cave which was marked in the drawing. It was, as I had said, empty save for a great number of enormous bats which flapped round our heads as we advanced into it. As we had no desire to draw the attention of the Indians to our proceedings, we stumbled along in the dark until we had gone round several curves and penetrated a considerable distance into the cavern. Then at last we lit our torches. It was a beautiful dry tunnel, with smooth grey walls covered with native symbols, a curved roof which arched over our heads, and white, glistening sand beneath our feet. We hurried eagerly along it until, with a deep groan of bitter disappointment, we were brought to a halt. A sheer wall of rock had appeared before us, with no chink through which a mouse could have slipped. There was no escape for us there.

We stood with bitter hearts staring at this unexpected obstacle. It was not the result of any convulsion, as in the case of the ascending tunnel. The end wall was exactly like the side ones. It was, and had always been, a *cul-de-sac*.

"Never mind, my friends," said the indomitable Challenger. "You have still my firm promise of a balloon."

Summerlee groaned.

"Can we be in the wrong cave?" I suggested.

"No use, young fellah," said Roxton, with his finger on our chart. "Seventeen from

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"IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DRY TUNNEL, WITH SMOOTH GREY WALLS COVERED WITH NATIVE SYMBOLS."

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the right and second from the left. This is the cave, sure enough."

I looked at the mark to which his finger pointed, and I gave a sudden cry of joy.

"I believe I have it! Follow me! Follow me!"

I hurried back along the way we had come, my torch in my hand.

"Here," said I, pointing to some matches upon the ground, "is where we lit up."

"Exactly."

"Well, it is marked as a forked cave, and in the darkness we passed the fork before the torches were lit. On the right side, as we go out, we should find the longer arm."

It was as I had said. We had not gone thirty yards before a great black opening loomed in the wall. We turned into it, to find that we were in a much larger passage than before. Along it we hurried in breathless impatience for many hundreds of yards. Then suddenly, in the black darkness of the arch in front of us, we saw a gleam of dark red light. We stared in amazement. A sheet of steady flame seemed to cross the passage and to bar our way. We hastened towards it. No sound, no heat, no movement came from it, but still the great luminous curtain glowed before us, silvering all the cave and turning the sand to powdered jewels, until as we drew closer it discovered a circular edge.

"The moon, by George!" cried Lord John. "We are through, boys! We are through!"

It was indeed the full moon, which shone straight down the aperture which opened upon the cliffs. It was a considerable rift, larger than a good-sized window, and enough for all our purposes. As we craned our necks through it we could see that the descent was not a difficult one, and that the level ground was no very great way below us. It was no wonder that from below we had not observed the place, as the cliffs curved overhead, and an ascent at the spot would have seemed so impossible as to discourage close inspection. We satisfied ourselves that, with the help of our rope, we could find our way down, and then returned, rejoicing, to our camp to make our preparations for the next evening.

What we did we had to do quickly and secretly, since even at this last hour the Indians might hold us back. Our stores we would leave behind us, save only our guns and cartridges. But Challenger had some unwieldy stuff which he ardently desired to take with him, and one particular package, of which I may not speak, which gave us more labour than any. Slowly the day passed, but when the darkness fell we were ready for our departure. With much labour we got our things up the steps, and then, looking back, took one last long survey of that strange land, soon, I fear, to be vulgarized, the prey of hunter and prospector, but to each of us a dreamland of glamour and romance, a land where we had dared much, suffered much, and learned much—*our* land, as we shall ever fondly call it. Along upon our left the neighbouring caves each threw out its ruddy, cheery firelight into the gloom. From the slope below us rose the voices of the Indians as they laughed and sang. Beyond was the long sweep of the woods, and in the centre, shimmering vaguely through the gloom, was the great lake, the mother of strange monsters. Even as we looked a high, whickering cry, the call of some weird animal, rang clear out of the darkness. It was the very voice of Maple White Land bidding us good-bye. We turned and plunged into the cave which led to home.

Two hours later we, our packages, and all we owned were at the foot of the cliff. Save for Challenger's luggage we had never a difficulty. Leaving it all where we descended, we started at once for Zambo's camp. In the early morning we approached it, but only to find to our amazement not one fire, but a dozen, upon the plain. The rescue-party had arrived. There were twenty Indians from the river, with stakes, ropes, and all that could be useful for bridging the chasm. At least we shall have no difficulty now in carrying our packages when to-morrow we begin to make our way back to the Amazon.

And so, in humble and thankful mood, I close this account. Our eyes have seen great wonders, and our souls are chastened by what we have endured. Each is in his own way a better and deeper man. It may be that when we reach Para we shall stop to refit. If we do this letter will be a mail ahead. If not it will reach London on the very day that I do. In either case, my dear Mr. McArdle, I hope very soon to shake you by the hand.

CHAPTER XVI.

"A PROCESSION! A PROCESSION!"

I SHOULD wish to place upon record here our gratitude to all our friends upon the Amazon for the very great kindness and hospitality which were shown to us upon our return journey. Very particularly would I thank Signor Penalosa and other officials of the Brazilian Government for the special arrangements by which we were helped upon our

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way, and Signor Pereira, of Para, to whose forethought we owe the complete outfit for a decent appearance in the civilized world which we found ready for us at that town. It seemed a poor return for all the courtesy which we encountered that we should deceive our hosts and benefactors, but in the circumstances we had really no alternative, and I hereby tell them that they will only waste their time and their money if they attempt to follow upon our traces. Even the names have been altered in our accounts, and I am very sure that no one, from the most careful study of them, could come within a thousand miles of our unknown land.

The excitement which had been caused through those parts of South America which we had to traverse was imagined by us to be purely local, and I can assure our friends in England that we had no notion of the uproar which the mere rumour of our experiences had caused through Europe. It was not until the *Ivernia* was within five hundred miles of Southampton that the wireless messages from paper after paper and agency after agency, offering huge prices for a short return message as to our actual results, showed us how strained was the attention, not only of the scientific world, but of the general public. It was agreed among us, however, that no definite statement should be given to the Press until we had met the members of the Zoological Institute, since, as delegates, it was our clear duty to give our first report to the body from which we had received our commission of investigation. Thus, although we found Southampton full of Pressmen, we absolutely refused to give any information, which had the natural effect of focusing public attention upon the meeting which was advertised for the evening of November 7th. For this gathering the Zoological Hall, which had been the scene of the inception of our task, was found to be far too small, and it was only in the Queen's Hall in Regent Street that accommodation could be found. As it proved, the promoters might have ventured upon the Albert Hall and still found their space too scanty.

It was for the second evening after our arrival that the great meeting had been fixed. For the first, we had each, no doubt, our own pressing personal affairs to absorb us. Of mine I cannot yet speak. It may be that as it stands farther from me I may think of it, and even speak of it, with less emotion. I have shown the reader in the beginning of this narrative where lay the springs of my action. It is but right, perhaps, that I should carry on the tale and show also the results. And yet the day may come when I would not have it otherwise. At least I have been driven forth to take part in a wondrous experience, and I cannot but be thankful to the force that drove me.

And now I turn to the last supreme eventful moment of our adventure. As I was racking my brain as to how I should best describe it, my eyes fell upon the issue of my own journal for the morning of the 8th of November with the full and excellent account of my friend and fellow-reporter, Macdona.

What can I do better than transcribe his narrative—head-lines, personalities, and all? I admit that the paper was exuberant in the matter, out of compliment to its own enterprise in sending a correspondent, but the other great dailies were hardly less generous in their account. Thus, then, friend Mac in his report:—

THE LOST WORLD.

GREAT MEETING AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

SCENES OF UPROAR.

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT.

WHAT WAS IT?

NOCTURNAL RIOT IN REGENT STREET.

(Special.)

The much-discussed meeting of the Zoological Institute, convened to hear the report of the committee of investigation sent out last year to South America to test the assertions made by Professor Challenger as to the continued existence of prehistoric life upon that continent, was held last night in the greater Queen's Hall, and it is safe to say that it is likely to be a red-letter date in the history of science, for the proceedings were of so remarkable and sensational a character that no one present is ever likely to forget them. (Oh, brother scribe Macdona, what a monstrous opening sentence!) The tickets were theoretically confined to members and their friends, but the latter is an elastic term, and long before eight o'clock, the hour fixed for the commencement of the proceedings, all parts of the Great Hall were tightly packed. The general public, however, which most unreasonably entertained a grievance at having been excluded, stormed the doors at a quarter to eight, after a prolonged *mêlée* in which several people were injured, including Inspector Scoble, of the H Division, whose leg was unfortunately broken. After this unwarrantable invasion, which not only filled every passage, but even intruded upon the space set apart for the Press, it is estimated that nearly five thousand people awaited the arrival of the travellers. When they eventu-

ally appeared, they took their places in the front of a platform which already contained all the leading scientific men, not only of this country, but of France and of Germany. Sweden was also represented, in the person of Professor Sergius, the famous zoologist of the University of Upsala. The entrance of the four heroes of the occasion was the signal for a remarkable demonstration of welcome, the whole audience rising and cheering for some minutes. An acute observer might, however, have detected some signs of dissent amid the applause, and gathered that the proceedings were likely to become more lively than harmonious. It may safely be prophesied, however, that no one could have foreseen the extraordinary turn which they were actually to take.

Of the appearance of the four wanderers little need be said, since their photographs have for some weeks been appearing in all the papers. They bear few traces of the hardships which they are said to have undergone. Professor Challenger's beard may be more shaggy, Professor Summerlee's features more ascetic, Lord John Roxton's figure more gaunt, and all three may be burned to a darker tint than when they left our shores, but each appeared to be in most excellent health. As to our own representative, the well-known athlete and international Rugby football player, E. D. Malone, he looks trained to a hair, and as he surveyed the crowd a smile of good-humoured contentment pervaded his honest and homely face. (All right, Mac ; wait till I get you alone !)

When quiet had been restored and the audience resumed their seats after the ovation which they had given to the travellers, the chairman, the Duke of Durham, addressed the meeting. He would not, he said, stand for more than a moment between that vast assembly and the treat which lay before them. It was not for him to anticipate what Professor Summerlee, who was the spokesman of the committee, had to say to them ; but it was common rumour that their expedition had been crowned by extraordinary success. (Applause.) Apparently the age of romance was not dead, and there was common ground upon which the wildest imaginings of the novelist could meet the actual scientific investigations of the searcher for truth. He would only add before he sat down that he rejoiced—and all of them would rejoice—that these gentlemen had returned safe and sound from their difficult and dangerous task, for it could not be denied that any disaster to such an expedition would have inflicted a well-nigh irreparable loss to the cause of zoological science. (Great applause, in which Professor Challenger was observed to join.)

Professor Summerlee's rising was the signal for another extraordinary outbreak of enthusiasm, which broke out again at intervals throughout his address. That address will not be given *in extenso* in these columns, for the reason that a full account of the whole adventures of the expedition is being published as a supplement from the pen of our own special correspondent.

Some general indications will therefore suffice. Having described the genesis of their journey, and paid a handsome tribute to his friend, Professor Challenger, coupled with an apology for the incredulity with which his assertions, now fully vindicated, had been received, he gave the actual course of their journey, carefully withholding such information as would aid the public in any attempt to locate this remarkable plateau. Briefly sketching, in general terms, their course from the main river up to the time that they actually reached the base of the cliffs, he enthralled his hearers by his account of the difficulties encountered by the expedition in their repeated attempts to mount them, and finally described how they succeeded in their desperate endeavours, which cost the lives of their two devoted half-breed servants. (This amazing reading of the affair was the result of Summerlee's endeavours to avoid raising any questionable matter at the meeting.)

Having conducted his audience in fancy to the summit, and marooned them there by reason of the fall of their bridge, the Professor proceeded to describe both the horrors and the attractions of that remarkable land. Of personal adventures he said little, but laid stress upon the rich harvest reaped by science in the observations of the wonderful beast, bird, insect, and plant life of the plateau. Peculiarly rich in the coleoptera and in the lepidoptera, forty-six new species of the one and ninety-four of the other had been secured in the course of a few weeks. It was, however, in the larger animals, and especially in the larger animals supposed to have been long extinct, that the interest of the public was naturally centred. Of these he was able to give a goodly list, but had little doubt that it would be largely extended when the place had been more thoroughly investigated. He and his conpanions had seen at least a dozen creatures, most of them at a distance, which corresponded with nothing at present known

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to science. These would in time be duly classified and examined. He instanced a snake the cast skin of which, deep purple in colour, was fifty-one feet in length, and mentioned a white creature, supposed to be mammalian, which gave forth well-marked phosphorescence in the darkness; also a large black moth the bite of which was supposed by the Indians to be highly poisonous. Setting aside these entirely new forms of life, the plateau was very rich in known prehistoric forms, dating back, in some cases, to early Jurassic times. Among these he mentioned the gigantic and grotesque stegosaurus seen once by Mr. Malone at a drinking-place by the lake, and drawn in the sketch-book of that adventurous American who had first penetrated this unknown world. He described also the iguanodon and the pterodactyl—two of the first of the wonders which they had encountered.

He then thrilled the assembly by some account of the terrible carnivorous dinosaurs which had on more than one occasion pursued members of the party, and were the most formidable of all the creatures which they had encountered. Thence he passed to the huge and ferocious bird, the phororachus, and to the great elk which still roams upon this upland. It was not, however, until he sketched the mysteries of the Central Lake that the full interest and enthusiasm of the audience were aroused. One had to pinch oneself to be sure that one was awake as one heard this sane and practical Professor, in cold, measured tones, describing the monstrous three-eyed fish-lizards and the huge water-snakes which inhabit this enchanted sheet of water. Next he touched upon the Indians and upon the extraordinary colony of anthropoid apes, which might be looked upon as an advance upon the pithecanthropus of Java, and as coming, therefore, nearer than any known form to that hypothetical creation, the Missing Link. Finally, he described, amongst some merriment, the ingenious but highly-dangerous aeronautic invention of Professor Challenger, and wound up a most memorable address by an account of the methods by which the committee did at last find their way back to civilization.

It had been hoped that the proceedings would end there, and that the vote of thanks and congratulation moved by Professor Sergius of Upsala University would be duly seconded and carried, but it was soon evident that the course of events was not destined to flow so smoothly. Symptoms of opposition had been evident from time to time during the evening, and now Dr. James Illingworth, of Edinburgh, rose in the centre of the hall. Dr. Illingworth asked whether an amendment should not be taken before a resolution.

The Chairman: "Yes, sir, if there must be an amendment."

Dr. Illingworth: "Your Grace, I fear that there must be an amendment."

The Chairman: "Then let us take it at once."

Professor Summerlee (springing to his feet): "Might I explain, your Grace, that this man is my personal enemy ever since our controversy in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* as to the true nature of bathybius?"

The Chairman: "I fear I cannot go into personal matters. Proceed."

Dr. Illingworth was imperfectly heard, in part of his remarks, on account of the strenuous opposition of the friends of the explorers. Some attempts were also made to pull him down. Being a man of enormous physique, however, and possessed of a very powerful voice, he dominated the tumult and succeeded in finishing his speech. It was clear, from the moment of his rising, that he had a number of friends and sympathizers in the hall, though they formed a minority in the audience. The attitude of the greater part of the public might be described as one of attentive neutrality.

Dr. Illingworth began his remarks by expressing his high appreciation of the scientific work both of Professor Challenger and of Professor Summerlee. He much regretted that any personal bias should have been read into his remarks, which were entirely dictated by his desire for scientific truth. His position, in fact, was substantially the same as that taken up by Professor Summerlee at the last meeting. At that last meeting Professor Challenger had made certain assertions which had been queried by his colleague. Now this colleague came forward himself with the same assertions and expected them to remain unquestioned. Was this reasonable? ("Yes," "No," and prolonged interruption, during which Professor Challenger was heard from the Press-box to ask leave from the chairman to put Dr. Illingworth into the street.) A year ago one man said certain things. Now four men said other and more startling ones. Was this to constitute a final proof where the matters in question were of the most revolutionary and incredible character? There had been recent examples of travellers arriving from the unknown with certain tales which had been

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too readily accepted. Was the London Zoological Institute to place itself in this position? He admitted that the members of the committee were men of character. But human nature was very complex. Even professors might be misled by the desire for notoriety. Like moths, we all love best to flutter in the light. Heavy-game shots liked to be in a position to cap the tales of their rivals, and journalists were not averse from sensational *coups*, even when imagination had to aid fact in the process. Each member of the committee had his own motive for making the most of his results. ("Shame! Shame!") He had no desire to be offensive. ("You are!" and interruption.) The corroboration of these wondrous tales was really of the most slender description. What did it amount to? Some photographs. Was it possible that in this age of ingenious manipulation photographs could be accepted as evidence? What more? We have a story of a flight and a descent by ropes which precluded the production of larger specimens. It was ingenious, but not convincing. It was understood that Lord John Roxton claimed to have the skull of a phororachus. He could only say that he would like to see that skull.

Lord John Roxton: "Is this fellow calling me a liar?" (Uproar.)

The Chairman: "Order! Order! Dr. Illingworth, I must direct you to bring your remarks to a conclusion and to move your amendment."

Dr. Illingworth: "Your Grace, I have more to say, but I bow to your ruling. I move, then, that while Professor Summerlee be thanked for his interesting address, the whole matter shall be regarded as 'non-proven,' and shall be referred back to a larger and possibly more reliable committee of investigation."

It is difficult to describe the confusion caused by this amendment. A large section of the audience expressed their indignation at such a slur upon the travellers by noisy shouts of dissent and cries of "Don't put it!" "Withdraw!" "Turn him out!" On the other hand, the malcontents—and it cannot be denied that they were fairly numerous—cheered for the amendment, with cries of "Order!" "Chair!" and "Fair play!" A scuffle broke out in the back benches, and blows were freely exchanged among the medical students who crowded that part of the hall. It was only the moderating influence of the presence of large numbers of ladies which prevented an absolute riot. Suddenly, however, there was a pause, a hush, and then complete silence. Professor Challenger was on his feet. His appearance and manner are peculiarly arresting, and as he raised his hand for order the whole audience settled down expectantly to give him a hearing.

"It will be within the recollection of many present," said Professor Challenger, "that similar foolish and unmannerly scenes marked the last meeting at which they were privileged to hear me. On that occasion Professor Summerlee was the chief offender, and, though he is now chastened and contrite, the matter could not be entirely forgotten. I have heard to-night similar, but even more offensive, sentiments from the person who has just sat down, and, though it is a conscious effort of self-effacement to come down to that person's mental level, I will endeavour to do so in order to allay any reasonable doubt which could possibly exist in the minds of anyone. (Laughter and interruption.) I need not remind this audience that, though Professor Summerlee, as the head of the committee of investigation, has been put up to speak to-night, still, it is I who am the real prime mover in this business, and that it is mainly to me that any successful results must be ascribed. I have safely conducted these three gentlemen to the spot mentioned, and I have, as you have heard, convinced them of the accuracy of my previous account. We had hoped that we should find upon our return that no one was so dense as to dispute our joint conclusions. Warned, however, by my previous experience, I have not come without such proofs as may convince a reasonable man. As explained by Professor Summerlee, our cameras were tampered with by the ape-men when they ransacked our camp, and most of our negatives ruined. (Jeers, laughter, and 'Tell us another!' from the back.) I have mentioned the ape-men, and I cannot forbear from saying that some of the sounds which now meet my ears bring back most vividly to my recollection my experiences with those interesting creatures. (Laughter.) In spite of the destruction of so many invaluable negatives, there still remain in our collection a certain number of corroborative photographs showing the plateau and the conditions of life upon it." Did they accuse them of having forged these photographs? (A voice: "Yes," and considerable interruption, which ended in several men being put out of the hall.) The negatives were open to the inspection of experts. But what other evidence had they? Under the conditions of their escape it was

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naturally impossible to bring a large amount of baggage, but they had rescued Professor Summerlee's collections of butterflies and beetles, containing many new species. Was this not evidence? (Several voices: "No.") Who said "No?"

Dr. Illingworth (rising): "Our point is that such a collection might have been made in other places than a prehistoric plateau." (Applause.)

Professor Challenger: "No doubt, sir, we have to bow to your scientific authority, although I must admit that the name is unfamiliar. Passing, then, both the photographs and the entomological collection, I come to the varied and accurate information which we bring with us upon points which have never been before elucidated. For example, upon the domestic habits of the pterodactyl —(a voice: 'Bosh!' and uproar)—I say that upon the domestic habits of the pterodactyl we can throw a flood of light. I can exhibit to you from my portfolio a picture of that creature taken from life which would convince you——"

Dr. Illingworth: "No picture could convince us of anything."

Professor Challenger: "You would require to see the thing itself?"

Dr. Illingworth: "Undoubtedly."

Professor Challenger: "And you would accept that?"

Dr. Illingworth (laughing): "Beyond a doubt."

It was at this point that the sensation of the evening arose—a sensation so dramatic that it can never have been paralleled in the history of scientific gatherings. Professor Challenger raised his hand in the air as a signal, and at once our colleague, Mr. E. D. Malone, was observed to rise and to make his way to the back of the platform. An instant later he reappeared in company of a gigantic negro, the two of them bearing between them a large square packing-case. It was evidently of great weight, and was slowly carried forward and placed in front of the Professor's chair. All sound had hushed in the audience, and everyone was absorbed in the spectacle before them. Professor Challenger drew off the top of the case, which formed a sliding loopholed lid. Peering down into the box, he snapped his fingers several times, and was heard from the Press seats to say, "Come, then, pretty, pretty!" in a coaxing voice. An instant later, with a scratching, rattling sound, a most horrible and loathsome creature appeared from below, and perched itself upon the side of the case. Even the unexpected fall of the Duke of Durham into the orchestra, which occurred at this moment, could not distract the petrified attention of the vast audience. The face of the creature was like the wildest gargoyle that the imagination of a mad mediæval builder could have conceived. It was malicious, horrible, with two small red eyes as bright as points of burning coal. Its long, savage mouth, which was held half open, was full of a double row of shark-like teeth. Its shoulders were humped, and round them were draped what appeared to be a faded grey shawl. It was the devil of our childhood in person. There was a turmoil in the audience; someone screamed, two ladies in the front row fell senseless from their chairs, and there was a general movement upon the platform to follow their chairman into the orchestra.

For a moment there was danger of a general panic. Professor Challenger threw up his hands to still the commotion, but the movement alarmed the creature beside him. Its strange shawl suddenly unfurled, spread, and fluttered as a pair of leathery wings. Its owner grabbed at its legs, but too late to hold it. It had sprung from the perch and was circling slowly round the Queen's Hall with a dry, leathery flapping of its ten-foot wings, while a putrid and insidious odour pervaded the room. The cries of the people in the galleries, who were alarmed at the near approach of those glowing eyes and that murderous beak, excited the creature to a frenzy. Faster and faster it flew, beating against walls and chandeliers in a blind frenzy of alarm. "The window! For Heaven's sake, shut that window!" roared the Professor from the platform, dancing and wringing his hands in an agony of apprehension. Alas! his warning was too late. In a moment the creature, beating and bumping along the wall like a huge moth within a gas-shade, came upon the opening, squeezed its hideous bulk through it, and was gone. Professor Challenger fell back into his chair with his face buried in his hands, while the audience gave one long, deep sigh of relief as they realized that the incident was over.

Then—oh! how shall one describe what took place then, when the exuberance of the majority and the reaction of the minority united to make one great wave of enthusiasm which rolled from the back of the hall, gathering volume as it came, swept over the orchestra, submerged the platform, and carried the four heroes away upon its crest? (Good for you, Mac!) If the audience had done less than justice, surely it

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made ample amends. Everyone was on his feet. Everyone was moving, shouting, gesticulating. A dense crowd of cheering men were round the four travellers. "Up with them! Up with them!" cried a hundred voices. In a moment four figures shot up above the crowd. In vain they strove to break loose. They were held in their lofty places of honour. It would have been hard to let them down if it had been wished, so dense was the crowd around them. "Regent Street! Regent Street!" sounded the voices. There was a swirl in the packed multitude and a slow current, bearing the four upon their shoulders, made for the door. Out in the street the scene was extraordinary. An assemblage of not fewer than a hundred thousand people was waiting. The close-packed throng extended from the other side of the Langham Hotel to Oxford Circus. A roar of acclamation greeted the four adventurers as they appeared high above the heads of the people under the vivid electric lamps outside the hall. "A procession! A procession!" was the cry. In a dense phalanx, blocking the streets from side to side, the crowd set forth, taking the route of Regent Street, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly. The whole central traffic of London was held up, and many collisions were reported between the demonstrators upon the one side and the police and taxi-cab men upon the other. Finally, it was not until after midnight that the four travellers were released at the entrance to Lord John Roxton's chambers in the Albany, and that the exuberant crowd, having sung "They are Jolly Good Fellows" in chorus, concluded their programme with "God Save the King." So ended one of the most remarkable evenings that London has seen for a considerable time.

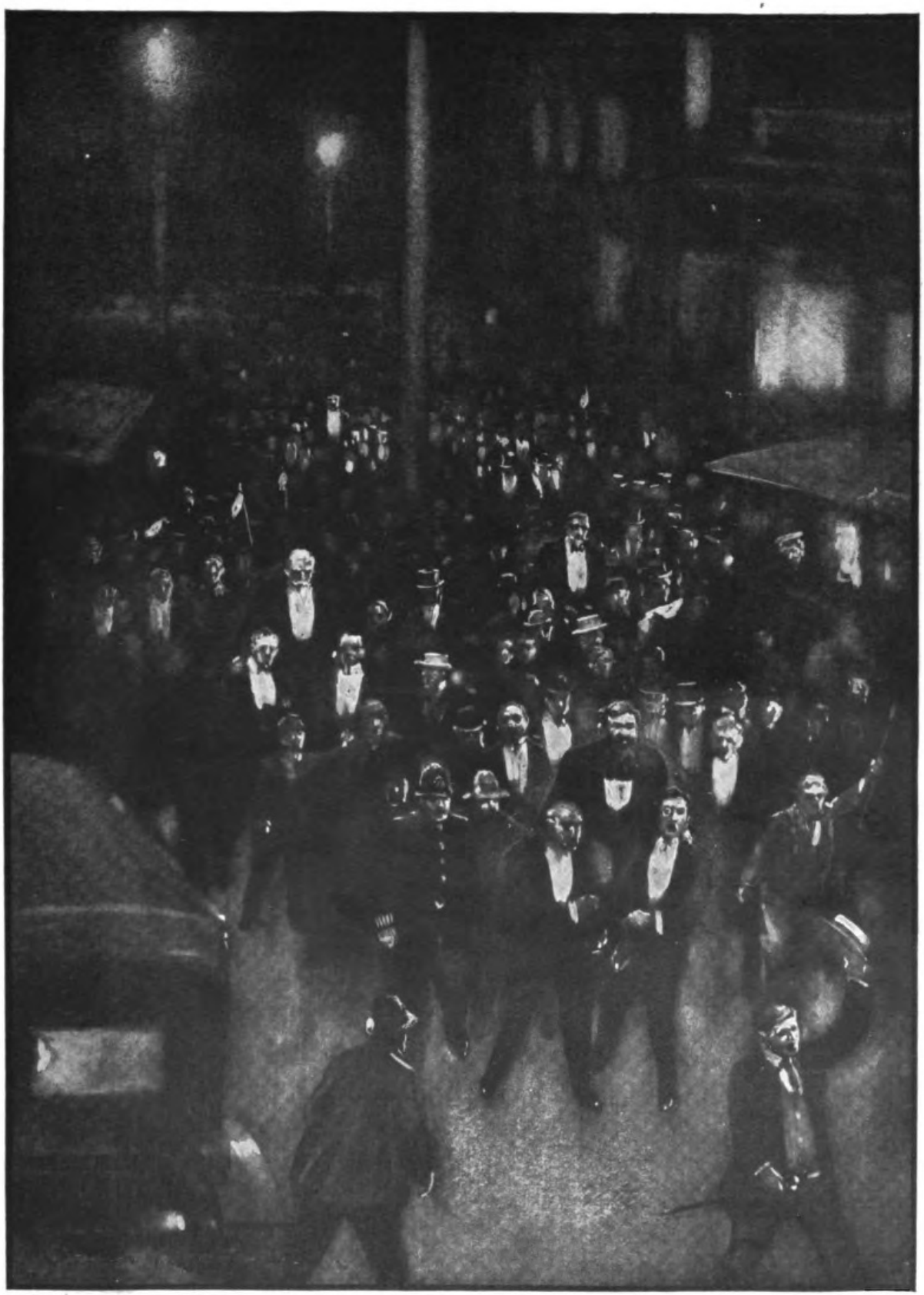
So far my friend Macdona, and it may be taken as a fairly accurate, if florid, account of the proceedings. As to the main incident, it was a bewildering surprise to the audience, but not, I need hardly say, to us. The reader will remember how I met Lord John Roxton upon the very occasion when, in his protective crinoline, he had gone to bring the "devil's chick," as he called it, for Professor Challenger. I have hinted also at the trouble which the Professor's baggage gave us when we left the plateau, and had I described our voyage I might have said a good deal of the worry we had to coax with putrid fish the appetite of our filthy companion. If I have not said much about it before, it was, of course, that the Professor's earnest desire was that no possible rumour of the unanswerable argument which we carried should be allowed to leak out until the moment came when his enemies were to be confuted.

One word as to the fate of the London pterodactyl. Nothing can be said to be certain upon this point. There is the evidence of two frightened women that it perched upon the roof of the Queen's Hall and remained there like a diabolical statue for some hours. The next day it came out in the evening papers that Private Miles, of the Coldstream Guards, on duty outside Marlborough House, had deserted his post without leave, and was therefore court-martialled. Private Miles's account that he dropped his rifle and took to his heels down the Mall because, on looking up, he had suddenly seen the devil between him and the moon was not accepted by the Court, and yet it may have a direct bearing upon the point at issue. The only other evidence which I can adduce is from the log of the ss. *Friesland*, a Dutch-American liner, which asserts that at nine next morning, Start Point being at the time ten miles upon their starboard quarter, they were passed by something between a flying goat and a monstrous bat, which was heading at a prodigious pace south and west. If its homing instinct led it upon the right line, there can be no doubt that somewhere out in the wastes of the Atlantic the last European pterodactyl found its end.

And Gladys—oh, my Gladys!—Gladys of the mystic lake, now to be re-named the Central, for never shall she have immortality through me. Did I not always see some hard fibre in her nature? Did I not, even at the time when I was proud to obey her behest, feel that it was surely a poor love which could drive a lover to his death or the danger of it? Did I not, in my truest thoughts, always recurring and always dismissed, see past the beauty of the face and, peering into the soul, discern the twin shadows of selfishness and of fickleness glooming at the back of it? Did she love the heroic and the spectacular for its own noble sake, or was it for the glory which might, without effort or sacrifice, be reflected upon herself? Or are these thoughts the vain wisdom which comes after the event? It was the shock of my life. For a moment it had turned me to a cynic. But already, as I write, a week has passed, and we have had our momentous interview with Lord John Roxton, and—well, perhaps things might be worse.

Let me tell it in a few words. No letter or

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"IN A DENSE PHALANX, BLOCKING THE STREETS FROM SIDE TO SIDE, THE CROWD SET FORTH."

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telegram had come to me at Southampton, and I reached the little villa at Streatham about ten o'clock that night in a fever of alarm. Was she dead or alive? Where were all my nightly dreams of the open arms, the smiling face, the words of praise for her man who had risked his life to humour her whim? Already I was down from the high peaks and standing flat-footed upon earth. Yet some good reason given might still lift me to the clouds once more. I rushed down the garden-path, hammered at the door, heard the voice of Gladys within, pushed past the staring maid, and strode into the sitting-room. Gladys was seated in a low settee under the shaded standard lamp by the piano. In three steps I was across the room and had both her hands in mine.

"Gladys!" I cried. "Gladys!"

She looked up with amazement in her face. She was altered in some subtle way. The expression of her eyes, the hard upward stare, the set of the lips, were new to me. She drew back her hands.



"PRIVATE MILES DESERTED HIS POST WITHOUT LEAVE."

"What do you mean?" she said.

"Gladys!" I cried. "What is the matter? You are my Gladys, are you not—little Gladys Hungerton?"

"No," said she; "I am Gladys Potts. Let me introduce you to my husband."

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How absurd life is! I found myself mechanically bowing and shaking hands with a little ginger-haired man who was coiled up in the deep arm-chair which had once been sacred to my own use. We bobbed and grinned in front of each other.

"Father lets us stay here. We are getting our house ready," said Gladys.

"Oh, yes," said I.

"You didn't get my letter at Para, then?"

"No, I got no letter."

"Oh, what a pity! It would have made all clear."

"It *is* quite clear," said I.

"I've told William all about you," said she. "We have no secrets. I am so sorry about it. But it couldn't have been so very deep, could it, if you could go off to the other end of the world and leave me here alone? You're not crabby, are you?"

"No, no; not at all. I think I'll go."

"Have some refreshment," said the little man, and he added, in a confidential way: "It's always like this, ain't it? And must be unless you had polygamy, only the other way round, you understand."

He laughed like an idiot, while I made for the door.

I was through it when a sudden fantastic impulse came upon me, and I went back to my successful rival, who looked nervously at the electric push.

"Will you answer a question?" I asked.

"Well, within reason," said he.

"How did you do it? Have you searched for hidden treasure, or discovered a pole, or done time on a pirate, or flown the Channel, or what? Where is the glamour of romance? How did you get it?"

He stared at me with a hopeless expression upon his vacuous, good-natured, scrubby little face.

"Don't you think all this is a little too personal?" he said.

"Well, just one question," I cried. "What are you? What is your profession?"

"I am a solicitor's clerk," said he. "Second man at Johnson and Merivale's, 41, Chancery Lane."

"Good night!" said I, and vanished like all disconsolate and broken-hearted heroes into the darkness, with grief and rage and laughter all simmering within me like a boiling pot.

One more little scene, and I have done. Last night we all supped at Lord John Roxton's rooms, and, sitting together afterwards, we smoked in good comradeship and talked our adventures over. It was strange, in these altered surroundings, to see the old, well-known faces and figures. There was Challenger, with his smile of condescension, his drooping eyelids, his intolerant eyes, his aggressive beard, his huge chest swelling and puffing as he laid down the law to Summerlee. And Summerlee, too—there he was with his short briar between his thin moustache and his grey goat's beard, his worn face protruded in eager debate as he queried all Challenger's propositions. Finally, there was our host, with his rugged, eagle face and his cold, blue, glacier eyes with always a shimmer of devilment and of humour down in the depths of them. Such is the last picture of them that I have carried away.

It was after supper, in his own sanctum—the room of the pink radiance and the innumerable trophies—that Lord John had something to say to us. From a cupboard he had brought an old cigar-box, and this he laid before him on the table.

"There's one thing," said he, "that maybe I should have spoken about before this, but I wanted to know a little more clearly where I was. No use to raise hopes and let them down again. But it's facts, not hopes, with us now. You may remember that day we found the pterodactyl rookery in the swamp—what? Well, somethin' in the lie of the land took my notice. Perhaps it has escaped you, so I will tell you. It was a volcanic vent, full of blue clay."

The professors nodded.

"Well, now, in the whole world I've only had to do with one place that was a volcanic vent of blue clay. That was the great De Beers Diamond Mine of Kimberley—what? So you see I got diamonds into my head. I rigged up a contraption to hold off those stinking beasts, and I spent a happy day there with a spud. This is what I got."

He opened his cigar-box and, tilting it over, he poured about twenty or thirty rough stones, varying from the size of beans to that of chestnuts, on the table.

"Perhaps you think I should have told you then. Well, so I should, only I know there are a lot of traps for the unwary, and that stones may be of any size and yet of little value where colour and consistency are clean off. Therefore, I brought them back, and on the first day at home I took one round to Spink's, and asked him to have it roughly cut and valued."

He took a pill-box from his pocket, and spilled out of it a beautiful glittering diamond, one of the finest stones that I have ever seen.

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"A SUDDEN FANTASTIC IMPULSE CAME UPON ME, AND I WENT BACK TO MY SUCCESSFUL RIVAL."

"There's the result," said he. "He prices the lot at a minimum of two hundred thousand pounds. Of course, it is fair shares between us. I won't hear of anythin' else. Well, Challenger, what will you do with your fifty thousand?"

"If you really persist in your generous view," said the Professor, "I should found a private museum, which has long been one of my dreams."

"And you, Summerlee?"

"I would retire from teaching, and so find time for my final classification of the chalk fossils."

"I'll use my own," said Lord John, "in fitting a well-formed expedition and having another look at the dear old plateau. As to you, young fellah my lad, you, of course, will spend yours in gettin' married."

"Not just yet," said I, with a rueful smile. "I think, if you will have me, that I would rather go with you."

Lord John said nothing, but a brown hand was stretched out to me across the table.

THE END.

Our readers will be interested to learn that in an early number will appear the opening chapters of another adventure which befell Professor Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Mr. Malone, the intrepid explorers who discovered the Lost World. It is entitled

"THE POISON BELT,"

a title which in itself leaves readers to expect a strange, thrilling, and sensational narrative. It is sufficient to say here that their most sanguine expectations will not be disappointed.

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FIFTEEN-MINUTE EXERCISES.

By LIEUT. J. P. MÜLLER (Royal Danish Engineers).

In the following article, specially written for "The Strand Magazine," Mr. J. P. Müller, Ex-Lieutenant of Engineers in the Danish Army, explains how members of both sexes, who are unable regularly to indulge in outdoor exercise, can substitute with equal benefit fifteen minutes a day devoted to simple bodily exercises at home, each and every one of which can be performed without apparatus. Mr. Müller's views on the subject of health exercises will be read with particular interest, for he has earned world-wide fame in the world of Amateur International Athletics, having altogether won 134 prizes, of which 125 have been Championship and First prizes, in almost every possible branch of sport and athletics. He attributes his all-round good health largely to the fact that he daily indulges in the various exercises here explained. His system has already obtained a very wide circle of believers in his own country, and is rapidly extending over all Europe. Exclusive photographs, illustrating the article, were specially posed for "The Strand Magazine" under Mr. Müller's personal supervision.



N these hustling days I have frequently remarked that one of the most common complaints made by members of both sexes—their name is legion—whose strenuous daily routine prevents them from regularly taking sufficient outdoor exercise to keep themselves in sound healthy condition is: "How can I expect to be as healthy as those who can afford to play games or spend several hours a day in taking exercise of some sort? I can't, so I must rub along as best I can without taking any regular exercise at all."

As a matter of actual fact, however, a life-long study of the question of exercise as an influence on health has proved to me that there is really no solid foundation for this complaint, for even the most hard-working man or woman, "with practically not a moment to spare in the day," can surely devote just one quarter of an hour every day for bodily exercise.

"But a quarter of an hour's exercise a day is worse than useless," the hypercritical are bound to remark. My reply is: "A quarter of an hour's exercise daily, when used to the best advantage, is amply sufficient to preserve the health of the busiest worker," and in explaining, specially for readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, exactly how and why they will be wise to devote fifteen minutes' work a day for health exercise, I do so fully confident that if they will follow the hints given in this article they will reap the benefit of the exercises explained in a very short time.

I would lay special stress on the fact that in the performance of these exercises there is actually nothing complicated at all, and, though hints on paper have a tendency to sound involved, if would-be exercisers would carefully follow each direction as here explained they will find that the exercises are the acme of simplicity.

First and foremost let me say that in my rules for the practical care of the body a bath, with subsequent rubbing and air-bath, is a most essential thing, whether there be facilities for a proper water-bath, or only for a damping of the whole body with a wet towel. In a quarter of an hour, however, there is time for considerably more than a bath, and on this account I have drawn up as well a selection of most useful and appropriate exercises.

I tried every way before finally placing the bath in the middle of the exercises, but eventually found this arrangement necessary by reason of the fact that it is the only practical order which renders it possible for ordinary people to take both water and air baths and perform the exercises with open windows, *in the winter*, without risk of catching cold.

Here I would lay stress on the necessity that the air one breathes should be good when the exercises are being carried out. Consequently, if the exercises are to be performed in the morning immediately on springing out of bed, the latter should be covered up again as quickly as possible (of course, to be properly aired later on), and then the exercises may be done in the bedroom itself, provided the windows have been

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open all night. If not, they must be performed in an adjoining room, the window and the door of which have been open during the night. I can, however, hardly believe that anyone who takes the least interest in his or her health would sleep without giving free circulation to the fresh air through open windows. If afraid of not being warm enough at night during the winter, as a very close student of the fresh-air question, I have found that it is very much better to put more clothes on the bed, or wear warmer night garments, than to close the window. The air you inhale can, and should be, cool and fresh.



NO. 1.

Before actually commencing the daily routine, let me add that in my *régime* of fifteen minutes' work a day for health's sake no special apparatus whatever is required, and, indeed, there is no question of expense other than that of a so-called "sponge" bath, which, after all, only costs a few shillings, and is, to all practical intents and purposes, indestructible. However, it is possible to avoid any expense whatever by using an ordinary tub, or by simply standing on a mat and slapping the body smartly all over with a towel dipped in cold or lukewarm water, or, in the event of no towel being handy, by wetting the body with the hand.

When, during the summer, it is possible to bathe out of doors, the exercises should be performed at the bathing-place, where one will generally be able to arrange matters in such a way that they can be performed in their proper order. After a fairly long swim, if cold, the rubbing exercises will provide the best means of restoring the circulation.

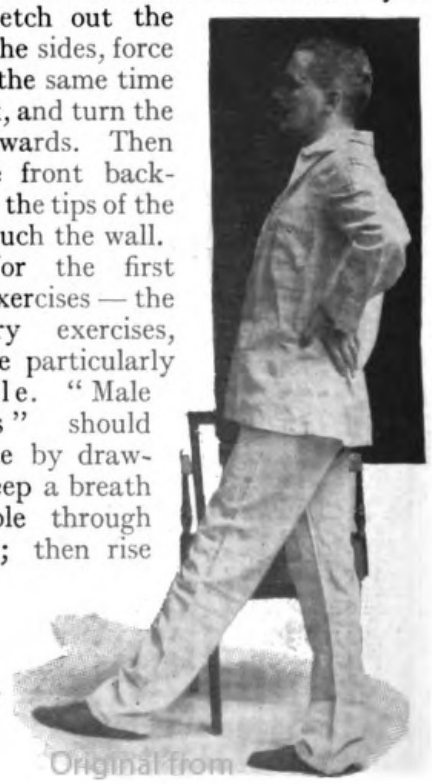
And now let us begin the daily exercises at once. In the morning—out of bed! For women a short skirt, loose-fitting blouse, or sweater, and bedroom slippers or sandals on. For men, trousers or pyjamas. For both, stockings, socks, or bedroom slippers. In the evening, or when changing clothes in the course of the day, undress, except for shirt or blouse and the above-mentioned articles of clothing. Unbutton collar in any case, and have nothing tight round the waist or elsewhere.

Before beginning the exercises proper, stretch and strain the body, shoulders, and arms with all your might, raising the latter above your head and interlacing the fingers, the wrists being curved, which will enable you to stretch the elbow and shoulder joints. Then stretch out the arms to the sides, force them at the same time well back, and turn the palms upwards. Then bend the front backwards till the tips of the fingers touch the wall.

Now for the first actual exercises — the respiratory exercises, which are particularly valuable. "Male exercisers" should commence by drawing as deep a breath as possible through the nose; then rise



NO. 2.



NO. 3.

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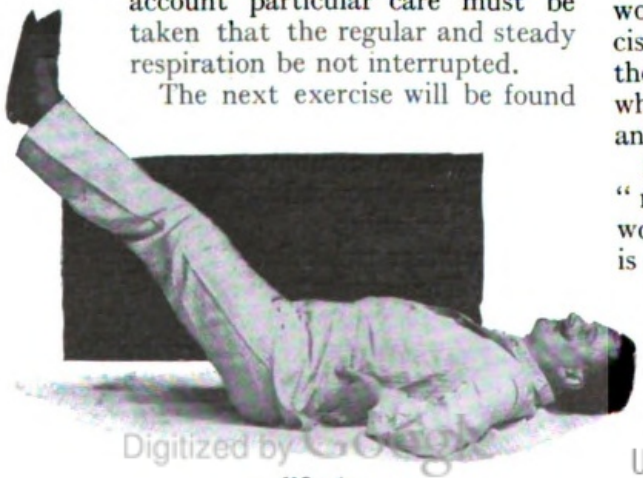
on the toes and lean the head back a little, as shown in illustration 1. As they exhale, also as deeply and powerfully as possible, and avoiding all jerks, they should then lower the heels and chin and, while inhaling, should rest the hands on the hips, holding the elbows well out from the side, so that they can expand the chest sideways, for by so doing they will be enabled to fill the lungs to the best advantage.

We then pass along to exercise number 2. The "exerciser" should rest one hand on the bedpost, or the end of the bed, a heavy chair, or a door-handle, and, leaning the weight on one leg, strike out with the other leg sixteen times backwards and forwards alternately. The free hand may be placed on the hip.

I do not mean that the leg is to be swung backwards and forwards in long strokes like a pendulum which swings of its own weight. On the contrary, the kicks should be short and sharp (see photograph 3), and strength should be exerted every time the movement is reversed, which ought to occur simultaneously, *without a pause*. The greatest strength should be concentrated on the back kick, for which reason it is most convenient to count them. If you feel afterwards that the bottom of the big muscle of the back is a little swollen, the exercise has been carried out properly. Only the last three times should you swing as far up, backwards and forwards, as you can, to render the joints and the muscles supple. The knee should be perfectly straight all the time, and the body must not lean forward, neither must the head. If you have a footstool, stand upon it, as you can then straighten the instep, too.

Then turn round and kick sixteen times with the other leg. The more practised one gets, the *faster* this movement is performed, and it will then be found by degrees that it *can* be a very great exertion; and on this account particular care must be taken that the regular and steady respiration be not interrupted.

The next exercise will be found particularly health-giving. The man who complains that he has no time for physical work should lie down on his back on the rug, or upon a couch, the hands resting on the hips, or else the arms at the sides and the hands flat on the floor. Raise the legs, perfectly straight and close together, a good foot from the ground, then swing the feet, the instep kept straight, in circles up and outwards, the left foot to the left, and the right to the right (see photograph 4); then down, and together again, and so on, eight times round altogether, the first six times in circles of two feet diameter (rather less for short persons). When the feet meet after a completed circuit press them firmly together. Each leg thus describes, as it were, the shape of a cone lying on its side, with its apex on the hip-joint, while the toes follow the outline of the base. The last two circles should be as large as possible, and the feet, of course, should then cross one another instead of meeting.



NO. 4.

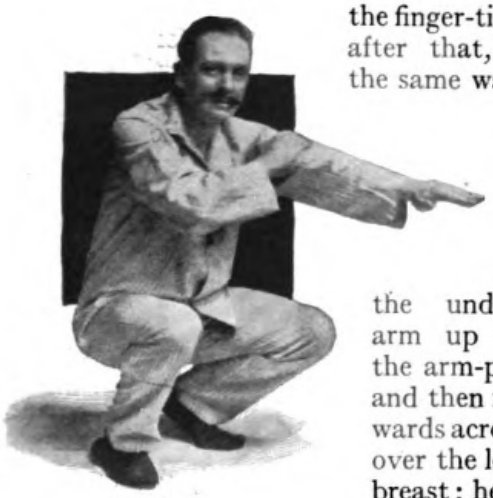


NO 5.

Then swing the legs in a similar manner eight times round the reverse way. Thus, starting from their point of contact, the left foot should be lowered in a curve to the left, the right lowered in a curve to the right, both out to the sides, up, and in a curve towards one another until they meet, to be separated again when the next circuit commences. I would mention, by the way, that in all exercises it is imperative to breathe evenly through the nose. The student, too, should exhale while the feet are lowered and pressed together, and inhale the rest of the time.

So far so good; and now the all-important "rubbing" exercises commence. These, I would mention, must be taken when the pupil is stripped. The first of the exercises I have selected for this article should be carried out as follows. Extend the left arm, palm downwards. With the right palm stroke the upper side of the left arm (photograph 5) from the tips of the fingers to the shoulder, and on up to the neck; then back again to

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NO. 6.

the finger-tips; after that, in the same way, the under-arm up to the arm-pit, and then inwards across over the left breast; here the right hand relaxes its hold, immediately slapping the left shoulder-blade smartly as far back as possible, *under* the left arm, which at the same time is bent so that the left hand can take firm hold round the right shoulder. Then the right hand strokes the part from the shoulder-blade in under the left armpit, when it relaxes its hold, while the left hand has, *at the same time*, stroked the upper side of the right arm from the shoulder-bone down to the finger-tips. The arms will now be stretched out in front of you once more, and the movement is finished, the left hand resting meanwhile above the right, ready to begin an *absolutely corresponding* action (but replace the word right with left, and *vice versa*, in the above description).

It will be seen that each complete movement falls into a measure of five beats, which, with a very little practice, will proceed mechanically and with absolute regularity and rhythm, to your counting one, two, three, four, five. In twenty-five seconds there should be ample time for ten of these movements in five beats. Later you can combine knee-bendings as in photograph 6.

When, after some little time has elapsed, the arms and shoulders have grown firm and round and the skin feels like satin—with no roughnesses on the back of the upper arm and no wrinkles at the elbow—you will be so fascinated by this exercise that you will increase the number of the movements of your own accord, even at the risk of exceeding the quarter of an hour. This applies to members of both sexes.



NO. 7.

The following is absolutely essential to the day's "exercise at home." The legs should be placed in the same position as in the first exercise mentioned in the article. The pupil should then proceed to bend the upper part of the body well back, stroke with both palms, starting from the collar-bones (photograph 7), down the breast and fore-parts of the hips; take your hands away, and at the same time begin to bend the trunk forward.

The front of the body should now be drawn in as much as possible, the hands meanwhile being carried round to the back, and (with thumbs pointing downward or straight out) take hold as high up above the loins as you can and at once stroke straight down the back of the body and legs to the heels (photograph 8). You thus bring the trunk forward, with back bent, as low down as it can come, and you then, without stopping, start to raise it again, the hands passing round the insteps, and stroking up along the shins and the fronts of the thighs. Here the hands relax their hold. Swing the body over backwards again, fling your hands up once more to the collar-bones, and the combined movement which has just been described is gone through again from the beginning.

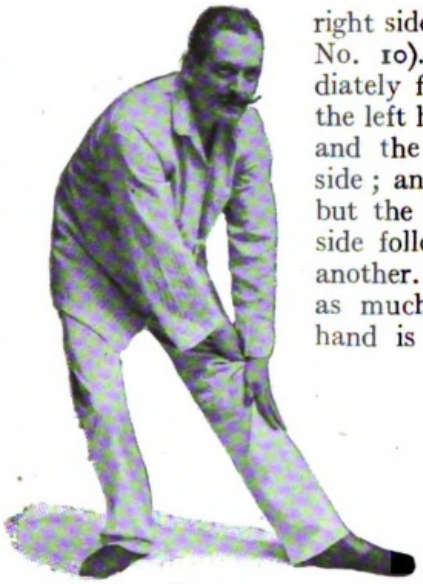


NO. 8.

Still another particularly efficacious aid to health. The student should stand firmly with legs wide apart and with the toes turned slightly out, and should then bend right knee, keep left leg perfectly rigid, and lean the trunk as far as you can to the left. Place both palms firmly on the outer side of the left leg as far down as you can reach without

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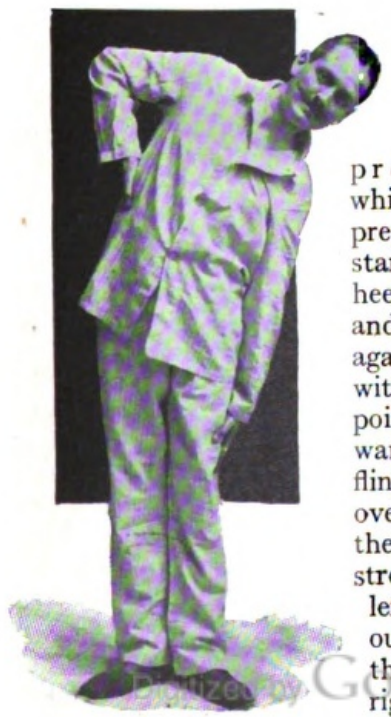
stooping (photograph 9). Then, while bringing the body back into its upright position and straightening the right leg, slide your palms up the outer side of the left thigh, hip, and half up the side of the body, and then across the front; while the left hand is stroking the front of the body sideways, the right is doing the same over the diaphragm.



NO. 9.

Then take both hands away and slap them smartly down on the outer side of the right leg, the upper part of the body leaning to the right and the left knee being bent, whereupon the whole movement is continued in the same way as described above (only with the substitution of the word "left" for "right," and *vice versa*). Lean eight times to each side alternately, making sixteen leanings in all. Inhale briskly each time the body is straightened (from either side), and exhale evenly the rest of the time. It is a serious mistake to bend the trunk obliquely forward instead of leaning straight to the side. Beginners are also prone to cross their hands or to stretch the wrong knee; it must be the knee on the side towards which the body leans.

A breathing exercise as previously outlined should be taken—as before all the exercises—prior to commencing with the next item on the daily programme, which you should prepare for by standing with heels together and palms resting against the hips, with the fingers pointing downwards. Quickly flinging the trunk over to the left, the left palm strokes down the left hip and outer side of left thigh, while the right hand is drawn up the right side of the body (see photograph No. 10). The trunk is then immediately flung over to the right, while the left hand is drawn up the left side and the right strokes down its own side; and so on, in the same manner, but the jerks or "flingings" to each side following very quickly one upon another. The arms are bent in turn as much as possible every time the hand is drawn up, so that a longer stretch can be rubbed.



NO. 10.

Time is allowed for twenty jerks altogether, half to each side.

I would point out that the stronger you become the more quickly are the movements performed and, by the same token, the harder the hands should be pressed against the body. Another important point to remember in this exercise is that the body must be bent over as far as possible each time; it thus becomes a pleasingly vigorous exercise both for the arms and for almost all the muscles in the body as well as for the internal organs. To commence with, I would lay stress on the advisability of the movement being carried out quite slowly.



NO. 11.

It is of the greatest importance that the breath be not held, which so many do. To begin with, a full breath should be taken with each double movement, but later on several quick jerks can be given during each breathing.

So far as exercises are concerned, it is always well to remember that "Enough is as good as a feast"; particularly so in the case of sedentary workers. My full daily programme of eighteen exercises, performed in the fifteen minutes I have here prescribed for beginners, is always brought to a close with the following item. The student should stand with the

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legs apart, and should then first fling the trunk backwards, afterwards stroking the top part of the chest and front of the hips. The trunk should then be flung somewhat forward and the body stroked in the same manner as I have already described (see photograph 7), but stop a little way short below the loins, as shown in photograph No. 11. The trunk is then at once flung back again into the first position, and the front stroked as before; then forward again, with rubbing at the back and so on, twenty jerks following quickly one upon another backwards and forwards alternately.



NO. 12.

Now let me turn to various daily exercises which, if practised regularly, every woman should find will tend to bring her increased health and vigour. First of all I will try and explain my special breathing exercises. To commence with, I would lay stress on the fact that the pupil should stand quite naturally, and take as deep and as long a breath as possible. She should then place her hands on her hips, raise the shoulders a little, and lean the head slightly back (see photograph 12). She should then take a deep breath, though I would mention that in this deep breathing it is a mistake to breathe too deeply; all that is necessary is that the air should be held in the lungs for a moment, after which it should be exhaled steadily, smoothly, and deeply, at the same time lowering the chin and shoulders.



NO. 13.

This done, women will find the following leg-swinging exercise particularly valuable. The student should commence by placing one hand on a bedpost, a heavy chair, or any other article of furniture, and swing one leg, fully outstretched, shortly and sharply to and fro. The more practised one is, the faster the leg may be swung. There must be no pause between the kicks backwards and forwards; the exercise must be continuous. The beginner should make a few kicks only with the one leg, and must then turn round and kick for a like number of times with the other leg. Those who have had some practice may perform the proper number of double swings — sixteen with each leg, the last three to be made as far up, forwards and backwards, as possible, in order to render the hip-joints supple. By standing on a footstool one is enabled to straighten the instep during the swinging. Photograph 13 shows how far backwards the leg is swung in the first thirteen double kicks, and photograph 14 shows how far up, forwards, it should go in the last three longer swings.



NO. 14.

In this exercise respiration should not coincide with the measure of the movements; one must always remember to breathe quietly and deeply all the time.

I know of no more valuable exercise in the daily "work" programme for women than the following. The exerciser should lie down

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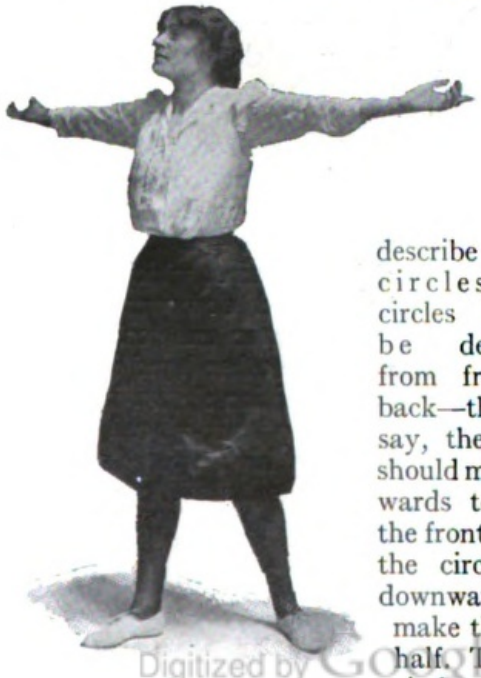
on the floor and place her toes under some article of furniture sufficiently heavy to



NO. 15.

counterbalance her weight. She should then raise the body into a sitting position and lower it again, performing these movements several times. The beginner may assist herself both in lowering and raising the body with her arms (see photograph 15); but after some practice the hands should be placed on the hips. I would mention that it is essential to inhale when going backwards, and to exhale when raising the body. Always remember, too, to lean well forward, as this is excellent for the digestion. I would mention that more advanced students may place the hands behind the head, and later on should perform the raising and lowering the body the regulation number of times—namely, twelve. The elbows must be held well back and the head erect the whole time.

Arm-circling is also another very desirable exercise in the day's menu. The pupil should make a lunge forward, say, with the right leg, as shown in photograph 16, stretch the arms out sideways, and swing them round so that the hands, palms uppermost,



NO. 16.

describe small circles. The circles should be described from front to back—that is to say, the hands should move upwards to make the front half of the circle, and downwards to make the back half. The final circles should be very large, in order to render the shoulder-joints supple.

Now shift the position of the legs, lunging forward with the right, and swing the arms round the reverse way, so that the hands describe the front half-circles downwards and the back half-circles upwards. The palms must now be turned downwards. The stronger you get the faster the circling may be done. After some practice you should perform sixteen circles the one way and sixteen the other way, making the last three of each sixteen circles as large as possible.

Body-lowering provides an exercise which a lengthy experience has proved to me is particularly valuable to women. The pupil should stand facing the end of the bed, a heavy chair, a chest of drawers, or a window-frame. Place the hands upon the top rail,



NO. 17.

or the edge, and then lean forward, bending and straightening the arms several times. After a little practice the regulation number of arm-bendings—twelve—should be performed. If the piece of furniture be fairly high and the operator stand near it this exercise will be found to be a very easy one, and very suitable for elderly ladies, and this exercise may be performed in this manner without the slightest risk of any over-strain, even if the operator be of very advanced age.

By standing farther away from the support the exercise is, of course, made more difficult (see photograph 17). As may have been noticed, whereas in all the other exercises the breath is to be inhaled when going upwards or backwards, and exhaled when

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going downwards or forwards, in this exercise the exact opposite is the case. Here one must inhale when going downwards, because the elbows move outwards and the chest is expanded, and exhale while raising the body.

And now we come to the "rubbing" exercises which every woman should take after daily indulgence in the all-refreshing "tub." These exercises, of course, should be practised either in bathroom or bedroom, but the essential movements to be carried out can easily be followed by reference to the specially-taken illustrations accompanying this article. The "rubbing" exercises, I would mention, are scientific gymnastic movements, combined with the stroking or rubbing of the skin, whereby the entire surface of the body, by degrees, gets thoroughly and systematically polished. The rubbing is done by the palms of the hand, and, to begin with, should be merely a simple friction or stroking of the skin; but later on, as one's strength increases, it should be rendered so vigorous as to transform it into a sort of massage. I would mention that, for the proper performance of these exercises, no garment at all must be worn.



NO. 18.

The first exercise beginners should divide into two parts—knee-bendings and rubbings; later on combining the movements. The pupil should stand with feet apart, raise the arms, palms downwards, to a horizontal position in front, taking at the same time a deep inhalation. Then sink to a squatting position without raising the heels from the floor (see photograph 18). The arms must be held outstretched to the front in order to preserve the balance. Rise again without pause, lowering the arms at the same time. As the breath is expelled during the downward and upward movement, this must be carried out in a comparatively short space of time. Repeat the whole movement several times, ten at most, each time inhaling while slowly raising the arms, and exhaling while performing rather quickly the bending and straightening of the knees and the lowering of the arms.

Now come the rubbings, which are to be performed as follows. Extend the arms to the front; rub, with one steady and vigorous stroke of the right hand, the left arm from the fingers upwards over the shoulder to the neck, then back again to the fingers with another steady, but less energetic, stroke. Now, without any pause, turn the right hand down underneath the left hand, and stroke the left arm vigorously up to the armpit, and then inwards over the left breast, where the right hand must relax its hold in order that it may slap the left shoulder-blade as far back as possible, going under the left arm, which, at the same time, is bent so that the left hand can take firm hold round the right shoulder. The left hand then strokes down the right shoulder and the outside of the right arm, which it will leave at the moment when both arms are once more outstretched to the front, as at the beginning.



NO. 19.

Another excellent combined movement is for the exerciser to stand by the end of the bed, a window-frame, a chest of drawers, or any other fairly heavy article of furniture, but not too near it. While inhaling swing one arm, straightened out, slowly in a wide arc up backwards and down forwards until the hand touches the above-mentioned object, against which it must be pressed downwards while the operator exhales. Meanwhile the other hand is moved from position shown in photograph 19 and placed on the back, as high up as possible. Having exhaled, change the position of the hands; the first one, which was pressed against the piece of furniture, is now laid on the back, and the other describes the large circle while the exerciser is inhaling,

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and the hand is then pressed downwards during exhalation.

The rubbings are very easily learned. All that is required is that the back and loins be rubbed across with the back of the hand. Start from as high up on the shoulder-blade as can be reached, and rub the hand, with a threefold zig-zag movement, across the back and down over the loins. The rubbing is done, of course, with the hand which in the preliminary movement described above rested on the back, while the other hand is pressing and the operator is exhaling.

I have room for one other exercise. The pupil should stand as in photograph 20, with palms on the lower part of abdomen, and draw a deep inhalation. Then, while exhaling, bend slightly forwards, press the hands inwards, and move them upwards as if you would push all the intestines up under the ribs. While the hands relax their hold sideways draw another deep breath, endeavouring to distend the "stomach" as much as possible by filling it with air. Recommence the movement by placing the hands again as shown in photograph 20. Press the stomach as before while exhaling, and once more inhale, distending the stomach. Continue until ten complete movements have been performed.



NO. 20.

Lack of space prevents me from here mentioning various other exercises the value of which I have proved by experience. Suffice it to say, however, that those readers who will carefully follow out the simple exercises explained in this article cannot fail to feel the benefit of this regular indulgence in every-day bodily exercises in a very short time. At first, of course, it goes without saying that the "practisers" will find that the exercises take a little longer than will be the case when the object of each is thoroughly understood; still, in every case the rules to be observed are so simple that not the slightest difficulty should be experienced in following the hints here given after a few minutes of careful practice. Presently the exerciser will find that he has plenty of time to spare in the fifteen minutes. I myself go through eighteen exercises in less than that time every day.

The secret of the success of the simple hints set forth in this article lies, firstly, in the fact that they are selected to exercise those particular organs of the body which busy men and women these days cannot exert owing to their not having time to take part in outdoor sports and pastimes. Secondly, I would lay stress on the fact that it is daily physical exercise, if only for a short time, that produces so excellent an effect on the health; and, as one who has devoted a life-long study to the question of the influence of exercise on the health, I would say, in conclusion, that this daily physical "training" ought to become a habit, a necessity, that a well-ordered household can just as ill dispense with as "food for meals."

Even if you are already as healthy and well as you think you can be, you will find yourself the healthier and the better if you will accustom yourself to a daily bath and all-round exercise. Therefore, if you are really fortunate enough to enjoy good health, you ought, all the same, to put yourself to this slight inconvenience in order to retain and increase the same, though, actually, the inconvenience of indulging in fifteen minutes' exercise daily is so slight that it is scarcely worth referring to, for it is only the first step that is possibly a trifle unpleasant. Once that first step is taken the exerciser will get so addicted to his or her rejuvenating moments daily that they will naturally lapse into a never-to-be-given-up pleasant habit.

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Her Proposal.

A LEAP YEAR IDYLL.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

JOHN SERJEANTSON paused at the lodge of St. Matthew's Hospital to speak a word to its occupant, and at that moment Gladys Weir, a nurse attached to the hospital, tripped out. Serjeantson was a throat and ear specialist on the visiting staff of the hospital, and knew Gladys as a nurse who had assisted in a number of operations which he had conducted. In the course of his visits, in fact, he had seen a good deal of her. He was a tall man, a shade over six feet, with a slight stoop. As he raised his hat one would have observed that his hair was brushed carefully across his forehead, and that it did not possess the slightest symptom of a curl. His forehead was broad, though not lofty. He had steady, watchful brown eyes, and the long, firm chin that one so often finds associated with ability, energy, and success. "Very clever man, Serjeantson," said the world, and, though he could not be forty yet, making a comfortable three thousand a year. "Wonder why he doesn't marry?" added the world.

Gladys Weir was also tall, and had a face which, in addition to being pretty, was full of character. She, too, had a firm chin and mouth, with level eyebrows and a good sweep of forehead.

"Going for a constitutional?" said Serjeantson, raising his hat. "Then perhaps I may walk a little way with you?"

The tall, distinguished young specialist and the tall, graceful nurse walked away together. In the hospital Serjeantson was the man of science absolutely, giving his orders quickly and decisively, and by force of personality compelling prompt attention and alacrity on the part of his assistants. Indoors Gladys was his subordinate; but out here in the open, the world might have remarked, these two were on a level, being just a good-looking man and a pretty girl. To tell the truth, however, there was no equality between them at all, for while Gladys had possession of all her wits and was in complete command of the situation, John Serjeantson felt about as stable as a man walking on gossamer, for he was in love with Gladys.

Love ties the tongue. Now that they were together Serjeantson found it a matter of no little difficulty to think of something appropriate to say to her. He did not care to discuss the latest operation in which they had both participated, and he felt that he would not be making much conversational leeway were he to venture on a remark about the weather. As for Gladys, she, perceiving and enjoying his embarrassment, gave him no help whatever.

"Where are you going?" he at length asked, with a supreme effort.

"I am going up to the nurses' hostel in Francis Street," was the concise reply. "It is a turning off Tottenham Court Road, opposite the fire-station. I have a friend there."

"Well, it's on my way," said the specialist.

"Are you sure," said Gladys, peeping at him from beneath her long lashes, "that you have time to walk?"

"Oh, yes," said Serjeantson, although his professional conscience told him that he hadn't. As a matter of fact, an Eton boy of fourteen, a viscount, afflicted with adenoids, would be awaiting his arrival in exactly ten minutes, accompanied by the noble countess, his mother.

After a time they turned into Holborn.

"It is my birthday to-day," said the specialist, at last finding a topic to the point, "and it has set me thinking. How old do you think I am?"

"Forty-five," said Gladys.

"My *dear* Miss Weir, I am only thirty-nine! Do I really look so old?" And he seemed quite anxious.

"Curiously enough, it is *my* birthday to-day, too," said Gladys. "How old do you think *I* am, sir?"

The specialist studied her profile.

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"You cannot be thirty yet," he said, doubtfully.

It was Miss Weir's turn to start.

"Thirty, indeed! I am only twenty-two."

"The fact," mused the specialist, acquiring ease rapidly, "that you and I appear so much older than we really are——"

"But do you mean," flamed Gladys, falling into the trap, "that I really *look* thirty?"

"—— is not," went on the specialist, quite unmoved, "without its significance. We are both overworked, and we both take life too strenuously. Miss Weir, I prescribe a thorough rest for you. Go away into the country and do nothing. Go to bed early



"'HOW CURIOUS!' SAID GLADYS, 'I AM STARTING TO-MORROW'"

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and get up late. Don't exert yourself in the least. Simply rest."

"How curious!" said Gladys. "I am starting to-morrow."

Serjeantson, cool and collected man of science, was visibly dismayed.

"Going away? For how long?"

"A fortnight. I am going to stay with my brother, who has just bought a practice at Coveleigh, in Norfolk."

"It sounds well," said Serjeantson. "What sort of a place is Coveleigh?"

"The usual rather large seaside village," replied Gladys. "The sort of place people tell one another about, but which is never advertised."

By now they were in New Oxford Street, and they walked on for some little time in silence. A good many people looked at them, for they made a handsome couple. Gladys observed this, and was not displeased. After all, although there are many fellows in the world calculated to make excellent husbands—and often accomplished ones—the majority of them are not, as girls put it, "very much to look at." Serjeantson might be referred to as an extremely presentable man. His well-knit, lithe figure corresponded well with his strong, intellectual face.

Meanwhile the noble countess was tapping the heavy pile carpet of the specialist's waiting-room with a slightly impatient toe. Her son, the viscount, all unconscious of impending ill, was devouring the pages of a boys' magazine which had been thoughtfully provided for young patients by the specialist's servant.

"Well," said Gladys, at length, "here we are at Tottenham Court Road, and I suppose our ways part?"

How necessary it is to pick and choose one's words carefully—especially for a comely girl when talking to an eligible man who openly admires her! Had Gladys remarked, "Here our ways part," Serjeantson would have taken his dismissal as a matter of course and jumped into the nearest taxi. But the insertion of that little qualifying "I suppose" made all the difference in this particular case. In these two simple words there was an underlying suggestion that it was possible their ways might *not* part—if, for instance, Serjeantson might wish to turn off at a tangent to his walk proper and make for the Cavendish Square end of Harley Street by a somewhat circuitous route, taking in the humble byway of Francis.

"If I may——" he began.

Gladys smiled. "But won't you be late?"

"I suppose I shall be—a little," admitted the specialist, "but only a little. Some of my patients are very unpunctual. Suppose I see you to Francis Street?"

So off they turned down the thoroughfare whose plate-glass windows are so eminently suggestive of human nest-building, and proceeded on their walk at a leisurely pace.

She was going away to-morrow, reflected the specialist, absently returning the salute of a student from St. Matthew's. She was going on a holiday, and a good many things happen in the course of these holidays. She was a good nurse, quick and skilful, with light hands; but it was not to be supposed for a moment that she had forsworn her life to the nursing profession as a nun vows hers to celibacy. She was young and pretty, and going on a holiday to a place where there were probably idlers in abundance. Before the specialist's jealous vision there arose a picture of young men in flannels and blazers and big sun-hats, all waiting to escort Gladys Weir to the beach.

In the midst of his cogitations he cast his eyes to the right, where they alighted on a large card bearing the words, "This Handsome Suite, £18 18s." It seemed a sort of blatant reminder that he was thirty-nine and single. And yet, though he wanted to propose to Gladys Weir, he could not for his life put his desire into words.

Gladys knew that her name was coupled with Serjeantson's at the hospital. The glances of her colleagues not infrequently rested on the third finger of her left hand. She had often fancied that he was on the point of proposing to her, but—oh, these men! So, as the days and weeks and months passed, though near to one another's hearts, they drew no nearer in actuality.

To-morrow she was going away. She knew that there was a prosperous young squire who would ask her to marry him. At least, as he had already proposed to her twice verbally and three times by letter, she felt that it would not be a mad wager to stake all the money she possessed in the world to a button that he would propose to her again these holidays. He was a good fellow, but she never experienced the slightest thrill when he touched her hand.

She stole a glance at the specialist. He was looking at the sky as if seeking inspiration there.

"Hopeless," thought Gladys—"quite hopeless. He will never propose to me if I know him for ten years. It really looks as if I shall——"

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Her pace gradually slackened, and she began to look into the shop-windows, and then, in spite of the fact that she knew he had an important appointment to keep, for which he was already late, stopped at a window which was crowded with dainty linen goods.

"Will you wait for me a moment?" she said. "I want to buy some handkerchiefs for one of the nurses at Matt's."

"With pleasure," said Serjeantson.

She went in, and as she did so he looked at his watch. He was already a quarter of an hour late for his appointment. He drew up his eyebrows. It did not do to keep patients waiting, especially titled ones. Moreover, this particular countess whose son's throat he had to examine was the sort of lady who could recommend him many patients.

However, he had said he would wait. It was a case of keeping his word either with the countess or with Gladys, and he was not in love with the countess.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and Gladys had not reappeared. This was getting serious. He looked anxiously at the doorway of the shop, but the figure whose outlines he had grown to recognize so swiftly in the longest and dimmest corridor at the hospital still failed to present itself to view. He paced the pavement with impatient steps. He might have found some excuse for being a quarter of an hour late--the countess would readily appreciate that he could not always say precisely when he would be finished at the hospital—but half an hour was another matter!

Where on earth had the girl got to? Should he go in and look for her? Possibly she had forgotten *all* about him! He turned hot and cold at the thought. Yes, that must be it. She had forgotten *all* about him! And to-morrow she was going to a place which was probably half-populated with male flirts.

Thirty-five minutes late! Gladys or no Gladys, he could wait no longer.

Ah! here she was, demure and composed as ever, and smiling as unconcernedly as if she had kept him hanging about there a mere couple of minutes.

"I am afraid you must have thought I was never coming," she said, as she approached him.

"Well, I must say you have taken some time choosing the handkerchiefs," replied Serjeantson, scanning the street anxiously for a taxi. "If you don't mind my bustling you a little and dropping you at the hostel, I'll take a cab."

"Oh, yes," said Gladys, "you must be very late! I'm *so* sorry!"

But it occurred to Serjeantson that she did not appear particularly penitent as she stood by his side on the kerb. Still, penitent or not, she looked exasperatingly pretty.

A taxi buzzed up. They entered, and in a couple of minutes Gladys was alighting at the hostel.

"Good-bye," she said, very sweetly. "Thanks so much for seeing me here."

Serjeantson was tongue-tied. He knew many men would have had some quite smart reply ready, but himself he couldn't think of anything. He mumbled something incoherent and watched her with all his eyes as she walked across the grimy pavement and disappeared, turning her head just once.

"Sharp as you can:" he said to the driver, and the taxi flew off at its best legal rate. It was a pretty clear road, and in five minutes the specialist was on his doorstep.

His maid met him in the hall.

"Lady Manxmore?" he breathed, with foreboding in his heart.

The maid opened her eyes a shade wider.

"I gave her your message, sir, and she went away half an hour ago."

"Gone!" cried Serjeantson. "My message!"

"Yes, sir," said the maid. "I told her you were engaged at the hospital, as I knew you were operating there this afternoon. I supposed that one of the nurses was sending the message at your direction."

"What message did you get?" inquired the specialist, sharply.

"The message was," replied the maid, "'Mr. Serjeantson is engaged.' So her ladyship didn't wait any longer."

"Was her ladyship put out?" asked Serjeantson.

"I am afraid she was, sir. She and her little boy had been waiting some time."

Serjeantson bit his lip.

"Tell me the message again."

"It was only that, sir—'Mr. Serjeantson is engaged.'"

"But I wasn't——" began Serjeantson. Seeing that the woman was looking sharply at him, however, he added, abruptly, "Very well," which seemed to the maid a rather vague and unsatisfactory ending to the conversation.

She whisked off, and Serjeantson stood in a brown study.

He ran over the message again. What right had Gladys—Nurse Weir, he meant—to send

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"'I THOUGHT I OUGHT TO MAKE SOME EXCUSE FOR YOU,' FALTERED GLADYS."

such a message? For he knew it must have been she. What right—— Yet he couldn't feel angry with her, though he had missed a fee of twenty-five guineas, that being the price he set on the Eton boy's throat—not to speak of Lady Manxmore's recommendation, which meant hundreds more.

"*Mr. Serjeantson is engaged.*" The message had consisted of these four simple words. There was apparently nothing in them. The words constituted one of the commonest sentences in daily use. Yet Serjeantson read something into them that made him, after a cautious survey of the hall to see that the maid wasn't about, bound to the telephone like a schoolboy and ring up the Nurses' Hostel in Francis Street. And if you want a quick reply, ring up any place connected with nurses, and you get it. Serjeantson got it this time.

"Oh, is Nurse Weir there?" inquired the suave tones of the specialist.

"Yes; she is having tea here," replied a pleasant voice. "You are——"

"Mr. Serjeantson."

"Oh, yes!" the answer came, with flattering promptness.

There was then a little delay—though it seemed to the specialist a very long one—and at length a voice that caused a strange tremor to take possession of his limbs sounded over the telephone-wire.

"Yes, Mr. Serjeantson?"

There was softness, there was sweetness, and yet there was character in the voice. It was the voice of Gladys Weir.

And the specialist took a metaphorical pull at his belt, for he had to perform the most subtle operation that had yet confronted

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him during his career. He paused for a moment, and then said, briefly:—

"I shall hold you to your word!"

"What word?" came from the other end.

It was said casually enough, but anybody in Gladys Weir's vicinity would have noticed that the girl was as red as a rose.

"You said I was engaged," said Serjeantson.

"I thought I ought to make some excuse for you," faltered Gladys, though there was apparently no reason why she should speak in a faltering tone.

"I was not engaged, so it could only have been to *you*," replied the specialist, firmly.

There fell upon his ear a sound caused by some convulsive movement.

"Oh!" cried the girl's voice. "Do you—mean to—suggest that——"

A cold fear gripped the specialist's heart. Had he made an awful blunder? Well, even if he hadn't he must pretend that he had.

"I don't suggest anything," he replied, desperately. "May I take it that I *was* and *am* engaged to you? If so, I'll be at the hostel in seven minutes from now, and then we'll drive straight to Bond Street and——"

He paused. The answer did not come immediately. His heart beat furiously. Was it—was it to be? . . . Then at last:—

"If," said Gladys, "you will promise to be very kind——"

"My darling! As if I could be anything else!"

She laughed softly at his vehemence.

"——and allow me to do *exactly* as I like——"

"All wives do that now!"

"——I may think you over. But"—and there was a note of outrage in her voice—"if I thought for a single moment that you imagined——"

And at that her voice was irretrievably lost in a whir of cross-talk.



"'I WAS NOT ENGAGED, SO IT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN TO YOU,' REPLIED THE SPECIALIST, FIRMLY."

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FOX-FARMING.

The Story of a Curious New Industry.



"WELL, Brown, I hear you're going to take up ranching in the West."

"Yes; I thought I'd try my hand at it."

"How many head of cattle will you have?"

"Not a single head, my boy."

"Ah! Horses, eh?"

"No, not horses."

"Why, what are you going in for?"

"Foxes. Yes, you needn't gasp for astonishment. I'm going to run a fox ranch, or a farm, or an outfit, or whatever you like to call it. I'm going to raise foxes. There's millions in it. It's the latest occupation for young Englishmen in Canada. I've run to earth a few foxes in my time, but I little thought I should ever make my fortune out of the rascals. In a few years I shall probably come back and take a house in Park Lane."

Every woman loves beautiful furs, because no product of the loom and the dressmaker is so becoming to beauty and plainness alike. Yet, in spite of the skill and enterprise of ten thousand fur-hunters there are not enough furs to go round. Consequently every year sees the cost of the finer furs growing greater and the difficulty of obtaining them increase. How is the demand to be met?

For, unless steps are taken to increase the number of foxes, martens, otters, beavers, and minks, none but millionaires will be able to buy furs. A marten coat (Russian sable) worn at a recent horse show in New York cost four thousand five hundred pounds. Another of black fox, consisting of no more than three skins, cost the owner over three thousand pounds. Hundreds of coats sell for as much as two thousand pounds apiece. And every pelt taken means much travel, adventure, and hardship for hunters and trappers in the distant cold countries of the earth. Is it not time to raise fur from animals in captivity, just as feathers are obtained from domesticated ostriches? It is wonderful that the idea has not been put into practice long ages since.

Some years ago one Lamb (a Canadian farmer of that name, and not a quadruped cherishing an hereditary resentment), while hunting some strayed cattle in the woods, found two silver-fox pups, a male and a female, in a hollow log. He contrived to carry them home, and swapped them with a neighbour for a cow and a few dollars to boot. The neighbour experimented for several years with various kinds of pens and treatment, but finally became discouraged and sold the foxes for eighty dollars to another

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neighbour, who also was no more successful than the late owner. This second man gave over his experiment to a third man, who lived on an island in Cascumpec Bay. The quiet of the new place, the increasing tameness of the foxes, and the intelligence of the new keeper produced conditions that relieved Mme. Reynard's nervous apprehension for her young's safety, and three pups were reared to maturity in two seasons. This success, the result of eight years' experimentation, gave a strong impulse to a brand-new industry. Farmers have not many new industries to turn to nowadays, and this one began in earnest. About six men possessed a knowledge of the fine art of rearing foxes in captivity, and jealously guarded their secret until 1910. Up to that time no live foxes were sold, except some light "silvers" to distant places.



ONE OF THE WIRE ENCLOSURES ON A FOX-FARM.
From a Photograph.

The surplus animals were killed and the pelts marketed in London. One dark silver pelt was sold for five hundred and eighty pounds at a London auction, and in 1910-11 prices of five hundred and forty pounds and four hundred and eighty pounds were obtained. Since then as much as seven hundred pounds has been realized, the highest price ever paid for the pelt of any kind of animal.

Now that the secret is out fox-farms are springing up in Canada in all directions, and henceforth it would seem that the production of costly fur is only a problem for the animal husbandman. Perhaps the day will soon come when books of fox, marten, otter, and mink pedigrees will be published. One fox-farm recently visited by the writer on the banks of the St. Lawrence contained eighteen animals, for which the owner demanded fifteen thousand pounds.

"It is a better business," he explained, "than raising cows, sheep, or poultry. It is a gold-mine. I started with a capital of seventy pounds, which I paid to an Indian for a litter of pups six years ago, and now I am a rich man."

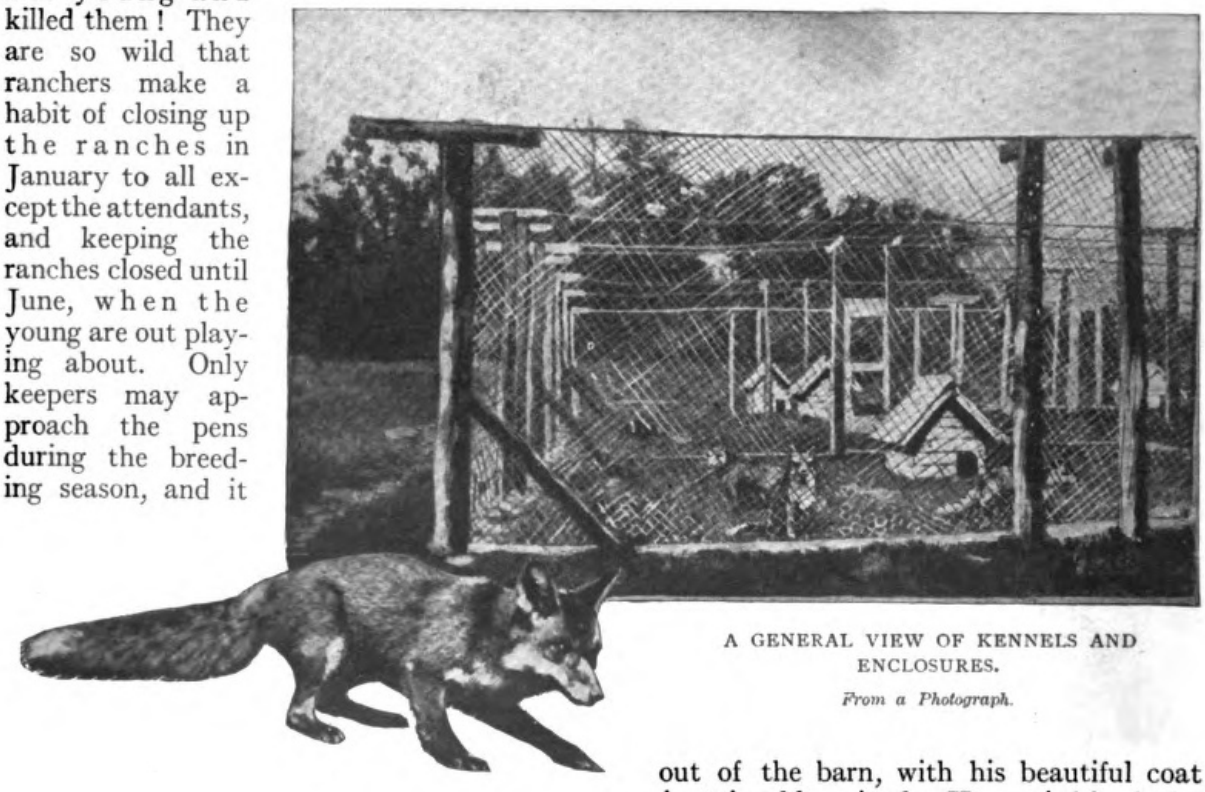
How odd it must seem to an English farmer that Reynard, so long the bane of the poultry-yard and the victim of the fox-hunter, should be converted into a source of wealth! For it must be remembered that the finest silver fox is only a colour-phase of the red fox.

But it must not be assumed that fox-farming is altogether an easy business. It is, on the contrary, one that requires unusual patience and skill, and the risks of sudden loss are great. Foxes have been kept as pets and in zoological gardens from time

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immemorial, but they have never been known to rear young in captivity. The reason of this seems to be the extreme nervousness of the female. She has been known to carry her young about in her mouth for days, putting them now in one place, then carrying them to another, until they succumbed to exposure and handling. Keepers have had to stay by the pens day and night for several days at a time to keep watch on the mother.

Once a ranch-owner whose home was within sight of a certain mother fox was having his house painted. When the painter began to put the new colour on the house, either the sight of the stranger or the smell of the paint so excited the mother that she brought out her young and killed them! They are so wild that ranchers make a habit of closing up the ranches in January to all except the attendants, and keeping the ranches closed until June, when the young are out playing about. Only keepers may approach the pens during the breeding season, and it is declared by some of them to be risky even to change clothes, lest the change worry the fox!



A GENERAL VIEW OF KENNELS AND ENCLOSURES.

From a Photograph.

Foxes are peculiar in that they never become very tame, or only in exceptional cases. Still, life in the wire enclosures does not seem unpleasant to them. So far as is known, none have escaped by digging, but a few have managed to climb out. The overhanging wire at the top effectually prevents this at most times, but an unusually heavy drift of snow in winter sometimes enables them to reach an elevation from which they can leap to the top and scramble out. In several cases, however, they have returned to the enclosures and climbed back, or have been caught in traps set for them near by.

One day a fox-farmer's entire stock-in-trade disappeared. In vain he searched every corner of the precincts—not a trace of a fox could be found. In alarm, nearly approaching despair, he called upon his neighbours, and they commenced to scour the country. On the outskirts of a village they saw a crowd of men and boys around a barn, and, on inquiring, were told that a brace of foxes had taken refuge within.

"But," said the informant, grinning, "they've got one of the rascals. Nailed him in a corner and filled him full of lead!"

In a moment the farmer was shown the corpse of his prize beast, brought triumphantly out of the barn, with his beautiful coat irretrievably ruined. He carried back the other in a barrel, after a day spent in a tiring search.

The next morning he went out to see how the solitary fox was, when, judge of his amazement and delight at seeing six other foxes—his own property—enjoying their breakfast on the premises! They had actually burrowed through in the night, there being no turned-up netting to prevent them on the outside, and so regained what, after all, they decided was their true refuge.

When at large foxes have rarely been known to climb trees, but in confinement they do so readily and voluntarily, often lying curled up in the thick branches of a

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spruce or fir for hours. It is an odd sight to see a tree full of foxes.

Although generally suspicious and of an unfriendly nature, foxes in confinement usually maintain good relations among themselves. If well fed they seldom fight. In a few cases two or more have turned upon a fellow-captive and killed or badly crippled it, but usually this has been due to underfeeding or to improper handling. Except when young, they snap and bite at their keeper if he attempts to handle them; so they are separated or transferred by driving them from one enclosure to another through gates arranged for this purpose. When this is not feasible, they may be driven into boxes and so moved. They stand shipment well, and may be boxed and sent on a journey of several days by rail with perfect safety. Foxes have been shipped even so far as from Alaska to Maine, but, unless specially cared for in transit they do not often survive such a long journey.

What are they fed upon? Well, wild foxes eat a great variety of food, including mice, rabbits, birds, and insects, such as grasshoppers, crickets, and beetles. At certain seasons large quantities of berries are eaten. Meat, therefore, is only part of their natural diet. Many fox-breeders, failing to recognize this fact, have fed them with meat largely and exclusively. Although this is not always followed by bad results, it is much better to supply bread, milk, table scraps, or manufactured dog-biscuits, all of which are relished. Indeed, foxes, like dogs, are almost omnivorous, and there is less danger in any particular kind of food than in too large quantities of it.

At present it is not easy to establish ownership of an escaped fox in a country inhabited by wild foxes. It is therefore possible for persons so inclined to contrive the escape of valuable animals, and when free to kill them and market their skins. Not long ago, indeed, a fur-rancher recognized, at a Hudson Bay Company store, a valuable silver-fox pelt which he knew was his own property. He had lately been mourning the loss of a fine animal which had somehow disappeared from his ranch.

"Who sold you this?" he asked the factor.

"Oh, that's one of Pierre Ganong's catches. He's had great luck with his traps this season."

"I dare say," returned the rancher, grimly. "That happens to be one of my foxes."

"How can you prove it?"

"I can show you its fellow—from the same litter."

"That doesn't prove anything."

"Then I'll make Pierre Ganong confess that he never caught that fox in the bush."

"How are you going to do it?"

"Will you help me? In the interests of common honesty old Pierre ought to be brought to book. This is the third fox he has brought in, and I know for certain that he has not stirred five miles from his cabin in the last three months."

The factor assented, and the fox-rancher went back to his ranch and procured a live silver fox, in all respects resembling the pelt at the store. Then, that night, he sent an urgent message to Pierre Ganong, in the factor's name, requesting him to come over at once, on important business. When the man arrived, half-drunk, the factor told him that a strange thing had happened. The fox pelt he had sold him had disappeared from the drawer in which the skins were kept, and there was a live fox in its place.

The habitant trapper is very superstitious, and always on the look-out for the supernatural.

"Where is he now?" he asked.

"In the fur-room yonder. That upper left-hand drawer. Go and see for yourself."

Trembling all over, the trapper approached the drawer, drew on a thick pair of gloves, or mitts, and cautiously pulled open the drawer a couple of inches. A pair of flashing green eyes greeted him.

"Holy Virgin!" he muttered. "It is alive—the same fox, *bien sûr!*" Then he turned to the factor. "Wasn't he skinned when I brought him to you?"

"Yes. What did you do with the carcass?"

Completely off his guard, the man answered, "I buried him at L'Assiette—near the pool—yesterday morning."

"You hear that?" called the factor, loudly, to the *curé* and the ranch-owner, who were listening to the dialogue in the next room. "He buried it yesterday morning at L'Assiette, just three miles from Mr. White's ranch, and he caught this fox four months ago at Mistassini. That's your fox, Mr. White, and Ganong'll get nothing more from the Company until he's squared with us!"

Many enterprising young Englishmen, formerly engaged in cattle-ranching in the West, have taken to fox-farming. Joint stock companies, with a total capitalization of over a million, are now incorporated for the new industry in Eastern Canada, and the result of applying capital to a novel business of this kind is being watched with great

interest. One present effect has been to raise the price of foxes from three hundred and four hundred pounds—the actual fur value of good dark silvers—to six hundred and even seven hundred pounds for the pups of 1912. The number of foxes being limited to a small increase each year, there is no danger of a "rush" or boom. At any rate, the prices are not yet high enough to prevent considerable profits, eliminating, of course, the risk of theft and escape from the argument.

"It is more profitable," said an experienced breeder to the writer, "to rear red foxes at even a sovereign a pelt than to rear sheep, getting twenty shillings for each lamb and tenpence a pound for wool." How much greater the profit, then, when hundreds of sovereigns are obtained!

The fur is taken the last week in December. It is usually sold at the March sales in London, to which metropolis of the fur trade it is sent by mail, insured. After the sale the skins generally go to Leipzig for manufacture. Afterwards many of the furs pass into the hands of Royalty, particularly those of Russia and Austria. With many of these Royal furs a gorgeous effect is produced by putting gold, by electrolytic methods, on the hair tips—black fox being the only fur that retains it.

Some of these rarer fox-skins are destined to have interesting histories of their own. None, perhaps, was ever so remarkable as that which was purchased by a Paris furrier in 1883 and sold to the Grand Duchess of Baden. On the death of the Grand Duchess it passed into the hands of a famous nobleman in the diplomatic service, who presented it to the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, not long before her lamented assassination. The Empress was very proud of this silver-fox tippet, which she showed to many of her English friends, amongst whom was Lord Dufferin, calling it her "favourite Reynard," and stroking it affectionately and inviting her old fox-hunting companions to admire the "finest brush in the world."

On the Empress's death in 1898 it was returned to the same furrier's from which it had come originally, in order to be cleaned, and after lying at this establishment for upwards of a year was ordered to be delivered to a celebrated *prima donna* who had been performing in the Austrian capital. In 1911 this *prima donna's* daughter-in-law, then owner of the fox tippet, with her husband, was staying at a New York hotel, when the whole of her valuable furs were stolen. The police exerted themselves to the utmost, and all were recovered save the silver-fox tippet, with which, it was stated, the thief had escaped into Canada. Thus, after more than a quarter of a century of travel and many vicissitudes of ownership, Reynard was back in his native country again, and his present whereabouts are unknown.

But so unusual is the character of this beautiful skin that it will probably some day come to light.



SILVER-FOX SKINS WORTH ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS.

Photograph by courtesy of Messrs. Revillon Frères.

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MR WALKER'S AEROPLANE



By ARTHUR MORRISON.

Illustrated by A. Leete.

THERE is a bow-window in the parlour of the Padfield Arms which gives a view of the village street on one hand and of the open road and the fields on the other. Either way offers an attractive walk to an idle man, and I stood in the window in the mood that induces such a man to toss up for it. But a man may be even too idle to toss up, and it struck me to leave the decision to two unconscious arbitrators: Dan'l Robgent, who, with his stick and his rheumatics, was approaching from the village street, and an unknown bicyclist who was coming up the road from Codham, with many swerves and wobbles, occasioned by desperate twisting of the neck and staring at the sky. Dan'l was close, the bicyclist was comparatively far. Which would pass the window first? With a brisk pedestrian and a cyclist intent on his journey, a dead-heat would seem likely; but Dan'l's rheumatics and the cyclist's interest in the heavens introduced factors of uncertainty and gave the chance a sporting interest.

Dan'l Robgent paused and rubbed his toe tenderly with his stick—he was losing ground; but after that slight refreshment he came on with quite a spurt, and the cyclist brought down his gaze and made a wild swerve to save his balance.

In the end victory lay with the unwitting Dan'l by the mere distance of the window from the inn-door; for there the two met, and the bicyclist dismounted to ask Dan'l some question which was ungraciously received.

"No," I heard Dan'l say, very severely, "I *hain't* seen no hairyplane, so there!"

The bicyclist grinned.

"All right," he answered. "Keep your hair on, oad 'un! I didn't mean oad Taff-Pilcher's!"

And with that he turned to his machine and drifted up the village street.

There were military manœuvres in this part of Essex, and a rumour had been heard that aeroplanes were to fly. So that I wondered at Dan'l's indignation as he came stumping into the parlour, grumbling vaguely. I ventured a question.

"That young monkey comes from Codham," said Dan'l Robgent, "an' when a Codham man talks about hairyplanes to a Padfield man it means impidence. Speeches o' chaff, I s'pose they call it; but I call it impidence, to a man oad enough to be his father."

I put my stick in a corner and sat down. Dan'l Robgent sat down, too, and in response to my well-understood signal a mug was planted under his nose ere he was fully settled. He received the mug with a well-bred affectation of surprise, as usual, and wished me excellent health.

"Well," I said, "and who is old Taff-Pilcher?"

"*Mr.* Taff-Pilcher, sir," said Dan'l, with grave reproof, "is Parlyment candidate for

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this 'ere division, and a very nice genelman. Them chaps at Codham don't 'preciate him, Codham not bein' in this votin' division, though only three mile off. Mr. Taff-Pilcher looks arter *our* interests, as is proper, not the Codham people's; and it's my belief he'll be member after next election, he's made hisself that popular. And when he is we shall be all right—them as votes for Mr. Taff-Pilcher, anyway. We shall all get summat for our votes, we shall; we sha'n't be wheedled out of 'em for nothink like as what we've bin ever since I had a vote."

"How much are you to get?" I asked.

"'Tain't legal for a genelman to mention the 'zact amount, no more than it's legal for a genelman to pay it hisself. He's a lawyer, is Mr. Taff-Pilcher, and he knows the law thorough. I've heard my oad father say, in his time, when the law was different, the price o' votes dropped from a sovereign to five shillun paid down afore you went in; then it got to half a crown an' less, an' then nothin' at all. Shameful it was—and has been all my time. But Mr. Taff-Pilcher's a free-hearted genelman, and he's goin' to see things put right again; an' as he won't be payin' hisself he ain't under no temptation to keep it low. And there's goin' to be ashfelt in Padfield street, and 'lectric light, and ping-pong in the workus."

"But what about his aeroplane?"

"Well, 'twasn't 'zactly his, so to speak, but one as he wasn't able to send. You see, he's always been special kind and attentive, has Mr. Taff-Pilcher. It was only a accident that he didn't get the Lord Mayor o' Lunnon hisself down to give away the school prizes, an' he's the very best cricket umpire we ever had on the field here, an' football, too. Fine, he is, straight and fair allus, with just a *leetle* leanin' towards Padfield, when it ain't too noticeable. That's what I like to see—a perfeck fair umpire as won't give it agin his own side if he can help it. That's the sort we want."

"And Codham doesn't?" I interjected, for the rivalry of Padfield and Codham was intense in cricket and football as in everything else.

"They're jealous; Codhamites allus are I dunno what they expect; if they'd got any sense o' fairness they'd see that *their* votes ain't no good to him. But it was about the hairyplane I was tellin' you. It was in the annual sports—you know what a time we have here at Padfield sports every year. There ain't nothin' like it for miles round, and ain't been since they stopped Codham Fair. Well, it's wonnerful how Mr. Taff-Pilcher went into them sports. We made him judge, o' course, seein' how good he was as umpire, an' it paid us. And he helped us wonnerful other ways, too. He didn't pay for no prizes, you understand, nor subscribe nothin', 'cos that's all agin his principles. He's very partic'lar about his principles, is Mr. Taff-Pilcher, an' the one we found out about first was that it's wrong for him to pay out anything in this 'ere constitooency, bein' a sort o' bribery as he couldn't stoop to. But, lor', you'd never ha' minded if you'd seen him givin' the prizes away after the sports; you'd ha' believed he'd give the whole lot out of his own pocket, the handsome way he did it and the generous way he talked. And it was just the same all through; nobody ever knew before what unimportant sort o' people the squire and the passon was till they see Mr. Taff-Pilcher a-puttin' of 'em in the shade at the sports.

"He stuck to his principles about not subscribin' money, but nobody could call him mean when it was give out he was goin' to send a hairyplane. Everybody knowed what a expensive thing a hairyplane was, and them chaps as go up in 'em allus charge about a thousand pound a time. He made a little speech about it afore the sports began. He said we was livin' in stirrin' times, and the march o' progress was astonishin' to be'old. He told us that man, not content with sailin' the stormy deep and travellin' on the firmer terra cotta, had now took to hisself wings to cleave the infinite expense. He said that he was proud and happy to say that a hairyplane was on its way to the spot he loved dearest on earth (meanin' Padfield) at about a hundred an' fifty mile an hour, and conskently might be expected any time in the arternoon, bein' driv by a most noted flyin' genelman o' the name o' Walker. If Mr. Walker successfully braved the perils of the windy element, he said, in his journey from Lunnon, we should hev the glory and delight o' seein' him come a-swoopin' down in graceful circles like a heagle or a harchangel on to Padfield. It 'ud be agin his principles, he said, to say anythink about the tremenjus expense o' givin' us sich a treat as that, but he hoped we wouldn't forget it. And then we cheered terrific, and the sports began.

"All Padfield and half Codham must ha' gone to bed with stiff necks that night, and I wonder most o' the necks wasn't broke afore they got home. Half the things in the refreshment-tent was ate by boys while the

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chaps in charge was starin' up lookin' for the hairyplane. Them as tried to look for the hairyplane and see the races too got it worst, and you'd think they ought to ha' broke their necks unanimous. Mr. Taff-Pilcher, he was very eager about it, too, as you'd expect; but he didn't let it prevent him bein' faithful to Padfield as judge o' the sports. O' course a judge can't do very much for his pals, even in a country sports where things ain't done particular; but what any judge could do Mr. Taff-Pilcher did, and did wonnerful neat, too. In the final o' the hundred yards' race, when young Bill Parker was comin' up neck and neck with a Codham chap, Bill bein' on the side nearest the judge, it was beautiful to see how he changed the tape from his left to his right hand, just casual like, as he turned round to speak to a committee-man, and just brought it up agin Bill Parker's chest by about six inches. It was one o' the good-naturedest things I ever see done. And he was just as thoughtful all through. I could see it, havin' been in it all when I was a young man, and knowed the comfort of havin' a friendly judge when you're a-takin' off for the long jump, or got a little dab o' cobbler's wax in the spoon in the egg-and-spoon race. But the Codham chaps took it downright spiteful.



"ALL PADFIELD AND HALF CODHAM MUST HA' GONE TO BED WITH STIFF NECKS THAT NIGHT."

"The arternoon went on, and most o' the sports was over, one after another, and everybody sick and giddy a-starin' at the sky, when there come a telegram for Mr. Taff-Pilcher. It come jist as the sack race was finishin' and there was nothin' more left but the tug-o'-war between Padfield an' Codham. That was allus last, an' a most howlin' outrageous tussle it's allus been, 'cos whichever side wins crows over the other for the rest o' the year.

"Well, the telegram come, an' Mr. Taff-Pilcher, he read it, an' took off his hat an' wiped his head and showed the telegram to the committee, an' their faces went as long as fourpenny kites. Everybody saw as something was up, an' some said the hairyplane man was killed for certain, an' what a pity it didn't happen where we could all see it. And then Mr. Taff-Pilcher got on a chair an' called all the crowd round him an' made another speech. He said it grieved him to the 'art to have to announce that he had just received

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"THEIR FACES WENT AS LONG AS FOURPENNY KITES."

a telegram from Mr. Walker, saying that his sky-hooks had give way and jammed his wind-sifter, so that he wouldn't be able to get as far as Padfield. Nothin' as could have occurred could ha' grieved him wuss, unless it was that a accident might ha' happened to Mr. Walker instead of his sky-hooks an' his wind-sifter. He need hardly say how 'art-broke he was to see us all disappointed, an' he hoped, at any rate, we wouldn't blame him as was so devoted to our interests. He could only say that after his first pang o' grief at seein' us disappointed his next feelin' was one of 'artfelt thankfulness that Mr. Walker was safe, an' he was sure them was our sentiments, too.

"You never heard sich a shindy o' cheerin' as we give Mr. Taff-Pilcher arter that speech; we cheered him louder than we'd ha' cheered the hairyplane itself if it had ha' come, an' he was a greater favourite than ever—twice as popular as if it had come. But them Codham chaps was nasty about it, o' course. Sniffed an' snarled an' sneered, they did, an' said there was no flies on oad Taff-Pilcher, an' a sixpenny telegram came a mighty deal cheaper than a hairyplane. Fair sickenin' to hear 'em, it was; you wouldn't believe people could be so ungrateful.

"It made the Padfield chaps pretty wild, an' they went at the tug-o'-war that savage that they pulled the Codham team over



"JIM BARTRIP, THE BIGGEST CHAP ON THE CODHAM SIDE, HE SLIPPED UP, AN'—

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right bang-off the first pull, as soon as Mr. Taff-Pilcher give the word, an' the crowd cheered louder 'n ever. Then they crossed over for the second pull, but this time the Codham chaps was all ready, an' wouldn't be done on the rush. It was a long pull an' a tough pull, and it went agin Padfield. That made things ekal, an' the crowd went half frantic when they crossed again for the last pull. This time Mr. Taff-Pilcher quite see what a lot depended on him, and he started 'em very slow and impartial. He had all sorts of a long trouble in gettin' the red rag on the rope 'zactly over the mark, an' then when he give warnin' to take a strain it got off again an' he had to begin afresh; an' so on for a minute or two, till at last Jim Bartrip, the biggest chap on the Codham side, he slipped up, an' '*Pull!*' bawls Mr. Taff-Pilcher at the top of his voice, jist in the nick o' time. Lor'! Them Codham chaps jist come over hand over hand like a row o' sacks, Jim Bartrip a-blowin' an' a-cussin' an' a-scufflin' to get his feet under him, an' everybody on the field howlin' an' dancin' like mad.

"Well, there's no satisfyin' some people. The row them Codham chaps made over losin' that tug-o'-war was positive disgraceful, an' there might almost ha' been a fight if most o' the crowd hadn't been Padfield people. Codham chaps was allus bad losers. They even tried booin' Mr. Taff-Pilcher when he give away the prizes, but that only made the cheers twice as loud, an' at last he was chaired off the field an' all the way to the station. It was the greatest day ever he had in Padfield, an' if the election had been the day after he'd ha' been our member now.

"Well, the prize for the tug-o'-war was a side o' bacon, an' the team was eight. Bedlow, the landlord here, was one o' the team, an' late in the evenin' they brought the side o' bacon here to divide; and with that came trouble. There hadn't never been a side o' bacon given for a prize before, an' it never struck nobody there'd be any difficulty in cuttin' it in eight parts—an' p'r'aps there mightn't ha' been if they hadn't called in Huxon, the butcher, to advise. But Huxon was that professional an' scientific there was no doin' anythink with him. It was agin all the rules, it seemed, to divide a side o' bacon into eight parts. You could divide it into three parts, or five parts, or nine or thirteen; but anythin' else 'ud be unconstitootional. An' what was more, all them parts was different sizes. It was no good argufyin' with Huxon; no amount o' argufyin' 'ud bring Huxon to go agin the principles of a lifetime.

"'There's fore-end, middle, an' gammon,' he said, obstinit as pig itself. 'Or there's hock, an' collar, an' two streakies, an' back, an' ribs, an' loin, an' flank, an' gammon, an' corner. An' you can cut your collar in two, an' your loin in two, an' your back in two, an' your streaky in three. An' that's the way pigs is made, an' pigs is bacon, an' you can't cut 'em different, whichever way you go, nohow an' notsoever!'



'PULL!' BAWLS MR. TAFF-PILCHER AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE, JIST IN THE NICK O' TIME."

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"Not only was there no argufyin' with Huxon, but he got that excited what between sports day an' laws o' the trade an' wettin' the occasion that presently there was no shuttin' him up, and at closin' time he had to be shoved out forcible, an' went off up the street, shoutin', 'There's hock, an' collar, an' two streakies, an' back, an' ribs, an' loin, an' flank, an' gammon,' an' all the rest of it at the top of his voice.

"So Bedlow shut the door an' told the rest o' the team they was there as his friends till the pint was settled, for the sake o' the licence. And they put the side o' bacon on the table an' sat all round it for about two hours, plannin' out the cuts, till it turned out as nobody particular wanted the hock an' the whole team was in competition for the gammon. That made a wuss confusion than ever, an' in the middle of it there came a loud tap at the winder, an' everybody jumped. Bedlow jumped highest, 'cos of his licence, though he made sure the p'liceman must be in bed long ago. But when they shoved up the winder there was a chap standin' outside all muffled up in jerseys an' sweaters an' sich, with his head all tied up in ear-flaps an' what-not, an' a big pair o' glass goggles all over his face.



"'THERE'S FORE-END, MIDDLE, AN' GAMMON,' HE SAID, OBSTINIT AS PIG ITSELF."

"'Come and hold my hairyplane,' says the chap. 'It's in a field along here, an' the wind's gettin' up!'

"'What?' says Bedlow.

"'Didn't expect me, I s'pose,' says the chap. 'I'm late, that's all. I ought to ha' been here this afternoon, but my sky-hooks give way and jammed my wind-sifter. My name's Walker.'

"Them eight big chaps was that amazed you might ha' blown 'em all over with a pea-shooter.

"'We—we thought you wasn't comin',' says Bedlow.

"'Oh, I allus turn up, sooner or later,' says the chap. 'I don't stop as long as I can get my engine to go an' my sky-hooks to hold firm. The repairs kep' me hours an' hours. But can you chaps pull—hard?'

"'Rather!' says Bedlow.

"'Quite sure?' says Mr. Walker.

"'Well, we won the tug-o'-war to-day, anyhow,' says Bedlow

"'That's your sort,' says Mr. Walker. 'Come along quick, 'fore the hairyplane gets damaged. I've got my mechanic with me, but it wants all the lot of us to hold it down safe.'

"They all went bundlin' out in the dark, an' he took 'em along the road to Wicks's little three-cornered meddy with the oad stack in it. Half-way they met another muffled-up chap with goggles.

"'Here, Jones,' says Mr. Walker, 'you ought to ha' kep' with the hairyplane. Is she all right?'

"'Yes, sir,' says the man—'all right as yet. But she lifts awful with every puff o' wind, an' she'll want a lot o' holding.'

"'All right, Jones, we'll hold it,' says

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Mr. Walker. 'Look here, four of you come with me, and the other four go with my man round to the other side o' the field.'

"So they split out, an' each party went along the outside o' the hedge, till Mr. Walker gropes about an' finds a rope.

"'Here y'are,' he says. 'Stop on this side o' the hedge an' catch hold o' this. Get behind each other an' take a good hold—you'll have some hard pullin' presently. But don't pull till I give you the word. I'm goin' over with my man to see the tackle's all right.'

"With that he climbs over the hedge an' disappears in the dark. Presently they could hear him a-shoutin' to his man an' callin' out orders, an' after a little he comes back to his side o' the hedge an' calls out, 'All ready, Jones?'

"'Yes, sir,' sings out Jones, over at the other side o' the field. 'I'll cast off as soon as they pull.'

"'Right,' says Mr. Walker. 'All you chaps ready, both sides? Pull!'

"With that they pulled like all possessed, Mr. Walker steadying the rope on his side o' the hedge an' encouragin' 'em.



"'COME AND HOLD MY HAIRYPLANE,' SAYS THE CHAP."

"'That's right,' he said, 'keep a steady draw on her. She's pullin' now, ain't she?'

"'Aye, that she is,' says Bedlow, hangin' on for all he was worth. 'I shouldn't ha' thought there could be sich a wind a night like this.'

"'Oh, any sort of a little breeze is terrific, once it gets under a hairyplane,' says Mr. Walker. 'All right, steady; don't jerk. Just a steady, even pull's what's wanted. This hairyplane o' mine's worth thousands, and I wouldn't have it damaged on any account. Hang on tight; the insurance company pays big salvage for a job like this.'

"'H-how much?' says Bedlow, gaspin' an' pullin'.

"'Seven an' three-quarters per cent.,' says Mr. Walker. 'You can work it all out while you're pullin'. There's eight of you. Divide seven an' three quarters by eight, an' that'll give you each man's percentage. Steady on! Keep pullin', an' don't slide into the ditch. You're doin' splendid. I don't wonder you won the tug-o'-war to-day. I'd like to have a team o' chaps like you pullin' for me always.'

"It was past one in the mornin' when they came out, an' Mr. Walker kep' on encouragin' em' an' workin' out percentages till it was very near two and they was half dead. Then he said:—

"'Keep steady, and I'll go and see how she's gettin' on. P'r'aps me an' my man can hang the sky-hooks on the safety-valve an'

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give you a bit of a rest. But don't stop pullin' till I tell you.'

"He called out to Jones an' went off to meet him. Bedlow and the other chaps hung on somehow an' waited, but they heard no more of him. After a bit Bedlow sings out:—

"'Mr. Walker! Mr. Walker!'

"Not a word of answer did they get, but presently the voice of Sam Gill from the other side o' the field callin' out most pathetic:—

"'Mr. Walker! We can't stick this here much longer!'

And Bedlow cries out again:—

"'Mr. Walker! Flesh an' blood can't stand this no more. Is them sky-hooks hung on the safety-valve? Can't we take a rest?'

"Then they heard Sam Gill again complainin' most mollancholy in the distance, an' presently says Bill Wood behind Bedlow:—

"'This here hairyplane's easin' up. It don't pull half as hard as it did. P'r'aps the sky-hooks is hung on the safety-valve.'

"And once more they heard Sam Gill across the field:—

"'D'ye hear, Mr. Walker? We're a-goin' to let go!'

"With that the rope went all slack, an' they stood up and shouted across the hedge to Sam Gill. It was just beginning to get a little grey in the sky, and things wasn't so pitch dark.

"'*I* can't see no hairyplane,' says Bill Wood.

"'I can't see nothin' at all,' says Bedlow.

"An' they couldn't. 'Cause why? There was nothin' there. There was no hairyplane, an' no Mr. Walker, an' no Jones. Nothing but a precious long rope with half o' the Padfield tug-o'-war team at each end of it!

"They got over the hedge an' met in the middle o' the field, and then they all got a presentiment at once.

"'Them Codham chaps!' says four of 'em, and 'That side o' bacon!' says all eight. And with that they runned headlong. But it were too late. There was the gas still a-burnin' an' the winder an' the door open, but the side o' bacon were gone, an' nobody in Padfield ever see it again. And it was only when he went to draw some water in the mornin' that Bedlow found out that that there precious long rope they'd all a-been pullin' on was the rope out of his own well.



"WITH THAT THEY PULLED LIKE ALL POSSESSED."

"There's been more'n one fight since then when Codham chaps ha' called out: 'Mr. Walker! Can't we have a rest?' on market-days or what-not. An' there was one in the bar o' this very house when Jim Bartrip, the big chap as slipped in the Codham team, came in an' told Huxon that if he didn't know how to divide a side o' bacon into eight fair parts he could teach him, havin' seen it done quite lately.

"'How?' asks Huxon, very disputatious.

"'Cut it all up in rashers an' count 'em out, you silly chump,' says Jim Bartrip.

"And arter all the aggeravation what I've been tellin' you, I should think you'd see why a Padfield man don't want no Codham chap to ask him about hairyplanes."

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THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

(A Non-Party Study.)

By HERBERT DU PARCQ,

Author of "The Life of David Lloyd George."

[The Author desires to acknowledge gratefully the kindness of the Caxton Publishing Company, who have allowed him to make extracts, for the purposes of this article, from his "Life of David Lloyd George" which they recently published.]



MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND HIS DAUGHTER MEGAN.
From a Photograph by E. H. Mills.

I SIT down to write this article fresh from a walk and a talk with a typical English Conservative of moderate views. We discussed—from opposite political standpoints—the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"I hear my political friends," he said, "talk of Lloyd George as if they would like to shoot him. But however much one may hate his views, it is impossible not to recognize that a man whose name was execrated a dozen years ago by the majority of English people, and who turned them right round a few years later to admiration of his policy and himself, must be reckoned among our great statesmen."

This magazine addresses a public of all schools of political thought and of none, but none of them probably will deny that interest attaches to what has been in many ways a phenomenal career. This article is an attempt to say something of the human side of that career.

In the summer of 1864 Richard Lloyd, the

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shoemaker of Llanystumdwy, a beautiful village near the growing seaside town of Criccieth, in North Wales, left his home upon a sad errand. He had had news from his sister, Mrs. George, in South Wales, of her husband's death in the prime of his life. William George died upon a farm which he was working near Haverfordwest; but he had been a farmer for only about a year. Before that he had spent his life as a schoolmaster, and it was while he was in charge of a school in Manchester that his son David Lloyd (his second child) was born, on January 17th, 1863. Richard Lloyd was not a rich man, but he was not too poor to help the widow and orphans of his kin. When he came back to Llanystumdwy he brought with him his sister and her little boy and girl. A second son was born soon after the father's death. From that time on the uncle devoted his life and all his money to these children.

The visitor may still see the cottage at Llanystumdwy which now became the home of David Lloyd George. It is a small, substantial stone house lying on the right-hand side of the village street as you approach it by the coast-road from Criccieth. In those days a sign hung over the entrance door, with two boots depicted upon it, together with a legend in Welsh indicating Richard Lloyd's readiness to make or repair the boots of the villagers. On the left, as you entered the house, was the living-room, a comfortable and homely room much like the well-ordered kitchen of the Welsh farmhouse, but built upon a smaller and less pretentious scale. Its stone floor and wooden-beamed ceiling, and the large, inviting hearth which is the glory of the old country cottage, remain unchanged to this day. On the other side of the small passage was the shoemaker's cutting-room, afterwards converted into a parlour. A narrow wooden staircase leads to the bedrooms, and a pleasant garden lies behind the house. Adjoining it is the workshop in which the shoemaker worked. There was a convenient hole in the wall near the bench where he sat at work, in which it was his habit always to keep one or two books, for every moment he could snatch from his work was given up to reading. For many years, and to this very day, Richard Lloyd has preached for his religious community, the Disciples of Christ (a primitive body with no paid ministry), in their chapel at Criccieth, and while he read, if an idea struck him or an author's sentiment appealed to him, he would take his pencil and add to the note he was preparing for next Sunday's sermon. He was the oracle of the village. Every evening a select circle of village politicians and theologians would gather in his workshop and join in informal debates, over which he ruled by universal consent.

David Lloyd George was sent to the village school when he was seven years old. The schoolmaster, David Evans, a fine specimen of the old type of pedagogue, soon marked him out for special attention. But he was so quick at his work that he always had plenty of time to play, and he was soon the acknowledged leader of the village boys in all adventures. With a dog called Whig, he and his companions (evading the gamekeepers) used to hunt hares and rabbits in the woods, and he led many climbing and bird-nesting expeditions. Upon a tree at the edge of the woods, and upon the bridge which spans the stream intersecting the village, his initials may be seen, boldly carved early in his schoolboy days.

He was always something of a rebel. Although he was ordinarily an obedient pupil, he led a revolt while he was at school against the powerful forces of the squire and the Church. Once a year the village squire and others of the gentry used to come to hear the school-children repeat the Church Catechism and the Creed. David Lloyd George had heard his uncle condemn this practice of exhibiting before an audience a confession by children, who were nearly all Nonconformists, of an alien faith. He succeeded in organizing a conspiracy of silence. When the great day came the squire and rector listened in vain; the latter's questions were met by silence. The schoolmaster, much perturbed, tried his hand at questioning the class; they were still dumb, but at last David's younger brother, too tender-hearted to bear the sight of the popular master's anguish, gave the expected answers. The rest of the class followed the example, and the young rebel was left alone in his revolt. But, in spite of this temporary defeat, he had gained a victory, for the practice against which he organized his "strike" was discontinued.

When David Lloyd George was fourteen a day came when, to the mystification of the village, he went away with his uncle for a week. When they came back the reason was explained. The village schoolboy had been taking the first examination of the Law Society, and was on the way to becoming a solicitor. This was his first step towards an ambition which he had kept a secret from the village for fear of failure. A Liverpool solicitor, Mr. Thomas Goffey, had been a

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good friend to the family, and the praise of him which the children had heard from their mother and uncle had made it the boy's ambition to follow in his footsteps. There were many difficulties in the way. For the first Law examination some knowledge of French and Latin was necessary. The boy could get some help from his schoolmaster in Latin, but none in French. His uncle came to his help. Richard Lloyd knew nothing of French or Latin, but much may be done with a grammar and a dictionary, and two heads are better than one. Together uncle and nephew plodded through the unknown territory, spending long and laborious hours over difficult pieces of syntax or evasive idiom. Sometimes the two other children would join them in their work, and the four between them would pick their way through an old copy of Æsop's Fables in French.

HIS MOTHER.





THE BIRTHPLACE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE, 5, NEW YORK PLACE, CHORLTON-UPON-MEDLOCK, MANCHESTER.

This is one of the extremely interesting unpublished photographs which will appear in the second volume of "The Life of David Lloyd George," published by the Caxton Publishing Company, Ltd., and is reproduced here by their special permission.

He made another step in his career when he entered a solicitor's office at Portmadoc in 1878. Soon after this he began to be known as a very fluent and attractive speaker. It is told of him that at the age of two he used to stand on the stairs and "preach" to the other children of the family, thumping with a stick upon the stairs in order to hold the wandering attention of the congregation, so that his efforts of oratory began early. At that age, no doubt, his addresses were in Welsh, for he learned English, in a sense, as a foreign language, and at home, and at play with his schoolfellows, he spoke only Welsh. There are few things more remarkable about his career than the



HIS FATHER.

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way in which, by the time he was a young man, he had, by assiduous reading, obtained a mastery of English. In 1882 he joined the debating society of Portmadoc, and a few months later made a speech on the war in Egypt, of which the *Carnarvon Herald* said it would probably have gained praise had it been delivered in the House of Commons. He very early formed views upon public questions. Here is an extract from his diary which is particularly interesting just now :—

August 1, 1879.—Miss Becker speaks at Town Hall, Portmadoc, on Women's Rights. Very few real arguments. She proved too much, which proved nothing. The earth would be a paradise were women to have their suffrage. She was rather sarcastic. Mr. Breese rose to oppose her, and made a half-hour speech. Very good. Spoke in rather a low tone, and so I did not understand half his speech. Miss Becker answered him, but did not touch on some of the arguments. As for myself, I do not see why single women and widows managing property should not have a voice in the adjustment, etc., of the taxes.



AGED 2½. HIS SISTER.
From a Photograph.

In 1880 he aspired to write, and under the pseudonym of "Brutus" sent a political contribution to the *North Wales Express*. The following notes in his diary refer to this :—

November 1, 1880.—Do not relish the idea of that refusal which Editor, overwhelmed with a redundance of such trash, will have to accord to some of them.

November 5, 1880.—When I eagerly opened the *North Wales Express* this morning I found my own contribution on same page as leading article. I had first of all looked up "Notices to Correspondents," expecting to find a refusal of my letter, but disappointed on the right side.

In 1881, after a first visit to London, he wrote the following interesting confession of his ambitions in his diary :—

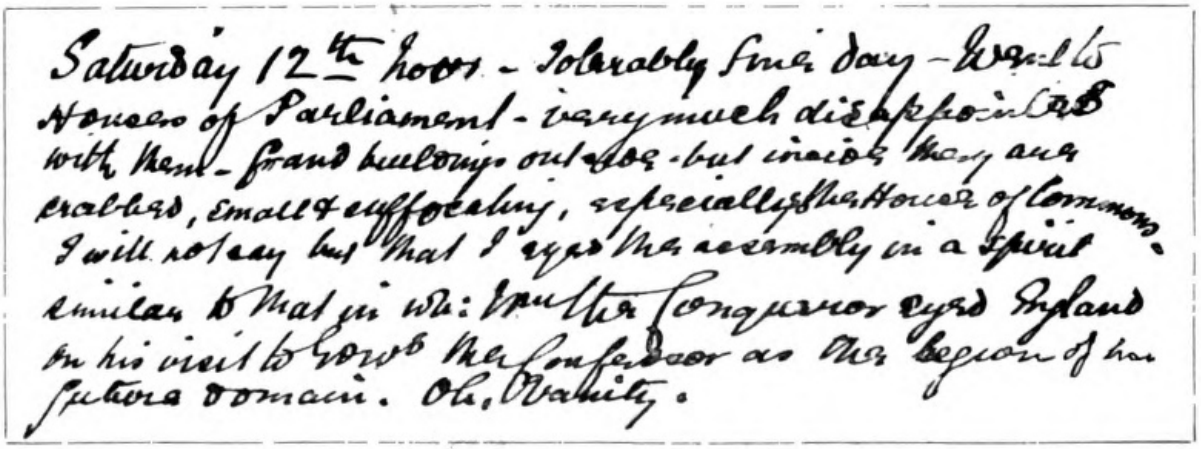
November 12.—Went to Houses of Parliament. Very much disappointed with them. Grand buildings outside, but inside they are crabbed, small, and suffocating, especially the House of Commons. I will not say but that I eyed the assembly in a spirit similar to that in which William the Conqueror eyed England on his visit to Edward the Confessor as the region of his future domain. Oh, vanity!

Two years later the diary contains a passage which speaks with equal eloquence of the young man's ambitions. In June, 1883, there was a "fancy fair" at Carnarvon, and in connection with it some of the local *littérateurs* had sent in contributions for a "literary stall," which aimed at hitting off the celebrities of the neighbourhood with suitable quotations. The *Carnarvon Herald* printed among others this verse, attached to Mr. Lloyd George's name:—

> When first the college rolls receive his name
> The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
> Resistless burns the fever of renown,
> Caught from the strong contagion of the gown.

Here is what "the young enthusiast" of twenty wrote in his diary :—

Tit-bit poetry in *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald* referring to my thirst for renown, etc. Perhaps (?) it


Saturday 12th hoor - Tolerably fine day - Went to Houses of Parliament - very much disappointed with them - grand buildings outside but inside they are crabbed, small & suffocating, especially the House of Commons. I will not say but that I eyed the assembly in a spirit similar to that in which Conqueror eyed England on his visit to Edward the Confessor as the region of his future domain. Oh, Vanity.

AN ENTRY IN MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S DIARY, WRITTEN ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO LONDON—HE WAS THEN NEARLY NINETEEN YEARS OLD.

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THE COTTAGE AT LLANYSTUMDWY IN WHICH DAVID LLOYD GEORGE WAS BROUGHT UP BY HIS UNCLE.
From a Photograph.



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL AT LLANYSTUMDWY WHICH HE ATTENDED.
From a Photograph.



AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.
From a Photograph.



MR. RICHARD LLOYD, HIS UNCLE.
From a Photograph.

will be gratified. I believe it depends entirely on what forces of pluck and *industry* I can muster.

The next year he was admitted a solicitor. In a letter home he describes the ceremony:—

To-day I went to Chancery Lane and got admitted in regular humdrum fashion. The ceremony disappointed me. The Master of the Rolls, so far from having anything to do with it, was actually listening to some Q.C. at the time, and some fellow of a clerk swore us to a lawyerly demeanour in our profession at the back of the court, and off we shambled to the Petty Bag Office to sign the Rolls.

Soon afterwards he had his first case, and recorded the fact duly in the diary:—

1885. *January* 30.—Whilst getting dinner at "Temperance," Price asked me to defend someone for assault. This was about 12.20. Saw parties; rushed down to police-station by 12.30. Very much tempted at first to decline to go altogether, I felt so timorous. Got fellow off, to his immense joy.

A month later, after a week's hard work in the County Court, he writes:—

Have gained, in confidence at least, considerably. Somehow feel I may make tolerable advocate.

For a young solicitor just beginning to build up a practice in a remote district of Wales, the chance of ever entering Parliament must have seemed remote. He first thought of it seriously after a big public meeting, addressed by the well-known Irish M.P., Michael Davitt, at Blaenau Festiniog, in February, 1886. The chairman had heard of Lloyd George, and at the last moment asked him to propose a vote of thanks to the speaker. His impromptu speech so impressed Michael Davitt that he advised the young man to look out for an opportunity of entering the House of Commons.

Two things helped to send him there. One was the prominence into which he was brought by acting as a district secretary for the Anti-Tithe League, which in 1886 and for some time afterwards was very powerful in Wales. Mr. Lloyd George used to travel for miles round addressing open-air meetings against the tithe and the Establishment, many of which were attended by the local clergy. Indeed, their attendance was invited, or, at any rate, provoked, since the place chosen for the meet-

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ing was usually adjacent to the parsonage or the Church school. Feeling ran high, and sometimes there were scenes comparable on a small scale to the riot at Birmingham later on in his career. Once at a village fair he stood on a beer-barrel, or some other portable platform, while the local curate stood on the top of an adjacent wall, and to the delight of the crowd the two debated the tithe question. On that occasion the curate was completely worsted, so far as the approval of the audience went.

The other great opportunity which came to him of making his name known in Wales was the Llanfrothen burial case. In 1888 the rector of Llanfrothen refused to allow the relatives of an old Nonconformist quarryman who had died to bury him in any part of the churchyard except a bleak corner where it was usual to bury suicides. The dead man's relatives consulted Mr. Lloyd George, who advised them to defy the rector, break down the churchyard gate, and bury their dead in the grave he had desired, beside the body of his daughter. This was done, and the rector took proceedings in the County Court, where, although the jury were against him, the judge decided in his favour on a point of law. On Mr. Lloyd George's advice, his clients appealed, and won. By the time the judgment was secured the young solicitor's fame had spread through the Principality.

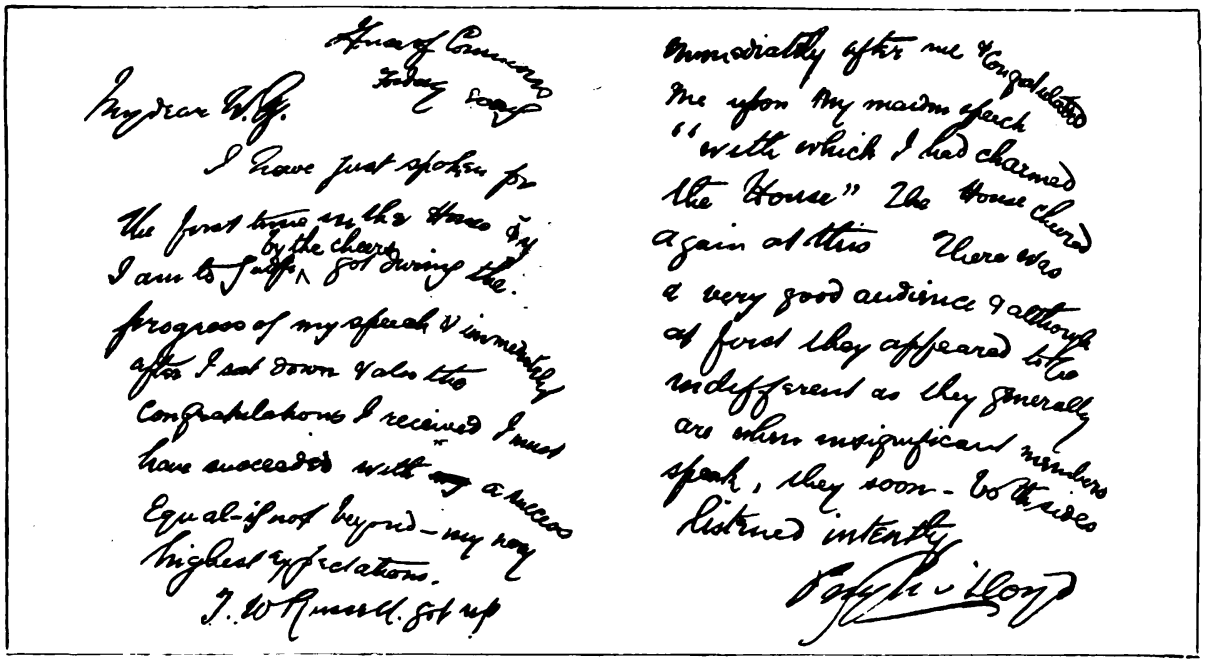
In 1889 he was chosen as Liberal candidate for the Carnarvon Boroughs, where there was a Conservative majority of a hundred and thirty-six. His opponent was none other than the squire of his village. Mr. Lloyd George was elected by a majority of eighteen. This is not the place to relate details of his political career, but I may quote some of his letters, which throw a light on the personal side of his political life. This was his humorous confession after his first vote :—

My first division last night. I voted against bimetallism, but I couldn't tell you why.

Later on he wrote to his uncle :—

I sha'n't speak in the House this side Whitsuntide holidays. Better not appear too eager. Get a good opportunity and make the best of it—that's the point.

He got his chance soon afterwards, and made a very successful maiden speech on Compensation to Licensed Victuallers. He described the occasion in a letter home :—



LETTER WRITTEN HOME AFTER MAKING HIS FIRST SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I have just spoken for the first time in the House, and if I am to judge by the cheers I got during the progress of my speech and immediately after I sat down and also the congratulations I received, I must have succeeded with a success equal—if not beyond—my very highest expectations.

T W. Russell got up immediately after me and congratulated me upon my maiden speech, "with which I had charmed the House." The House cheered again at this. There was a very good audience, and although at first they appeared to be indifferent, as they generally are when insignificant members speak, they soon—both sides—listened intently.

In this first speech there was a pungent criticism of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who had not long ceased to be the hope of Radicalism. It is interesting, in view of the bitter antagonism which grew between these two men, to read what Lloyd George wrote of Chamber-

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lain when the latter was the idol of advanced Liberals. The following is from the diary for December 4th, 1885, when Mr. Lloyd George, then a young man of twenty-two, was eagerly watching the General Election results: —

> Great Liberal victories in counties. Very glad of it. Am convinced that this is all due to Chamberlain's speeches. Gladstone had no programme that would draw at all.

In an article published in the *North Wales Express* in October, 1884, he wrote of Mr Chamberlain in words which an enthusiastic young Radical might well apply to Mr. Lloyd George himself to-day:—

> Mr. Chamberlain is unquestionably the future leader of the people. . . . He understands the sympathies of his countrymen. It is therefore that he speaks intelligibly and straightforwardly, like a man who is proud of the opinions which he holds. He has no dread of Tory misconstruction. He does not hedge round his sentences lest the viper sting them. He is a Radical, and doesn't care who knows it as long as the people do. He is convinced that the aristocracy stands in the way of the development of the rights of man, and he says so unflinchingly, though he be howled at as an ill-mannered demagogue by the whole kennelry of gorged aristocracy, and of their fawning minions.



AT THE TIME OF HIS FIRST ELECTION TO PARLIAMENT.
From a Photograph.

Perhaps it was his disappointment at Mr. Chamberlain's failure to live up to this reputation that made Mr. Lloyd George one of his bitterest antagonists.

In the early days of his Parliamentary career Mr. Lloyd George bestowed great time and care upon the preparation of his speeches. He would usually write out very full notes of his speech, talk it over with Mrs. Lloyd George, who, since their marriage, in 1889, has always taken the keenest interest in his political ambitions, and by whose judgment and criticisms he has always set great store, and then send the notes to his uncle and his brother for their consideration. Some of his early speeches may be regarded as joint efforts of this family partnership, enlivened and adorned by his own rhetoric and personality. When it came to delivering the speech the full notes were discarded, and a few lines scribbled on two or three scraps of paper served him for his most important efforts in the House or on the platform. Nowadays his method is not very different. When he has carefully planned the scheme and headings of a big speech, the Chancellor dictates it to a typist. Then he reads through the typewritten copy and alters or amplifies it. Finally, he boils it down into a short note, which gives him the barest headlines of his speech, and delivers it usually in almost exactly the form of the first draft.



MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.
From a Photograph by E. H. Mills.

A facsimile reproduction of a page of Mr. Lloyd George's notes of a speech he delivered at Aberystwyth in October, 1894, accompanies this article. On that occasion the notes from which the speech was delivered finally were on five slips of paper, the third of which has been chosen for reproduction. It may interest the reader to see how some of these notes were amplified in the speech:—

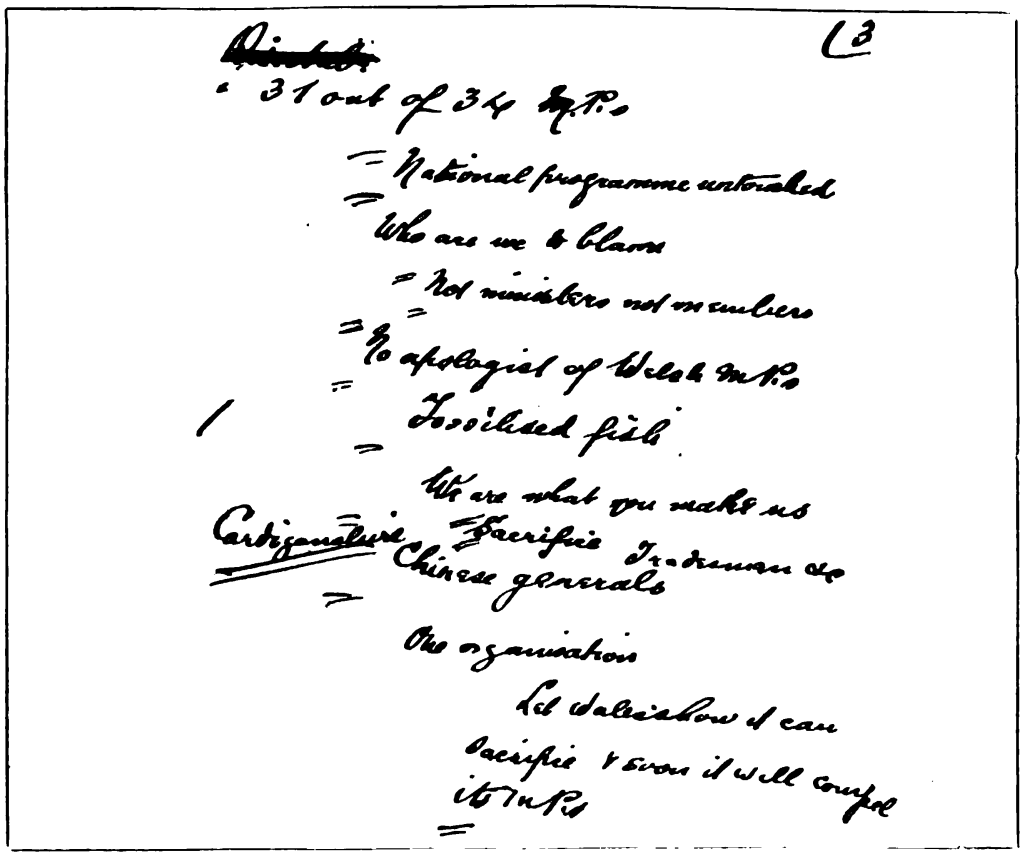
> We have had members of Parliament in the past — and I will leave you to judge whether there are any of the tribe still remaining—who calmly called upon the people to make sacrifices they never dreamed of emulating themselves. They asked tradesmen to surrender custom which was probably essential to the success of their business; they demanded that farmers should run the risk of being turned out of house and home; they appealed to workmen to throw over good employment and face penury, all for the sake of principle—which, being interpreted, generally meant their return to the House of Commons—and there were hundreds, if not thousands, of Welshmen who responded nobly to that appeal. I am now in a country where scores of brave peasants chose to be evicted from homes rendered dear to them by every tie of memory and association, and to be turned adrift on to the roadside, rather than flinch in the cause of

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freedom. But how about the representatives who profited by all this patriotism? How did they requite it? I am told that the way the Chinese generals lead an army in battle is by lying in Sedan-chairs in the rear and sending directions to the army in front how to face the foe. The officers get the cushions, the case, and the glory; the rank and file get nothing but the bullets, the sword-cuts, and the hardships. What marvel is it that such generalship has resulted in nothing but disaster?

It will be seen from what has been written above that David Lloyd George's relations have played a great part in his life. It is, indeed, perhaps the most inspiring feature of his private life, as I have tried to show in the biography which the Caxton Publishing Company published the other day, that all his family seem to have formed themselves into a league for his advancement. His uncle was in the truest sense a second father to him. His wife has never thought anything a sacrifice which has helped to win him fame. His brother—then junior partner in the firm of Lloyd George and George—uncomplainingly did the work of two in the early days of the senior partner's career, when his Parliamentary duties took him away from the office for a great part of the year, and long before he had been able to give up his profession and devote himself wholly to politics. Mr. Lloyd George, on his side, has always regarded his family at Criccieth as partners with him in an enterprise which has happened to throw him into the light of publicity while they have remained in comparative obscurity. He has never grown away from his old home.

Perhaps it is the unaffected simplicity of his manner which is his chief charm in private life. His old friends at Llanystumdwy, the farmers and shopkeepers of the place, feel towards him and he feels towards them just as in the old days when they hunted hares together, and when he used to tell them wonderful romances of his own composition. Then they looked up to him as a leader, and so they do now, but there is no subservience in their attitude, or patronage in his. They always knew he was a wonderful fellow, and now the slow English have found it out—that, I think, is their view of the thing. To see him on his native heath, with his little daughter Megan by his side, is, I suppose, to see him at his happiest.



NOTES FOR A SPEECH DELIVERED AT ABERYSTWYTH.

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The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol.

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

IX.—The Adventure of a St. Martin's Summer.

MY good friend Blessington, who is a mighty man in the Bordeaux wine trade, happening one day to lament the irreparable loss of a deceased employé, an Admirable Crichton of a myriad accomplishments and linguistic attainments, whose functions it had been, apparently, to travel about between London, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Algiers, I immediately thought of a certain living and presumably unemployed paragon of my acquaintance.

"I know the very man you're looking for," said I.

"Who is he?"

"He's a kind of human firework," said I, "and his name is Aristide Pujol."

I sketched the man—in my desire to do a good turn to Aristide, perhaps in exaggerated colour.

"Let me have a look at him," said Blessington.

By good luck my telegram, sent off about four o'clock, found him at 213bis, Rue Saint-Honoré. He had just returned to Paris after some mad dash for fortune (he told me afterwards a wild and disastrous story of a Russian Grand Duke, a dancer, and a gold-mine in the Dolomites), and had resumed the dreary conduct of the Agence Pujol at the Hôtel du Soleil et de l'Écosse, his stand-by in times of need. My summons being imperative, he abandoned the Agence Pujol as a cat jumps off a wall, and, leaving the guests of the hotel guideless, to the indignation of M. Bocardon, whom he had served this trick several times before, paid his good landlady, Mme. Bidoux, what he owed her, took a third-class ticket to London, bought, lunatic that he was, a ripe Brie cheese, a foot in diameter, a present for myself, which he carried in his hand most of the journey, and turned up at my house at eight o'clock the next morning with absolutely empty pockets and the happiest and most fascinating smile that ever irradiated the face of man. As a matter of fact, he burst his way past my scandalized valet into my bedroom and woke me up.

"Here I am, my dear friend, and here is something French which you like that I have brought you." And he thrust the Brie cheese under my nose.

If you were awakened by a ripe Brie cheese an hour before your time you would say more or less what I did. Aristide sat at the foot of the bed and laughed till the tears ran down his beard.

As soon as it was decent I sent him into the City to interview Blessington. Three hours afterwards he returned more radiant than ever. He threw himself into my arms, and, before I could disentangle myself, he kissed me on both cheeks.

"*Me voici*," said he, "accredited representative of the great Maison Dulau et Compagnie. I have hundreds of pounds a year. I go about. I watch. I control. I see that the great British public can assuage its thirst with the pure juice of the grape and not with the dregs of a laboratory. I taste vintages. I count barrels. I enter them in books. I smile at Algerian vine-growers and say, 'Ha, ha! none of your *petite piquette frelatée* for me, but good, sound wine.' It is diplomacy. It is as simple as kissing hands. And I have a substantial income. Now I can be *un bon bourgeois* instead of a stray cat. And all due to you, *mon cher ami*. I am grateful. You believe me? Say you believe me."

He looked at me earnestly.

"I do, old chap," said I.

I had known Aristide for some years, and in all kinds of little ways he had continuously manifested his gratitude for the trifling service I had involuntarily rendered him, at our

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first meeting, in delivering him out of the hands of the horrific Mme. Gougasse. That gratitude is the expectation of favours to come was, in the case of Aristide, a cynical and inapplicable proposition. And here, as this (so far as I can see) is the last of Aristide's adventures I have to relate, let me make an honest and considered statement.

During the course of an interesting and fairly prosperous life I have made many delightful Bohemian, devil-may-care acquaintances, but among them all Aristide stands as the one bright star who has never asked me to lend him money. I have offered it times without number, but he has refused. I believe that there is no man living to whom Aristide is in debt. In the depths of the man's changeling and feckless soul was a principle which has carried him untarnished through many a wild adventure. If he ever accepted money it was always for what he honestly thought was value received.

"The only thing I would suggest, if you'll allow me to," said I, "is not to try to make the fortune of Messrs. Dulau and Co. by some dazzling but devastating *coup* of your own."

He looked at me in his bright, shrewd way.

"You think it time I restrained my imagination?"

"Exactly."

"I will read the *Times* and buy a family Bible," said Aristide.

A week after he had taken up his work in the City, under my friend Blessington, I saw the delighted and prosperous man again. It was a Saturday, and he came to lunch at my house.

"*Tiens*," said he, when he had recounted his success in the office, "it is four years since I was in England."



"ARISTIDE SAT AT THE FOOT OF THE BED AND LAUGHED TILL THE TEARS RAN DOWN HIS BEARD."

"Yes," said I, with a jerk of memory. "Time passes quickly."

"It is three years since I lost little Jean."

"Who is little Jean?" I asked.

"Did I not tell you when I saw you last in Paris?"

"No."

"It is strange. I have been thinking about him and my heart has been aching for him all the time. You must hear. It is most important."

He lit a cigar and began.

It was then that he told me the story which I have already related in these chronicles ("The Adventure of the Found-

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ling")—how he was scouring France in a ramshackle automobile as the peripatetic vender of a patent corn cure, and found a babe of nine months lying abandoned in the middle of that strange, silent road through the wilderness between Salon and Arles; how, instead of delivering it over to the authorities, he adopted it and carried it about with him from town to town, a motor accessory sometimes embarrassing, but always divinely precious; how an evil day came upon him at Aix-en-Provence, when, the wheezing automobile having uttered its last gasp, he found his occupation gone; how, no longer being able to care for *le petit Jean*, he left him with a letter and half his fortune outside the door of a couple of English maiden ladies who, staying in the same hotel, had manifested great interest in the baby and himself; and how, in the dead of night, he had tramped away from Aix-en-Provence in the rain, his pockets light and his heart as heavy as lead.

"And I have never heard of my little Jean again," said Aristide.

"Why didn't you write?" I asked.

"I knew their name—Honeywood; Miss Janet was the elder, Miss Anne the younger. But the name of the place they lived at I have never been able to remember. It was near London—they used to come up by train to *matinées* and afternoon concerts. But the name——" He leaped to his feet in his unexpected, startling way, and pounced on a Bradshaw's Railway Guide lying on my library-table. "Imbecile, pig, triple ass that I am! Why did I not think of this before?" He turned over the pages feverishly. "It is near London. If I look through all the stations near London on every line I shall find it."

"All right," said I. "Go ahead."

I lit a cigarette and took up a novel. I had not read very far when a sudden uproar from the table caused me to turn round. Aristide danced and flourished the Bradshaw over his head.

"Chislehurst! Chislehurst! Ah, *mon ami*, now I am happy. Now I have found my little Jean. You will forgive me, but I must go now and embrace him."

He held out his hand.

"Where are you off to?" I demanded.

"To Chislehurst. Where else?"

"My dear fellow," said I, rising, "do you seriously suppose the two English maiden ladies have taken on themselves the responsibility of that foreign brat's upbringing?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" said he, taken aback for the moment, no other hypothesis having entered his head. Then, with a wide gesture, he flung the preposterous idea to the winds. "Of course. They have hearts, these English women. They have maternal instincts. They have money." He looked at the Bradshaw again, then at his watch. "I have just time to catch a train. *Au revoir, mon vieux.*"

"But," I objected, "why don't you write? It's the natural thing to do."

"Write? Bah! Did you ever hear of a Provençal writing when he could talk?"

He tapped his jaw, and in an instant, like a whirlwind, he passed from my ken.

Aristide, on his arrival at Chislehurst, looked about the pleasant, leafy place—it was a bright October afternoon, and the wooded hill-side blazed in russet and gold—and decided it was the perfect environment for Miss Janet and Miss Anne, to say nothing of little Jean. A neat red-brick house, with a trim garden in front of it, looked just the kind of house wherein Miss Janet and Miss Anne would live. He rang the bell. A parlour-maid, in spotless black and white, opened the door.

"Miss Honeywood?" he inquired.

"No one of that name lives here," said the parlour-maid.

"Who does live here?"

"Colonel Brabazon."

"And where do the two Miss Honeywoods live?" he asked, with his engaging smile.

But English suburban parlour-maids are on their guard against smiles, no matter how engaging. She prepared to shut the door.

"I don't know."

"How can I find out?"

"You might inquire among the tradesmen."

"Thank you, mademoiselle. You are a most intelligent young——"

The door was shut in his face. Aristide frowned. She was a pretty parlour-maid, and Aristide did not like to be so haughtily treated by a pretty woman. But his quest being little Jean, and not the eternal feminine, he took the maid's advice and made inquiries at the prim and respectable shops.

"Oh, yes," said a comely young woman in a fragrant baker's and confectioner's. "They were two ladies, weren't they? They lived at Hope Cottage. We used to supply them. They left Chislehurst two years ago."

"I am disappointed," said Aristide. "Where did they go to?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you."

"Do you remember if they had a baby?"

"They were maiden ladies," said the young woman, rebukingly.

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"But anybody can keep a baby without being its father or mother. I want to know what has become of the baby."

The young woman gazed through the window.

"You had better ask the policeman."

"That's an idea," said Aristide, and, leaving her, he caught up the passing constable.

The constable knew nothing of maiden ladies with a baby, but he directed him to Hope Cottage. He found a pretty, half-timber house lying back from the road, with a neat semicircular gravelled path leading to a porch covered thick with Virginia creeper. He rang the bell and interviewed another trim parlour-maid. More susceptible to smiles than the former, she summoned her master, a kindly, middle-aged man, who came out into the porch. Yes, Honeywood was the name of the previous tenants. Two ladies, he believed. He had never seen them, and knew nothing about a child. Messrs. Tomkin and Briggs, the estate agents, in the High Street, could no doubt give him information. Aristide thanked him and made his way to Messrs. Tomkin and Briggs. A dreary, spectacled youth in resentful charge of the office—his principals, it being a Saturday afternoon, were golfing the happy hours away—professed blank ignorance of everything. Aristide fixed him with his glittering eye, flickered his fingers, and spoke richly. The youth, in a kind of mesmeric trance, took down a battered, dog's-eared book and turned over the pages.

"'Honeywood—Miss—Beverley-Stoke—near St. Albans—Herts.' That's it," said he.

"I thank you very much, my young friend," said Aristide, raising his hat, "and here is something to buy a smile with."

And, leaving a sixpence on the table to shimmer before the youth's stupefied eyes, Aristide strutted out of the office.

"You had much better have written," said I, when he came back and told me of his experiences. "The Post Office would have done all that for you."

"You have no idea of business, *mon cher ami*." (I, a successful tea-broker of twenty-five years' standing! The impudence of the fellow!) "If I had written to-day, the letter would have reached Chislehurst on Monday morning. It would be re-directed and reach Hertfordshire on Tuesday. I should not get any news till Wednesday. I go down to Beverley-Stoke to-morrow, and then I find at once Miss Janet and Miss Anne and my little Jean. The secret of business, my friend—and I am a business man, the accredited representative of Dulau et Compagnie, never forget that—the secret of business is, no delay."

He darted across the room to Bradshaw.

"For Heaven's sake," said I, "put that nightmare of perpetual motion in your pocket and go mad over it in the privacy of your own chamber."

"Very good," said he, tucking the brain-convulsing volume under his arm. "I will put it on top of the *Times* and the family Bible, and I will say, 'Ha, now I am British; now I am truly respectable.' What else can I do?"

"Rent a pew in a Baptist chapel," said I.

After a three-mile trudge from St. Albans, Aristide, following directions, found himself on a high road running through the middle of a straggling common, populated chiefly by geese, who, when he halted in some perplexity—for on each side, beyond the green, were indications of a human settlement—advanced in waddling flocks towards him and signified their disapproval of his presence. A Sunday-fied youth in a rainbow tie rode past on a bicycle. Aristide took off his hat. The youth nearly fell off the bicycle, but British doggedness saved him from disaster.

"Beverley-Stoke? Will you have the courtesy——"

"Here," said the youth, with a circular twist of his head, and, eager to escape from a madman, he rode on furiously.

Aristide looked to left and right at the little houses beyond the green—some white and thatched and dilapidated, others horribly new and perky, but all poor and insignificant. As his eyes became accustomed to the scene they grew aware of human forms dotted sparsely about the common. He struck across and accosted one, an elderly woman with a Prayer Book. Miss Honeywood? A lady from London? That house over there—the third beyond the poplar.

Aristide made for the third house past the poplar. First there was a plank bridge across a grass-grown ditch, then a tiny patch of garden, then a humble whitewashed cottage with a small leaded casement-window on each side of the front door. Unlike Hope Cottage, it did not look at all the residence of Miss Janet and Miss Anne. Its appearance, indeed, was woebegone. Aristide, however, went up to the door, and, as there was neither knocker nor bell, rapped with his knuckles. The door opened, and there, poorly dressed in blouse and skirt, stood Miss Anne.

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She regarded him for a moment in a bewildered way, and then, recognizing him, drew back into the stone-flagged passage with a sharp cry.

"You? You—Mr. Pujol?"

"*Oui, mademoiselle, c'est moi.* It is I, Aristide Pujol!"

She put her hand on her bosom.

"It is rather a shock, seeing you—so unexpectedly. Will you come in?"

She led the way into a tiny parlour, very clean, very simple with its furniture of old oak and brass, and bade him sit. She looked a little older than when he had seen her at Aix-en-Provence. A few lines had marred the comely face, and there was here and there a touch of grey in the reddish hair, and, though still buxom, she had grown thinner. Care had set its stamp upon her.

"Mademoiselle," said Aristide, "it is on account of little Jean that I have come——"

She turned on him swiftly. "Not to take him away?"

"Then he is here!" He jumped to his feet and wrung both her hands and kissed them, to her great embarrassment. "Ah, mademoiselle, I knew it. I felt it. When such an inspiration comes to a man it is the *bon Dieu* Who sends it. He is here, actually here, in this house?"

"Yes," said Miss Anne.

Aristide threw out his arms.

"Let me see him. Ah, *le cher petit!* I have been yearning after him for three years. It was my heart that I ripped out of my body that night and laid at your threshold——"

"Hush!" said Miss Anne, with interrupting gesture. "You mustn't talk so loud. He is asleep in the next room. You mustn't wake him. He is very ill."

"Ill? Dangerously ill?"

"I'm afraid so."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said he, sitting down again on the oak settle.

To Aristide the emotion of the moment was always overwhelming. His attitude betokened deepest misery and dejection.

"And I who expected to see him full of joy and health!"

"It is not my fault, Mr. Pujol," said Miss Anne.

He started.

"*Mais, non.* How could it be? You loved him when you first set eyes on him at Aix-en-Provence."

Miss Anne began to cry.

"Heaven knows," said she, "what I would do without him. The dear mite is all that is left to me."

"All? But there is your sister, the dear Miss Janet."

Miss Anne's eyes were hidden in her handkerchief.

"My poor sister died last year, Mr. Pujol."

"I am very sorry. I did not know," said Aristide, gently.

There was a short silence.

"It was a great sorrow to you," he said.

"It was God's will," said Anne. Then, after another pause, during which she dried her eyes, she strove to smile. "Tell me about yourself. How do you come to be here?"

Aristide replied in a hesitating way. He was in the presence of grief and sickness and trouble; the Provençal braggadocio dropped from him, and he became the essentially simple and childish creature that he was. He accounted very truthfully, very convincingly for his queer life, for his abandonment of little Jean, for his silence, for his sudden and unexpected appearance. During the ingenuous *apologia pro vita sua* Miss Anne regarded him with her honest candour.

"Janet and I both understood," she said. "Janet was gifted with a divine comprehension and pity. The landlady of the hotel, I remember, said cruel things about you, but we didn't believe them. We felt that you were a good man; no one but a good man could have written that letter—we cried over it. And when she tried to poison our minds we said to each other: 'What does it matter? Here God in His mercy has given us a child.' But, Mr. Pujol, why didn't you take us into your confidence?"

"My dear Miss Anne," said Aristide, "we of the South do things impulsively, by lightning flashes. An idea comes suddenly. *Vlan!* we carry it out in two seconds. We are not the less human than the Northerner who reflects for two months."

"That is almost what my dear, wise Janet told me," said Miss Anne.

"Then you know in your heart," said Aristide, after a while, "that if I had not been only a football at the feet of Fortune, I should never have deserted little Jean?"

"I do, Mr. Pujol. My sister and I have been footballs, too," she added, with a change of tone. "You tell me you saw our dear home at Chislehurst?"

"Yes," said Aristide.

"And you see this. There is a difference."

"What has happened?" asked Aristide.

She told him the commonplace, pathetic story. Their father had left them shares in the company of which he had been managing

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director. For many years they had enjoyed a comfortable income. Then the company had become a bankrupt concern, and only a miserable ninety pounds a year had been saved from the wreckage. The cottage at Beverley-Stoke belonging to them—it had been their mother's — they had migrated thither with their fallen fortunes and little Jean. And then Janet had died. She was delicate and unaccustomed to privation and discomfort—and the cottage had its dis advantages. She, Anne, herself was as strong as a horse, and had never been ill in her life, but others were not quite so hardy.

Miss Anne went on to talk of Jean, a miraculous infant of infinite graces and accomplishments. Up to now he had been the sturdiest and merriest fellow.

"At nine months old he saw that life was a big joke," said Aristide. "How he used to laugh!"

"There's not much laugh left in him, poor darling," she sighed. And she told how he had caught a chill which had gone to his lungs, and how the night before last she thought she had lost him.

She sat up and listened.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?"

She went out, and presently returned, standing at the doorway.

"He is still asleep. Would you like to see him? Only"—she put her fingers to her lips—"you must be very, very quiet."

He followed her into the next room and looked about him shyly, recognizing that it was Miss Anne's own bedroom, and there, lying in a little cot beside the big bed, he saw the sleeping child, his brown face flushed with fever. He had a curly shock of black hair and well-formed features. An old woolly lamb, nose to nose with him, shared his pillow. Aristide drew from his pocket a Teddy-bear, and, having asked Miss Anne's permission with a glance, laid it down gently on the coverlid.

His eyes were wet when they returned to the parlour. So were Miss Anne's. The Teddy-bear was proof of the simplicity of his faith in her.

After a while, conscious of hunger, he rose to take leave. He must be getting back to St. Albans. But might he be permitted to come back later in the afternoon? Miss Anne reddened. It outraged her sense of hospitality to send a guest away from her house on a three-mile walk for food; and yet——

"Mr. Pujol," she said, bravely, "I would ask you to stay to luncheon if I had anything to offer you. But I am single-handed, and, with Jean's illness, I haven't given much thought to housekeeping. The woman who does some of the rough work won't be back till six. But I hate to let you go all those miles—— I am so distressed——"

"But, mademoiselle," said Aristide, "you have some bread. You have water. It has been a banquet many a day to me, and this time it would be the most gracious banquet of all."

"I can do a little better than that," faltered Miss Anne. "There are plenty of eggs, and there is bacon——"

"Eggs—bacon?" cried Aristide, his bright eyes twinkling and his hands going up in the familiar gesture. "That is superb. *Tiens*, you shall not do the cooking; you shall not. I will make you an omelette—an *omelette au lard*. Ah!"—he kissed the tip of his finger—"such an omelette as you have not eaten since you were in France—and even there I doubt whether you have ever eaten an omelette like mine." His soul simmering with omelettes, he darted towards the door. "The kitchen—it is this way?"

"But, Mr. Pujol——" Miss Anne laughed, protestingly.

Who could be angry with the vivid and impulsive creature?

"It is the room opposite Jean's—*hein?*"

She followed him into the clean little kitchen, half amused, half flustered. Already he had hooked off the top of the kitchen range.

"Ah, a good fire. And your frying-pan?"

He dived into the scullery.

"Please don't be in such a hurry," she pleaded. "You will have made the omelette before I've had time to lay the cloth, and it will get cold. Besides, I want to learn how to do it."

"*Très bien*," said Aristide, laying down the frying-pan. "You shall see how it is made—the omelette of the universe."

So he helped Miss Anne to lay the cloth on the gate-legged table in the parlour, and to set it out with bread and butter and the end of a tinned tongue and a couple of bottles of stout; after which they went back to the kitchen, where, in a kind of awe, she watched him shred the bacon and break the eggs with his thin, skilful fingers and perform his magic with the frying-pan and turn out the great golden creation into the dish.

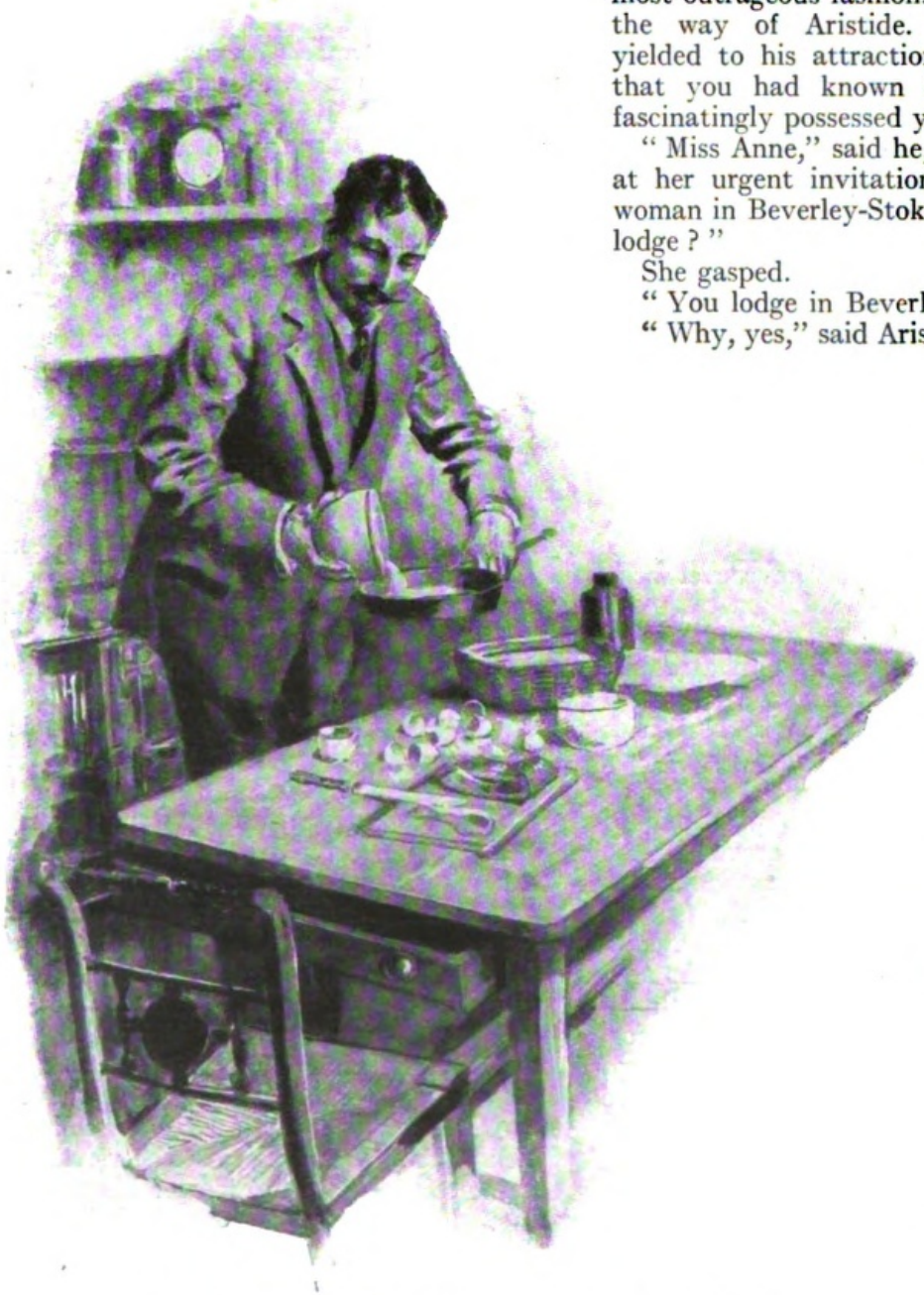
"Now," said he, pushing her in his enthusiasm, "*à table*, while it is hot."

Miss Anne laughed. The light sparkled once more in her eyes, and the pink of her

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naturally florid complexion glowed on her cheek, as they sat down to table.

"It is I who help it," said Aristide. "*Goûtez-moi ça.*"



"HE PERFORMED HIS MAGIC WITH THE FRYING-PAN."

He passed the plate, and waited with the artist's expectation for her tasting.

"It's delicious."

It was, indeed, the perfection of omelette, all its suave juiciness contained in a film as fine as gold-beater's skin.

"Yes, it's good."

He was delighted, child-like, at the success of his cookery. His gaiety kept the careworn woman in rare laughter during the meal. She lost all consciousness that he was a strange man plumped down suddenly in the midst of her old-maidish existence—and a strange man, too, who had once behaved in a most outrageous fashion. But that was ever the way of Aristide. The moment you yielded to his attraction he made you feel that you had known him for years. He fascinatingly possessed you.

"Miss Anne," said he, smoking a cigarette at her urgent invitation, "is there a good woman in Beverley-Stoke with whom I could lodge?"

She gasped.

"You lodge in Beverley-Stoke?"

"Why, yes," said Aristide, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "I am engaged in the City from ten to five every day. I can't come here and go back to London every night, and I can't stay a whole week without seeing little Jean. And I have my duty to Jean. I stand to him in the relation of a father. I must help you to nurse him and make him better. I must give him soup and apples and ice-creams——"

"You would kill the darling in five minutes," said Miss Anne.

He waved his forefinger in the air.

"No, no; I have nursed the sick in my time. My dear friend," said he, with a change of tone, "when did you go to bed last?"

"I don't know," she answered, in some confusion. "The district nurse has helped me, and the doctor has been very good. Jean has turned the corner now. Please

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don't worry. And as for your coming to live down here, it's absurd."

"Of course, if you formally forbid me to do so, mademoiselle, and if you don't wish to see me——"

"How can you say a thing like that? Haven't I shown you to-day that you are welcome?"

"Dear Miss Anne," said he, "forgive me. But what is that great, vast town of London to me who know nobody there? Here in this tiny spot is concentrated all I care for in the world. Why shouldn't I live in it?"

"You would be so dreadfully uncomfortable," said Miss Anne, weakly.

"Bah!" cried Aristide. "You talk of discomfort to an old client of l'Hôtel de la Belle Étoile?"

"The Hotel of the Beautiful Star? Where is that?" asked the innocent lady.

"Wherever you like," said Aristide. "Your bed is on dry leaves, and your bed-curtains, if you demand luxury, are a hedge, and your ceiling, if you are fortunate, is ornamented with stars."

She looked at him wide-eyed, in great concern.

"Do you mean that you have ever been homeless?"

He laughed.

"I think I've been everything imaginable, except married."

"Hush!" she said. "Listen!" Her keen ear had caught a child's cry. "It's Jean. I must go."

She hurried out. Aristide prepared to light another cigarette, but a second before the application of the flaming match an idea struck him. He blew out the match, replaced the cigarette in his case, and, with a dexterity which revealed the professional of years ago, began to clear the table. He took the things noiselessly into the kitchen, shut the door, and, master of the kitchen and scullery, washed up. Then, the most care-free creature in the world, he stole down the stone passage into the wilderness of Beverley-Stoke.

An hour afterwards he knocked at the front door. Anne Honeywood admitted him.

"I have arranged with the good Mrs. Buttershaw—she lives a hundred yards down the road. I bring my baggage to-morrow evening."

Anne regarded him with humorous helplessness.

"I can't prevent you," she said, "but I can give you one piece of advice."

"What is it?"

"Don't wash up for Mrs. Buttershaw."

So it came to pass that Aristide Pujol took up his residence at Beverley-Stoke, trudging every morning three miles to catch his business train at St. Albans, and trudging back every evening three miles to Beverley-Stoke. Every morning he ran into the cottage for a sight of little Jean, and every evening, after a digestion-racking meal prepared by Mrs. Buttershaw, he went to the cottage, armed with toys and weird and injudicious food for little Jean, and demanded an account of the precious infant's doings during the day. Gradually Jean recovered of his congestion, being a sturdy child, and, to Aristide's delight, resumed the normal life of childhood.

"*Moi, je suis papa*," said Aristide. "He has got to speak French, and he had better begin at once. It is absurd that anyone born between Salon and Arles should not speak French and Provençal; but I'll leave Provençal till later. *Moi, je suis papa*. Jean, say '*papa*.'"

"I don't quite see how he can call you that, Mr. Pujol," said Anne, with the suspicion of a flush on her cheek.

"And why not? Has the poor child any other papa in the whole wide world? And, at four years old, not to have a father is heart-breaking. Do you want us to bring him up as an orphan? No, you sha'n't be an orphan, *mon brave*," he continued, bending over the child and putting the little hands against his bearded face. "You couldn't bear such a calamity, could you? And so you will call me '*papa*.'"

"*Papa*," said Jean, with a grin.

"There, he has settled it," said Aristide. "*Moi, je suis papa*. And you, mademoiselle?"

"I am Auntie Anne," she replied, demurely.

Saturday afternoons and Sundays were Aristide's days of delight. He could devote himself entirely to Jean. The thrill of the weeks when he had paraded the child in the market-places of France while he sold his corn cure again ran through his veins. The two rows of cottages separated by the common, which was the whole of Beverley-Stoke, became too small a theatre for his parental pride. He bewailed the loss of his beautiful automobile that had perished of senile decay at Aix-en-Provence. If he only had it now, he could exhibit Jean to the astonished eyes of St. Albans, Watford—nay, London itself.

"I wish I could take him to Dulau and Company," said he.

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Anne, in alarm, for Aristide was capable of everything. "What in the world would you do with him there?"

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"What would I do with him?" replied Aristide, picking the child up in his arms—the three were strolling on the common. "*Parbleu*, I would use him to strike the staff of Dulau and Company green with envy. Do you think the united efforts of the whole lot of them, from the good Mr. Blessington to the office-boy, could produce a hero like this? You are a hero, Jean, aren't you?"

"Yes, papa," said Jean.

"He knows it!" shouted Aristide, with a delighted gesture which nearly cast Jean to the circumambient geese. "Miss Anne, we have the most wonderful child in the universe."

This, as far as Anne was concerned, was a proposition which for the past three years she had regarded as incontrovertible. She smiled at Aristide, who smiled at her, and Jean, seeing them happy, smiled largely at them both.

In a very short time Aristide, who could magically manufacture boats and cocks and pigs and giraffes out of bits of paper, who could bark like a dog and quack like a duck, who could turn himself into a horse or a bear at a minute's notice, whose pockets were a perennial mine of infantile ecstasy, established himself in Jean's mind as a kind of tame, necessary, and beloved jinn. Being a loyal little soul, the child retained his affection for Auntie Anne, but he was swept off his little feet by his mirific parent. The time came when, if he was not dressed in his tiny woollen jersey and breeches, and had not his nose glued against the parlour-window, in readiness to scramble to the front door for Aristide's morning kiss, he would have thought that chaos had come again. And Anne, humouring the child, hastened to get him washed and dressed in time; until at last, so greatly was she affected by his obsession, she got into the foolish habit of watching the clock and saying to herself, "In another minute he will be here," or "He is a minute late. What can have happened to him?"

So Aristide, in his child-like way, found remarkable happiness in Beverley-Stoke. A very wet summer had been followed by a dry and mellow autumn. Aristide waxed enthusiastic over the English climate and rejoiced in the mild country air. He was also happy under my friend Blessington, who spoke of him to me in glowing terms. At the back of all Aristide's eccentricities was the Provençal peasant's shrewdness. He realized that for the first time in his life he had taken up a sound and serious avocation. Also he was no longer irresponsible. He had found little Jean; Jean's future was in his hands. Jean was to be an architect—goodness knows why, but Aristide settled it, definitely, offhand. He would have to be educated.

"And, my dear friend," said he, when we were discussing Jean (and for months I heard nothing but Jean, Jean, Jean, so that I loathed the brat until I met the brown-skinned, black-eyed, merry little wretch, and fell, like everybody else, fatuously in love with him)—"my dear friend," said he, "an architect, to be the architect that I mean Jean to be, must have universal knowledge. He must know the first word of the classic, the last word of the modern. He must be steeped in poetry, his brain must vibrate with science. He must be what you call in England a gentleman. He must go to one of your great public schools—Eton, Winchester, Rugby, Harrow (you see, I know them all)—he must go to Cambridge or to Oxford. Ah, I tell you, he is to be a big man. I, Aristide Pujol, did not pick him up on that deserted road, in the Arabia Petrea of Provence, between Salon and Arles, for nothing. He was wrapped, as I have told you, in an old blanket, and, *ma foi*, it smelt bad, and I dressed him in my pyjamas and made a Neapolitan cap for him out of one of my socks. The *bon Dieu* sent him, and I shall arrange just as the *bon Dieu* intended. Poor Miss Anne Honeywood, with her ninety pounds a year, what can she do? *Pouf!* It is for me to look after the future of little Jean."

By means of such discourse he convinced Miss Anne that Jean was predestined to greatness, and that Providence had appointed him, Aristide, as the child's agent in advance. Very much bewildered by his riotous flow of language, and very reluctant to sacrifice her woman's pride, she agreed to allow him to contribute towards Jean's upbringing.

So, I repeat, Aristide was entirely happy. His waking dreams were of the four-year-old child. The glad anticipation of the working day in Great Tower Street, E.C., was the evening welcome from the simple but capable gentlewoman, and the sense of home and intimacy in her little parlour, no bigger than the never-entered and nerve-destroying *salon* of his parents at Aigues-Mortes, but smiling with the grace of old oak and faded chintz. At Aigues-Mortes the *salon* was a comfortless, tasteless convention, set apart for the celebration of baptisms and marriages and deaths, a pride and a terror to the inhabitants. But here everything seemed to be as much a warm bit of Anne Honeywood

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as the tortoiseshell combs in her hair and the square of Brussels lace that rose and fell on the generous bosom of her old, old evening frock. For, you see, since she expected a gentleman visitor in the evenings, Anne had taken to dressing for her sketch of a dinner. For all her struggle with poverty, she had retained the charm that three years before had made her touch upon Jean seem a consecration to the impressionable man. And now that he entered more deeply into her life and thoughts, he found himself in fragrant places that were very strange to him. He discovered, too, with some surprise, that a man who has been at fierce grips with Fortune all his life, from ten to forty, is ever so little tired in spirit and is glad to rest. In the tranquillity of Anne Honeywood's presence



"BREATHLESSLY ABSORBED IN THE ERECTION OF CARD PAGODAS."

his soul was singularly at peace. He also wondered why Anne Honeywood seemed to grow younger and, in her gentle fashion, more laughter-loving every day.

The St. Martin's summer lasted to the beginning of December, and then it came to an end, and with it the idyll of Aristide and Anne Honeywood.

One Saturday afternoon, when the rain was falling dismally, she received him with an embarrassment she could scarcely conceal. The usual heightened colour no longer gave youth to her cheek; an anxious frown knitted her candid brows, and there was no laughter in her eyes. He looked at her questioningly. Was anything the matter with Jean? But Jean answered the question for himself by running down the passage and springing like a puppy into Aristide's arms. Anne turned her face away, as if the sight pained her, and, pleading a headache and the desire to lie down, she left the two together.

Returning after a couple of hours with the tea-tray, she found them on the floor, breathlessly absorbed in the erection of card pagodas. She bit her lip and swallowed a sob. Aristide jumped up and took the tray. Was not the headache better? He was so grieved. Jean must be very still and drink up his milk quietly like a hero, because Auntie was suffering. Tea was a very subdued affair. Then Anne carried off Jean to bed, refusing Aristide's helpful ministrations. It was his Saturday and Sunday joy to bath Jean, amid a score of creepy, crawly tin insects which he had provided for the child's ablutionary entertainment, and it formed the climax of Jean's blissful day. But this afternoon Anne tore the twain asunder. Aristide looked mournfully over

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the rain-swept common through the leaded panes, and speculated on the enigma of woman. A man, feeling ill, would have been only too glad for somebody else to do his work; but a woman, just because she was ill, declined assistance. Surely women were an intellect-baffling sex.

She came back, having put Jean to bed.

"My dear friend," she said, with a blurt of bravery, "I have something very hard to say, but I must say it. You must go away from Beverley-Stoke."

"Ah!" cried Aristide. "Is it I, then, that give you a headache?"

"It's not your fault," she said, quietly. "You have been everything that a loyal gentleman could be—and it's because you're a loyal gentleman that you must go."

"I don't understand," said he, puzzled. "I must go away because I give you a headache, although it is not my fault?"

"It's nothing to do with headaches," she explained. "Don't you see? People round here are talking——"

"About you and me?"

"Yes," said Miss Anne, faintly.

"*Saprelotte!*" cried Aristide, with a fine flourish. "Let them talk!"

"Against Jean and myself."

The reproach brought him to her side.

"No," said he, "no; sooner than they should talk I would go out and strangle every one of them. But it is infamous. What do they say?"

"How can I tell you? What would they say in your own country?"

"France is France, and England is England."

"And a little cackling village is the same all the world over. No, my dear friend—for you are my dear friend—you must go back to London, for the sake of my good name and Jean's."

"But let us leave the cackling village."

"There are geese on every common," said Anne.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" muttered Aristide, walking about the tiny parlour. "*Nom de Dieu de nom de Dieu.*" He stood in front of her and flung out his arms wide. "But without Jean and you life will have no meaning for me. I shall die. I shall fade away. I shall perish. Tell me, dear Miss Anne, what they are saying, these miserable peasants with souls of mud?"

But Anne could tell him no more. It had been hateful and degrading to tell him so much. She shivered through all her purity. After a barren discussion she held out her hand, large and generous like herself.

"Good-bye"—she hesitated for the fraction of a second—"good-bye, Aristide. I promise you shall guide Jean's future. I will bring him up to London now and then to see you. We will find some way out of the difficulty. But you see, don't you, that you must leave Beverley-Stoke?"

Aristide went back to his comfortless lodgings aflame with bewilderment, indignation, and despair. He fell upon Mrs. Buttershaw, a slatternly and sour-visaged woman, and hurled at her a tornado of questions. She responded with the glee of a hag, and Aristide learned the amazing fact that in the matter of sheer uncharitableness, unkindness, and foulness of thought Beverley-Stoke, with its population of three hundred hinds, could have brought down upon it the righteous indignation of Sodom, Gomorrah, Babylon, Paris, and London. For a fortnight or so Anne Honeywood's life in the village had been that of the pariah dog.

"And now you've spoke of it yourself," said Mrs. Buttershaw, her hands on her hips, "I'm glad. I'm a respectable woman, I am, and I go to church regular, and I don't want to be mixed up in such goings-on. And I never have held with foreigners, anyway. And the sooner you find other lodgings the better."

For the first and only time in his life words failed Aristide Pujol. He stood in front of the virtuous harridan, his lips working, his fingers convulsively clutching the air.

"You—you—you—you naughty woman!" he gasped, and, sweeping her away from the doorway of his box of a sitting-room, he rushed up to his tinier bedroom and, in furious haste, packed his portmanteau.

"I would rather die than sleep another night beneath your slanderous roof," he cried, at the foot of the stairs. "Here is more than your week's money." He flung a couple of gold coins on the floor and dashed out into the darkness and the rain.

He hammered at Anne Honeywood's door. She opened in some alarm.

"You? But——" she stammered.

"I have come," said he, dumping his portmanteau in the passage, "to take you and Jean away from this abomination of a place. I know what you have suffered. I know how they insult you. I know what they say. You cannot stay one more night here. Pack up all your things. Pack up all Jean's things. I leave my valise here. I walk to St. Albans and I come back for you in an automobile. You lock up the door. I tell the policeman to guard the cottage. You

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come with me. We take a train to London. You and Jean will stay at an hotel. I will go to my good friend who saved me from Mme. Gougasse. After that we will think."

"That's just like you," she said, smiling in spite of her trouble. "You act first and think afterwards. Unfortunately, I'm in the habit of doing the reverse."

"But it's I who am doing all the thinking for you. I have thought till my brain is red-hot." He laughed in his luminous and excited way, and, seizing both her hands, kissed them one after the other. "There," said he, "be ready by the time I return. Do not hesitate and do not look back. Remember Lot's wife."

He flourished his hat and was gone like a flash into the heavy rain and darkness of the December evening. Anne cried after him, but he, too, remembering Lot's wife, did not turn. He marched on buoyantly, heedless of the wet and the squirting mud from unseen puddles. It was an adventure such as he loved. It was a knightly errand, *parbleu*. Was he not delivering a beautiful lady from the dragon of calumny? And in an automobile, too. His imagination fondled the idea.

At a garage in St. Albans he readily found a car for hire. He was all for driving it himself—that is how he had pictured the rescue—but the proprietor, dull and unimaginative tradesman, declined firmly. It was a hireling who drove the car to Beverley-Stoke. Anne, unhatted and uncloaked, admitted him.

"You are not ready?"

"My dear friend, how can I——"

"You are not coming?"

His hands dropped to his sides and his face was the incarnation of disappointment.

"Let us talk things over reasonably," she urged, opening the parlour-door.

"But I have brought the automobile."

"It can wait for five minutes, can't it?"

"It can wait till Doomsday," said Aristide.

"Take off your dripping coat. You must be wet through. Oh, how impulsive you are!"

He took off his coat dejectedly and followed her into the parlour, where she tried to persuade him of the impossibility of his scheme. How could she abandon her home at a moment's notice? Failing to convince him, she said at last, in some embarrassment, but with gentle dignity:—

"Suppose we did run away together in your romantic fashion, wouldn't it confirm the scandal in the eyes of this wretched village?"

"You are right," said Aristide. "I had not thought of it."

He knew himself to be a madman. It was not thus that ladies were rescued from calumny. But to leave her alone to face it for time indefinite was unthinkable. And, meanwhile, what would become of him, severed from her and from Jean?

He sighed, and looked around the little room where he had been so happy and at the sweet-faced woman whose companionship had been so dear to him. And then the true meaning of all the precious things that had been in his life for the past two months appeared before him like a smiling valley hitherto hidden and revealed by dissolving mist. A great gladness gathered round his heart. He leaned across the table by which he was sitting and looked at her, and for the first time noticed that her eyes were red.

"You have been crying, dear Anne," said he, using her name boldly. "Why?"

A man ought not to put a question like that at a woman's head and bid her stand and deliver. How is she to answer? Anne felt Aristide's bright eyes upon her, and the colour mounted and mounted and deepened on her cheek and brow.

"I don't like changes," she said, in a low voice.

Aristide slipped noiselessly to the side of her chair and knelt on one knee and took her hand.

"Anne—my beloved Anne!" said he.

And Anne neither moved nor protested, but looked away from him into the fire.

And that is all that Aristide told me. There are sacred and beautiful things in life that one man does not tell to another. He did, however, mention that they forgot all about the unfortunate chauffeur sitting in the rain till about three hours afterwards, when Aristide sped away to a St. Albans hotel in joyous solitude.

The very next day he burst in upon me in a state of bliss bordering on mania.

"But there is a tragic side to it," he said, when the story was over. "For half the year I shall be exiled to Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Algiers as the representative of Dulau et Compagnie."

"The very best thing that could happen for your domestic happiness," said I.

"What? With my heart"—he thumped his breast—"with my heart hurting like the deuce all the time?"

"So long as the heart hurts," said I, "you know it isn't dead."

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A short while afterwards they were married in London. I was best man, and Jean, specklessly attired, was page of honour. A few of Anne's friends were present, and the vicar of her old church at Chislehurst performed the ceremony. The most myopic of creatures could have seen that Anne was foolishly in love with her rascal husband. How could she help it?

As soon as the newly-wedded pair had risen from their knees at the conclusion of the service Aristide caught Jean up in his arms, and, to the consternation of the officiating clergy, the verger, and Anne's conventional friends, cried out, exultingly :—

"Ah, *mon petit!* It was a lucky day for both of us when I picked you up in the road between Salon and Arles. Put your hands together, as you do when you're saying your prayers, *mon brave*, and say, 'God bless father and mother.'"

Jean obediently adopted the attitude of the infant Samuel in the pictures.



"ARISTIDE SLIPPED NOISELESSLY TO THE SIDE OF HER CHAIR AND KNELT ON ONE KNEE AND TOOK HER HAND."

"God bless father and mother," said he, and the childish treble rang out queerly in the large, almost empty, church.

There was a span of silence, and then all the women-folk fell on little Jean, and that was the end of that wedding.

THE END.

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Successes Won by the Blind.

By F. G. HODSOLL.

THE increased facilities for education now within the reach of the blind have produced many beneficial results, not the least of which is the growth of self-reliance. What was once faced with fear and uncertainty is now, in a great many cases, encountered in a spirit of confidence and cheerfulness which does much to lessen the handicap of the blind in the race of life. It is, indeed, surprising to learn how many and various are the occupations in which they have met with success. All over the country they are cheerfully going about their daily task and earning their own living, in many cases in some calling which, at first thought, would seem to offer well-nigh insuperable difficulties. In fact, the number of occupations which are generally looked upon as suitable for the blind are, comparatively speaking, so limited that the experiences of a few of those who have been courageous enough to venture even a little off the beaten track possess an interest of quite an unusual character.

The story Captain Peirson-Webber, a well-known expert in poultry-culture, living at Kineton, Warwickshire, has to tell is, in its way, as romantic and inspiring as any. First came the overwhelming sense of helplessness when he realized his blindness and learned that he would never regain his sight. Then followed a gleam of hope. As a soldier in India the study of Oriental languages had become one of his hobbies, and now, when he turned his attention to the study of the Braille system, its simplicity so fascinated him that he gained a fair knowledge of the text in less than a week. He next mastered the typewriter, and then, for the first time in three years, he once more felt himself in touch with his fellow-men.

"I had left my old home," he has related, "and was then living with a bachelor parson, just one of the best sportsmen I ever met, and still my greatest friend. We used to take long walks together, and as we swung along country lanes and across field after field my friend would describe each point so vividly that in a few weeks I had confidence to walk alone, or, if lost, to find my whereabouts by a few cross-questions to a passer-by. Probably it is quite impossible for any sighted person to appreciate the delight of such regained independence."

Leaving the vicarage, he took up his quarters in the village, and then came the turning-point in his fortunes. Why not take up poultry-farming? His friends all did their best to dissuade him from such a course, arguing that it was impossible for a blind man to pay his way where so many sighted poultry-farmers had failed. But their opposition only served to spur him on. "I now began to realize"—again I quote Captain Peirson-Webber's own words—"that by constant and close observation it was quite a simple matter to manage incubators and to recognize a good hen from a 'waster.' . . . And so I found myself tramping far and wide, accompanied in those days by a very clever dog with a bell round his neck. He soon got to know my rounds, and whenever we struck new roads I used to tie a piece of tape or string on a bar of the road-gates or on finger-posts, or note a heap of stones, or a stile, and thus check our homeward journey. I next found myself staying with friends for a few weeks' holiday, and soon discovered that they were quite as keen on poultry-farming as myself. This encouraged me, and within a year I was a married man, and full of busy happiness at a dear, old-world house with a 'run' of over a hundred acres for my poultry. Well, here was life worthy of the name."

Fortunately the house was but a mile from the railway, and Captain Peirson-Webber, with his good dog Rover leading the way and pulling a handy little truck, was often on the road. Every day outlying poultry-houses were visited, Rover here again taking the lead, though every now and then tempted from his course by a scurrying rabbit. He was working for profits—"bread-and-butter

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profits," he calls them—and at the same time finding the life an enjoyable one. The next step forward came when Gardner's Trust for the Blind granted him a scholarship enabling him to take a long course of scientific poultry-keeping at Reading, with marked success. As a blind student he had all the examination-papers prepared for him in Braille, and wrote out his answers on a Remington.



CAPTAIN PEIRSON-WEBBER.

Returning home, he found himself invited by the County Council to lecture at a coming agricultural show, and soon his services as lecturer were in constant demand throughout the district. What is more, the farmers and others followed his recommendations, thereby lessening their labour and at the same time increasing their profits.

His appointment as county adviser in poultry-culture to Warwickshire and Northamptonshire entailed the giving of many hundreds of lectures, while in 1906 the National Service and County Poultry Club was established under his direction. In laying competitions his name has been associated with a long list of striking successes, and his precept and advice have been followed, to their great advantage, by many thousands of poultry-farmers.

CAPTAIN PEIRSON-WEBBER, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS DOG, GOING ROUND HIS POULTRY FARM.

Captain Peirson-Webber has thus, after nearly fifteen years of patient work, acquired such complete knowledge of his subject that he has only to visit a cottage, farm, or estate to gauge at once the limitations of poultry possibilities and to outline the simplest and most economical methods to suit the local conditions. Prominent among those who

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MR. H. G. HAWES PACKING HIS BAG WITH DIFFERENT BLENDS OF TEA BEFORE STARTING ON HIS DAY'S JOURNEY.

have sought his advice is Lieutenant-General Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, who not long ago invited him to inspect and report on the poultry possibilities of one of the Boy Scout ranches.

A life of a very different kind is that of Mr. H. G. Hawes, of 11, Dudley Road, Queen's Park, London, whose work as a tea agent naturally confines him to the busy highways.

"I started with my agency work," says Mr. Hawes, "some twenty years ago and climbed upwards little by little, meeting with many rebuffs and overcoming many difficulties. My experience has been that the public seem to think that a blind man cannot serve them and attend to their interests as well as a man blessed with sight, but by dint of perseverance and by always acting with courtesy and civility, even in most trying circumstances, I have succeeded in working up a very good connection and have customers on my books of many years' standing. I would also remark that I have never presumed upon my affliction when canvassing for orders. I know that my efforts will be backed up by my company, and I have customers who are supplied with a special blend of tea which I had the honour of making up, having learned exactly the taste they required. I go into these details to show that the blind man is not the helpless individual that some folk seem to think him. My work is hard, and I tramp many miles during a week, carrying my pack, which, I am thankful to say, is always pretty weighty when I start out, and generally light on my return journey. I travel without any guide, except, perhaps, when on totally strange ground, but I always manage for myself after once being taken over the route. As regards weather, fog, of course, makes no difference to me, and I may add that on many occasions in foggy weather I have guided a sighted person on his way. Naturally, rain and snow are not pleasant, but I dress suitably and take comfort in the thought that spring is coming. One thing, however, I abominate, and hear at times with something approaching terror—this, I perhaps need hardly say, is a motor.

"I have met with one or two rather nasty accidents, such as falling down open holes in the streets, when my two bags have often acted as buffers, and running bang against ladders, and, although this may not make me 'see stars,' I naturally feel the shock. Another thing that upsets me is to get muddled up with two or three perambulators and their occupants. More often than not this is caused through the thoughtless nursemaids who neglect their charges in order to gossip with one another or with the tradesmen's lads on their rounds, but, on the whole, I have been very mercifully protected.

"I do all my orders and correspondence on a Braille machine, while in my leisure hours I play whist, chess, draughts, and other games."

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The great difficulty experienced by the

blind in convincing people that they are capable of doing good work is emphasized by Mr. George Warman, a tobacconist and piano-tuner, of 130, Archway Road, Highgate, N. Losing his sight while still young, he was sent to the Blind School at Swiss Cottage, and received a fairly good education, including music and a practical knowledge of piano-tuning. Gymnastics, roller-skating, and swimming were also indulged in, as well as chess and draughts. For an hour and a half every evening the head master used to read to the boys from one of the best authors. "So that," says Mr. Warman, "by the time I left school I was strong and active through plenty of healthy exercise, while I also had a better knowledge of books than a good many of my age who were blessed with sight, and, as I had learnt tuning, I looked forward with all the confidence of youth to doing great things. and his stock in good order. This he was quite willing to do. He also promised that he would look out for me and try to get me a situation, which he eventually did. That is fourteen years ago, and I am still doing work for the same employer.

"It is about six years ago since I began to think of getting married, but, having found the right girl, the next problem was how to provide for a wife and obtain some little feeling of security, as at any time I might get a week's notice through bad trade or any one of a hundred other causes, and I fully realized that a blind man out of employment is a very different thing from a man with his sight. As may be imagined, I was not in receipt of anything big in the way of salary, but I managed, after paying all my expenses, to save a little each week out of it. I was in lodgings at the time, as my people were too



MR. WARMAN FINDS IT PERFECTLY EASY TO MANAGE HIS TOBACCONIST'S SHOP BY THE SENSE OF TOUCH ALONE.

But I was to learn by experience that the *ability* to work and the *desire* to do so are by no means sufficient for the blind."

After some months of work there came a period of unemployment, when, says Mr. Warman, "I began to be afraid of getting out of practice with my tuning. I went to a piano dealer and asked him if he would let me tune a piano for him now and again for nothing, as it would both keep me in practice far away from the firm for me to live at home. I also saved all the money I earned in doing private work, so that by this time I had managed to put by enough money to take a little business. After talking things over with my *fiancée*, who was quite willing and anxious to help, we had a look round, and eventually I took the tobacco business at 130, Archway Road, Highgate, where we still are. We then got married, and I soon dis-

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covered that a blind man is quite capable of looking after this kind of business. After a time I found it perfectly easy to pick out any packet of cigarettes or tobacco that might be required, as the packets were always arranged in the same position on the shelves. The different sizes, shapes, and wrappings also helped me considerably. At first I was a bit nervous about weighing, but after some practice this difficulty was also overcome. Now I pride myself on being able to weigh tobacco accurately simply by the sense of touch, as may be seen in the preceding photograph. It is necessary for a blind man to have several strings to his bow, so I still keep on my piano-tuning, and my wife looks after the shop in my absence.

"It must not be supposed that the life of the active blind man is by any means dull or monotonous. In my travels all over London and suburbs by tram, train, omnibus, or on foot, many little incidents have happened to me which serve to break the monotony. For instance, one morning while walking along Oxford Street I was crossing one of the side-streets when suddenly I felt a chain pressing against my right shin, and before I could stop myself I had pitched forward down a hole in the road, turning a complete somersault as I fell. Luckily for me, I happened to catch hold of the chain with one hand, so that I found myself hanging by this hand to the chain, which, apparently, formed a sort of rail round the top of the hole. I had no idea how deep the hole was, as my feet did not touch the bottom, but I was not hurt in the least or disturbed in my mind. I managed to get hold of the chain with the other hand as well, and was almost on my feet again before assistance arrived.

"Another incident I well remember occurred during my bachelor days, when I was away on a holiday with a friend at Seaford. One day we went for a bathe, leaving the door of our machine open in order that my friend could see from the water if anyone should enter it in our absence. We had not been swimming about many minutes before my friend shouted out that someone must have gone into our machine, as the door was shut. We scrambled out of the water, my friend guiding me from behind, and, hurrying up the steps, burst into the machine, the door of which was unfastened. But, good heavens! the sounds that greeted my ears as I entered the small apartment made me stop in amazement. I do not know whether they were screams of terror or shrieks of fury, but without an instant's hesitation I turned and bounded from the top step of the machine, knocking my friend down in my flight. The fact that he had mistaken another machine for ours did not make me forget the incident any the sooner.

"I have had many such little experiences, which at the time were very disagreeable, but on looking back one sees the funny side of them. Although the blind man may at times appear awkward or clumsy in the street, he is quite a different person in the house. I know that many people are afraid to engage a blind piano-tuner for fear he should knock ornaments and such things over, but I may safely say that, although I have been in hundreds of houses in my time, I have never done the slightest damage to ornaments or anything else.

"What we want is the public to put more confidence in us, when they would soon find that the blind are not only capable of earning their own living, but also of giving every satisfaction in their work. My idea is that, in order to be successful, a blind man must lose sight of his blindness and be a sighted man as far as it lies in his power, *never* allowing anyone to do things for him which he can manage to do for himself. By this means his friends and acquaintances will soon cease to think of him as a blind man, and gradually come to treat him as an ordinary individual."

"Many people think it wonderful that I am able to arrange my window of china-ware without help; but, strange to say, it is to me an easy task. In fact," says Mr. William Palmer Davis, who has kept the well-known china-shop at 47, Highgate Hill, N., for the last sixteen years, "my wife, who is not blind, breaks more articles than I do.

"Possibly it may be of interest if I relate how my wife and I met. Some three years ago an account of a thief being caught stealing something from my shop appeared in one of the Sunday papers, and this item of news attracted the attention of a lady in the Midlands, who thereupon wrote to me offering to lend me books to read in the Moon type. A few weeks later this good lady paid a visit to London, called at my shop, and purchased some vases. When she returned home we corresponded for some time, until at length I determined to ask her to be my wife. When doing so, I asked her in replying to send me a blank sheet of paper with the right-hand corner turned down if the answer were 'Yes,' as I was obliged to ask someone to read my letters to me, and I did not wish for publicity in this instance. Fortunately

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the answer I received was ' Yes,' and the piece of paper is now framed and hanging on the wall in my sitting-room.

" As my wife is not a business woman, I still attend to the shop, unless prevented by ill-health, and I also go to the City to make purchases when necessary.

" I have not the advantage of a blind-school education, and I can only read in the Moon type, but I am able to write a fairly good letter in ordinary handwriting. Moreover, I am blessed with an excellent memory, which enables me to keep my accounts without the aid of books, and to recollect exactly where the many small items in my stock are stored. I am also able to give change correctly, and as rapidly as an ordinary salesman.

" Prior to my marriage I had considerable trouble with thieves, and I once had an exciting struggle with a woman whom I found behind my counter. Perhaps my most awkward experience, however, was when a drunken man walked into the shop. I was single-handed at the time, but I had to get rid of him somehow, and I managed, with a little manœuvring, to induce him to retire without injury to my stock, much to my relief, as may be imagined. Perhaps I need hardly add that the proverbial bull in the china-shop was very much in my mind during these few exciting moments."

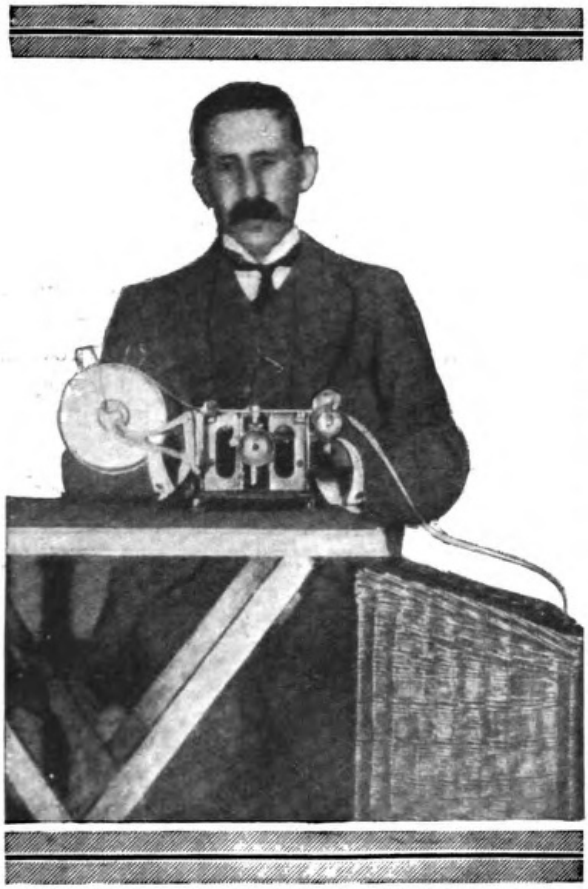


MR. DAVIS IS HERE SEEN STANDING AT THE DOOR OF HIS CHINA-SHOP—HE STATES THAT HIS WIFE, WHO IS NOT BLIND, BREAKS MORE ARTICLES THAN HE DOES.

That a blind man can be just as efficient as one in the enjoyment of normal vision is strikingly shown in the case of Mr. Maurice Myers, a blind stenographer and typist, who is engaged as a teacher of shorthand and typewriting, and also as correspondence clerk, at the Birmingham Institution for the Blind. He is now thirty-seven years of age, and has been totally blind for the last fourteen years, as the result of an accident with a revolver. At that time he was an expert stenographer and typist, and, as typewriting was then being taken up by blind persons, he adopted this branch of work at the Birmingham Institution, and was soon able to handle a Remington machine with as much ease as before losing his sight. At that time letters were usually spoken into the phonograph and then written by the blind typists, but this not proving very satisfactory, Mr. Henry Stainsby (the then superintendent of the institution) began to cast about for something better. He called into counsel four of the blind people, of whom one was Mr. Myers, and between them they evolved what is now known as the Birmingham System of Embossed Shorthand for the Blind, which is an adaptation and extension of the Braille system of reading and writing.

This done, it became necessary to find some ready and rapid means of writing the system, and Mr. Stainsby, in connection with Mr. Alfred Wayne, a clever mechanic, invented a machine called the " Stainsby-Wayne

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MR. MAURICE MYERS, A WELL-KNOWN BLIND STENOGRAPHER AND TYPIST.

Embossed Shorthand Typewriter." By the aid of embossed-shorthand and this ingenious machine a large number of blind persons are able to work at great speed, and several are engaged as correspondence clerks. Such proficiency has Mr. Myers attained that he was engaged as the official reporter for a conference on the blind held at Exeter in July of last year, when the business of the conference occupied nine sessions, varying in duration from two to three hours each, and the verbatim report taken by Mr. Myers contained over a hundred and twenty-five thousand words. The paper used for reporting in this system is about an inch wide, and is done up in rolls containing about two hundred yards each. It was computed that the notes taken at the Exeter conference, placed end to end, would measure about four and a quarter miles. The average speed at which the notes were taken was about one hundred and forty words per minute, but it is safe to assume that some of the speakers considerably exceeded that speed. Truly an astonishing performance, and one of which Mr. Myers may well be proud.

Mr. Myers plays a fair game of whist, and passes many of his evenings in this way. He is an ardent angler, and, by adopting special methods of his own, is sometimes fairly successful at bottom-fishing; but he has never tried fly-fishing. He is fond of swimming and rowing, and has a great liking for long walks, and often does fifty or sixty miles (with a sighted friend) during a week-end.

A little anecdote illustrating the humorous side of blindness may not be out of place. Mr. Myers, who gets about by himself in the streets a good deal, once boarded an omnibus in Birmingham, and, as it was a wet day, went inside. It was, he thought, quite empty, and he sidled along the seat to the top end of the bus, out of the draught from the door. Reaching the desired goal he snuggled cosily into the corner, and congratulated himself upon having struck an omnibus with nicely-upholstered cushions, for the corner was soft and comfortable; but in a very short time the "corner" moved over to the other side of the bus—for it was a young lady!

Strange as it may seem, it is none the less true that there is at least one occupation in which blindness may be regarded as something like a blessing in disguise. The work of a masseur demands, in combination with energy and strength, great delicacy and sureness of touch—qualities in which the blind specially excel, and for this reason a blind masseur is often given the preference over a sighted one.

Among those who have taken up the profession of massage with conspicuous success is Mr. F. R. Marriott, of 37, Welldon Crescent, Harrow, whose loss of sight was the result of a blow from a cricket-ball. From his earliest youth he had a passion for athletics, and his love for the work of the old Greek sculptors bred in him a desire for physical development, which fortunately stood him in good stead in his time of trouble.

"After my accident," says Mr. Marriott, "in order to keep my head above water during the period when I was as yet uncertain whether I should become totally blind, I was fortunate enough, owing to my good development, to obtain sittings at art schools, and I also attended anatomical demonstrations by eminent authorities.

"When my sight became hopeless, the kindness of the Slade students, University College, London, enabled me to take up the profession of massage. My blindness, instead of hindering me, has in many ways helped me, for when patients find themselves being treated by someone himself suffering from an infliction, but bearing it with fortitude, as often

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as not it lends them added courage to fight their own troubles.

"In their endeavours to arouse neurasthenic patients from their terrible apathy, doctors are at times at their wits' end to know what course to pursue. In such cases the blind masseur is often of the greatest assistance. When he enters the room, every movement is watched with interest, not an action escapes the notice of the patient, who is keen to know how he manages everything. Furthermore, he is bombarded with questions as to his methods of travelling, home life, reading, and so forth, which often end in the patient expressing a wish to command the same fortitude.

"My work takes me all over London and the suburbs, and I always travel unaccompanied, while, during the ten years I have been getting about in this way, I have never met with any serious trouble. Occasionally, however, something happens which appeals very strongly to one's sense of the ludicrous. For instance, I remember one day walking full tilt into a policeman who happened to be in conversation with a sweep. The force of the impact brought the constable's face into violent collision with the sweep's flue-brush, with a result which I could well imagine, though I could not see. Some time afterwards I met that policeman again, when he laughingly remarked that it was months before he got all the soot from his head."

Mr. Marriott's hobbies are gardening and carpentering, and it is difficult to realize, as he shows one round his garden, pointing out this and that, and referring to the progress made by different plants, that he is talking of things he cannot see. He will refer, for instance, to his summer-house which he built himself, remarking that though at present, perhaps, it looks rather shabby, it will be all right later on, when the creepers have had time to cover it.

Like her husband, Mrs. Marriott is also blind, but she is as much mistress of her home as any other housewife. All cakes and puddings she makes herself, and, indeed, there is very little of the cooking that she allows the maid to do. A point which very forcibly strikes a visitor to Mr. and Mrs. Marriott's home—and, indeed, to the homes of many others similarly afflicted—is that it gives no indication of its inmates' blindness. Pictures hang round the walls, there are any number of ornaments, including a clock, arranged tastefully about the rooms, while the general orderliness of everything, and the ease and certainty with which they both move about the house, come upon one with a delightful sense of surprise. It is, somehow, all so different from what one had expected to find.



MR. F. R. MARRIOTT, WHO HAS TAKEN UP THE PROFESSION OF MASSAGE WITH CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS.

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"My Most Amusing Experience."

A SYMPOSIUM OF MUSIC-HALL STARS.

Illustrated by N. Morrow.

Mr. WILKIE BARD.

SOME years ago I used to sing a song in the course of which I pretended to make up extempore verses. I had several confederates in front who gave me the subjects to versify upon—needless to say, all the verses were arranged beforehand—and with one of them I used to have a dispute which invariably led to much amusement. He would rise from his stall and ask for a verse about Cæsar, whereupon I would commence one about Kitchener, and when he corrected me I would start another about Gladstone or someone else. At this he pretended to get very cross, accused me of being a fraud, and altogether caused a lot of fun.



"A NEW AND VERY ZEALOUS POLICEMAN HAULED HIM OUT OF THE THEATRE."

One week I had a new man doing this part of the business. All went well on Monday and Tuesday, but on Wednesday there was a new and very zealous policeman in charge of one of the doors. Directly my assistant commenced to "go for" me, he marched up the gangway and, before I could catch his eye, took him by the collar, hauled him out of the theatre, and chucked him into the gutter!

My song was spoilt and the curtain had to be rung down; but what made the situation more funny was that my new assistant, bruised, torn, and covered with mud, came round to my dressing-room quite under the impression that it was all part of the show, and said with some heat that I ought to have let him know beforehand what was going to happen!

Mr. G. H. CHIRGWIN.

Many people, when they hear I have been on the stage for fifty years, think that I must be Methuselah, but they don't wait to hear that I started when I was six. I may, perhaps, be forgiven, then, if I choose as my most amusing reminiscence an incident that happened a good many years ago.

At the time I refer to, my brother and I used to perform together as the Brothers Chirgwin, and we got on very well indeed until one week when we were showing at Leeds, being booked for the following Monday to appear at the old Gaiety in Liverpool, which was kept by Mr. de Frece, the father of Mr. Walter de Frece (Miss Vesta Tilley's husband). During the week at Leeds we had a quarrel, which culminated on the platform at the station just as we were on the point of setting out for Liverpool. The upshot of it was that he refused to go, but I was equally determined to go on without him, so we there and then set about sharing up our joint

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"I SEIZED ALL MY BELONGINGS AND MADE A RUSH FOR AN OPEN CARRIAGE."

properties, which were all packed together in a large wicker basket. There were not many minutes before the train left, so we opened the basket in the middle of the platform and turned it out! We each grabbed what was ours, and "tossed" for the basket just as the train was due out. I lost, so I seized all my belongings in my arms as well as I could and made a rush for an open carriage, shedding boots, collars, make-up, and various odds and ends at every step. The platform resembled nothing so much as a corner of Petticoat Lane, but, thanks to the assistance of some of the onlookers, I got all my belongings—including a left boot, which made its entry, amid cheers, through one of the side windows as the train moved out!

Mr. T. E. DUNVILLE.

An amusing experience befell me on my first appearance on the stage, although at the time I thought it far from funny. A friend and myself were very good at legmania tricks—high-kicking, the splits, and so on—and we at last succeeded in getting taken on in a touring pantomime—"Cinderella"—to give a display in the Palace scene, and incidentally to groom the ponies, at a pound a week! I suffered so much from stage-fright, however, that I simply could not do anything! Instead of kicking over my partner's head, I kicked him on the ear every time, until he grew quite cross, and the audience, thinking it all part of the show, roared with laughter. For the conclusion of our turn we had arranged to sit feet to feet upon a table with our knees drawn up, when, at the final bang of the drum, we pushed each other off into two barrels, into which we fell doubled up, with only our arms and legs sticking out. Unfortunately, the barrels we procured were too high (we had not thought it necessary to rehearse), and we disappeared into them entirely, and got so firmly wedged that we could not stir. The manager yelled to us to "Come off!" but we couldn't, and eventually some of the stage-hands had to come on and roll us off,



"I IMPLANTED BLACK FOOTMARKS ALL OVER THE CEILING."

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barrels and all! Expecting instant dismissal, I was almost in tears, but the audience was so delighted and recalled us so many times that the manager saw his chance, and we appeared thereafter, not as serious acrobatic dancers, but as comedians, making a great success for many weeks.

But perhaps my most amusing experience was the following. I was once travelling to a place in the provinces where I was about to fulfil an engagement. A fellow-traveller who got into conversation proved to be another artiste who was to appear at the same theatre as myself. Striking up a sudden friendship, we repaired, on our arrival, to a lodging-house which he recommended, but before we had been there many days I was annoyed to find that the landlady was a terrible thief. Determined to circumvent her, we marked the whisky-bottle, numbered the pieces of sugar in lead-pencil, and scored lines with a knife down the rashers of bacon we had had sent in. It was no good. She watered the whisky, split the lumps of sugar in half, and sliced most of the lean off the bacon lengthwise.



"THE FEARFUL GASH ON MY LEG CAUSED MORE AND MORE ADMIRATION FOR MY PLUCK."

My new-found friend proved a genius at "getting square." The day before our departure he brought in a packet of black-lead, and, as I was the lankiest of the pair, he rubbed some upon the soles of my bare feet, after which he placed a chair upon the table and, shifting it from time to time to different parts of the room, helped me to hold a long-arm balance while I implanted black footmarks all over the ceiling. Then we cleared.

There were other theatrical lodgers in the house, and we heard afterwards that Crusoe was never so terrified at Friday's footmarks as our late landlady was when she saw her ceiling.

Mr. JOE ELVIN.

During the run of my sketch, "Over the Sticks," at the Oxford in 1894 an amusing incident occurred in connection with the hurdle race which was run on the stage, and which was won by Fireworks—the name of my mount in the piece. In the early days of the sketch I used to ride the horse myself, but it occurred to me that if any accident happened, and I was "knocked out," it would be a very serious matter, because I had no understudy. I accordingly engaged a cross-country jockey, made up to look like me, to ride the horse in the jumps, after which I changed places with him and finished the race on "the flat" myself. One night the horse fell at one of the jumps, and the jockey was badly thrown. Of course, everybody in front thought it was me, and you may imagine the surprise and the cheering which followed when I finished the race as usual and, in order to keep up the "game," limped on to the stage afterwards to take a curtain.

It was my custom to go into the front of the house after the sketch, so I made up my face a bit white, and, painting a terrible scar on my leg with grease-paint, limped up to the bar to receive congratulations and sympathetic inquiries from all my pals. The fearful gash on my leg caused, amongst those who saw it, more and more admiration for my pluck, and I was well on the way to becoming a veritable hero until, entering into conversation on other matters, I quite forgot to keep up the limp. Upon the faces of one after another of my friends surprise at my rapid recovery became apparent, and it ended by my having to make a clean breast of the whole

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"THE MAN, INSTEAD OF FALLING, CONTINUED TO APPROACH."

thing. I have never been allowed to forget this little deception of mine, although the incident occurred so many years ago.

Mr. GEORGE LEYTON.

During the South African War I produced a military sketch at a North of England town, where I had some difficulty in finding assistants to help me on the stage. At last I filled the cast with a local sweep and a friend of his who was a cobbler. These two men had to play the part of Boer spies who attacked me while I was defending a wounded comrade on the veldt, the signal for them to drop dead being two successive revolver-shots.

At the first performance I found myself protecting my wounded comrade, and in the darkness espied one of the enemy — the cobbler. At a shot the man dropped dead and lay stretched in full view of the audience. In turn a second Boer — the sweep — approached, but the signal shot went in vain. The man, instead of falling, simply reeled, recovered himself, and continued to approach. I fired a second shot, but not the least attention was paid to it, and as a last resource I used my sword and made repeated thrusts at the sweep, but each time the man only reeled and returned to the attack. The sketch was spoiled and the curtain lowered, and when I upbraided the sweep for not following out his instructions, he replied: "If you think you are going to shoot at me twice nightly for a week and thrust a sword into my body six times for one and sixpence, you've made the biggest mistake in your life, guv'nor. I'm not 'aving any."

Miss VICTORIA MONKS.

I was once the victim of a very awkward mistake which arose through my fondness for animals. I am very fond of both dogs and cats, and on one occasion had bought from a lady in the North a valuable cat which I had seen advertised. The transaction took place while I was appearing at a provincial theatre, that week's engagement happening to be the last of my appearances in the provinces before my return to London to fulfil engagements there. I accordingly directed that the cat should be sent to me on the Saturday, thinking that its long journey



"WHEN I OPENED IT, INSTEAD OF FLOWERS, OUT SPRANG MY WRETCHED CAT."

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would thus be broken, and that I could look after it by taking it with me on the Sunday morning.

My songs that week included one which I had just put on to try, and in the course of which I introduced, as a piece of stage "business," the opening of a hamper of flowers which were eventually distributed to the audience. This hamper was supplied by the local florist, and delivered at the stage-door at the last moment before each performance, so that the flowers might be as fresh as possible.

The song did not prove a very great success, and I had decided to abandon it after that week; but it was destined to lead to my receiving a severe shock before I had done with it.

The last performance arrived, and the basket of flowers was brought on to the platform in due course; but when I opened it, instead of flowers, out sprang my wretched cat, mad with fright after its long journey in such close captivity! Spitting like a mad thing, she bolted first straight to the back of the stage, mistaking the drop-scene for a real garden, but, being brought up somewhat abruptly, she dashed back in the contrary direction, and would have leapt among the members of the orchestra had not the footlights frightened her anew. She did not escape into the wings and fall captive to the stage-hands until the audience were so convulsed with laughter as to transform my hitherto somewhat unsuccessful song into far the most popular of those I gave—at least, on that occasion.

The flowers were late and the cat was early; hence the stage-doorkeeper's mistake.



"NOW I'M HERE I WANT TO SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR ELECTION."

Mr. R. A. ROBERTS.

When I was playing my sketch "Dick Turpin" on tour in the provinces a few years ago it was my custom wherever I went to request a committee from the audience to come upon the stage and stand behind the scenes to watch me make my changes, in order that they might be able to assure the audience afterwards that I really did play every character myself. After Monday night's performance at a Lancashire town I happened to go into the front of the house, and I got into conversation with a man whom I discovered to be a well-known and influential resident. He was much interested in my sketch, and readily consented to my request that he would get three or four well-known local men to join him the next night in witnessing my quick changes behind the scenes.

I was delighted to find the next evening that his companions were a well-known local doctor, a town councillor, and a wealthy tradesman. A gentleman who belonged to Leeds, but had relations in the town, also volunteered to assist me. As soon as my show was over my friend of the night before walked to the footlights and addressed the audience somewhat as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am very glad to be able to testify that Mr. Roberts has done all he said. He played all the characters himself right

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enough, but now I'm here I want to say a few words to you about our election. Smith's the man you have got to vote for, unless you want to see the rates go up more than ever. He's a good chap, is Smith, and——"

At this point the doctor, who had been growing more and more excited, pulled him back roughly by the arm and took his place. "Look here," said he; "don't you listen to what he says about Smith. What about our roads? What about our water supply? What about our electric trams? I tell you Jones is the man to see that the town makes a move. You vote for Jones, and mark me——"

Here the champion of Smith closed with the man of medicine and pulled him off the stage. The tradesman had long since bolted, but the chap from Leeds had been patiently waiting for his say, and he now stepped forward.

"Ah'm not coom 'ere to talk t' yer of t' election. Ah'm from Leeds, ah'm. Leeds is a fine place, ah tell yer. Ah live with my old mother there, an' 'ave done this ten year, but ah think this is a fine place, too, ah do. Ah like the people 'ere too. Ah'm lodging close 'andy 'ere, and my lan'lady she thinks this is a fine place too. But if you're going to have t' election why don't yer elect a man who'll get the pubs left open a bit longer? We mean to do it in Leeds——"

At this point the stage-manager thought it best to let the curtain down, and the remainder of the speech was lost in its folds.

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY.

Perhaps my most amusing experience was an adventure I had once connected with a railway journey from Liverpool to London. The trains were usually crowded, but I made a little bet with a friend that I would secure a compartment to ourselves, and with this end in view I met him at the station some time before the train was due to leave, having in my pocket a bottle of spirit-gum, a pint of winkles, and a dirty towel which I had been using in my dressing-room to wipe off my make-up. Taking our seats in an empty third-class compartment, I proceeded to pick off the heads of the winkles and stick them with the spirit-gum all over my face, finally wrapping the towel about my head and jaw. Putting on an expression of intense suffering, I then awaited developments.

There were hundreds of people travelling by that train, but none of them, after a glance into our carriage, stayed to keep us company. We were provided with plenty of amusement, however, by those who got in without first observing me. The first of these was an old woman, who, directly she set eyes on me, almost flung herself on to the platform, shrieking, "Lawks 'a' mercy, it's the plague!" By and by a man opened the door, and saw me while his foot was still on the step. He at once pretended to see a friend farther down the platform, and called out in a loud voice, as though he were speaking to someone at the other end of the train, "Halloa, Jack! Have you got room for me in your carriage?" Pretending to get a reply in the affirmative, he called out, "Right you are! I'll come along, then," and slammed our door and hurried away. Presently a stout old gentleman bundled in with a lot of luggage, and did not see me until all his bags were safely packed away under the seats and on the racks. The genial smile which spread over his face as he looked round quickly changed into an expression of utter terror, and, seeking for some excuse to remove himself, he asked in a trembling voice, "Ca-ca-can you tell me if this train is right for Ho-Ho-Holyhead?" At that moment a particularly officious porter passed by, and, being asked the question, bundled the poor old chap out of the carriage, rushed him and his baggage to a different platform, and locked him into a compartment of the Holyhead train just as it started to steam out of the station.



"THE GENIAL SMILE WHICH SPREAD OVER HIS FACE QUICKLY CHANGED INTO AN EXPRESSION OF UTTER TERROR."

As we were on the move another man, very much out of breath, scrambled in and then,

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seeing me, scrambled out again quicker than ever, and rushing up to the stationmaster, who was standing near by, apparently gave him a bit of a very overcrowded mind. I now thought it advisable to clean up, which was just as well, for when we reached our first stopping-place—Leicester—we saw a fever-cart on the platform, with a couple of attendants, who ran up and down the train evidently looking for me. They had no doubt received a wire from Liverpool after we started, but, of course, they did not recognize me.

Mr. MARK SHERIDAN.

One often has amusing experiences, the humour of which only strikes one afterwards. Such a one occurred to me a number of years ago at a very small hall in the provinces, where the stage accommodation was so limited and of such a primitive kind that some of us had to use the back of the stage as a dressing-room, our ablutions after the show being sometimes performed in a common or garden bucket placed on a chair. One night—it was winter, and the audience was almost as chilly as the weather—I had finished my turn, and, stripped to the waist, was "abluting" violently in the old tin basin, when somebody made a mistake, and, instead of lowering the curtain, the back sheet was pulled up, disclosing me to view.

As I had my back in that direction I did not at first realize what had happened, and, hearing shrieks of laughter, I remarked, through the folds of the towel in which my face was buried: "My word, somebody's making a hit!" Getting no reply I looked up, to discover that my erstwhile companions had vanished, and that, with dripping mane, I was standing in full view of the audience!

I was pressed very much, immediately afterwards, to enter for the hundred yards in the following year's theatrical sports, as it was thought that I might establish a record!



"I LOOKED UP TO DISCOVER THAT, WITH DRIPPING MANE, I WAS STANDING IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE."

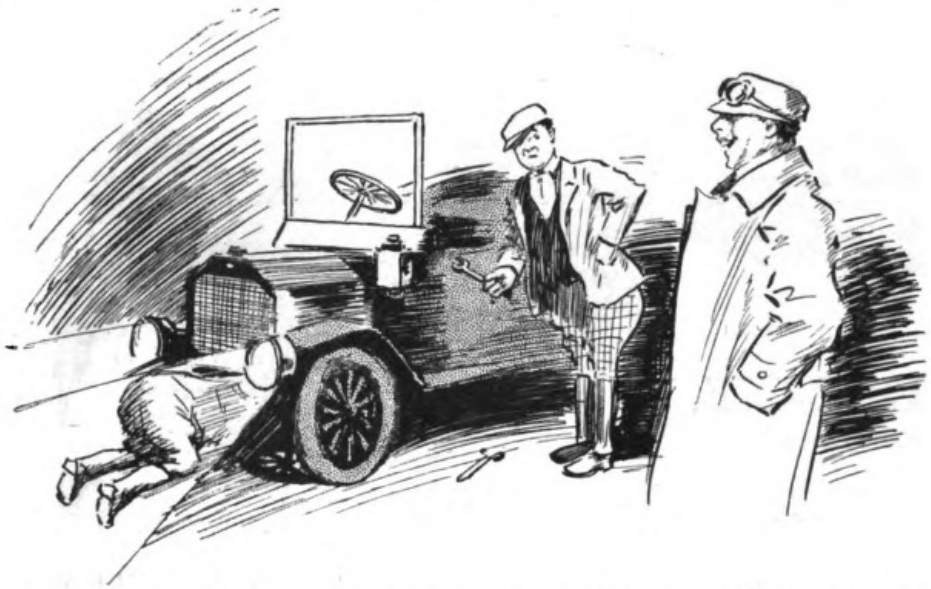
Mr. HARRY TATE.

I have had many amusing experiences when motoring, especially when I first took to the hobby.

One night I was travelling along a country road, and I overtook another motorist, who was standing beside his car looking ruefully at it. I pulled up and asked what was the matter, but he did not know. So I alighted and overhauled his car. After an exhaustive search I discovered that he had no petrol in his tank. He said he had no more, and, feeling sorry for him, I proceeded to pump out some of my petrol to give him sufficient to reach the nearest town. Now, if you understand anything about this arrangement you will know it is a most difficult thing to do. I had to suck the petrol into the pump, through a tube, with my mouth, and before I got sufficient I had been pulling away for nearly half an hour. Well, at last I got enough, fixed him up, and his car began to move off. Just then I caught a glimpse of the back of his car, and there, to my disgust, packed away, were a number of tins of petrol. I stopped him, pointed the tins out to him, and he answered, quite coolly: "Oh, yes; I clean forgot about that," and drove off.

On another occasion—late in the afternoon it was—we broke down about twelve miles from Nottingham, where I was due to appear

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"I AM GOING INTO TOWN TO SEE HARRY TATE IN 'MOTORING.'"—"YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE—TO SEE A GOOD SAMPLE OF IT."

at the Empire the same evening. Another motorist came to our assistance, and, after a few minutes' conversation, said: "I am going into town to see Harry Tate in 'Motoring.'" I said: "You have come to the right place — to see a good sample of it," and he laughed heartily as I explained who I was.

"LITTLE TICH."

If I told half the funny things which have happened to me since I made my first appearance as "The Little Tichborne" at Rosherville Gardens in 1880 I should fill a book. One of the earliest incidents I recall occurred at Colchester, where I obtained a fortnight's engagement at a salary of thirty shillings per week. The hall was a large room attached to a public-house, which was the usual thing in those days. I used to sing nine songs a night, and one evening, during a breathing space, I stood in the bar with my back to the door, when a woman burst in and, seizing me round the waist, sat down on a bench with me over her knee, and, having given me a good spanking, proceeded to hurl a flood of abuse at me for being there, and at the proprietor of the public-house for allowing me to enter. "You great fat brute, you!" she shouted. "I'll teach you to encourage my little Willie to come drinking like his father, the drunken beast. And he only a mite of ten, too! You did ought to know better, seeing as 'ow you are a father yerself, that you ought!"

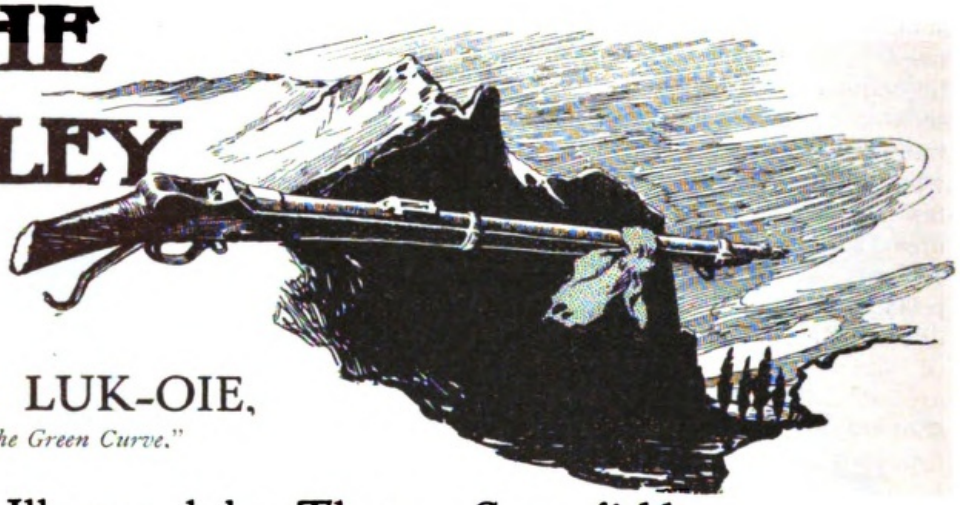
The woman had been so intent upon inflicting punishment with hand and tongue that, beyond observing some presumable likeness between my back view and that of her little Willie, she was still quite in the dark as to her mistake, and took my violent struggles as a matter of course. But such a shout of laughter went up from everyone present after the first astonished silence, that she suddenly paused with her hand raised in the air, and then, seeing my face, dropped me on the floor and bolted for dear life!



"A WOMAN BURST IN AND, HAVING GIVEN ME A GOOD SPANKING, PROCEEDED TO HURL A FLOOD OF ABUSE AT ME FOR BEING THERE."

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In the Valley



By OLE LUK-OIE,

Author of "The Green Curve."

Illustrated by Thomas Somerfield.

I.

"HALLOA! What's that?" the lanky subaltern on the bay horse asked suddenly of the man riding alongside, pointing towards the river with his switch.

Both men halted, and the speaker dismounted, slipped his arm through the bridle, and slouched down the shelving bank to the water's edge, staring hard at the ground, here quite bare and caked over with a light crust of sandy mud. His companion jumped off his horse and followed, looking slightly mystified until he reached the river. At the very edge of the water was a small inlet with square end and parallel sides, a Lilliputian harbour some four inches long and three broad, into which the stream was lapping. About five feet away, where the soil was harder, was a second similar but fainter indentation.

"I thought so," said the subaltern, tracing with his switch one of the two tracks which led from the inlets upwards to the short grass at the top, where they were lost.

"Two wheels!" were his next words. Then, stooping to scrutinize more closely the very indistinct impressions of a hoof, he almost snarled, "Mule-cart!"

In contrast to what it had been up till this moment, his tone was peevish. He seemed to be quite inconsequently perturbed by these trifling marks on the river-bank. But he had no cause to show, nor intention of showing, temper to his subordinate, and would have welcomed any refutation of his conclusions based on probability. Sudden, however, as had been his action, and jerky as had been the sentences snapped out, they were now full of significance to the sergeant, who was a few paces away, peering into a large patch of weeds and grass which extended right down to the water. The sergeant stood still and frowned. Amongst the herbage at his feet the edge of the bank was serrated with many marks similar to the two in the open—dozens of little places in which the river could play at harbours. There were also crescent-shaped depressions where the soil had been stamped into an irregular carpet pattern of hoof-marks. And here again—but, owing to the growth of weeds, only to be seen after close inspection—were tracks, broad wheel-tracks running up the bank.

"Guns across this way, I think, sir," he suggested.

He did not "think": he knew positively. But the news was so very unwelcome that he felt instinctively that the blow which certainty would convey should be dealt by the senior to himself.

In three steps the subaltern was on his knees among the nettles, measuring with his clenched fist the breadth of the tracks. There were the proofs, all the hoof-marks faced one way. Artillery must have crossed from the other side. He did not especially care how many or what sort of guns there had been; it was enough for him that any could get over. Still kneeling, he looked up across the stream. Its troubled appearance and rapid flow, and the boulders breaking its surface, showed its shallowness; and diagonally opposite, some fifty yards up, the far bank shelved at a suspiciously feasible grade.

"Just follow the tracks up the weedy place and see what there is above. I'll have a look at the other side."

He mounted, urged his horse into the stream, and, carefully following the broken water, rode on the slant towards the piece of

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shelving bank on the far side. There was no need to land. At ten yards from the shore he could plainly distinguish the signs he was seeking but did not wish to find. For a few moments he sat staring at the wheel-marks, while the river foamed against the chest of his horse. Again did he appear to be quite unwarrantably disturbed by what he saw. Indeed, so engrossed was he that he gradually relaxed his position and allowed his feet to drag in the stream. It was only the sensation of cold as the water crept up his shins that awoke him to facts. And it was none too soon, for his mount was pawing in that unmistakable manner which betokens an earnest desire to roll. Touching him with his one remaining spur, he turned the animal, which floundered back towards the sergeant at the starting-point.

"Ford, right enough, and a good one. Found anything more?"

"No, sir. All signs lost in the hard grass up top."

The subaltern rode out of the river on to the bare ground and, still thoughtful, halted there without dismounting. The water dripped off his horse, collected into a pool, and then meandered about till it reached the original wheel-track, down which it trickled back to the river, thus bravely advertising the slight impression which had so very nearly escaped notice. The sergeant essayed consolation.

"Bit of luck—this bare place, sir."

"Yes, curse it—I mean, thank God for it—and for the cart that came across it—and the mules that drew the cart—and the ass that drove it! If it wasn't for him we should have spotted nothing. The other marks are absolutely hidden." He looked inquiringly up the bank. "The detachment ought to be coming along soon. Just go back and hurry them under cover. Mount the sentry, and get the tools and stuff down here. We've used our last stick of dynamite, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, bring powder."

"How much? The usual?"

"Yes, one will do. No. We'll give them a double dose since we've no dynamite. Bring down a couple of barrels. This must be a very old place—almost disused—and they'll probably count on our not having discovered it. If they come at all, it's here they'll try to cross for a cert—especially if we don't fix it. There are plenty of likely spots for the powder up there. I sha'n't be five minutes picking out one." He started to move in the direction in which he was looking. The sergeant turned his horse round, then hesitated.

"Well, what is it?" said the other, testily.

"You remember—there's only that one rifle left, sir?"

"I know. Bring it along."

The sergeant said no more, and rode off up the bank. The subaltern again dismounted and led his horse slowly up stream until he was opposite the shelving place on the far side, where the river was about fifty yards wide. At this spot there was a narrow strip of sand from which the bank rose somewhat steeply to a height of thirty feet above the water. The slope was dotted with bushes, and at its top was a large tree whose tangled roots were half exposed. Hitching his horse to a bush, he scrambled about half-way up. He turned and, looking towards the far end of the ford, shifted about, carefully aligning his position on the prolongation of the



"FOR A FEW MOMENTS HE SAT STARING AT THE WHEEL-MARKS."

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depression which led down to the water on that side of the river. He then solemnly planted his switch, butt first, in the loose, sandy soil. After a second careful scrutiny all round he slid down the bank, sat down by his horse, and proceeded to fill a pipe.

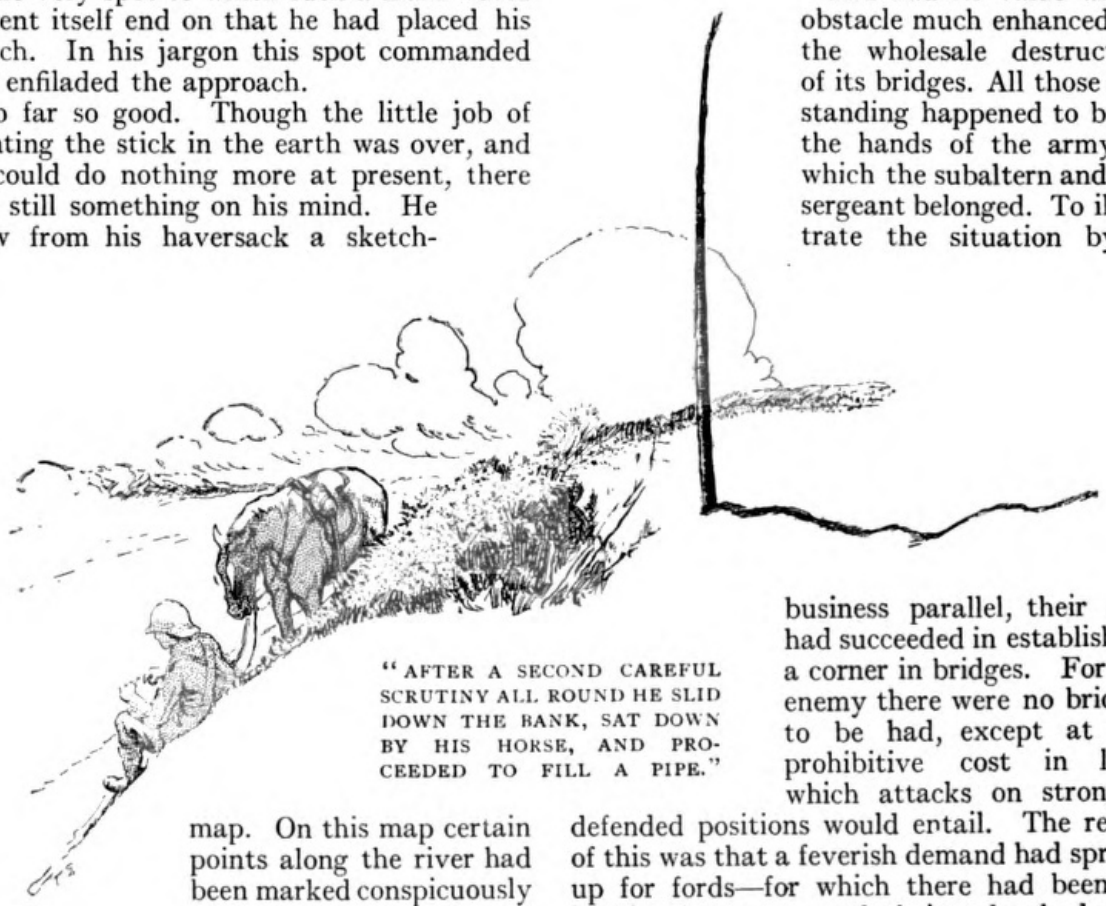
Resting his head on his hand, he smoked on, occasionally scanning the far side of the river. There the approach running down to the ford was in a kind of groove, which had been worn or excavated at some time, but had long been disused, and was now quite overgrown. Indeed, without some clue, such as was given by the knowledge of the existence of the ford, it might have been passed a hundred times without its real nature being detected. Still, it was the obvious way of approach for any body of troops trying to cross the river, while for wheeled traffic its use was almost inevitable. And it was just the kind of bottle-neck, or, in military language, "defile," where vehicles would crowd together. Now the subaltern wanted them crowded, if they came at all, and it was at the very spot to which such a mass would present itself end on that he had placed his switch. In his jargon this spot commanded and enfiladed the approach.

So far so good. Though the little job of planting the stick in the earth was over, and he could do nothing more at present, there was still something on his mind. He drew from his haversack a sketch-map. On this map certain points along the river had been marked conspicuously with red-ink crosses, and he proceeded to follow up each of these marks with a pencil, ticking them off and counting aloud as he did so. As he counted eleven he moved the pencil on to his own position. The fact that there was no red mark there seemed to upset him.

"Not my mistake; but *I've* got to face the music," he muttered, and drew in a cross so incisively that he snapped the point of the pencil. He resharpened it with deliberation, then wiped the blacklead off his thumb on his wet boot. The string with which the upper had been so carefully lashed to the sole had been displaced by his stirrup, and a wet and pink big toe was peeping out between two layers of gaping leather. Observing this, the shadow of a smile crossed its owner's thin face. But he had little real cause for smiling.

II.

THE theatre of war in which the detachment was operating was a sparsely-populated area in which the resources of civilization had never been many. Now that the struggle had been going on for some time so much damage had been done that all the conveniences to be found in a settled country were at a premium, and the river—an important strategic feature—had had its value as an obstacle much enhanced by the wholesale destruction of its bridges. All those still standing happened to be in the hands of the army to which the subaltern and the sergeant belonged. To illustrate the situation by a business parallel, their side had succeeded in establishing a corner in bridges. For the enemy there were no bridges to be had, except at the prohibitive cost in lives which attacks on strongly-defended positions would entail. The result of this was that a feverish demand had sprung up for fords—for which there had been no inquiry for years—and their value had suddenly appreciated. Old fords had been opened up; new ones had been discovered; and the cross-river traffic went on as briskly as ever. Then the commander who con-



"AFTER A SECOND CAREFUL SCRUTINY ALL ROUND HE SLID DOWN THE BANK, SAT DOWN BY HIS HORSE, AND PROCEEDED TO FILL A PIPE."

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trolled the bridge market became desirous of also controlling the fords. But the method in which he was trying to manipulate this commodity differed from that which had been employed in the case of the bridges. It was a purely negative process, for he neither wanted the fords himself nor could have spared the men to hold them. The only thing to be done, therefore, was to pursue a dog-in-the-manger policy and deny them to the enemy.

Fords can be denied to an enemy in many ways besides by being held and defended. One of the simplest is to sow them with harrows, ploughs, or wire fencing, or to construct barbed-wire entanglements under the water. But, distinctly annoying and offensive to troops in a hurry as such obstructions are, they are otherwise trivial, for they can be removed at leisure and their moral effect is negligible. When it is desired to add a minatory effect to the merely physical obstacle it is necessary to make an appeal to the nerves. This can best be done by explosives.

It is a truism that in land warfare the value of mines and suchlike contrivances of the sapper is almost entirely psychological. For every man actually damaged by their action hundreds suffer mentally either from the knowledge or the mere suspicion of their existence. Indeed, the very rumour of their presence is sufficient to induce an Agag-like method of progression.

And not only does this apply to those for whose hurt the mines are intended; it affects those whose duty it is to prepare them, since explosives have no discrimination and are not respecters of persons. For the mine-layer in war, as for the active terrorist in peace, there is always the haunting dread of being hoist by his own petard. Dealing as he does with unstable and extremely violent chemical compounds and rough, improvised mechanisms, he literally carries his life in his hands, at his finger-tips, at his very toes. Too rough a touch, a stumble, and another life has to be written off the ledger of his side as "expended." Mine-laying demands the very highest form of bravery, the unemotional courage inspired by self-control, determination, and a sense of duty. The man undertaking it usually works with very few others, secretly and in obscure places. Neither one of a crowd, nor actually fighting, he is not inspired to gallantry by the presence of comrades, the enthusiasm or passion of the moment, or the sheer lust of combat. There is no struggle with a living, sentient adversary to excite him. Excitement of a sort he has in plenty, but it is of a very one-sided nature, such as is afforded by a cold-blooded contest against a ghostly enemy which is quite unresponsive, quite undemonstrative, until the last moment. If the mine-layer wins in the struggle, though the result of his work may not effect anything, he has been through a far more severe trial than many a man who commits a gallant deed in the heat of action. But he is seldom acclaimed as a hero, for few know what he has accomplished. When he fails, the simple word "Missing," under which his name appears, will usually be a literally correct epitaph.

It was in duty of this nature that the detachment was now engaged, and to the officer sitting smoking by the river it was no new experience. Familiarity had not, however, in his case bred the proverbial contempt; he had too much experience and wisdom to treat the agencies employed by him with anything but the respect due to their power. Moreover, during the last few days his nerves had been almost continuously on the stretch, for his life had very frequently depended on the sensitiveness of fulminate, the exact tension of a wire, the stiffness of a trigger, or the care with which an assistant placed his feet. But his obvious depression on this occasion was not due to any of these normal causes.

The usual system in this form of warfare, and the one hitherto employed by the subaltern, had been to place small dynamite mines, mechanically and automatically controlled, on the pull-out or near side of the fords. Since such mines were quite local and limited in their radius of action, they were reinforced, wherever possible, by a fougasse.

This mediæval device, though not often met with in ordinary life, is still used in warfare, and deserves a word to itself. Under its high-sounding French name—otherwise *foyer au feu*—it is really a rudimentary but fearsome gun made in the earth. No mere mine, bomb, or simple infernal machine which scatters fragments of metal around in vague passion, the fougasse throws its projectiles with precise and aimed malice. A slanting hole, carefully aligned in the right direction, is dug in the ground. This forms the bore of the gun. A powder charge having been placed at the bottom, the excavation is loaded to the brim with brickbats, stones, scrap-iron, or any natural missiles sufficiently heavy to cause hurt to the human body when hurled violently against it. The efficacy of this engine of destruction partly depends upon the principle so quickly seized upon by the

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small boy old enough to discover that Nature has provided him with an arm for the express purpose of throwing stones at other small game. When he can shoot into the "brown" of a flock he throws a stone, trusting to the number of targets to assist in registering a hit. When there is only one target, and that a small one, he thinks to increase his chance by multiplying missiles, and hurls a handful of gravel. The fougasse heaves a shower of missiles over a large area. And even if none find a billet, the fountain of earth and rocks projected on high cannot fail to impress the most unimaginative spectator. This, after all, is an important part of its object.

Until he had stopped the sergeant by his exclamation at sight of the mark at the river's edge the subaltern had imagined that his work of the last six days was over. He had been sent out upon a raiding expedition to block all the crossing-places in a certain stretch of the river. There were ten of these marked on the map supplied to him, and, starting out with a wagon-load of the stores necessary to his machinations, he had, with a proper adjustment of means to the end, expended all his dynamite in fixing them up.

It was for this reason that he was now forced to rely upon a fougasse alone for the eleventh ford just discovered, which was not shown on the map, and the existence of which was evidently unsuspected at headquarters. The revulsion of feeling at its discovery at a moment when he had thought his work done accounted partly for the subaltern's disgust when first he had seen the tell-tale wheel-track on the bank. Filled as he had been with bitterness against the people responsible for this mistake, unworthy thoughts had momentarily assailed him. He had carried out his orders at great danger. Evidently no one knew of this place. Why should he risk his life again?

Though he was about to concentrate his efforts upon a fougasse of double power, it was not the dangers of the thing itself, which, after all, were no greater than they had been with all the others, that was weighing on his mind. He had chosen its site so that most of its missiles would sweep the approach on the far bank; and, by placing the trip-wire somewhere near the bare patch of mud, one of the leading horses or vehicles issuing from the river would probably fire the charge just at the moment when the approach would be packed full of men, horses, and wagons or guns. It was all quite simple. For carrying out his kindly intention the subaltern had the knowledge, the powder, the wire, and the tools. Besides these things, all that was necessary was a spare rifle. He had a rifle. And it was the nature of this weapon, coupled to the fact that it was the only one available, which was especially troubling him.

The simplest method of exploding an automatic engine of destruction of this nature when no electric appliance is available is by means of a firearm, which contains in a handy form all the necessary mechanism. The train of action is started by the victim treading on or tripping against a hidden wire. The jerk thus conveyed to the trigger fires a blank cartridge in the chamber of the weapon, and the flash of the latter ignites the powder charge in which the muzzle is embedded. This necessitates a long-barrelled firearm. The war had now been carried on almost to a state of exhaustion, and had reached the retail, pettifogging stage when single lives and single weapons are counted. Not only was an obsolete pattern of rifle employed for this kind of work, but, in order to avoid by any chance presenting the enemy with still serviceable, though old, weapons, the stocks of all those used for the purpose were sawn off short, so that they could not be presented to the shoulder.

The subaltern had started with seventeen of such mutilated firearms, and had already made use of sixteen on the ten fords with which he had dealt. The seventeenth had been found to be so dangerously defective that it had been put on one side and, in order to prevent any fatal mistakes, had been branded with a piece of rag tied on to it. In this pattern of gun the breech was opened by depressing a lever behind the trigger-guard, while the upward movement of the lever closed the breech and cocked the rifle. The fault of this particular specimen was that the upward motion of the lever sometimes not only closed the breech but fired the rifle without the trigger being touched. An awkward habit enough for a man shooting, it was worse than awkward for one who was gripping the lever when a small volcano happened to be at the muzzle of the rifle. Had this specimen, however, been straightforward and misbehaved on every occasion, the certainty would have simplified matters. No one in his senses would have attempted to use the thing.

But there was a subtlety about it, for now and again the action worked correctly, and the rifle did not go off until the trigger was pressed. This, of course, gave the glorious uncertainty of chance to anyone dealing with the weapon; but the odds against

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the dealer were too great, and the penalty for losing was too severe, for even a confirmed gambler to contemplate with equanimity. The subaltern knew something about the mechanism of rifles, but he now had neither the tools nor the time to take this one to pieces and put it together again. And he could not make use of any of the weapons carried by his detachment, for he was already deficient of two. He would, however, in any case have hesitated to deprive one of his men of his "best friend." His own repeating pistol was not long enough to serve.

In a few minutes the wagon and detachment arrived, the powder-barrels were rolled down, and digging was begun at the spot marked. The freshly-excavated earth, being of too bright a colour to leave lying about, was shovelled on to blankets, dragged down the bank, and tipped into the river. Between these intermittent journeys a heap of boulders was gradually collected near the hole. Some were jagged, and some were round and smooth, the only limit to size being the weight which one man could carry. The four men thus employed in excavating and collecting included the sergeant. A fifth was with the horses ensconced in a suitable hollow under some trees at the top, while the sixth kept a look-out from the highest point near by. The work—by now almost a matter of routine—had been started without more orders from the officer, and the excavation proceeded at great speed in the soft soil. Beyond once inspecting the hole to check the alignment of the axis of his "gun" and to gauge the thickness of earth left above it, the subaltern paid no attention to what was going on.

He remained seated, absorbed in playing with an object which the sergeant had handed to him. It was half a rifle with a dirty strip of rag hanging from it; and the subaltern was trying to discover what, if any, law governed its erratic behaviour. Holding it this way and that, he continued to open and close the breech, and kept a careful record in his notebook of each trial, much as a "system crank" books the *coups* at a roulette-table. For every attempt he put down a tick, and each time the thing worked right he crossed the tick. At intervals he would study the diagram produced, try to analyse it, and would rack his brains in an effort to obtain a rule—rigid or flexible—which seemed to govern its eccentricities. Treating it as a cryptogram, he did his best to discover any cycle, periodicity, or recurrence in the pattern booked by him, to weave a rhythm into its irregular metre; he even endeavoured to set it to music. At moments he did trace sequences in the runs of success; but in no case did he obtain more than two complete cycles. It was all in vain. He might as well have attempted to analyse the dance of the gnats which were now hovering over his head,



"THE FRESHLY-EXCAVATED EARTH WAS SHOVELLED ON TO BLANKETS."

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for he had put out his pipe when the powder came upon the scene.

At last he gave up the hopeless attempt at a solution by numbers, and bethought him of another method. If it were grit or a loose flake of rust which was causing this unaccountable behaviour he might possibly distinguish something by the sense of touch. He might be able to tell what the lever was about to do by the feel, the texture, so to speak, of its pull when opened. He had not dared to oil it—the lubricant might so ease the action that the rifle would go off every time it was closed, and thus spoil even the outside chance which he was now prepared to take. With eyes shut in order to concentrate all his faculties upon his sense of touch, he had been for some time intent on his new game when he was interrupted.

"All ready now, sir."

By this was implied that the powder was loaded, and the subaltern handed over the rifle. There was no need for him to superintend the fixing of it or the packing of the stones. There was practically no danger until a cartridge was placed in the chamber of the rifle, and that he always did himself at the very last. "Sing out when you've fixed it," he said. "I'll just go across and have a look from the other side."

With the reins gathered in his hand he was just about to mount when the sentry on top of the bank whistled three times.

The men under the tree at once stopped working and lay down. The subaltern and sergeant, who were out in the open, ran towards the tree, the former towing his unwilling beast by the bridle.



"THE SUBALTERN WAS TRYING TO DISCOVER WHAT, IF ANY, LAW GOVERNED ITS ERRATIC BEHAVIOUR."

"Wagon and team all right?" said the officer, as they ran.

"Yes—under a nice bit of scrub, sir."

When the two men got well under the tree they too lay down under its thickest part. The three whistles had evidently been some well-understood signal of alarm, but no move was made to pick up the rifles lying about—the whole party seemed to be listening. Above the burbling of the rapid rose a humming noise. A vague throbbing in the sky, its direction could not be guessed; it seemed to pervade the air. The sound quickly increased in volume to a loud buzz and then to a muffled roar. The five men by the river peered up through the foliage. A large grey biplane flew high up in the air across the river from east to west. It carried three men. Glistening in the sunlight like some gauzy-winged fly, it flew straight on without sign until the sound of its propeller died away to a gentle hum in the distance. The men re-assumed their duties, and the subaltern mounted.

"Looks as if they were watching this ford, sir," said the sergeant.

"Yes. They're not doing that for nothing. They'll probably try it to-night. Wish I'd put in three barrels."

With this kind sentiment the subaltern rode over to the far side again.

After a short time he heard across the water the signal that everything except his share of the work had been done. He rode up and

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down on the far side, examining from there the near bank in order to ascertain if any rearrangement was necessary for concealment of the work, and then he recrossed. Nothing except the protruding breech of the rifle now betrayed the fougasse, for all the stones had been covered over with dry earth. Even a dead bush was lying ready for him to plant artistically when he should have finished his own duty of adjusting the tension and loading the rifle. The wire was ready in place, lightly buried where it crossed under the probable "pull-out" of the ford, and led over two straining pieces of wood, also buried, which acted in the same way as violin bridges. Below the rifle the direction of the wire was changed so as to give a straight pull on the trigger.

The men went off to pack up, and while the sergeant made play to be the victim crossing over the tread the subaltern adjusted the exact pull of the wire. This required some nicety of touch and considerable judgment, and it was a little time before the tension was right.

"Ready to move off, sergeant?"

"All ready, sir."

"Right. Give me the blank. You carry on, and get away as soon as you can."

The sergeant moved his hand towards his pocket, then hesitated and coughed.

"Hurry up, man," said the other.

"Did you get that rifle to work right, sir?"

"Oh, yes; it's all right now."

Even if the sergeant had not hurriedly tried the thing himself several times when his senior was on the other side of the river, he would have seen through this prevarication. The subaltern was not a good liar.

"Beg pardon, sir—would you let me fix this one?"



"A LARGE GREY BIPLANE FLEW HIGH UP IN THE AIR ACROSS THE RIVER."

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"*You?* Nonsense, man! You get on with the convoy. I'm all right."

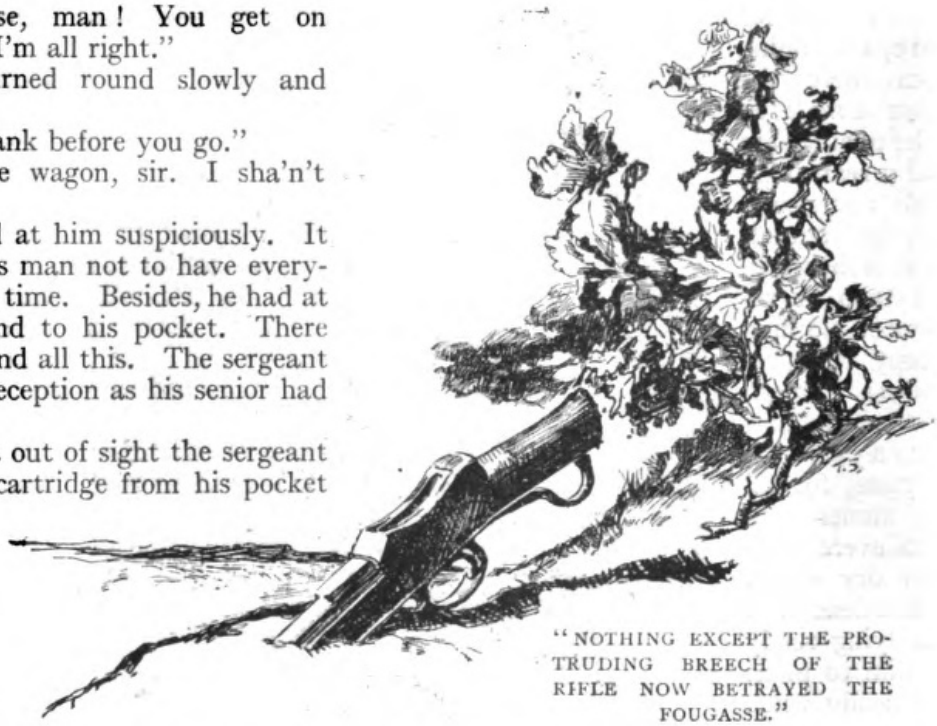
The sergeant turned round slowly and walked away.

"Give me the blank before you go."

"They're—in the wagon, sir. I sha'n't be a minute."

The officer stared at him suspiciously. It was unusual for this man not to have everything to hand up to time. Besides, he had at first moved his hand to his pocket. There was something behind all this. The sergeant was as clumsy at deception as his senior had been.

As soon as he got out of sight the sergeant pulled a bulletless cartridge from his pocket and hurriedly dug out its contents with a nail. He then ran back with overdone haste and handed over the empty case.



"NOTHING EXCEPT THE PROTRUDING BREECH OF THE RIFLE NOW BETRAYED THE FOUGASSE."

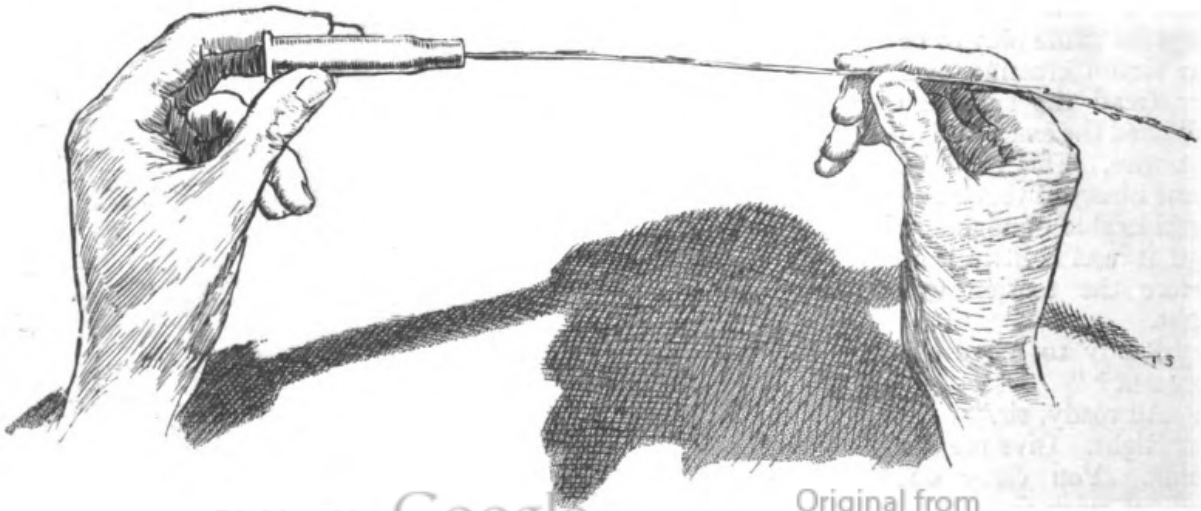
The subaltern took it and examined the cap with care. That was all right; it had not been fired. He then probed the case with a stem of grass. Finding that he could pass the grass right up to the base, he threw the shell away and, looking the abashed and surprised sergeant in the face, held out his hand. The offence of which he suspected his subordinate was so serious that, without absolute proof, he decided to say nothing.

The two men looked at each other steadily. Without a word the sergeant handed over a second cartridge. This was inspected and sounded in the same way, and when the stem of grass was prevented from passing into the case by some solid substance, the officer scooped out a little of the stuff with a splinter and examined it. He then nodded. As the sergeant, still silent, again turned to go, the subaltern fumbled in his haversack.

"Hold hard—here's the map. You'd better take it with you—in case—— There's no chance of it, of course, but *if* you should hear the thing go off, and I don't turn up, and you get back all right, go straight to headquarters and report that the ten fords are blocked, but that this one here—I'll mark it big—number eleven—which they don't know of, is not blocked—see?"

A nod was the only reply.

"Whatever you do, don't be caught or killed with this marked map on you. Have



"HE PROBED THE CASE WITH A STEM OF GRASS."

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a good look at it now, so that you will be able to point out the place of this ford without the map, in case you have to destroy it. See here—this bit of the river's all that matters. I'll cut that out. If the worst comes to the worst you can chew up this small piece." As he spoke he cut a strip out of the centre of the map. He then wrung the man's hand and, calling him by his name, said good-bye. "Now get a move on. There's no need to look so glum. I shall catch you up in twenty minutes."

He watched the sergeant go up the bank, heard his word of command, heard the cavalcade move off. He appreciated the motive of the clumsy effort at deceit through which he had seen, and had no fear that the man had plugged the barrel of the rifle or not placed its muzzle in the powder, for if he had done anything of the sort his trick with the cartridge at the last moment would not have been necessary. Picking his steps carefully so as to avoid the wire, whose course was buoy-marked by certain innocent-looking twigs, he again climbed up the slope and lay down on his stomach. He then deposited the blank cartridge on the ground to his right hand, placed his empty pipe between his teeth, and proceeded with his experiments.

III.

WHILE the sergeant, filled with apprehension, continued on his way, the object of his solicitude lay spread-eagled on the bank of the river preparing for his throw of the die with death. After looking at the watch on his wrist he shut his eyes and went on with the operation of opening and closing the lever, in which he had been interrupted. The rifle still acted in its former perverse manner, without giving any tangible clue to its irregularities; he was still unable to trace the slightest variation, either in the motion or the resistance of the breech action when opened, whatever happened afterwards. There was no more, and there was no less, stickiness or vibration when the lever was going to fire the weapon than when it was not. Remembering that moisture increases the sensibility of the skin, he sucked his thumb and forefinger, and after a time he thought he could distinguish some faint difference of the nature he was seeking in the pull. But, almost impalpable, it was too vague to be of any use for prognostication, and most of his forecasts as to the rifle's behaviour based on it were wrong. When one did happen to prove correct, he realized that it was by chance. Finally, all sensation had been so long concentrated in his finger and thumb that his imagination began to play tricks; the curved metal of the lever felt as if it were something soft in his grasp, as if it were alive and contracting and expanding in drawing breath. So powerful was this impression that he involuntarily opened his eyes to look. His empty pipe being in the way, he took it from his mouth. And it was only when he felt the pipe-bowl itself palpitating in his grasp that he realized how strongly the pulse in the ball of the thumb can beat. It seemed hopeless. If his arteries were throbbing in that manner, what confidence was to be placed in external sensations?

He had almost given up his efforts at rational investigation and determined to rely on blind chance, when a bird on a branch above his head warbled. The sound was an inspiration. There was one sense he had not tried—perhaps his ears would give him the secret!

Again settling himself down on his chest, he placed his ear as close to the breech as possible. In doing this his foot slipped, his face was jerked forward on to the jagged, sawn-off butt of the rifle, and a splinter gashed his cheek. Unheeding, he dug his feet farther into the earth so as to get a better grip, again closed his eyes, and, barely breathing, began his games with the lever once more. Numberless sounds—up till now hardly noticed—all at once grew insistently loud and bewildering. The bird above him had flown away, but others twittered in the distance, and, in spite of the apparent lack of breeze, the top leaves of the trees were whispering. The volume of water in the river seemed to have increased, and its murmur over the shallows was now almost a roar. While the hum of insects was all-pervading and covered the whole gamut, the noise of those nearest sounded in his ears like bugle marches brayed out by gramophones. This medley of notes, in reality hardly audible, assumed unbelievable intensity to the ears straining to catch another and more subtle sound.

He continued his trials, at first slowly and gently. Then, finding that such slow, successive movements were too separate for minute differences of noise to be noted and compared, he changed his tactics. He took a deep breath and worked the lever up and down as fast and as often as he could, till the blood throbbed in his head, till the pounding of his heart against the solid earth almost lifted him and he was forced to exhale. After what seemed like many hours of this he gradually came to the conclusion that he could distinguish a minute difference in the faint

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"HE CONTINUED HIS TRIALS, AT FIRST SLOWLY AND GENTLY."

formed on the soil by the blood dripping from his cheek. But of these trifles he was entirely unconscious.

He had not time to confirm his suspicions about the existence of this purring sound when he heard a rifle-shot. The single report was followed by several others.

grating noise of the lever as it oscillated. He could not have sworn to it, but the thing seemed to purr slightly upon its downward journey on those occasions when it did not fire the rifle upon its return to the closed position. By this time he was bathed in perspiration; his sleeves were full of sand, which stuck to his skin; and his face and wrists were speckled with mosquitoes. The toe-nails of one foot were full of soil and almost bleeding. The bowl of his pipe and half the bitten-off stem lay some distance down the bank; the remainder was in splinters in his mouth. Below his chin the flies dodged and buzzed and wrangled over the dark patch

If the convoy were being attacked already there was no time to lose, and upon the next occasion when he thought that he heard the lever purr he made up his mind to act. He picked up the cartridge, blew off the grit, and pressed it carefully home into the chamber. As he did so the bright, undented copper cap in its base seemed to wink at him derisively. There was now no longer need for him to keep his eyes shut in order to concentrate his mind, and, pausing for a moment, he gazed upwards. In spite of the blue sky above, he felt that he was now verily in the Valley, that the Shadow was closing over him.

Wondering if he should ford the next river he had to cross, or whether the old ferryman, Charon, would be waiting to take him over, he for the last time gripped the curved piece of metal.



Very gently he pressed it upwards. After an eternity there was a soft click, and the movement of the lever ceased.

When the subaltern realized that the rifle-shots were much closer, he did not seem to be perturbed by the fact. With a sob of relief he slid quietly down the bank. The eleventh ford was ready!

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Record-Breaking Run Riot.

By T. C. BRIDGES.

Illustrated by Bert Thomas.

RECORD-BREAKING seems to be a passion instinctive in humanity, a passion which takes the strangest forms, and which of late years, sunned by the warmth of popular interest, shows a distinct tendency to run to seed.

There is absolutely no form of human achievement, from running a hundred yards to a journey round the earth, from peeling potatoes to building a battleship, which does not possess its record. Many are useful, some useless, a number seem purely fantastic.

Of the latter Mr. Arthur Lancaster is an amazing exponent. For instance, in June, 1908, at the Crystal Palace, he swung a blacksmith's eight-pound hammer for twelve long hours without stopping. Now and then an attendant brought him food, but even while he ate the hammer never stopped. He swung it with one hand while he fed himself with the other.

The appalling monotony of this performance was only exceeded when, some time later, the same gentleman—in private life Mr. Lancaster is a solicitor—punched a two-pound ball for fifteen hours without cessation. One hundred thousand times did that ball rise and fall, the speed of the puncher varying between fifty and two hundred to the minute. Mr. Lancaster is said to have the strongest wrist and forearm of any man alive. He must have also the strongest brain. There is probably no human being who could have sat through-



"HE SWUNG A BLACKSMITH'S EIGHT-POUND HAMMER FOR TWELVE LONG HOURS WITHOUT STOPPING."

out either of these amazing performances without qualifying for a lunatic asylum.

One sympathises with the person whose desire is to do a thing more rapidly than anyone else, but feats of sheer endurance, if not altogether aimless, are shockingly dull from the spectators' point of view. Take, for instance, the twenty-four hours' billiard match which came off in Paris. The competitors were two young Frenchmen, MM. Cohen and Janssaud. The terms were that

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the competitors should not leave the room for more than a minute at a time, and that the player who made the highest score should receive the prize of a thousand francs. The table was a French one, without pockets, and the play was very even. At no time did more than a hundred points separate the competitors. Janssaud won eventually with a score of three thousand two hundred and thirty-eight, beating Cohen by only forty-two points. The pedometer carried by the winner showed that he had walked over seventeen miles.

This match calls to mind a feat of even greater endurance performed by a member of a well-known West of England golf club, who backed himself to play golf steadily for a whole day from sunrise to sunset. He successfully accomplished his task, doing in the time six full eighteen-hole rounds, and what is more, his score was in every case below a hundred. The same caddie carried for him the whole day long.



"RIDING BACKWARDS FROM ROATH TO ST. MELLONS—THREE AND A HALF MILES—IN TWENTY-TWO AND A QUARTER MINUTES."

Golf, of course, is a game of records, which everyone is constantly doing his best to beat. Golf records are always falling, but there is one which will probably stand for many years to come. We refer to the feat of Mr. Edward Blackwell, who, on May 1st, 1906, reached the fifth hole at St. Andrews with a drive and a cleek. The distance is five hundred and thirty-three yards!

Of bicycle races—straight-ahead ones, at least—we have records for every possible time and distance. But it would hardly occur to the average cyclist to try for a back-pedalling record. Still this has been done. Some years ago Mr. W. Brain, of Cardiff, varied the monotony of straightforward cycling by riding backwards from Roath to St. Mellons. The distance is three and a half miles, and he won a cup by accomplishing it in the really amazingly quick time of twenty-two and a quarter minutes.

One Boxing Day a contest of an unusual kind took place in the Salle Wagram, in Paris. The proprietor had announced that he would give prizes to the couples who could dance the longest, and at eleven o'clock in the evening forty-four couples were started by three pistol-shots. The only conditions were that the couples should dance without cessation, and keep waltzing all the time. By the end of the first hour four couples had dropped out, at the end of the second twelve more had had enough. At the end of the sixth hour five couples only survived. They looked haggard and pale, and several were almost dropping with fatigue. One by one they went out, till at 5.45 a.m. only one couple were left. Of these the lady, a Mlle. Scherrer, was distinctly fresher than her partner, whose name was Vincent. As for the spectators, who numbered nearly a thousand, they did not know whom to applaud the most, the dancers or the orchestra. The latter had played an endless chain of one hundred and sixty-one waltzes.

This dancing record did not last very long. It was completely knocked on the head by an Italian dancing-master named Corsisi Guattierro, who won a forty-pound wager by waltzing continuously for fourteen hours on end. The pianists, of whom there were two, relieving one another, played two hundred and forty-eight different waltzes.

Speaking of pianists, there has for years past existed the keenest rivalry for the piano-

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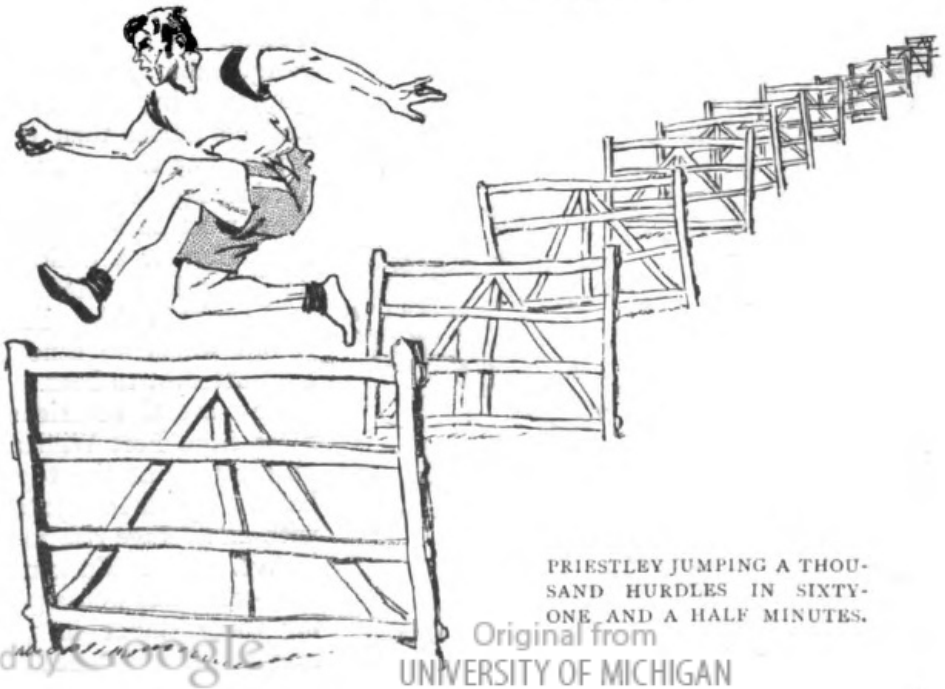
MR. JAMES WATERBURY, AFTER WINNING THE PIANO-PLAYING RECORD BY PLAYING FOR TWENTY-SIX HOURS.

playing record. Some years ago a M. Garnier undertook to play the piano for twenty-seven hours with rests amounting to no more than an hour and a half in all. Beginning one evening at nine, he accomplished his task at midnight of the next day. But his hands were fearfully swollen, and afterwards he collapsed, being prostrated with a nervous attack. Mr. James Waterbury, an American player, beat this record by playing for twenty-six hours without resting for more than five seconds at a time. When he ceased his fingers were a mass of blisters, his nerves shattered, and he was so completely worn out that he had to be helped off the piano-stool.

At Stockport, three years later, Mr. Napoleon Bird beat both these records by playing for forty-eight hours without ever taking his fingers from the keys. During this unparalleled performance he played no fewer than fifteen hundred selections. Of course he, too, was a complete wreck by the end of his amazing achievement. What he most complained of was the intense difficulty he experienced in keeping awake.

The craze for strange records began a great many years ago. There was an elderly London omnibus-driver named Priestley who at Hull, in 1863, jumped a thousand hurdles, each three feet six inches high, in sixty-one and a half minutes. It is said that this record has never since been equalled. Priestley began omnibus driving in the same year, 1863, and during his forty-six years in the service of the London General Omnibus Company he drove buses a distance of about eight hundred and fifty thousand miles.

Railway men are always interested in the wagon-coupling contest which takes place at fairly frequent intervals. Competitors have to run down a line of twenty trucks, coupling each one as they go, and on the return journey uncouple them. The dexterity of the competitors may be judged from the fact that the times are almost all under a minute and a half. Herbert Dyke, an employé of the North Staffordshire Railway, has accomplished the feat in one minute sixteen and a half seconds.



PRIESTLEY JUMPING A THOUSAND HURDLES IN SIXTY-ONE AND A HALF MINUTES.

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Another curious form of athleticism is barrow-wheeling. Some years ago William Greaves, a Birmingham man, trundled a wheelbarrow from London to Dundee and back, taking twelve weeks over the job. Another champion barrow-pusher was an American named Cammerman, now dead. His last feat was performed at the age of ninety-three, when he wheeled a barrow containing a hundred bricks a distance of ninety miles in five days. Another record of this description is held by Charles Booth, of Spalding, who pushed a two-wheeled truck a distance of one hundred miles in the remarkably short space of thirty-two hours thirty-three minutes.

Mountain climbers compete with one another chiefly in attempting to conquer difficult peaks. But there are individuals who are fond of obtaining speed records. In July, 1908, an American climber, Mr. Burr, of Boston, performed a curious feat of speed and endurance combined. Starting at midnight on Tuesday from the Bergli cabin, he reached the summit of the Jungfrau by a quarter past three. He and his guides then climbed the Moench, arriving at the summit at half-past six on Wednesday evening. Still not content, they next tackled the Eiger, which was reached, after a difficult climb, by midday on Thursday. He thus conquered three peaks within thirty-six hours, achieving a record which no sane person is likely to even attempt to beat.



MR. BURR, AN AMERICAN CLIMBER, WHO CONQUERED THREE PEAKS WITHIN THIRTY-SIX HOURS.



TRUNDLING A WHEELBARROW FROM LONDON TO DUNDEE AND BACK.

On several occasions there have been races from Fort William post-office to the observatory at the top of Ben Nevis and back. The double journey is fifteen miles, with an average rise for the ascent of one in five. Ewan Mackenzie, the observatory road-man, has won a gold medal by covering the distance in two hours and ten minutes—a very notable athletic feat, and

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one which few, even among the best of flat-runners, could approach.

Small boys amuse themselves with toy stilts, but stilt-racing is a form of sport practically unknown in this country. In the Landes of France, where every shepherd lives on stilts, the yearly stilt competitions are the subject of much excitement and of heavy betting. A record which was made at Bordeaux nearly fifteen years ago, when two hundred and seventy-five miles were covered in seventy-six hours thirty-five minutes, has, we believe, never since been beaten. The stilts used were six feet long, and each weighed eight pounds.

While horse-racing is one of our most important sports, long-distance riding is rarely seen in the United Kingdom. Though the average Briton does not spare himself, he strongly objects to riding a horse to death, and, not to mince matters, this is what long-distance horse-racing usually amounts to.



A STILT-RACING RECORD WAS MADE AT BORDEAUX, WHEN TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE MILES WERE COVERED IN SEVENTY-SIX HOURS THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES.

Continental nations, unfortunately, have fewer scruples, and officers of nearly all foreign armies indulge at times in long-distance rides.

The most sensational was that of 1892, from Vienna to Berlin, a distance, according to the route taken, of from three hundred and sixty-one to four hundred and three miles. The winner, Count Stahremberg, covered this enormous journey in rather less than eighty-five hours, and his horse died of exhaustion a few hours after his arrival. The Irish mare belonging to Baron Reitzenstern, who won second place, dropped and could not move for hours. Five other competitors literally rode their horses to death. It is the pluck of the thoroughbred which gives it its value—a well-bred horse will, as everyone knows, go until it drops. There can, therefore, be no possible object in these long-distance races, and the sooner public opinion condemns them the better for everyone.

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DEAD MEN'S SHOES.



By
AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

"WHAT rummy paper, Margot!"

"I never saw anything like it, Roger."

"There must be a hundred and fifty pieces."

"Two hundred. It looks as if they'd bought samples and covered the walls with them. It's like a patchwork quilt."

"Just like, only more patchy, Margot. I——"

"*Roger!*"

"What's the matter?"

"Your back—it's all red. The stuff's come off the wall!"

The girl rose quickly, leaving the little round table with its dishes—now three parts empty—of Cornish cream and Cornish splits and home-made Cornish blackberry jam. She came across to where the boy stood, craning his neck to see his unseeable back.

"Turn round, Roger. Let *me!*"

Roger Treffry turned round. Margot de Winton thumped vigorously at the golf-coat, which sent out a dull red cloud.

"That's all right," she said. "It's quite dry. It's ruddle, not paint, Roger. But what a funny, tin-potty little room! And look—just look at those jugs on the shelf there. I've never seen anything like it in my life!"

The boy—he was at once very young and very old for his four-and-twenty years—did look at the jugs. In truth, like the girl—who was three years younger—he was glad to look at anything just now. If the room, in which he had sat blindly these last twenty minutes, had been like a thousand thousand other rooms he would have agreed with his companion had she vowed it to be eccentric; he would have snatched any excuse to be doing something, not to be sitting opposite to her, discomfortable, awkward, and three parts dumb.

And the room *was* curious, if room it were; it was more a tin-roofed, match-boarded shanty where the overplus of visitors to a Gurnard's Head cottage might refresh themselves with tea. To-day there were no trippers; there was a flower-show at Penzance. A motor-party, back from the headland, was in the cottage parlour. The girl and boy had the shanty to themselves.

A wall-paper may be eccentric and patchy, but it cannot be looked at for ever, and Roger Treffry had at last to turn round. The girl had been standing to his right, behind him. She retreated towards the tea-table, shunning his eyes. She sat down. Roger followed her example. And Roger spoke.

"It's a rum little room," he said.

"Yes, it *is* rummy, isn't it?"

The girl's voice was dull; she had drawn attention to the room's peculiarities not, apparently, from a desire to talk of them, but from a compelling need to discuss something, at any cost. Now, it seemed, she did not want to speak. The boy sat opposite, also silent, his long, thin, Spanish yet fair-haired face contrasting with the girl's wide brows, dark hair and straight features, and her complexion, which showed dusky yet cream-coloured against the silk shirt and soft collar with its gold pin shining against its black tie.

The boy tried again.

"I was telling you about the lecturer," he began. "He was splendid. Of course, we were all Socialists at Magdalen, and——"

"Nonsense, Roger! Don't be a humbug.

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You know you want to keep all you've got. If anyone wanted to take Fairfield from you, you'd cry out fast enough. I hate humbug and cant!"

Margot de Winton stamped her foot. Roger Treffry looked uncomfortable. The casual observer would have thought her rude and him foolish; in short, that they were an ill-assorted pair. Not at all. They were an admirably-suited couple; they were the best of friends; a marriage between them would be successful and admirable, and they lived on adjoining estates. The trouble—it was serious trouble—happened to be just this following fact.

These two, who had known and loved each other from babyhood, had been sent out to the headland by well-intentioned parents in order that they might return engaged. Roger knew it, and Margot knew it, and Roger was impatient and uneasy, and Margot was unwilling and cross, as a girl of spirit must be when she is being rushed into something which she would settle at leisure for herself. The result was that they, who had never before been at loggerheads, had bickered all the way from St. Ives, and that the shanty which they sat in was become a cockpit of misunderstanding and a nest of incipient tragedy, and that these two people—to whom a quarrel meant so much, because they had never quarrelled—were on the verge of quarrelling permanently and of wrecking their respective lives. Margot de Winton knew it; Roger Treffry knew it. Roger made a stout attempt to be gay.

"Well, Margot, let's go out on the headland. Come along!"

He spoke quickly, not sharply, but something coercively, from sheer stress. The girl—all nerves now—took immediate offence.

"I won't be ordered about like that, Roger! Go yourself, if you want to. I shall stay here."

Roger winced, stared at her, shrugged his shoulders—and got up.

"All right," he said. "If you want to be cross, Margot, you must be. I didn't mean to be rude. But, of course, if I bore you, I bore you—and perhaps I'd better go alone."

Margot made no answer. Roger walked slowly to the door. As he reached it he turned round.

"I suppose you'll come along presently," he said, with forced lightness.

"I may or I mayn't." The girl's hand went to the pocket of her coat. "I've got 'A Shropshire Lad' to read."

Roger started, stayed hesitant, felt the iron of jealousy in his soul; since an amateur artist—a fellow-visitor at their hotel and a most assiduous attendant upon Margot—had just given her the little book. But Roger kept his thoughts in his own bosom, and, wisely, with a little swagger, went out.

"She doesn't care for me; she despises me," he was thinking. "And, though I've known her all these ages, she won't marry me after all!"

She did care for him; she did not despise him; and, as things went at this minute, it was several thousands to one that the marriage would not take place. No woman likes doing what is expected of her—and relations had been impatient and indiscreet. And Margot, resenting their insistence, had let resentment obscure her sight. So tragedy loomed about the pair of them; hung gathering in the air. One touch, one tiny note of humour, would have saved the situation.

And Roger Treffry, as he walked, hatless, over the headland, was feeling very tragical indeed. He was not fool nor weakling nor sluggard; he had done well at Oxford, both in work and games. But he had an imagination which, though it would make him write fiction presently, as yet had no outlet but dreams. Save that, sometimes, he weaved plots and sent them to a cousin who sometimes sent him an honorarium of a guinea, which made Roger feel literary and very proud. He was a thought Byronic in temperament, and, to his cousin's regret, his plots, though good, as a rule were melancholy—too melancholy to be of commercial use. The thought that accompanied him as he walked towards the headland was very melancholy indeed.

"If I were to die—to throw myself from the cliff-side—would Margot be sorry—would she really care? I don't believe she would care twopence. She'd marry that artist beggar who gave her 'A Shropshire Lad'—and she'd forget me in a week!"

He went walking, hands in pockets, his gait dejected and his thoughts exceeding black. The field sloped downward, dropping towards the narrow tongue which joins the great headland to the cliffs. The field and cliff-land ceased. The tongue began. To the left of it was a precipice, falling stark, stupendous, sheer. The thought of suicide leaped in the heart of Roger Treffry.

He stood looking down, half-reluctant, half-happy, temporarily hypnotized, thinking silly—and very human—things. The slow slap-slash-suck-plash-and-plop-plopping of the far-off water came temptingly upon his ears. One fraction of a second—a single

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false step—and he would go down, down, and, falling, be beaten into a shapeless mass upon the rocks. And Margot! Ah, would Margot care? She *must* care. Would he not have died tremendously, heroically, like a lover of old time? The consciousness of it drove him into quoting Keats:—

> Darkling I listen, and, for many a time,
> I have been half in love with easeful Death!

The lines delighted him; he rejoiced at the sound of his own voice saying them; he said them several times again. And he spoke other lines, too:—

> Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
> To cease upon the midnight with no pain!

"To cease upon the midnight," he repeated. The thought, the verbal magic, filled him with wonderful ideas. He saw—he had certainly an imagination—all the lurid paragraphs to which his suicide would inspire the halfpenny Press. And—imagination works not in one way only—his good sense came to his rescue, and the morbidity went from him and he laughed aloud.

"What rot I'm talkin' about ceasing upon the midnight!" he said to himself. "Why, it's five o'clock on a broiling September afternoon!"

He laughed again. Then the thought of Margot came to crumple up his merriment;



"THE GIRL TOOK IMMEDIATE OFFENCE. 'I WON'T BE ORDERED ABOUT LIKE THAT, ROGER! GO YOURSELF, IF YOU WANT TO. I SHALL STAY HERE."

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and he remembered that if he did not die she would suffer nothing, and that she would marry the artist chap, and—youth does not stay pessimistic for long periods—and why shouldn't Margot marry *him*, Roger Treffry? Perhaps—some faint glimmer of the true state of affairs came to him—perhaps she did care and someone had put her off—and—and——

He saw everything—saw it all in a flash. He would not die, but he would pretend to die; he would leave some sign of suicide that should catch Margot's attention; he would watch her from far off—and he would know. If she took it easily, calmly, all would be over between them; if she shrieked, fainted, or ran for rescue, he would be sure of her love. It did not occur to him—his imagination needed tempering with experience—that, whether she loved or did not love him, her action would at such a moment be the same.

On the left of the tongue, on a grass slope carpeted with sea-pinks, the land went up quickly, hiding a sheer and sudden drop. To the very verge of it Roger ran now. He sat down, pulled off his shoes—his new yellow-brogued golf shoes—and set them on the edge of the cliff. The sun shone upon them gaily, and they were in fullest view of any person who might come from the hinterland towards Gurnard's Head. Roger rose hastily, ran back across the grass slope to the narrow tongue again, paused, looked round, went on. The stones and rough earth and the jagged chips of rock that he trod on sorely hurt his feet. But he was in love with his idea—and he was Byronic and in love with Margot. And these things gave him courage, and helped him not to heed his hurts.

Every now and then he paused, looking round, seeking where he might hide. As yet he saw no place possible; those he considered and rejected would either leave him visible or would hide the shoes from his sight. He went on, on, going to where the great headland again narrows, to widen out suddenly and to throw up its huge figure-head like the horror of a Viking prow. And at the end of the narrowing he found the place he sought.

"The very thing!" he said to himself. "The very thing!"

He climbed, eagerly, painfully, an up-sloping slab of granite with a natural parapet which would shield. On it he lay prone, looking inland towards that sea-pink-carpeted cliff-place where, a full two hundred yards off, his discarded golf-shoes lay almost invisible, but brogued and yellow in the sun.

Roger lay there five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes, and the rock ran into his chest and his thigh-muscles and the sun beat fierce upon his back, as it might have beaten upon some half-clad, old-time Briton in direst peril, seeking shelter from his foes. To the left, looking inland, a French three-masted schooner lay against the cliff-side, derelict in the deep blue water, the rising tide already above her bulwarks, masts and bowsprit alone to be seen. Behind her an ancient smugglers' cave. In the distance Zennor Carn, just visible, showed purple to the east. White foam enwrapped grey headlands along the granite coast. To the right, where the cliffs cloaked it from the sunshine, the water came lap-lapping them, cold and chilly and green. Three miles away Pendean Lighthouse stood up like a needle with its twin thimbles of rock. Above the clouds drove leisurely, blue and creamy and drab. About Roger seagulls circled; from below the gannets and the divers sent up their squawking cries.

And Margot did not come. Roger lay there, hurt in mind and body; hurt most, perhaps, by the feeling that he had done a foolish thing. Sane at heart, he became conscious of his own morbidity, blushed for it, was ashamed of himself, yet would not leave his post. The spirit of adventure, very strong in him, kept him there, watching, tortured in body and mind.

And still she did not come. An awful thought leapt in his breast.

"Suppose she's ridden home—in a huff—to that artist chap, what a fool I shall look! Hang it all, I can't wait here much longer. I shall jolly well have to get up!" As he thought, so he raised himself. But he dropped down again in a flash.

A head—the body still invisible—was bob-bobbing in the distance, half-hidden by the roll of the emerald-grey, sea-pink-carpeted cliff-land, four hundred yards away.

"It's Margot!" said Roger to himself. "It's Margot! Thank goodness—oh, thank goodness I stayed!" And all the soul of him went into his watching eyes.

But only for a minute. Then Roger Treffry sat up. It was not Margot. This was no dark-haired, graceful, swift-walking girl. No; it was a long, lean, mouching tatterdemalion of a man. He was—in that clear, bright light as the figure drew nearer Roger became quickly aware of it—he was, this tatterdemalion, clad in the remains of a frock-coat and trousers that were torn and ribboned, and against their blackness showed the colour of bare skin. In a flash Roger's quick imagination gave the man's coming a cause.

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This was the real thing; no mock, no pretending suicide. It was, in fact, the very tragic deed. Roger's heart stood still.

The tatterdemalion mouched forward, coming towards the headland with a shuffling deliberation into which Roger read a grim determination to die. The figure was now all but upon the rocky tongue. In three minutes he would be level with the carn where Roger lay. There would be a dramatic *dénouement*. Roger's mind, as usual, anticipated matters. The poor wretch, who doubtless meant to throw himself from the headland, should be saved and encouraged to live. Here—Roger patted himself on the back heartily—here would be a chance—how that taunt of Margot's stayed with him!—to prove himself a true Socialist and to do something for his fellow-man. So Roger dreamed to himself. Then suddenly, just two hundred yards away, the tatterdemalion, on the rocky tongue now, deflected smartly, going to his left. Roger's heart went into his—socks.

"He's going to chuck himself over where my shoes are—they've led him to suicide—I'm *particeps criminis*—an accessory before the act. Halloa! No, he isn't—yes, he is—my word! I say, there's a short story in this!"

There was. But not the sort of story that Roger had in mind.

The tatterdemalion stood on the grey-green emerald cliff-grass, looking steadily down. It seemed to Roger that he was looking at the brogued shoes; and Roger wondered what the thoughts of the tatterdemalion might be—what strange, sad sympathy stirred in the vagrant heart, what wave of brotherliness rose there, what instinct its owner had to leap where it seemed that the owner of those brogued shoes must have leaped. The situation held Roger spell-bound. Then suddenly his heart stood still.

The tatterdemalion had gone down on his knees. He fell forward, lay prone—as Roger himself was lying—and peered over at the white-black basalt below. Humanity in Roger conquered the literary sense. He half rose—he had begun to descend—when the tatterdemalion rose.

"He's thought better of it!" said Roger. "Let us see what he will do next."

But seeing was not easy. The tatterdemalion was sitting down. His back was towards Roger and the headland; his face was towards the fields. A minute passed; two minutes. Then the tatterdemalion rose. It seemed to Roger that he had something in each of his hands. And Roger did not err.

The tatterdemalion's right arm was lifted; it swung—and a speck hurtled into the chasm below. Then the left arm was lifted; the throwing motion was repeated; again a speck hurtled out upon the sea. Then the tatterdemalion swung round, making for the hinterland at a rapid walk. And the sun, which had been obscured by a cloud these ten minutes, shone out upon the cliff-lands—and upon the tatterdemalion's feet. The shoes he wore were black no longer. They were yellow and—Roger guessed it—brogued!

"It's a tramp—and he's got my shoes—and he's chucked his own into the sea! Well, I——" Roger's amazed disillusion ended in a lusty shout.

"Hi! Hi! I say-y-y-y! Hi!"

There was no answer—save from the gulls and gannets who squawked and circled and fled. Roger shouted again—still louder. The tatterdemalion did not turn. Roger was clambering down.

He clambered quickly, and his feet, at each moment, stabbed themselves upon points of rock. He got free of the carn; but the pathway was no better; it bristled with pebble and flint. Furious, eager—his sense of property urging him forward—he stumbled inland, suffering tortures as he went. He reached the low-lying, narrow peninsula. His quarry was invisible; it was gone up over the hill into the fields.

And Roger went stumbling on. He, too, climbed the hill. A hundred yards ahead of him, in a meadow that sloped upward, he saw the tramp at last. He saw, also, someone else. It was Margot. She came lightly, deliciously, walking springily through the fields.

Roger raised a shout. But he was breathless; the shout fell short of its aim. And he saw Margot coming closer to the tramp. Then—his feet were like fire-balls—Roger well-nigh burst his chest. His "Hi!" achieved its object. Margot saw him and waved. And, as she waved, the tramp drew almost level with her and she came to a sudden stop. From the droop of her head, Roger saw that she regarded the tramp's feet.

And again the air was rent with Roger's despairing "Hi!"

This time Margot heard. She looked forward, seemed at a loss for a second; then—the tramp had passed her—put her hand in the pocket of her coat. Then she turned, ran back, and caught up the tramp. Roger could have shouted with joy.

"What a sportswoman!" his heart called

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"THE TATTERDEMALION'S RIGHT ARM WAS LIFTED, AND IT SWUNG."

to him. "Oh, what a sportswoman! She's gone after him to get him to give up the shoes."

Alas! Roger was wrong.

Margot walked, now, by the tatterdemalion's side. The wretch seemed trying to outpace her; but in vain. Roger saw her press something into the man's reluctant palm. Then she turned back towards the headland. Roger collapsed upon the grass.

"She's tipped him!" he told himself. "She's actually given him money for taking away my shoes!" And for just one minute the thought of this cynical rejoicing in his misery made him hate the woman he loved.

Meantime Margot advanced quickly; as always, most gracefully. Roger forced himself to his feet. He assumed what he flattered himself was a look of scorn. But Margot did not seem to see.

"Roger!" she cried. "How splendid of you—how splendid!"

"Splendid!"

"Yes; splendid! It's the most unselfish thing I've ever known. You gave that poor man the very shoes off your feet. And I called you a humbug! Roger, I'm sorry. Forgive me, there's a dear."

"Forgive you!"

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A great lump rose in Roger's throat; whether of tears or laughter he did not, will never, know. Then—he had fallen on to the grass again—Margot dropped at his side.

"Your poor feet!" she said. "Oh, your poor, poor feet!"

Roger gave a gasp. There was no doubt about the nature of that lump—*now*. It was certainly laughter—and he could have hugged the tramp. It seemed to him that he could—and would—hug Margot. But marvellously, miraculously, he did not—for, though he had imagination, he had a conscience, and he felt he must tell the truth. Meantime—it was all so jolly and unexpected and difficult—Margot was tremendously pretty—and she was sitting exceedingly close.

"What are you going to do, Roger—dear?" she asked, after a pause.

"Do?" Roger's heart went bump, bump at the sound of the adjective and at the thought that affection might not survive the appalling truth. "Do? Oh, I suppose I shall walk to the cottage—and borrow a pair of hobnails—and cycle home. You won't mind, Margot—riding with me into St. Ives and up to the hotel?"



"HIS ARM ROUND MARGOT'S WAIST, HER ARM ROUND HIS."

"Mind—*I* mind? I shall be proud of you; oh, so proud. And to think I called you *selfish*, Roger! It was the noblest deed I ever saw!"

"Good Lord!" Roger spoke under his breath.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing, Margot. Nothing."

Poor Roger! The dusky cream of cheek and chin was close, so close to him; he adored her—and she was ready to accept him whenever he chose to ask her—because of that noble deed he had not done. Again, poor Roger! He had a conscience; he could not, would not, win her by a trick. He would have to tell her—cost what it might cost. But to tell her was monstrous hard.

Roger looked at Margot. Margot looked back. Her look said—as plainly as words could have said it—"Roger, dear, I'm sorry I was a cat to you in the tea place. I really

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couldn't help it—and I do love you very much!"

"I must do it—I must say it—*now*," said Roger to himself. "If I don't I shall never have the pluck." And, as an unconscious preliminary to his confession, he sighed.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, something awful!" Roger's tone was terrific and glum.

Margot stared. She loved him truly, deeply. That was why, for just one fraction of a second, she wondered if he were going to tell her that he was engaged to another girl.

"What is it, Roger? Are you—are you thinking about that poor man?"

"Margot"—it was now or never, and Roger put his hand on the hand nearest to him, covering it, gripping it hard—"Margot, I didn't give the tramp those shoes!"

"What!"

"No; I put them on the cliff for you to find them—and the tramp came along——"

"And stole them?" Margot's hand started, but was not withdrawn.

"Yes. I—I was hiding to see if you'd be upset when you found them, and to see if you'd think I'd killed myself—and the tramp came along, and he—he p-put them on, and he's got clean away!"

"With *your* shoes!"

"And with your—how much was it, Margot?"

"Five shillings!"

"Five shillings! You gave him five shillings, Margot?"

"Yes, Roger. How could I do less? Your—your nobility inspired me."

Margot said no more. Her young, light laughter rose and woke the skies. Roger looked at her; then his laugh echoed hers. Seven seagulls, three gannets, and a northern diver fled, squawking, out to sea. And Roger moved slowly, but not imperceptibly, towards Margot's side. And Margot looked at him. Her smile was delicious to see. The humour had saved the situation; all was over but one thing now. That thing Roger proceeded to do.

"Then you—you don't hate me?" he said, as he got, if anything, closer to her still.

"No; I don't—hate you, Roger." Margot did not edge away.

"It was a rotten thing to do!" said Roger.

"But it was magnificent to tell the truth about it, Roger, dear. Oh, Roger—*Roger*—there are two tourists—look!"

There *were* two tourists; two bright-stockinged creatures with knapsacks, coming down the fields. They went by—not incuriously. But they went by. Roger and Margot sat on for twenty minutes, twenty-five minutes, half an hour.

Then Margot rose.

"We must be going," said she.

"All right," answered Roger. And he rose, not reluctantly, since she helped him to his shoeless feet. Then, his arm round Margot's waist, her arm round his, they passed up the field to the cottage—to seek a pair of boots. And, as they went, and when frequent interludes allowed of it, Roger congratulated himself, not without reason, upon the varied happenings of the day. They were, chiefly, these:—

Item. He had scored off that long-haired fellow at the hotel.

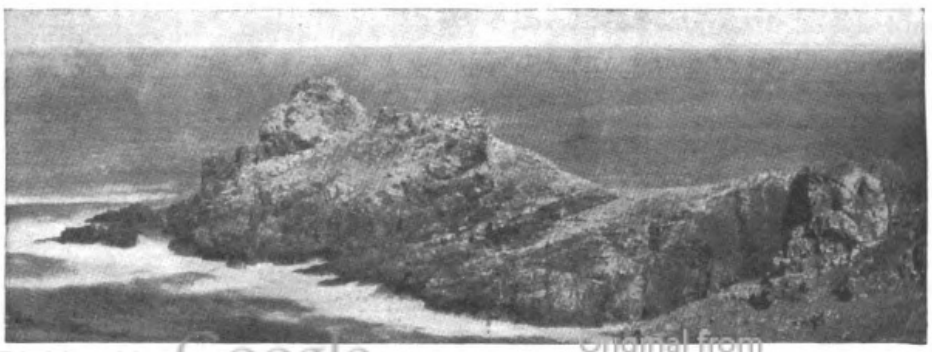
Item. He had lost a pair of shoes—bought of the Daxonia Shoe Company for sixteen-and-six.

Item. He had got a short-story plot for which he would get a guinea from his cousin.

Item. He would be, therefore, four-and-sixpence "up" on the deal.

There was another, and last, item—less mercenary and all-important—which he did not under-estimate or forget.

Margot loved him—and a marriage had been arranged.



GURNARD'S HEAD, IN CORNWALL, THE SCENE OF THE STORY.
From a Photograph by the Photochrom Co., Ltd.

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A Matter of Weight.

By BERTRAM SMITH.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.



I HAVE never supposed that there was any real harm in "Hopegood's Banking Company." When the matter came to my ears I thought it best to suppress the enterprise; but this was not because of any suspicion of fraudulent intentions on the part of the manager. The truth is that, among small boys, financial transactions are to be deprecated. Hopegood himself was a born trader. Several boys of this type have passed through my hands, and they have not, as a rule, been the most satisfactory of my pupils. Some of them carried on dark practices as money-lenders—others introduced a system of barter and exchange. I remember one, many years ago, who made a successful "corner" in strawberries, taking over the entire stock at the tuck-shop at a moment when no further supplies were expected for twenty-four hours; but the most ingenious financial transaction in my experience is the one I am about to relate, and the hero of it was "Pick-axe," *alias* Hopkins minimus. He was an unlovely little urchin of fourteen at the time, with a somewhat unkempt appearance, and long, rebellious hair, but with a sudden smile that came and went like a flash. In his ordinary form work he was found to be practically unteachable, but he was always clever with his hands—an engineer in miniature, an inventor. Hopegood's bank was largely patronized at first, chiefly, it is true, by new boys, but among the investors were Pick-axe and his pal, Hadfield. One and all found it both pleasant and convenient to be able to draw money when required, and when, at the end of a few weeks, accounts began to run dry and cheques were dishonoured, they supposed, as Pick-axe told me later, "that it was all right. He kept accounts and we didn't, you see. So he ought to know." However, the net result of all these transactions was that most of the boys in the South Passage were reduced to a state of absolute penury. As Hopegood put it, "Money was tight." Especially did the small corner room feel the pinch of straitened circumstances, for all four of them had invested largely, and Hadfield was one of the shareholders. On a free afternoon in early November Pick-axe sat on his bed with black despair writ large upon his countenance. He had never before been so hard up. The term had yet seven weeks to run, and there opened before him a long vista of teas without jam, and a haunting vision of the tuck-shop "so near and yet so far." He knew it was no use applying to home for supplies; and he ran over in his head all the uncles and aunts who had ever shown the slightest tendency to contribute to the exchequer. It was no use. He had already played his trump-card—Uncle Joseph—and failed. He had hoped to realize a substantial sum by the sale of his camera, but November is a bad month for photography, and he had been forced to part with it at a sacrifice. He could think of no other marketable possession. The difficulty was still unsolved when Hadfield came in, with a cricket-bat. "It's no go," he said. "It's a good bat, and I won't sell it for ninepence."

"Well, I can't think of anything," said the Pick-axe, despondently. "Let's go down town and talk it over."

"All right. Shall we get leave, or risk it? Don't think there are any prefects about."

"If Snorter's in his room we may as well ask him." He was, as it happened, so they crossed the bridge and went down Castle Street, still continuing the discussion of ways and means. Pick-axe stopped before an ironmonger's shop at the corner.

"Let's go in and see Brown," he said. "He's got a new lot of old iron in the back-yard. All sorts of rummy things."

Brown's back-yard was a favourite scene of the Pick-axe's researches. He had once found a fireguard there capable, with some tinkering, of being fashioned into a birdcage, and there was always a prospect of brass tubing for pea-shooters, or lead for catty bullets.

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"Any new scrap, Mr. Brown?" he asked, with a professional air.

"Take a look round, sir," was the reply. "I don't suppose, though, there's anything much in your line."

machine, inanely recording twelve stone three.

"What's the use of that beastly thing?" inquired Hadfield.

"Can't you see," said Pick-axe, "it's the



"'TAKE A LOOK ROUND, SIR,' WAS THE REPLY. 'I DON'T SUPPOSE, THOUGH, THERE'S ANYTHING MUCH IN YOUR LINE.'"

But Pick-axe very soon came upon something that arrested his attention. He turned to Hadfield, glowing with excitement.

"I say, look at this, Had," he said, pointing to a dilapidated penny-in-the-slot weight

greatest idea we ever had? We'll buy it, and stick it up near the school, and rake in the tin when chaps weigh themselves."

"But it's broken."

"We'll get it mended."

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"Where will you raise the money?"

"Off Hopegood; we'll get him into it, and we three'll go shares." Then, raising his voice, "Five bob for the weight machine, Mr. Brown?"

"It's no use to you, sir," said Mr. Brown.

"Well, if you can make it work, I'll give you five bob for it."

"If I could make it work—correct—I could get fifty."

"But it needn't be correct, as long as it's somewhere near. Let's see her inside."

Hadfield left Pick-axe and Brown hard at it trying to restore the works, and went off to find Hopegood. The banker, having inspected his purchase, consented to advance the sum required, and the trade was soon satisfactorily concluded, an extra shilling being paid for carriage. The machine was to be deposited on the common near the school gates that night after dark. It was estimated to be generally correct within half a stone, but it varied curiously from day to day. It is not unlikely that the weather affected its old bones.

It now only remained to introduce it to the public under the most favourable conditions. Hopegood had undertaken to be a sleeping partner, and take no action in the matter.

"I don't mind betting you"—it was Pick-axe who spoke, the following day, on the way back from games—"I don't mind betting a pot of jam there isn't a forward in the Third over nine stone seven."

"Why, Tim weighs over ten stone," retorted Boyd.

"Rot!" said Pick-axe. "Will you take my bet?"

"All right, if we can ever get them weighed."

"Why, here's the very thing!" said the innocent Hadfield. "Has anyone got any pennies?"

A rapid calculation was going on in the head of Pick-axe—something after this fashion: "Pot of jam, if I lose, eightpence—the other two will have to go shares in that. Nine forwards in the Third at a penny each. Profit to the firm, a penny if I lose and ninepence if I win."

But it was one of the low recording days with the machine, and even the massive Tim only made nine stone five. While the test was going forward Hadfield was busy inducing other people to try their weight, and most prodigal of his own pennies. (The firm was to refund all incidental expenses.) He began with the simple formula, "Bet I weigh more than you," and when this was worn out he suggested a good means of "doing the man the thing belonged to" by three boys getting on in succession with the same penny. This had to be done very cautiously or the penny dropped, and one trio spent sevenpence before they brought it off. Business was remarkably brisk, and more than one scout was sent in to get change for a shilling before the tea-bell cut short the proceedings.

After tea that evening two dusky forms, with a dark lantern and a small key, stole across the common. The back of the machine was soon opened and eager hands thrust in, gathering the spoils into a cap.

"It's a perfect gold-mine," whispered Pick-axe. "Positively dozens!"

"Some rotter has put in a French one," replied Hadfield, who was examining the hoard by the light of the lantern. "How many do you make it?"

"Three and sevenpence. By Jove, what a haul!"

The machine was carefully relocked, and at a business meeting held that night in the corner room it was decided to declare an interim dividend of fifty per cent.

The matter was then dropped for a week, lest suspicions be aroused, but in this time stray pennies amounted to a further one and fivepence. It was Hadfield who was deputed to make the next move.

"It's a jolly queer thing," he remarked, casually, one day, "how my weight's going down. It just shows how they starve you at this place. I've lost four pounds this last week. It can't be healthy."

"You *look* all right," suggested Arnott.

"Well, I've got a sweater on to-day. But you seem a bit thinner, Arnott. We don't really get decently fed, you know."

The others walked straight into the trap, and shortly afterwards a bevy of speculative souls set out for the common. Pick-axe had "tuned down" the machine, and the results in some cases were positively alarming.

Indeed, Arnott, who was, according to the test, actually wasting away, declared in favour of consulting the doctor, but this would not at all have suited the conspirators' plans. Hadfield hastily interposed.

"Don't do that," he said. "He'll only give you a tonic and talk rot about your system. What you want is food."

After this business became wonderfully brisk. A perfect mania for weighing oneself spread through the lower school, and the erratic readings of the machine lent a continued variety to the practice. Fluctuations

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would sometimes occur within a few hours. There was nearly always a surprise in store. The pool was divided every Saturday night, and it seemed that a regular income was assured. When receipts began to fall off Hadfield and Pick-axe were always ready to stimulate interest by a variety of devices. The best of these was a typewritten list, inserted in the front of the machine, and showing "What one should weigh —if in health." The week after its appearance there was a record haul of four and ninepence. It was decided at a meeting early in December that the money should now be allowed to accumulate to the end of the term, for it would clearly be much more exciting to feel that it was mounting up for three whole weeks. By this time a large number of boys were weighing themselves three times a week, and keeping an accurate table of the results, for Hadfield had suggested a new and simple diet, which he had "got out of a book," consisting chiefly of giving up potatoes and eating as much porridge and butter as possible; and he found a number of people willing to give it a trial.



"THREE AND SEVENPENCE. BY JOVE, WHAT A HAUL!"

Then there was that unfortunate row between Pick-axe and Hopegood. It seems to have begun on one of the hockey sides, and it led to Pick-axe, forgetful of the interests of the firm, ducking Hopegood in the dam. Things were very uncomfortable in the corner room for some days. Hadfield was particularly anxious to restore peace. To him Hopegood made a magnanimous offer in the following terms:—

"I'll sell my share in the weighing show for four shillings," he said, "I don't want to work with that little cad Hopkins any longer."

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The bargain was concluded and peace was apparently restored, but there were moments of misgiving, as when Hopegood was found one day struggling with suppressed laughter, for which he could give no explanation.

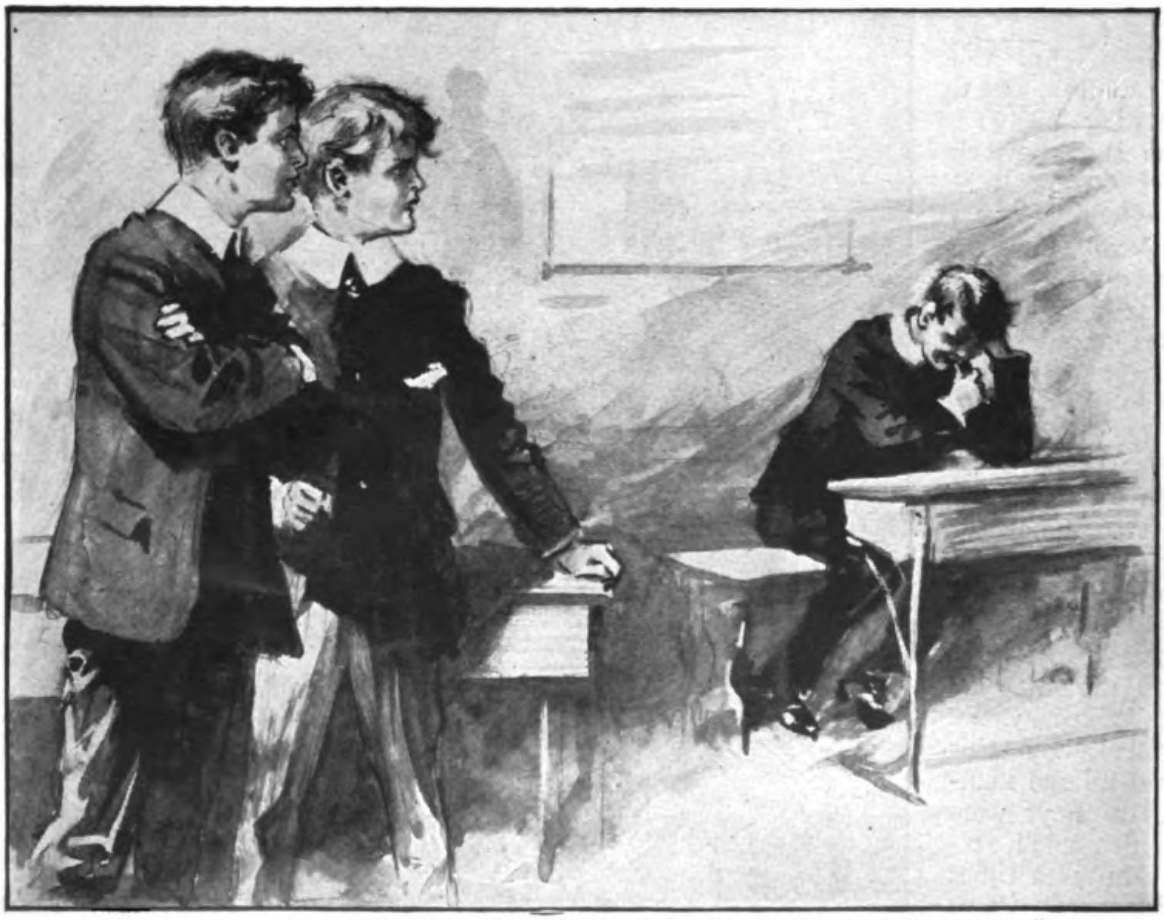
"He's got some game of his own on hand," said Pick-axe; "but I can't find out what it is."

"Keep your eye on him, Picky. Why is he always in the workshop with the door locked?"

now. What are you going to do with all yours?"

"Spend it in the holidays. I think I'll buy a revolver."

So the hoard went on accumulating, and Pick-axe used to hang about the school gates—counting his victims and chuckling with an unholy joy. From time to time he "tuned it up" so that weights seemed to be getting greater day by day. "We must give the poor fools something for their money," he



"HOPEGOOD WAS FOUND ONE DAY STRUGGLING WITH SUPPRESSED LAUGHTER."

Hopegood was kept under strict observation, but very little information transpired, beyond the fact that he undoubtedly had "a game on of some sort."

"He's *selling* something," Hadfield reported at the next conference, "and everyone who buys it signs a paper not to tell anyone. It looks pretty fishy."

"Well, I'm jolly glad we bought him out. The machine is simply burbling. I counted eight fellows in a quarter of an hour to-day. Isn't it ripping?"

"Rather. I like to lie awake in bed and think of it piling up every day. Why, there must be pounds in it. Let's open it to-night."

"No; we'll hold on. It's only five days

said. But two days before the end came he grossly overdid it. When Tim Barclay found that he had leapt, in the night, from eleven stone three to thirteen stone, credulity could stand it no longer. A deputation went over to the station to compare results with the machine there, and when they returned to the common there was an indignation meeting. Pick-axe saw that the game was up, and was loud in condemnation of the fraud. When he went to visit his little treasure next morning he found the indicator wagging stupidly in the wind. Some disgusted investor had clearly put his foot through it. Hadfield came up as he was mourning his loss.

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"Well, it's a pity, but it has done pretty well," he said. "When most of the fellows are gone to-morrow we'll come and clear it out."

"Must we wait till to-morrow? I want to buy a lot of things this afternoon."

"Yes, we'll have to wait. It's a vow."

"But we ought to have a bust-up to-night to celebrate it."

"All right. There's always travelling money. We may just as well spend part of that. We'll get it all back to-morrow."

The whole of the corner room—even Hopegood was included—took part in the great farewell tea that night. There were eggs and gingerbreads and three sorts of jam, and the guests kept the ball rolling for three-quarters of an hour. Pick-axe made a short speech when the hall was empty, except for the revellers themselves, explaining that the reason of the festivity was that he and Hadfield had "come into a block of money"—further explanations were deferred till the following term. Under the influence of these inspiring viands Hadfield afterwards approached Hopegood and brought about a complete reconciliation between him and Pick-axe.

"Opened it yet?" asked Hopegood.

"No. To-morrow, when the chaps are gone."

"There must be a lot in it."

"Pounds!" said Picky. "Why did you sell out so cheap?"

"Well, you two had done all the work, and I thought you deserved a haul," said Hopegood, and I trust, as he said it, he felt himself to be a worm.

It was nearly midday before the last of the crowd had gone and the coast was clear. Then, with boxes packed and everything ready to start by the twelve-seventeen train, the two treasure-seekers, in a state of exuberant anticipation, started for the common.

"Shall I bring a wheel-barrow and a sack?" asked Pick-axe.

"No. Hang it, my black bag'll do it. We can count it in the train."

"But I want some of it for my ticket. Won't the station man be stuck up with so many pennies?"

"What would you sell your share for?"

"What'll you give for it?" asked Pick-axe.

Hadfield made a rapid calculation, and chose the side of caution.

"I'll give seven-and-six for half of it," he said.

"Rot! It must be worth twice that; but I won't sell at any price. I know of sixteen chaps who were weighing themselves twice a week—and that's only a small part of it."

"Let's have the key."

There was some elbowing and pushing, but at last the little door opened, and Pick-axe dived into the dark interior.

"Golly!" he said. "Put your paw in there."

After a few rapturous moments, during which he was content to rummage in the metallic heap inside, Hadfield returned to business.

"Let's have the bag, quick," he said, "in case anyone comes."

Pick-axe handed it to him, open. He rose with both hands full of—full of *what?* A new horror appeared in his face. "Picky," he said, "they're not pennies!"

One penny only appeared. The rest of his burden was made up of small round lead discs, of no value whatsoever—except for working a slot-machine! One of them was wrapped in a piece of thin white paper.

The two friends looked at each other absolutely speechless. The first to break the awful silence was Pick-axe.

"Done!" he said.

A light came to Hadfield. "Hopegood!" he exclaimed.

Mechanically he untwisted the piece of paper. There was writing on it. The two heads bent over it together, and together spelt out the words: "Hopegood's patent weight-finders—three a penny."

There was a short pause. Then—"What I want to know," said the Pick-axe, in measured tones, "is how the deuce I'm going to get home?"

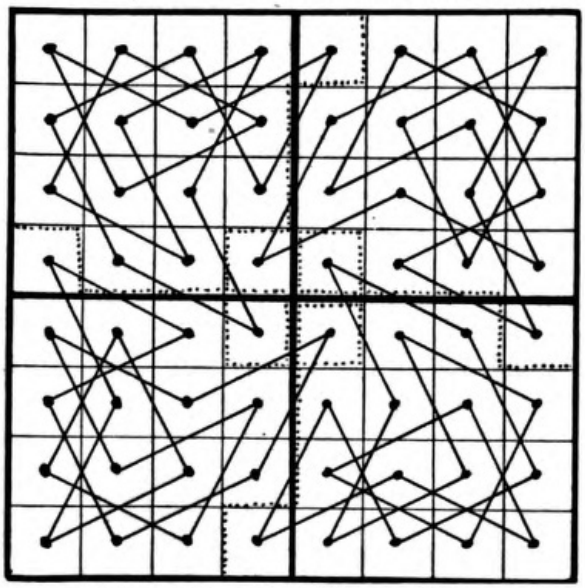
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PERPLEXITIES.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

106.—THE FOUR KNIGHTS' TOURS.

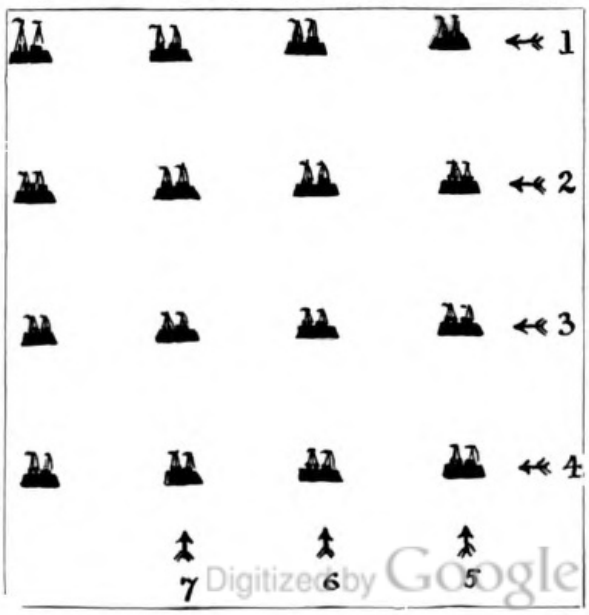
If a chessboard be cut into four equal parts, as indicated by the dark lines in the illustration, it is



not possible to perform a knight's tour, either re-entrant (that is, returning into itself) or not, on one of the parts. The best re-entrant attempt is shown, in which each knight has to trespass twice on other parts. The puzzle is to cut the board differently into four parts, each of the same size and shape, so that a re-entrant knight's tour may be made on each part. Cuts along the dotted lines will not do, as the four central squares of the board would be either detached or hanging on by a mere thread.

107.—TORPEDO PRACTICE.

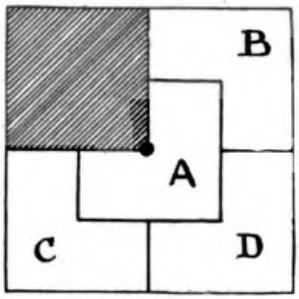
If a fleet of sixteen men-of-war were lying at anchor and surrounded by the enemy, how many ships might be sunk if every torpedo, projected in a straight line, passed under three vessels and sank the fourth? In the diagram we have arranged the fleet in square formation, where it will be seen that as many as seven ships may be sunk (those in the top row and first column) by firing the torpedoes indicated by arrows Anchoring the fleet as we like, to what extent can we increase this number? Remember that each successive ship is sunk before another torpedo is launched, and that every torpedo proceeds in a different direction—otherwise, by placing the ships in a straight line, we might sink as many as thirteen! It is an interesting little study in naval warfare, and eminently practical—provided the enemy will allow you to arrange their fleet for your convenience and promise to lie still and do nothing!



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108.—THE FOUR SONS.

Readers will recognize the diagram as a familiar friend of their youth. A man possessed a square-shaped estate. He bequeathed to his widow the quarter of it that is shaded off. The remainder was to be divided equitably amongst his four sons, so that each should receive land of exactly the same area and exactly similar in shape. We are shown how this was done. But the remainder of the story is not so generally known. In the centre of the estate was a well, indicated by the dark spot, and Benjamin, Charles, and David complained that the division was not "equitable," since Alfred had access to this well, while they could not reach it without trespassing on somebody else's land. The puzzle is to show how the estate is to be apportioned so that each son shall have land of the same shape and area, and each have access to the well without going off his own land.



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

103.—THE HONEYCOMB PUZZLE.

The required proverb is, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Start at the "T" on the outside at the bottom right-hand corner, pass to the "H" above it, and the rest is easy.

104.—A SHOPPING PERPLEXITY.

The first purchase amounted to 1s. 5¾d., the second to 1s. 11¼d., and together they make 3s. 5¼d. Not one of these three amounts can be paid in fewer than six current coins of the realm.

105.—A WONDERFUL VILLAGE.

When the sun is in the horizon of any place (whether in Japan or elsewhere) he is the length of half the earth's diameter more distant from that place than in his meridian at noon. As the earth's semi-diameter is nearly 4,000 miles, the sun must be considerably more than 3,000 miles nearer at noon than at his rising, there being no valley even the hundredth part of 1,000 miles deep.

The Sleuth Worm.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.



By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

LEONARD SURTEES did not at all want to go and stay with his cousins in the country. It was holiday-time, and Leonard and his brother had plans of their own, which included an organized digging for treasure in the back garden of their father's yellow-brick villa, being explorers, and the thorough damming of the Kidbrooke, a stream which runs beyond the brickfield.

Uncle James, well known to be rich, had invited Leonard to spend a month at Varden Court, and his parents had accepted for him.

And so, with a new leather trunk and a hat-box, with a shilling's worth of stamps for writing home with, and a new umbrella, he was seen off by his mother, and, in charge of a red-faced guard, set out for the unknown.

His cousins met him at the station with a little pony-cart, which Rupert, the eldest, drove himself.

"We've got four others, for riding," said Rupert, "and there's one for you."

The girls made room for him in the cart and talked to him quite kindly. But he was very shy, and the four, who had never known what shyness was, secretly feared that he was a prig. Rupert signalled this to Arthur, and I am sorry to say Leonard saw and understood the signal.

"I shall have to do something rather splendid, just to show them," he thought; and for the rest of the drive his thoughts were busy with the idea of saving his cousins (I.) from drowning, (II.) from mad bulls, (III.) from a burning house, (IV.) from bandits, (V.) from the Germans, in the event of an invasion—so that he was more silent than before, and their opinion of him was confirmed.

While they were driving through the green lanes, and afterwards while he was being shown the rabbits, the guinea-pigs, the tortoise, and the hedgehog, about none of which could he find much to say, he felt half-sorry that he had brought the brand-new Eton suit and the stack of white collars. But when, later on, he met his cousins on the stairs, and saw how very black and white were the boys, and how lacey and blue-ribbony were the girls, he was not sorry.

The drawing-room seemed to be full of people all in evening dress and very smart. A large, black-haired man, with a pointed nose, said:—

"Well, young man," and Leonard supposed it was his uncle; and when a languid

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lady in sea-green satin said, "How do you do, dear?" and added that he was the image of his mother, Leonard had no difficulty in concluding that she was his aunt.

The other children were busy talking to the grown-ups, and Leonard managed to creep to cover behind the corner of a large settee, and a plant in a pot concealed him almost entirely from public view.

"I wish I hadn't come," he told himself. It was a dreadful evening, in spite of the kaleidoscope and the stereoscope and the other things that he was from time to time dragged from his retirement to look at. He had that dismal feeling which we all know that he was really quite a decent sort of chap, and that it would be very hard to make his cousins see what a decent chap he was. And his mind dwelt more and more on the thought of doing something extra noble so as to convince his cousins that he really wasn't the muff they plainly took him for.

"Suppose there was to be a burglary," he thought, looking at the jewels that sparkled and gleamed on the necks and heads of the ladies, "and I was to catch the burglars on the stairs and compel them to surrender their prey single-handed!"

He thought of this till it was time to go to bed, in a room much bigger than the drawing-room at home.

Next morning a man-servant solemnly told Leonard the time, and he got up, convinced that he had before him a melancholy and misunderstood day, of which the falling off a pony would be not the least pleasant part.

They had breakfast in the schoolroom, a pleasant room with French windows opening on to a lawn enclosed by a tall hedge of roses. All colours they were. Leonard wished his sisters could have seen them, and the cousins were really not bad.



"LATER ON HE MET HIS COUSINS ON THE STAIRS."

Then suddenly, quite without warning, a grown-up put his head in at the door, and said, in a tone of surprise:—

"Oh, he isn't here. I thought he wouldn't be," and took his head out again.

"Halloa!" said Rupert. "Something must be up. Mr. Erskine's in no end of a bait."

They all trooped out into the hall to ask questions of the first person they met, an aunt, and were told not to bother, for goodness' sake.

But in five minutes they knew all. Leonard's dream had come true—at least, part of it. There *had* been a burglary, and a lot of the silver was gone and everybody's jewels except the ones belonging to those careful souls who slept with their diamonds under their pillows. The other half of the dream had not come true. Leonard had not had the good fortune to meet the burglars on the stairs.

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The whole house buzzed like a hive. Ladies and their maids wept with equal violence. Gentlemen and footmen rubbed their chins and told each other again and again exactly how it must have happened.

"Oh, bother it all!" said Rupert. "Now we sha'n't hear of anything else for years. Let's go fishing."

Cook found getting rid of the children and their questions cheap at the price of packing a luncheon basket; the grown-ups welcomed the idea of a fishing expedition with absent-minded but unmistakable enthusiasm; so presently the children set out, with baskets and rods and books of flies, and a spade.

"I suppose there wasn't any clue," said Leonard, as they went.

"Now look here," said Rupert, "I bar any more jaw about that burglary. I vote the one that mentions it again does all the worm-digging."

Leonard fell into meditation, and was silent for about five minutes.

"A penny for your thoughts," someone said, suddenly.

"I was wondering," said Leonard, "whether they'd found any rope ladders or jemmies or dark lanterns, and whether——"

"You've got it right in the meat this time, old chap," said Arthur. "Come on, old worm-digger. We'll find you a nice soft place. And the can won't take you more than an hour to fill, unless the birds are shy—the worms, I mean."

"We'll go on. The river isn't much farther," said Rupert. "We'll throw a fly or two till you're ready."

They gave him the spade and the empty, yawning can, and they found a soft-looking place under a lime tree with a molehill quite near to sit on if he was tired, and they left him there to dig.

The spade was heavy and the day was hot, and the worms were, as Arthur had suggested, shy. Leonard looked at his watch and found that it was fourteen minutes and three-quarters since his cousins had left him, and he had only found one worm—a large one, it is true—and a small piece of pink string.

He dug again, and, pausing to mop his forehead with one of his new handkerchiefs, perceived that he had in his struggles with the spade kicked over the can, so that now it lay on its side, a position of which the worm had taken advantage. Its long red length was almost free of the tin, and a stout blackbird, with its head on one side, was looking at the worm with a more than friendly interest.

"Hi! stop that!" said Leonard to the blackbird; and to the worm he said, as his eye fell on the pink string, "I shall have to tie you up, old chap."

Leonard was not a cruel boy, and I cannot tell you why it seemed to him that it would be amusing to tie the string round the middle of the worm and to hang it to a twig. And there the worm hung, limp and lonely, and the blackbird sat on another twig and looked at it. Leonard sat down on the molehill and looked at them both.

Suddenly the blackbird flew towards the worm. Leonard did not see what happened. His attention was suddenly distracted by a frightful pain in his feet. He had hardly time to say "Ow!" when he felt that he was no longer on the ground, but was swinging at the end of a long rope above a limitless gulf.

"There's been an earthquake," he told himself; "the earth has opened under my feet. *Oh,* my feet!" he screamed, as again the pain took him, and a vast black cloud rushed swiftly by him with a noise of mighty wings.

He tried to pinch himself to see if he really was asleep, but somehow he couldn't find his hands. Then the black cloud came again and the rushing of sable wings. And then the awful sensation of falling, falling, falling, and at last the ground, among sharp canes or saplings, and the terrible sense of danger and pursuit.

"There's something after me. I must hide," he told himself; "and I'm different somehow. Oh, what is it? What am I?" And next moment he found himself eating earth for dear life, and knew that the canes and saplings among which he had fallen were just the grass spears, that the enemy he feared was the blackbird, and that he himself was eating earth faster and more eagerly than he had ever eaten the nicest cake; and, worst of all, that he was not Leonard any more, but The Worm.

"And I suppose he's me," Leonard said, as he pulled the last of himself underground with a wrench. "That was my boots sticking, I suppose. No, of course, *he's* got my boots. Well, the blackbird hasn't got me, anyhow. I suppose I've got into a fairy-tale or something like that. I wonder how long I am? I feel very long indeed—longer than that worm was, a lot. I wonder what I'm supposed to do? If it's to deliver a captive princess, I simply can't, like this. I wonder why it's happened to me? Oh, for stringing the worm up, I suppose, like Benjy

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"HE FELT THAT HE WAS NO LONGER ON THE GROUND, BUT WAS SWINGING AT THE END OF A LONG ROPE ABOVE A LIMITLESS PIT."

in Beastland. Well, I'm sorry I did, if that's all."

He stopped at that, hoping perhaps that the Power which had changed him to a worm would let him off now that he had said he was sorry. But nothing happened.

"I may as well go on," he said, drearily.

And now the earth got looser and looser and more and more stony. And the stones were very sharp and painful. Leonard had to twist this way and that to avoid being hurt rather badly.

And then, quite suddenly, he felt himself held fast by the suffering middle of him. The more he pulled the tighter the hold was. Slowly and with much caution he wriggled himself round among the stones to see what was holding him. It was *the little piece of pink string*. Its end had caught on something, and there he was, a prisoner, perhaps for ever.

"Oh," said Leonard, "if only I can get out I'll never put anything in prison again! Not even flies in paper cages. Oh, if I could only get free!"

He writhed and he pulled, and he thought the string gave a little as he twisted and wriggled among the strange-shaped stones. It had given a little, for now he could move to a more open space, between a wall of silver and heaps of great, gleaming green crystals. There were other heaps of white crystals, and blue and pink, and great smooth rocks of silver and gold.

Leonard thought of gnomes and enchanted mountains. Perhaps he had wormed his way into one of these. He lay still a moment striving to take a quick worm's-eye view of the situation.

Then he pulled more fiercely than ever, and, oh joy! he could feel the string slipping

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from his waistcoat parts down to where his knees would have been if worms had knees, and then to his ankles. And then, once again, a fierce pain in his feet, if a worm could have feet. He knew now that the other pain in his feet had happened when the bird pecked at the hanging worm. He writhed forward, and now the string no longer held him. He saw daylight. There was sunshine, and——

Someone was kicking his boots and saying:—

"Well, of all the rotten slackers! I believe you've been asleep!"

"I haven't," said Leonard, looking down with an indescribable joy at his boots and hands and his waistcoat buttons, at every part of himself which he could see. Boots, hands, legs, clothes, all seemed beautiful to him, it was all so unwormlike.

"What *have* you been doing, then?" asked Rupert, who had been the kicker.

"I've been——" Leonard saw that it was quite useless, as well as impossible, to tell all the truth. So he told the only bit of it that he thought his cousins would believe. "I've been thinking," he said, and even that they didn't seem to think likely.

"Yes, I have," he said, and then, in one glorious flash, he saw that he had not been a worm for nothing. That detective success which had been denied to the boy Leonard had been achieved by Leonard the worm.

"I've been thinking about the burglary. I've been worming my way into the secrets of the criminals. No, it's no use shoving me, any of you. I'm not going to dig worms. I'm not going fishing. I'm going to be the sleuth-hound of the law and find the booty abandoned by the ruffians."

"All right," said Rupert, kindly; "we may as well play that as anything. I'm not so jolly keen on fishing myself. Only we didn't know you could play make-up games."

"This is no game," said Leonard, now well into his part. "Leonard Octavious, the priceless sleuth-worm, will now unfold his tale. But look here," he whispered, suddenly serious, "we may be watched. Hist, be cautious! Let us sit down and talk of fish while one of you runs to the house and brings some of the men. This is a dangerous action we are embarked on. Haste! Courage and dispatch!



"THERE WERE OTHER HEAPS OF WHITE CRYSTALS, AND BLUE AND PINK, AND GREAT SMOOTH ROCKS OF SILVER AND GOLD."

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"I say, you do do it well!" said Mabel.

"Go it, Leonard, old sleuth-worm!" said Arthur.

Then Leonard said, "Look here. While you were away I found out where the burglars have hidden the things they took last night. But some of the caitiffs may be hanging about, so I'd rather not touch the treasure till we've got grown-ups here. You just go and tell uncle what I said. I'll stand the row if he makes one. But he won't. He'll come, if it's only to give it me if I *was* kidding."

It took a quarter of an hour to persuade the others that he wasn't.

Leonard was right. The uncle did come, and brought two gardeners with him.

"What's all this?" he asked, crossly.

Then Leonard said: "Look here, there are footmarks all about here. Men's. And the earth's been disturbed, and I found a piece of pink string." Then, for the first time, the thought came to him that perhaps he had dreamed it all. So then he trembled and hesitated, and then began to cry and said:—

"I daresay it's all nonsense, but I do wish you'd dig just to see." He pointed to the spot of earth underneath the twig where the worm had hung by the pink string.

"Might as well, sir," said the head gardener. "The earth have been disturbed here, that's true enough."

So they dug, and Leonard looked anxiously at the bushes, expecting every moment that the burglars would return for their prey. But they didn't.

At first the spade only turned up soft brown mould—but the seventh spadeful was enriched by a diamond necklace and the ninth by a ruby pendant, and then, thick and fast, came gems and jewels, plate and ornaments, gold and silver, and the very last thing to be pulled out of the hole was a silver fork with a bit of pink string entangled in its prongs.

So now Leonard was a hero indeed. The uncle and the aunt, and the ladies and gentlemen who had got their things back, praised and petted him almost more than he could bear. It was in vain that he said it was nothing, and he hadn't done anything.

"Ah, that's just his modesty, dear child," they said.



"THE SEVENTH SPADEFUL WAS ENRICHED BY A DIAMOND NECKLACE."

And, of course, it was useless to explain further; they wouldn't have understood. His cousins treated him with enormous respect, and he found it as hard to be thought a hero as to be thought a muff, when he was neither; almost as awkward to have people think too much of him as it had been when they didn't think enough. So he was quite glad to go home. And when he got home, and found that the others had nobly put off the damming of the Kidbrooke until his return, his cup of happiness was full.

But he never knew, and I have never known, what he had done to deserve such an adventure. It was just Fate, and Fate, as you know, is very capricious. (Capricious means being inclined to play the goat.)

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"STRETCHING OUT HIS HAND AND CARESSING THE CHEEK OR NECK OF SOME PASSING GIRL, LAUGHING LOUDLY AS SHE WINCED AWAY FROM HIS TOUCH."

(*See page* 609.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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The Fall of Lord Barrymore.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

THERE are few social historians of those days who have not told of the long and fierce struggle between those two famous bucks, Sir Charles Tregellis and Lord Barrymore, for the Lordship of the Kingdom of St. James, a struggle which divided the whole of fashionable London into two opposing camps. It has been chronicled also how the peer retired suddenly and the commoner resumed his great career without a rival. Only here, however, can one read the real and remarkable reason for this sudden eclipse of a star.

It was one morning in the days of this famous struggle that Sir Charles Tregellis was performing his very complicated toilet, and Ambrose, his valet, was helping him to attain that pitch of perfection which had long gained him the reputation of being the best-dressed man in town. Suddenly Sir Charles paused, his *coup d'archet* half-executed, the final beauty of his neck-cloth half-achieved, while he listened with surprise and indignation upon his large, comely, fresh-complexioned face. Below, the decorous hum of Jermyn Street had been broken by the sharp, staccato, metallic beating of a door-knocker.

"I begin to think that this uproar must be at our door," said Sir Charles, as one who thinks aloud. "For five minutes it has come and gone; yet Perkins has his orders."

At a gesture from his master Ambrose stepped out upon the balcony and craned his discreet head over it. From the street below came a voice, drawling but clear.

"You would oblige me vastly, fellow, if you would do me the favour to open this door," said the voice.

"Who is it? What is it?" asked the scandalized Sir Charles, with his arrested elbow still pointing upwards.

Ambrose had returned with as much surprise upon his dark face as the etiquette of his position would allow him to show.

"It is a young gentleman, Sir Charles."

"A young gentleman? There is no one in London who is not aware that I do not show before midday. Do you know the person? Have you seen him before?"

"I have not seen him, sir, but he is very like someone I could name."

"Like someone? Like whom?"

"With all respect, Sir Charles, I could for a moment have believed that it was yourself when I looked down. A smaller man, sir, and a youth; but the voice, the face, the bearing——"

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"It must be that young cub Vereker, my brother's ne'er-do-weel," muttered Sir Charles, continuing his toilet. "I have heard that there are points in which he resembles me. He wrote from Oxford that he would come, and I answered that I would not see him. Yet he ventures to insist. The fellow needs a lesson! Ambrose, ring for Perkins."

A large footman entered with an outraged expression upon his face.

"I cannot have this uproar at the door, Perkins!"

"If you please, the young gentleman won't go away, sir."

"Won't go away? It is your duty to see that he goes away. Have you not your orders? Didn't you tell him that I am not seen before midday?"

"I said so, sir. He would have pushed his way in, for all I could say, so I slammed the door in his face."

"Very right, Perkins."

"But now, sir, he is making such a din that all the folk are at the windows. There is a crowd gathering in the street, sir."

From below came the crack-crack-crack of the knocker, ever rising in insistence, with a chorus of laughter and encouraging comments from the spectators. Sir Charles flushed with anger. There must be some limit to such impertinence.

"My clouded amber cane is in the corner," said he. "Take it with you, Perkins. I give you a free hand. A stripe or two may bring the young rascal to reason."

The large Perkins smiled and departed. The door was heard to open below and the knocker was at rest. A few moments later there followed a prolonged howl and a noise as of a beaten carpet. Sir Charles listened with a smile which gradually faded from his good-humoured face.

"The fellow must not overdo it," he muttered. "I would not do the lad an injury, whatever his deserts may be. Ambrose, run out on the balcony and call him off. This has gone far enough."

But before the valet could move there came the swift patter of agile feet upon the stairs, and a handsome youth, dressed in the height of fashion, was standing framed in the open doorway. The pose, the face, above all the curious, mischievous, dancing light in the large blue eyes, all spoke of the famous Tregellis blood. Even such was Sir Charles when, twenty years before, he had, by virtue of his spirit and audacity, in one short season taken a place in London from which Brummell himself had afterwards vainly struggled to depose him. The youth faced the angry features of his uncle with an air of debonair amusement, and he held towards him, upon his outstretched palms, the broken fragments of an amber cane.

"I much fear, sir," said he, "that in correcting your fellow I have had the misfortune to injure what can only have been your property. I am vastly concerned that it should have occurred."

Sir Charles stared with intolerant eyes at this impertinent apparition. The other looked back in a laughable parody of his senior's manner. As Ambrose had remarked after his inspection from the balcony, the two were very alike, save that the younger was smaller, finer cut, and the more nervously alive of the two.

"You are my nephew, Vereker Tregellis?" asked Sir Charles.

"Yours to command, sir."

"I hear bad reports of you from Oxford."

"Yes, sir, I understand that the reports *are* bad."

"Nothing could be worse."

"So I have been told."

"Why are you here, sir?"

"That I might see my famous uncle."

"So you made a tumult in his street, forced his door, and beat his footman?"

"Yes, sir."

"You had my letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were told that I was not receiving?"

"Yes, sir."

"I can remember no such exhibition of impertinence."

The young man smiled and rubbed his hands in satisfaction.

"There is an impertinence which is redeemed by wit," said Sir Charles, severely. "There is another which is the mere boorishness of the clodhopper. As you grow older and wiser you may discern the difference."

"You are very right, sir," said the young man, warmly. "The finer shades of impertinence are infinitely subtle, and only experience and the society of one who is a recognized master"—here he bowed to his uncle—"can enable one to excel."

Sir Charles was notoriously touchy in temper for the first hour after his morning chocolate. He allowed himself to show it.

"I cannot congratulate my brother upon his son," said he. "I had hoped for something more worthy of our traditions."

"Perhaps, sir, upon a longer acquaintance——"

"The chance is too small to justify the very

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irksome experience. I must ask you, sir, to bring to a close a visit which never should have been made."

The young man smiled affably, but gave no sign of departure.

"May I ask, sir," said he, in an easy conversational fashion, "whether you can recall Principal Munro, of my college?"

"No, sir, I cannot," his uncle answered, sharply.

"Naturally you would not burden your memory to such an extent, but he still remembers you. In some conversation with him yesterday he did me the honour to say that I brought you back to his recollection by what he was pleased to call the mingled levity and obstinacy of my character. The levity seems to have already impressed you. I am now reduced to showing you the obstinacy." He sat down in a chair near the door and folded his arms, still beaming pleasantly at his uncle.

"Oh, you won't go?" asked Sir Charles, grimly.

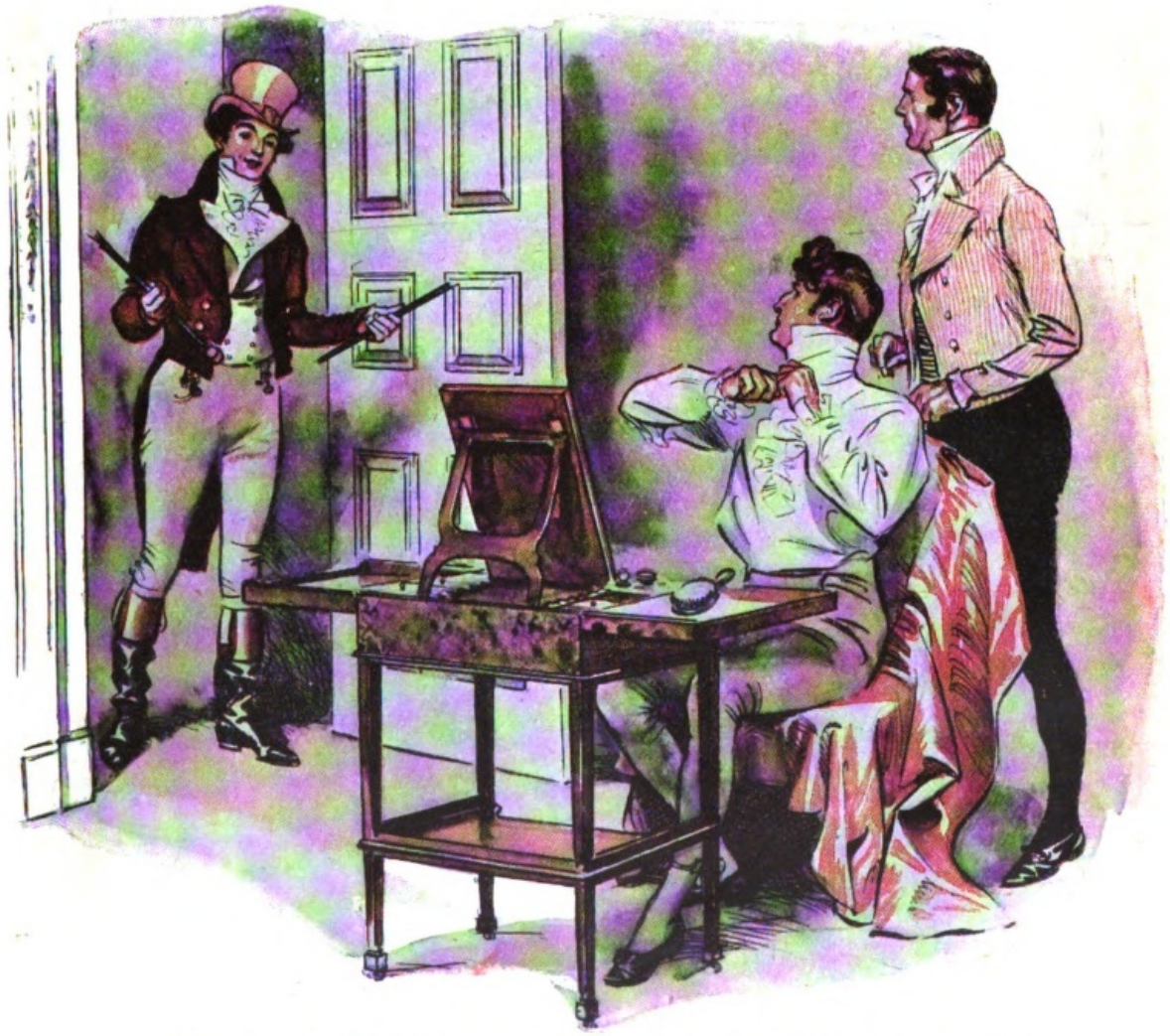
"No, sir; I will stay."

"Ambrose, step down and call a couple of chairmen."

"I should not advise it, sir. They will be hurt."

"I will put you out with my own hands."

"That, sir, you can always do. As my uncle, I could scarce resist you. But, short of throwing me down the stair, I do not see how you can avoid giving me half an hour of your attention."

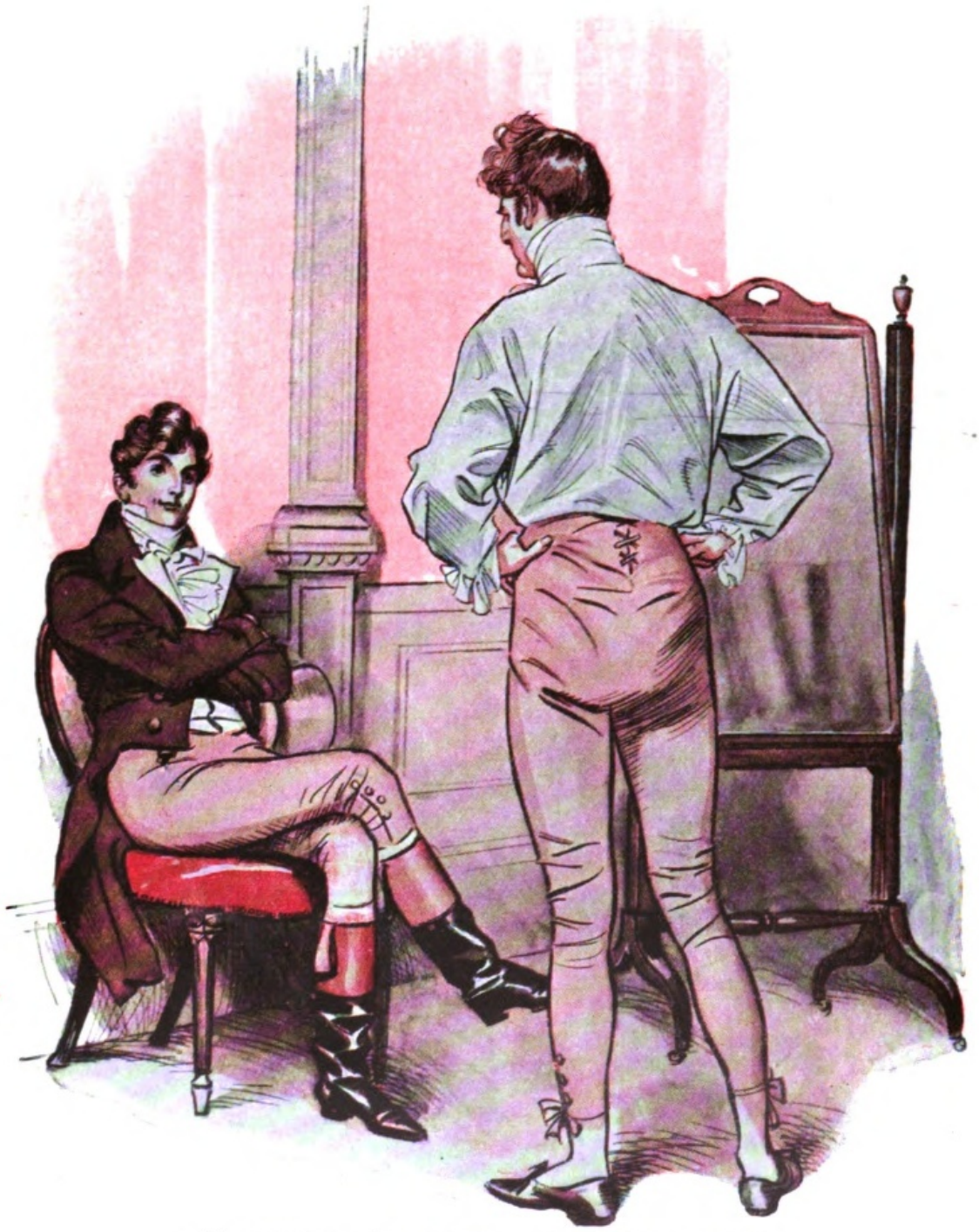


"'YOU ARE MY NEPHEW, VEREKER TREGELLIS?' ASKED SIR CHARLES."

Sir Charles smiled. He could not help it. There was so much that was reminiscent of his own arrogant and eventful youth in the bearing of this youngster. He was mollified, too, by the defiance of menials and quick submission to himself. He turned to the glass and signed to Ambrose to continue his duties.

"I must ask you to await the conclusion of

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"'OH, YOU WON'T GO?' ASKED SIR CHARLES, GRIMLY."

my toilet," said he. "Then we shall see how far you can justify such an intrusion."

When the valet had at last left the room Sir Charles turned his attention once more to his scapegrace nephew, who had viewed the details of the famous buck's toilet with the face of an acolyte assisting at a mystery.

"Now, sir," said the older man, "speak, and speak to the point, for I can assure you that I have many more important matters which claim my attention. The Prince is waiting for me at the present instant at Carlton House. Be as brief as you can. What is it that you want?"

"A thousand pounds."

"Really! Nothing more?" Sir Charles had turned acid again.

"Yes, sir; an introduction to Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, whom I know to be your friend."

"And why to him?"

"Because I am told that he controls Drury Lane Theatre, and I have a fancy to be an

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actor. My friends assure me that I have a pretty talent that way."

"I can see you clearly, sir, in Charles Surface, or any other part where a foppish insolence is the essential. The less you acted, the better you would be. But it is absurd to suppose that I could help you to such a career. I could not justify it to your father. Return to Oxford at once, and continue your studies."

"Impossible!"

"And pray, sir, what is the impediment?"

"I think I may have mentioned to you that I had an interview yesterday with the Principal. He ended it by remarking that the authorities of the University could tolerate me no more."

"Sent down?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this is the fruit, no doubt, of a long series of rascalities."

"Something of the sort, sir, I admit."

In spite of himself, Sir Charles began once more to relax in his severity towards this handsome young scapegrace. His absolute frankness disarmed criticism. It was in a more gracious voice that the older man continued the conversation.

"Why do you want this large sum of money?" he asked.

"To pay my college debts before I go, sir."

"Your father is not a rich man."

"No, sir. I could not apply to him for that reason."

"So you come to me, who am a stranger!"

"No, sir, no! You are my uncle, and, if I may say so, my ideal and my model."

"You flatter me, my good Vereker. But if you think you can flatter me out of a thousand pounds, you mistake your man. I will give you no money."

"Of course, sir, if you can't——"

"I did not say I can't. I say I won't."

"If you can, sir, I think you will."

Sir Charles smiled, and flicked his sleeve with his lace handkerchief.

"I find you vastly entertaining," said he. "Pray continue your conversation. Why do you think that I will give you so large a sum of money?"

"The reason that I think so," continued the younger man, "is that I can do you a service which will seem to you worth a thousand pounds."

Sir Charles raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Is this blackmail?" he inquired.

Vereker Tregellis flushed.

"Sir," said he, with a pleasing sternness, "you surprise me. You should know the blood of which I come too well to suppose that I would attempt such a thing."

"I am relieved to hear that there are limits to what you consider to be justifiable. I must confess that I had seen none in your conduct up to now. But you say that you can do me a service which will be worth a thousand pounds to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"And pray, sir, what may this service be?"

"To make Lord Barrymore the laughing-stock of the town."

Sir Charles, in spite of himself, lost for an instant the absolute serenity of his self-control. He started, and his face expressed his surprise. By what devilish instinct did this raw undergraduate find the one chink in his armour? Deep in his heart, unacknowledged to anyone, there was the will to pay many a thousand pounds to the man who would bring ridicule upon this his most dangerous rival, who was challenging his supremacy in fashionable London.

"Did you come from Oxford with this precious project?" he asked, after a pause.

"No, sir. I chanced to see the man himself last night, and I conceived an ill-will to him, and would do him a mischief."

"Where did you see him?"

"I spent the evening, sir, at the Vauxhall Gardens."

"No doubt you would," interpolated his uncle.

"My Lord Barrymore was there. He was attended by one who was dressed as a clergyman, but who was, as I am told, none other than Hooper the Tinman, who acts as his bully and thrashes all who may offend him. Together they passed down the central path, insulting the women and browbeating the men. They actually hustled me. I was offended, sir—so much so that I nearly took the matter in hand then and there."

"It is as well that you did not. The prize-fighter would have beaten you."

"Perhaps so, sir—and also, perhaps not."

"Ah, you add pugilism to your elegant accomplishments?"

The young man laughed pleasantly.

"William Ball is the only professor of my Alma Mater who has ever had occasion to compliment me, sir. He is better known as the Oxford Pet. I think, with all modesty, that I could hold him for a dozen rounds. But last night I suffered the annoyance without protest, for since it is said that the same scene is enacted every evening, there is always time to act."

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"And how would you act, may I ask?"

"That, sir, I should prefer to keep to myself; but my aim, as I say, would be to make Lord Barrymore a laughing-stock to all London."

Sir Charles cogitated for a moment.

"Pray, sir," said he, "why did you imagine that any humiliation to Lord Barrymore would be pleasing to me?"

"Even in the provinces we know something of what passes in polite circles. Your antagonism to this man is to be found in every column of fashionable gossip. The town is divided between you. It is impossible that any public slight upon him should be unpleasing to you."

Sir Charles smiled.

"You are a shrewd reasoner," said he. "We will suppose for the instant that you are right. Can you give me no hint what means you would adopt to attain this very desirable end?"

"I would merely make the remark, sir, that many women have been wronged by this fellow. That is a matter of common knowledge. If one of these damsels were to upbraid him in public in such a fashion that the sympathy of the bystanders should be with her, then I can imagine, if she were sufficiently persistent, that his lordship's position might become an unenviable one."

"And you know such a woman?"

"I think, sir, that I do."

"Well, my good Vereker, if any such attempt is in your mind, I see no reason why I should stand between Lord Barrymore and the angry fair. As to whether the result is worth a thousand pounds, I can make no promise."

"You shall yourself be the judge, sir."



"THE YOUNG WOMAN FELL FORWARD AND EMBRACED LORD BARRYMORE WITH THE HUG OF A BEAR."

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"I will be an exacting judge, nephew."

"Very good, sir; I should not desire otherwise. If things go as I hope, his lordship will not show face in St. James's Street for a year to come. I will now, if I may, give you your instructions."

"My instructions! What do you mean? I have nothing to do with the matter."

"You are the judge, sir, and therefore must be present."

"I can play no part."

"No, sir. I would not ask you to do more than be a witness."

"What, then, are my instructions, as you are pleased to call them?"

"You will come to the Gardens to-night, uncle, at nine o'clock precisely. You will walk down the centre path, and you will seat yourself upon one of the rustic seats which are beside the statue of Aphrodite. You will wait and you will observe."

"Very good; I will do so. I begin to perceive, nephew, that the breed of Tregellis has not yet lost some of the points which have made it famous."

It was at the stroke of nine that night when Sir Charles, throwing his reins to the groom, descended from his high yellow phaeton, which forthwith turned to take its place in the long line of fashionable carriages waiting for their owners. As he entered the gate of the Gardens, the centre at that time of the dissipation and revelry of London, he turned up the collar of his driving-cape and drew his hat over his eyes, for he had no desire to be personally associated with what might well prove to be a public scandal. In spite of his attempted disguise, however, there was that in his walk and his carriage which caused many an eye to be turned after him as he passed and many a hand to be raised in salute. Sir Charles walked on, and, seating himself upon the rustic bench in front of the famous statue, which was in the very middle of the Gardens, he waited in amused suspense to see the next act in this comedy.

From the pavilion, whence the paths radiated, there came the strains of the band of the Foot Guards, and by the many-coloured lamps twinkling from every tree Sir Charles could see the confused whirl of the dancers. Suddenly the music stopped. The quadrilles were at an end.

An instant afterwards the central path by which he sat was thronged by the revellers. In a many-coloured crowd, stocked and cravated with all the bravery of buff and plum-colour and blue, the bucks of the town passed and repassed with their high-waisted, straight-skirted, be-bonneted ladies upon their arms.

It was not a decorous assembly. Many of the men, flushed and noisy, had come straight from their potations. The women, too, were loud and aggressive. Now and then, with a rush and a swirl, amid a chorus of screams from the girls and good-humoured laughter from their escorts, some band of high-blooded, noisy youths would break their way across the moving throng. It was no place for the prim or demure, and there was a spirit of good-nature and merriment among the crowd which condoned the wildest liberty.

And yet there were some limits to what could be tolerated even by so Bohemian an assembly. A murmur of anger followed in the wake of two roisterers who were making their way down the path. It would, perhaps, be fairer to say one roisterer; for of the two it was only the first who carried himself with such insolence, although it was the second who ensured that he could do it with impunity.

The leader was a very tall, hatchet-faced man, dressed in the very height of fashion, whose evil, handsome features were flushed with wine and arrogance. He shouldered his way roughly through the crowd, peering with an abominable smile into the faces of the women, and occasionally, where the weakness of the escort invited an insult, stretching out his hand and caressing the cheek or neck of some passing girl, laughing loudly as she winced away from his touch.

Close at his heels walked his hired attendant, whom, out of insolent caprice and with a desire to show his contempt for the prejudices of others, he had dressed as a rough country clergyman. This fellow slouched along with frowning brows and surly, challenging eyes, like some faithful, hideous human bulldog, his knotted hands protruding from his rusty cassock, his great underhung jaw turning slowly from right to left as he menaced the crowd with his sinister gaze. Already a close observer might have marked upon his face a heaviness and looseness of feature, the first signs of that physical decay which in a very few years was to stretch him, a helpless wreck, too weak to utter his own name, upon the causeway of the London streets. At present, however, he was still an unbeaten man, the terror of the Ring, and as his ill-omened face was seen behind his infamous master many a half-raised cane was lowered and many a hot word was checked, while the whisper of "Hooper! 'Ware Bully Hooper!" warned all who were aggrieved

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that it might be best to pocket their injuries lest some even worse thing should befall them. Many a maimed and disfigured man had carried away from Vauxhall the handiwork of the Tinman and his patron.

Moving in insolent slowness through the crowd, the bully and his master had just come opposite to the bench upon which sat Sir Charles Tregellis. At this place the path opened up into a circular space, brilliantly illuminated and surrounded by rustic seats. From one of these an elderly, ringleted woman, deeply veiled, rose suddenly and barred the path of the swaggering nobleman. Her voice sounded clear and strident above the babel of tongues, which hushed suddenly that their owners might hear it.

"Marry her, my lord! I entreat you to marry her! Oh, surely you will marry my poor Amelia!" said the voice.

Lord Barrymore stood aghast. From all sides folk were closing in and heads were peering over shoulders. He tried to push on, but the lady barred his way and two palms pressed upon his beruffled front.

"Surely, surely, you would not desert her! Take the advice of that good, kind clergyman behind you!" wailed the voice. "Oh, be a man of honour and marry her!"

The elderly lady thrust out her hand and drew forward a lumpish-looking young woman, who sobbed and mopped her eyes with her handkerchief.

"The plague take you!" roared his lordship, in a fury. "Who is the wench? I vow that I never clapped eyes on either of you in my life!"

"It is my niece Amelia," cried the lady, "your own loving Amelia! Oh, my lord, can you pretend that you have forgotten poor, trusting Amelia, of Woodbine Cottage at Lichfield?"

"I never set foot in Lichfield in my life!" cried the peer. "You are two impostors who should be whipped at the cart's tail."

"Oh, wicked! Oh, Amelia!" screamed the lady, in a voice that resounded through the Gardens. "Oh, my darling, try to soften his hard heart; pray him that he make an honest woman of you at last."

With a lurch the stout young woman fell forward and embraced Lord Barrymore with the hug of a bear. He would have raised his cane, but his arms were pinned to his sides.

"Hooper! Hooper!" screamed the furious peer, craning his neck in horror, for the girl seemed to be trying to kiss him.

But the bruiser, as he ran forward, found himself entangled with the old lady.

"Out o' the way, marm!" he cried. "Out o' the way, I say!" and pushed her violently aside.

"Oh, you rude, rude man!" she shrieked, springing back in front of him. "He hustled me, good people; you saw him hustle me! A clergyman, but no gentleman! What! you would treat a lady so—you would do it again? Oh, I could slap, slap, slap you!"

And with each repetition of the word, with extraordinary swiftness, her open palm rang upon the prizefighter's cheek.

The crowd buzzed with amazement and delight.

"Hooper! Hooper!" cried Lord Barrymore once more, for he was still struggling in the ever-closer embrace of the unwieldy and amorous Amelia.

The bully again pushed forward to the aid of his patron, but again the elderly lady confronted him, her head back, her left arm extended, her whole attitude, to his amazement, that of an expert boxer.

The prizefighter's brutal nature was roused. Woman or no woman, he would show the murmuring crowd what it meant to cross the path of the Tinman. She had struck him. She must take the consequence. No one should square up to him with impunity. He swung his right with a curse. The bonnet instantly ducked under his arm, and a line of razor-like knuckles left an open cut under his eye.

Amid wild cries of delight and encouragement from the dense circle of spectators, the lady danced round the sham clergyman, dodging his ponderous blows, slipping under his arms, and smacking back at him most successfully. Once she tripped and fell over her own skirt, but was up and at him again in an instant.

"You vulgar fellow!" she shrieked. "Would you strike a helpless woman! Take that! Oh, you rude and ill-bred man!"

Bully Hooper was cowed for the first time in his life by the extraordinary thing that he was fighting. The creature was as elusive as a shadow, and yet the blood was dripping down his chin from the effects of the blows. He shrank back with an amazed face from so uncanny an antagonist. And in the moment that he did so his spell was for ever broken. Only success could hold it. A check was fatal. In all the crowd there was scarce one who was not nursing some grievance against master or man, and waiting for that moment of weakness in which to revenge it.

With a growl of rage the circle closed in. There was an eddy of furious, struggling men,

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with Lord Barrymore's thin, flushed face and Hooper's bulldog jowl in the centre of it. A moment after they were both upon the ground, and a dozen sticks were rising and falling above them.

"Let me up! You're killing me! For God's sake let me up!" cried a crackling voice.

When at last he made his way back through the crowds to his yellow phaeton, he was not entirely surprised to find that the back seat was already occupied by two giggling females, who were exchanging most unladylike repartees with the attendant grooms.



"AMID WILD YELLS OF DELIGHT AND ENCOURAGEMENT FROM THE SPECTATORS, THE LADY DANCED ROUND THE SHAM CLERGYMAN."

Hooper fought mute, like the bulldog he was, till his senses were beaten out of him.

Bruised, kicked, and mauled, never did their worst victim come so badly from the Gardens as the bully and his patron that night. But worse than the ache of wounds for Lord Barrymore was the smart of the mind as he thought how every club and drawing-room in London would laugh for a week to come at the tale of his Amelia and her aunt.

Sir Charles had stood, rocking with laughter, upon the bench which overlooked the scene.

"You young rascals!" he remarked, over his shoulder, as he gathered up his reins.

The two females tittered loudly.

"Uncle Charles!" cried the elder, "may I present Mr. Jack Jarvis, of Brasenose College? I think, uncle, you should take us somewhere to sup, for it has been a vastly fatiguing performance. To-morrow I will do myself the honour to call, at your convenience, and will venture to bring with me the receipt for one thousand pounds."

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ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

A Symposium of the Opinions of Leading Experts in the Animal World on the Most Striking Example of Animal Intelligence They Have Ever Witnessed.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

THE subject of animal intelligence is one of particular interest to all animal lovers, and we have therefore collected from many leading experts in the animal world their views on the most striking example of animal intelligence they have ever witnessed. It is interesting to point out that in the opinion of the late Mr. Frank Bostock, who had a lifelong experience of studying the habits and the most striking characteristics of animals, the definition of the word " intelligence " when applied to an animal should be, " What is the most fitting thing for me to do in the circumstances with which I find myself confronted ? "

The late Mr. FRANK BOSTOCK, the famous animal trainer and Managing Director of Bostock's Jungle.

A lifelong association with animals of all descriptions, in which I think I may say I have figured as both friend and master, enables me to recall many striking instances of keen intelligence ; but, as I understand I have to reduce my repertoire to one single case, I must choose a happening which occurred several years ago, in which my almost human chimpanzee, Consul, played the leading part.

Consul, I must tell you, is a perfect gentleman in his habits, and, as a result of long training, can do almost everything with the exception of formulating words ; even at that sometimes annoying pastime he is almost a professor, for those he knows well and those who are in his good books—in which I include myself—he can make understand practically everything that he wants them to.

At the time to which I am referring I had just introduced a small but remarkably intelligent, though extremely mischievous, monkey to my good friend Consul, who, although, as a rule, rather fastidious in selecting acquaintances, in this case at once took a great fancy to the monkey, with the result that the pair soon became fast friends, and spent the greater part of the day playing all sorts of pranks on each other, in the inimitable manner which would seem to be an inborn gift with this particular species of animals.

But, alas, the course of true friendship, like true love, seldom runs smooth, and one day a *contretemps* occurred which completely upset Consul's usually smooth and unruffled dignity. Consul, you must understand, has for years lived the ordinary everyday life of a gentleman of comfortable means, having a room of his own, with bed and all toilet accessories, and dining at table with a calm air as of one who regards a well-served dinner, breakfast, etc., as merely his birthright. One evening, however, before Consul appeared upon the scene, and while his dinner was being served, his diminutive monkey friend upset a plate of cooked rice in Consul's room, and when the latter appeared upon the scene he had the misfortune to put his hand —Consul strongly dislikes the word " paw "— into it, whereupon an expression of the most profound annoyance crossed his countenance.

For a moment, as I watched Consul's face, the thought struck me that he was about to chastise the monkey in a most active manner. But, no ; he evidently deemed the occasion one worthy of calm, deliberate consideration, for, instead of attacking the monkey, he quietly sat down for a moment to think the situation over. Having pondered sufficiently long, he then quietly and solemnly left his dining-room, and shortly afterwards returned carrying a cloth and a piece of soap in one hand and a pail in the other. With a ludicrously human, " schoolmasterly " air he then, with dignified mien, walked up to the monkey, grabbed him gently but firmly round the neck, placed the cloth in his hand, and then, gripping his wrist, forced his unmannerly and mischievous companion to clean up the spilt food. This done to his

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satisfaction, he carried the monkey to the sideboard and locked him in the cupboard, as if to make it clearly understood that he had been accustomed for some years to dine in comfort and cleanliness, and could not allow even his most intimate friends to disturb the peace of meal-time.

The cupboard locked, he stood away from it for a few seconds, in order to satisfy himself that he would not be disturbed again. By this time the monkey had obviously seen fit to repent of his sins, for from within the cupboard no movement was heard; whereupon Consul quietly seated himself, as is his wont, at table and proceeded as usual to dine in peace, comfort, and last, but not least,



"HE WALKED UP TO THE MONKEY AND GRABBED HIM GENTLY BUT FIRMLY ROUND THE NECK."

with dignity. I include the latter word for the simple reason that a well-trained animal seems to appreciate at once what he can do with dignity, and what will lack dignity—if he does it, which, by the way, he seldom does, for any ordinarily well-trained animal seems to regard dignity as a sort of fetish.

In conclusion, as I have frequently remarked that many members of the general public seem to misconstrue the meaning of the word "intelligence" when applied to members of the animal world, I may say that my own experience—which, I would humbly add, is a very lengthy one—is that intelligence, when applied to animals, should be defined as "a proper understanding of things." And, after all, this definition cannot be termed inapt, for a human being who succeeds in getting a grip on a situation surely deserves to be termed intelligent. How much more intelligent, therefore, is the animal who does likewise!

Mr. TOM GANNAWAY, the well-known breeder and exhibitor of bull-terriers, and originator of the famous "Wild" strain.

The most remarkable instance of animal intelligence that I can recall relates to the well-known stud and show bull-terrier, Chader Wild, whom I bred, and who belonged to me right up to the time of his death. Chader Wild, as all interested in the "doggy" world will doubtless remember, was a winner of countless prizes, and so perfect was he for show purposes that he used to make his appearance at almost every conveniently-situated show in London. In fact, after having figured at, I might almost say, countless shows, the old fellow at last seemed to regard being shown as his first duty in life, a duty which he apparently looked upon as being due as much to me as to himself.

It so happened, however, that when he was at his prime he became father of a puppy whom I called Chadee, and who was so fine a specimen of the bull-terrier that one day I decided I would give the "old man" a rest and show Chadee in a novice and maiden class instead.

The nearest convenient show happened to be held at the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, at which dear old Chader Wild had been shown on countless occasions. On the day I decided that he was to be left at home, as I put the finishing touches to his son's toilette, I noticed the old dog watching me at work with a look of amazed surprise on his face, while when I took the puppy with me and left "pa" at home, he looked not only infuriated, but absolutely disgusted. If ever a father knew where his son was going,

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Chader Wild was aware of Chadee's destination on that particular day.

Returned home, however, my old dog seemed to have temporarily forgiven me—nothing in the world would persuade me that he was not aware that his son was to be shown in his stead—for, while not greeting me with his accustomed enthusiasm, he nevertheless wagged his tail indulgently, smiling at me with his eyes (surely no human being ever smiled more meaningly than does a dog).



"HE HAD DECIDED TO PUT MATTERS RIGHT BY TURNING UP ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT TO BE SHOWN ONCE MORE."

"So that's all right, old fellow," I said. "I am glad you don't bear me any ill-will; we must give the puppies a chance, you know." Chader Wild merely continued to smile and wag his tail, and some hours later I took him for his usual evening walk.

As a general rule, he never left my heel during the whole of his "constitutional." Neither did he do so on this occasion until we turned down Greycoat Gardens, a row of flats within almost a stone's throw of the Horticultural Hall. Suddenly, however, while puffing at my cigar, I was astounded to see my old bull-terrier dash off at top speed down the street, turn sharp to the right, and make for Vincent Square as fast as his sturdy old legs would carry him.

I called and whistled without avail, and finally imagined that something particularly attractive must have induced him to run away. About his return home I was not in the least nervous, for he would have found his way back from Land's End to my house at Westminster. So, without worrying any more about him, I decided to look in at the show, and—well, speak sternly to Chader Wild for his lapse from good behaviour when I got home again.

The moment I entered the Horticultural Hall I saw that something unusual must have happened, for little knots of people were grouped together, apparently afraid to move for fear of being attacked by something; what that something was I could not imagine.

"What's the matter?" I said to one of the attendants.

"Only that your bull-terrier has turned up to be shown once more on his own account," was the reply. "There he is sitting by the side of a dog in the schipperke class. You remember the last time he was shown here that was the space provided for bull-terriers."

And so it was. Chader Wild had taken the law into his own hands, and, being utterly disgusted with my behaviour at leaving him at home to give way to his son, had decided to put matters right by turning up on his own account to be shown once more and as usual, as he doubtless regarded it. Bull-terriers are the most obedient of animals, and when I told the old dog that he must come back with me—well, he came, but I have never seen a more disconsolate, mentally weary bull-terrier in my life than was he.

In conclusion, I would add that I have had seventeen years' experience of and close intercourse with animals, but never have I encountered so striking and genuine an example of intelligence on any animal's part as is provided by this instance of the sagacity of one of the best-known bull-terriers of all time.

Mr. J. VOEHL, the famous animal trainer.

When in New Orleans, U.S.A., some two years ago the leading monkey artiste in Barnold's Monkey Actors contracted a very bad attack of toothache. We tried all sorts of lightning toothache cures, "pain-relieved-

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in-thirty-seconds," and other so-called infallible remedies on the poor old fellow without success, and as the days wore on he became so weak from want of sleep and through the great pain he was suffering that we took him to the dentist.

After a lengthy consultation it was discovered that the troublesome tooth was one of the " canine " teeth, which are so long that it is impossible to pull them. Accordingly the dentist decided to cap the tooth with a gold crown, as it was very badly decayed.

Now, I must tell you that Master Bill, the monkey sufferer, was anything but a tame sort of chap, and accordingly when we took him to the dentist to have the operation performed three men were told off to hold him in the chair. At first I thought it would be necessary for me to secure three other men, so energetic were Bill's struggles—he evidently had not the slightest idea what he was there for, and feared the worst; but when the dentist put some cocaine on his gums, and afterwards injected cocaine on both sides of the offending tooth, the monkey, feeling relief from the pain at once, stopped his struggles and lay back in the chair in the most peaceful manner possible. Then the dentist started drilling the tooth, and still Bill remained as quiet as the proverbial sheep, evidently quite understanding that the visit was inspired out of feeling of friendship for him. The next day we had to visit the dentist again. Immediately the door of his house was opened Bill scampered down the passage, pushed open the door of the dentist's operating room, seated himself in the chair, lay back as quietly and as gently as well may be, and awaited the dentist's attentions.

On the following day Bill repeated this performance, showing the greatest delight when the dentist started to cap his tooth with gold. Evidently the pain that monkey suffered before cocaine was injected into his gums must have been intense, for he never forgot the dentist's house at which he had first obtained relief. Some two years later, when we were again visiting Orleans, and when we happened to be passing the house of the worthy dentist, he broke away and scampered up the steps in evident delight at once more having reached what he regarded as " a home of relief for pain-stricken monkeys." I would mention that the name of the dentist is Dr. Rollo Knapp.

Major E. H. RICHARDSON, the famous authority on bloodhounds.

It always seems to me that the showing of fidelity to his master in an animal is one of the greatest signs of intelligence of which it can possibly give evidence. For this reason I consider the following story, told to me by an intimate friend of the lieutenant mentioned therein, who himself has left written record bearing upon the truth of the anecdote, represents the most striking example of intelligence on an animal's part that has ever been brought to my notice.



" THE MONKEY SEATED HIMSELF IN THE CHAIR."

In the Franco-German War, on September 1st, 1870, in the town of Bazeilles, fighting was of the most terrific description. The Germans rained shells on the town, and the French were equally brave in the defence and

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refused to give way. At last the German storming party advanced. A party of *Jägers*, led by a German lieutenant, forced in the door of a house from which there had been a most obstinate defence. They bayoneted all the French inside, and went out into the back yard, where a Frenchman, severely wounded and with his rifle still smoking, was standing by a dog-kennel. The *Jägers* wanted to bayonet him, but the lieutenant in charge, seeing he was severely wounded, prevented them. He apparently was very fond of his dog, and he sat down by the kennel and died. The house was now blazing, and the lieutenant, who was a great dog-lover, determined not to leave the dog to perish in the yard, so he took him out of the burning building, and after a few weeks they became devoted companions.

In October, in the operations round Orléans, where the Germans were very weak, and where a number of *francs-tireurs* had risen, the *Jägers* were quartered. The officer had orders to go and reconnoitre a wood about two miles in front of the position. The lieutenant started out with some *Jägers* and his dog, which he had christened Bazeilles. The next morning the colonel commanding the regiment inquired why he had received no report *re* the reconnoitring patrol, and the adjutant said that the lieutenant had been sent. A hundred and fifty *Jägers* were therefore ordered out to see what had become of the patrol. They advanced about a mile, and got near the wood where the lieutenant had orders to patrol the previous night. At the entrance to the wood they saw the dog, bleeding, and howling as if to attract attention.

The *Jägers* belonging to his regiment said, "What is the matter, Bazeilles?" and the dog whined and led them into the wood. They saw branches and leaves scraped together in a mound. One of the mounds was partly uncovered, and they saw a man's face protruding, which they immediately recognized as that of the lieutenant. The faithful dog had moved the branches and leaves off the lieutenant's face, and had thus saved his life. The others were all covered and suffocated. The lieutenant was still alive, though unconscious.

What really happened was that while the lieutenant's patrol was reconnoitring in the wood the dog suddenly growled and immediately after there came a volley from some underwood where a number of *francs-tireurs* were hidden. The *Jägers* were shot down, but the dog Bazeilles sprang into the air, and



"THE DOG SPRANG INTO THE AIR, AND THE BULLET MEANT FOR THE LIEUTENANT WENT THROUGH HIS BODY FIRST."

the bullet meant for the lieutenant went through his body first. The lieutenant fell, apparently dead, and the *francs-tireurs* dragged the bodies into the wood and covered them with branches and leaves. Then, as though satisfied with having been the means of bringing assistance, the dog dragged himself up to the bodies, and gasped out his life beside his master.

They took back the lieutenant, who was unconscious for three or four days, and the first question he asked when he came back

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to consciousness was, "Where is my dog Bazeilles?" Bazeilles was buried by the *Jägers* and a tombstone erected in the village with the inscription, "He saved his master's life and led up the rescue party. True unto death."

Count HOLLENDER, a well-known expert in the dog world.

I have one and sometimes two bull-terriers, either one or both of whom invariably accompany me wherever I go—in or out of town. In the traffic they are far more sensible than most human beings, and never require the least looking after; indeed, the manner in which they casually yet actually very carefully avoid fast-travelling motor-cars, taxi-cabs, and so on and so forth, has proved to me that what they do not know about looking after their own safety in traffic is probably best forgotten.

Nearly every morning I take them by Tube with me wherever I am going, either to the West-end of London or to the City. If fine, I get out at Hyde Park Corner and give my two four-legged friends a run through the Park. On the other hand, if the weather is of the 1912 vintage I go on by Tube to Piccadilly Circus. Now the amazing thing is that before the train pulls up at Hyde Park Corner, and before the name of the station is called out, both terriers invariably get up, look at me with a sort of laughing "this-is-where-we-get-out-for-a-good-gallop" expression in their eyes, wag their tails, and trot off towards the door. If I say, "No; it's too wet this morning," they sit down again with a resigned air, and never move until we arrive at Piccadilly Circus, when they will get up—not too cheerily, knowing that they are not going for a walk that morning—and precede me on the way out—on the lead, of course.

At no other station on the route—and I have had them with me from end to end of a Tube journey—do they bestir themselves, always leaving me to tell them when the time to get out has arrived. Is it possible my two bull-terriers count the stations? If not, how do they possibly know? The whole thing baffles me entirely. I should be glad if some animal lover of wide experience amongst STRAND MAGAZINE readers would give me his views on the subject. At one time and another I have asked many authorities, but have as yet received no satisfactory solution of certainly the most striking example of animal intelligence that has ever come under my notice.

Signor BARTHOLOMEW VOLPI, the great animal trainer and proprietor of the Royal Italian Circus.

In the course of years of experience with trained animals I have had a large number of cases of almost unbelievable animal intelligence brought before my notice, but the incident which stands out most vividly occurred some years ago, when I was in the ring with Mme. Batavia—a large bear, well known in London—and a troupe of trained baboons.

Just previously I had had occasion to go to Italy for a few weeks, and while there I allowed my beard to grow. On my return I entered the ring without thinking, but when there I immediately realized my mistake, as Mme. Batavia advanced, growling in a most threatening manner, evidently not recognizing me. But the sound of my voice stopped her, and when I placed my hand over my beard she at once seemed to understand what had happened. Not so the largest baboon, however, who sprang on me from behind and made strenuous efforts to tear me to pieces, efforts I may say which would have been far more successful had not Mme. Batavia come to my rescue and helped to drive the baboon off by striking him with her large paw in a manner and with a force worthy of Mr. Jack Johnson, the world's heavyweight champion.

After a severe struggle some assistants succeeded in overpowering the baboon, who, during the course of the "contest," seemed to recognize my voice, and yet to "smother the recognition," so to speak, at the sight of my beard. Immediately my antagonist left the ring Mme. Batavia lumbered up to me, and, after rubbing her muzzle over the top of my face above my chin, suddenly stopped short in the process and repeatedly but very gently pulled my beard, obviously trying to show me the cause of all the trouble. Time after time she fondled the upper part of my face, following this up by growling in a manner reminiscent of a summer thunder-storm as she touched my beard with her paw. I have had a lifelong experience of handling animals of all sorts, but never in the whole course of my career have I seen such an illuminating example of animal intelligence. Mme. Batavia's whole demeanour was as of one who would say, "I'm very fond of you, but, friend of yours though I am, even I failed to recognize you at first with your new face-fins. You must forgive the baboon, therefore, as the mistake was a most pardonable one."

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I may add that the moment I left the ring I made all haste to the nearest barber, and shortly afterwards left—minus my beard.

Mrs. HARTSHORNE, Matron of Our Dumb Friends' League Hospital.

As I have personally come in touch with a very large proportion indeed of the one hundred thousand odd cases of animal sickness that have been treated at Our Dumb Friends' League Hospital during the course of the past six years, I feel bound to say that I can scarcely imagine that I should be surprised by any example of animal intelligence; for, frankly, a lengthy experience of animal life has taught me that, despite what sceptics may say to the contrary, to all unbiased critics there exists no manner of doubt at all that many members of the animal world possess intelligence which, in a very great measure, can be justly termed "almost human."

I would mention, by the way, that in our hospital we only "doctor" animals belonging to owners who are too poor to pay for veterinary treatment elsewhere, and in many cases I cannot help remarking that some of the owners of the said animals most assuredly do not themselves seem blessed with a superfluity of intelligence; so that the very fact that their "pets" so frequently show themselves to have more than a fair share of common sense certainly seems to suggest that animals, in certain circumstances, "work things out for themselves"; though this theory is directly opposed to a pet notion of my own, which is that all animals should be treated with reason and intelligence if any particular response is to be expected from them.



"MME. BATAVIA CAME TO MY RESCUE AND HELPED TO DRIVE THE BABOON OFF."

But enough of idle theories. Conjecture with reference to the intelligence of animals is, I am convinced, an unsatisfactory policy to follow, for members of the animal world are continually giving students much food for "surprise" reflection. This being so, I find it exceedingly difficult to select one particular "star" case as being the most striking that has ever come under my observation. After thinking over the thousands of examples that I can recall, I feel, however, disposed to

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give my vote to a certain parrot who was brought in for treatment not long ago.

Poor Polly! He looked a most pathetic sight, wrapped as he was in flannel, when his owner handed him over to my care, in a condition almost verging on death. Still, a little care sometimes works miracles, and thus I did not absolutely despair of saving his life when I took him tenderly in my arms. But I confess I received the shock of *my* life when he at once turned his head round and exclaimed, in almost humanly pathetic tones, "For goodness' sake fetch the doctor; Polly's sick!"

I would mention that I afterwards heard that my feathered patient had belonged to a woman who had for years been suffering from a lingering illness, and who was frequently in the habit of saying, "For goodness' sake fetch the doctor," whenever she felt more than usually indisposed. The addition of the words "Polly's sick" most certainly convinces me, however, that the bird had thoroughly understood the feelings which prompted his mistress to call for medical aid—feelings, obviously, which, when he himself experienced them, prompted him to call for similar assistance for himself. I would mention that my patient, Polly, eventually recovered, thanks in a very large measure to the intelligence which he at all times showed in doing exactly what he soon learnt he was expected to do.

In conclusion, I should like to say that my years of intimate association with animals have proved to me that it is at all times the most absurd of fallacies to underrate the intelligence of members of the animal world. Those who have no intimate knowledge of animal life are apt to dismiss as coincidences various examples of intelligence which I am personally convinced are based upon sound common-sense reasoning.

Mr. G. H. CULLUM SCOTT, Secretary, Battersea Home for Lost Dogs.

The most remarkable example of animal intelligence that has ever come under my notice occurred only a few weeks back, when a dog was brought to the Battersea Home by the police in the usual way, having been picked up when not under proper control in the neighbourhood of King's Cross.

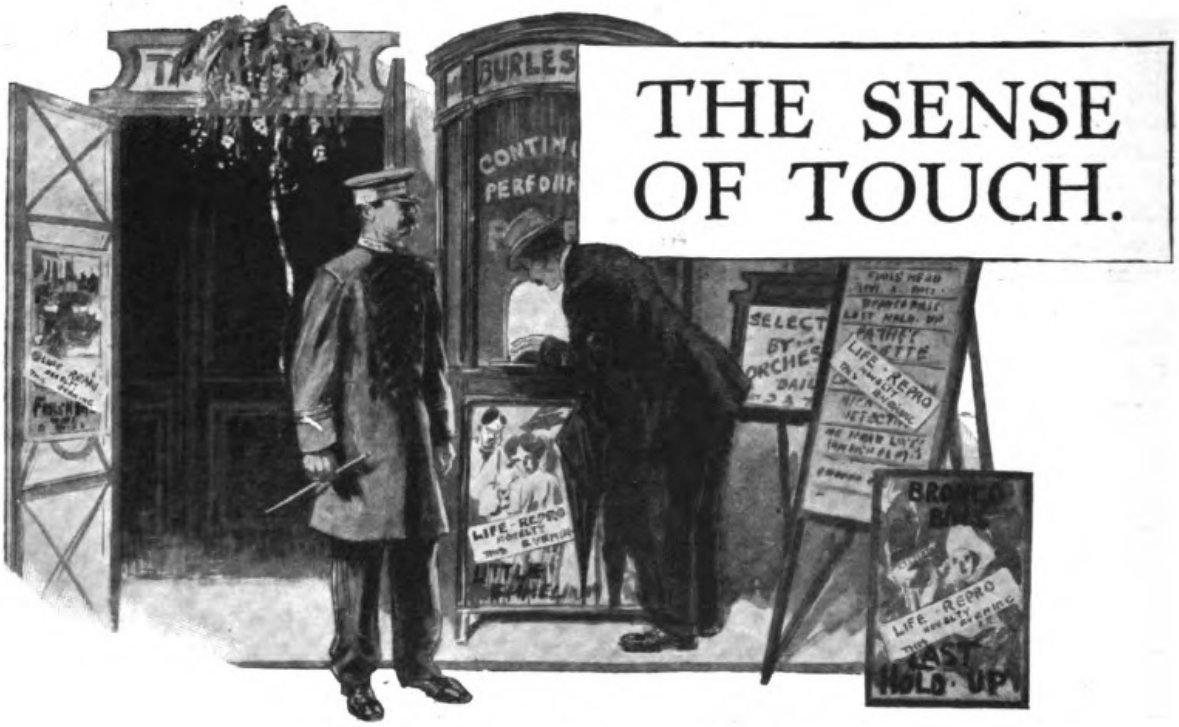
It afterwards transpired that the said dog had been the hero of quite a remarkable adventure. Purchased at a large London stores by a gentleman living at Bedford, he had been delivered at St. Pancras Station to be taken on to his new home by his purchaser's son. Somehow or other, however, he never took a fancy to Bedford as a place of residence, and two or three days later he slipped out of the house when some visitors were leaving, and for over forty-eight hours nothing further was heard of him. At the end of that time the owner received a letter from a friend stating that a dog bearing his name on his collar had been seen in the corridor carriage of a train running between Bedford and London, but had cunningly evaded all attempts at capture, and had eventually been lost sight of near King's Cross Metropolitan Station.

I would here mention that the Midland Station, Bedford, is approximately a mile and a half from the dog's new home, and that fully twelve hours elapsed between his being lost and his entering the London-bound train, so that this is obviously no case of a dog merely bolting for a station and jumping into the first train he happened to see. Personally I am convinced that the dog was firmly determined to return to London, and that he was waiting for the same corridor carriage in which he had travelled up, for I have since found out that he actually came to Bedford and returned in the same carriage.

I am well aware that many people may be inclined to believe that it was a matter of pure accident that the dog chanced to jump into the right train to bring him back to London. With this view, however, I am not in accord, for I know from long experience how strong is the homing instinct in animals, and, this being so, my own firm conviction is that the dog had been thinking out some plan by which he could get home, and, having arrived in London, was probably merely scenting out some familiar landmark which, when once he had discovered it, he knew would enable him to find his old home and companions at the London stores.

I would here mention that cats also possess the homing instinct in a very pronounced degree; and not long ago I went from Battersea to Putney to fetch a cat who was to be destroyed on account of incurable ill-health. The cat escaped from me at the home, and was back again at the residence of her owner the next day, having found her way across some five miles of London streets which she had never seen before. I would suggest that those who hold the intelligence of animals in but light esteem might be well advised to remember this little incident before declaring, as they doubtless will do, "that the Bedford dog merely got into the right train by accident, and not design."

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THE SENSE OF TOUCH.

By "OLE LUK-OIE,"

Author of "The Green Curve," etc.

Illustrated by John Cameron.

YES, perhaps in some ways it may appear ludicrous. But on the whole the unpleasant side swamped the other, and in reality it was a ghastly experience. At all events, I have no wish to go through anything of the sort again. Once is enough. Why, I've hardly been able to sleep for bad dreams ever since. I'll tell you about it, since you insist; but I must do it in my own way, which means recalling the whole thing bit by bit as it occurred, and you'll have to listen to all sorts of unimportant details, for I'm not up to making an artistic story of it. But that will be an advantage, because you will be the better able to appreciate my mental state at the time—how the affair appealed to me—and will not judge of it by the way it strikes you, sitting here safe in the club, in broad daylight, and in God's fresh air.

'Pon my word, I really don't know what made me go into the place. I've never been keen on cinemas. The ones I went to when they first came out quite choked me off. The jiggling of the pictures pulled my eyes out till they felt like a crab's, and the potted atmosphere made my head ache. I was strolling along, rather bored with things in general and more than a bit tired, and happened to stop as I passed the doors. It seemed just the ordinary picture palace or electric theatre show—ivory-enamelled portico, neuralgic blaze of flame arc-lights above, and underneath, in coloured incandescents, the words, "Mountains of Fun."

Fun! Good Lord!

An out-sized and over-uniformed tout, in dirty white gloves and a swagger stick, was strolling backwards and forwards, alternately shouting invitations to see the "continuous performance" and chasing away the recurring clusters of eager-eyed children, whose outward appearance was not suggestive of the possession of the necessary entrance fee. There were highly-coloured posters on every available foot of wall-space—sensational scenes, in which cowboys, revolvers, and assorted deaths predominated—and across them were pasted strips of paper bearing the legend, "LIFE-REPRO Novelty This Evening."

I confess that, old as I am, it was that expression which caught me—"LIFE-REPRO." It sounded like a new metal polish or an ointment for "swellings on the leg," but it

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had the true showman's ring. I asked the janitor what it meant. Of course he did not know—poor devil!—and only repeated his stock piece: "Splendid new novelty. Now showing. No waiting. Continuous performance. Walk right in."

I was curious; it was just beginning to rain; and I decided to waste half an hour. No sooner had the metal disc—shot out at me in exchange for sixpence—rattled on to the zinc counter of the ticket-window than the uniformed scoundrel thrust a handbill on me and almost shoved me through a curtained doorway. Quite suddenly I found myself in a dark room, the gloom of which was only accentuated by the picture quivering on a screen about fifty feet away. The change from the glare outside was confusing and the atmosphere smote me, and as I heard the door bang and the curtain being redrawn I felt half inclined to turn round and go out. But while I hesitated, not daring to move until my eyes got acclimatized, someone flashed an electric torch in my eyes, grabbed my ticket, and squeaked, "Straight along, please," then switched off the light.

Useful, wasn't it? I couldn't see an inch. You know, I'm not very touchy as a rule, but I was getting a bit nettled, and a good deal of my boredom had vanished. I groped my way carefully down what felt like an inclined gangway, now in total darkness, for there was at the moment no picture on the screen, and at once stumbled down a step. A *step*, mind you, in the centre of a gangway, in a place of entertainment which is usually dark! I naturally threw out my hands to save myself and grabbed what I could. There was a scream, and the film then starting again, I discovered that I was clutching a lady by the hair. The whole thing gave me a jar and threw me into a perspiration—you must remember I was still shaky after my illness. When, as I was apologizing, the same, or another, fool with the torchlight flashed it at my waistcoat and said, "Mind the step," I'm afraid I told him, as man to man, what I thought of him and the whole beastly show. I was now really annoyed, and showed it. I had no notion there were so many people in the hall until I heard the cries of "'Ssshh!" "Turn him out!" from all directions.

When I was finally led to a flap-up seat —which I nearly missed, by the way, in the dark—I discovered the reason for the impatience evinced by the audience. I had butted in with my clatter and winged words at the critical moment of a touching scene. To the sound of soft, sad music, all on the black notes, the little incurable cripple child in the tenement house was just being restored to health by watching the remarkably quick growth of the cowslips given to her by the kind-hearted scavenger. Completely as boredom had been banished by the manner of my *entrée* it quickly returned while I suffered the long-drawn convalescence of "Little Emmeline." As soon as this harrowing film was over and the lights were raised I took my chance of looking round.

The hall was very much the usual sort of place—perhaps a bit smaller than most—long and narrow, with a floor sloping down from the back. In front of the screen, which was a very large one, was an enclosed pit containing some artificial palms and tin hydrangeas, a piano and a harmonium, and in the end wall at its right was a small door marked "Private." In the side wall on the left near the proscenium place was an exit. The only other means of egress, as far as I could see, was the doorway through which I had entered. Both of these were marked by illuminated glass signs, and on the walls were notices of "No smoking," "The management beg to thank those ladies who have so kindly removed their hats," and advertisement placards—mostly of chocolate. The decorations were too garish for the place to be exactly homely, but it was distinctly commonplace, a contrast to the shambles it became later on. What?

Yes! I daresay you know all about these picture palaces, but I've got to give you the points as they appealed to me. I'm not telling you a story, man. I'm simply trying to give you an exact account of what happened. It's the only way I can do it.

The ventilation was execrable, in spite of the couple of exhaust fans buzzing round overhead, and the air hung stagnant and heavy with traces of stale scent, while wafts of peppermint, aniseed, and eucalyptus occasionally reached me from the seats in front. Tobacco smoke might have increased the density of the atmosphere, but it would have been a welcome cloak to some of the other odours. The place was fairly well filled, the audience consisting largely of women and children of the poorer classes—even babies in arms—just the sort of innocent holiday crowd that awful things always happen to.

By the time I had noticed this much the lights were lowered, and we were treated to a scene of war which converted my boredom into absolute depression. I must describe it to you, because you always will maintain that we are a military nation at heart. By

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Jove, we are! Even the attendants at this one-horse gaff were wearing uniforms. And the applause with which the jumble of sheer military impossibility and misplaced sentiment presented to us was greeted proves it. The story was called "Only a Bugler Boy." The first scene represented a small detachment of British soldiers "At the Front" on "Active Service" in a savage country. News came in of the "foe." This was the occasion for a perfect orgy of mouthing, gesticulation, and salutation. How they saluted each other, usually with the wrong hand, without head-covering, and at what speed! The actors were so keen to convey the military atmosphere that the officers, as often as not, acknowledged a salute before it was given.

After much consultation, deep breathing exercise, and making of goo-goo eyes, the long-haired rabbit who was in command selected a position for "defence to the death" so obviously unsuitable and suicidal that he should have been ham-strung at once by his round-shouldered gang of supers. But, no! In striking attitudes they waited to be attacked at immense and quite unnecessary disadvantage by the savage horde. Then, amid noise and smoke, the commander endeavoured to atone for the hopeless situation in which he had placed his luckless men by waving his sword and exposing himself to the enemy's bullets. I say "atone," for it would have been the only chance for his detachment if he had been killed, and killed quickly. Well, after some time and many casualties, it occurred to him that it would be as well to do something he should have done at first, and let the nearest friendly force know of his predicament. The diminutive bugler with the clean face and nicely-brushed hair was naturally chosen for this very dangerous mission, which even a grown man would have had a poor chance of carrying out, and after shaking hands all round, well in the open, the little hero started off with his written message.

Then followed a prolonged nightmare of crawling through the bush-studded desert.

Bugler stalked savage foe, and shot several with his revolver. Savage foe stalked bugler and wounded him in both arms and one leg. Finally, after squirming in accentuated and obvious agony for miles, bugler reached the nearest friendly force, staggered up to its commander, thrust his despatch upon him, and swooned in his arms. Occasion for more saluting, deep breathing, and gesticulation, and much keen gazing through field-glasses—notwithstanding the fact that if the beleaguered garrison were in sight the sound of the firing must have been heard long before! Then a trumpet-call on the harmonium, and away dashed the relief force of mounted men.

Meanwhile we were given a chance of seeing how badly things had been going with the devoted garrison at bay. It was only when they were at their last gasp and cartridge that the relief reached them. With waving of helmets and cheers from the defenders, the first two men of the relieving force hurled themselves over the improvised stockade. *You* know what they were? I knew what they must be long before they appeared. And it is hardly necessary to specify to which branches of His Majesty's United Services they belonged. The sorely-wounded but miraculously tough bugler took the stockade in his stride a very good third. He had apparently recovered sufficiently to gallop all the way back with the rescuers—only to faint again, this time in the arms of his own commanding officer. Curtain! "They all love Jack," an imitation of bagpipes on the harmonium, and "Rule Britannia" from the combined orchestra. As I say, this effort of realism was received with great applause, even by the men present.

As soon as the light went up I had a look at my neighbours. The seats on each side of me were empty, and in the row in front, about a couple of seats to my right, there was one occupant. He was a young fellow of the type of which one sees only too many in our large towns—one of the products of an overdone industrialism. He was round-shouldered and narrow-chested, and his pale thin face suggested hard work carried out in insanitary surroundings and on unwholesome food. His expression was precocious, but the loose mouth showed that its owner was far too unintelligent to be more than feebly and unsuccessfully vicious. He wore a yachting cap well on the back of his head, and on it he sported a plush swallow or eagle—or some other bird—of that virulent but non-committal blue which is neither Oxford nor Cambridge. It was Boat-Race week. He was evidently out for pleasure—poor devil!—and from his incidental remarks, which were all of a quasi-sporting nature, I gathered that he was getting it. I felt sorry for him and sympathized in his entire absorption in the strange scenes passing before his eyes—scenes of excitement and adventure far removed from the monotonous round of his squalid life. How much better an hour of such innocent amusement than time and money wasted in some boozing-ken—eh?

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Well, I'm not quite sure what it means myself—some sort of a low drinking-den. But, anyway, that's what I felt about it. After all, he was a harmless sort of chap, and his unsophisticated enjoyment made me envious. I took an interest in him—thought of giving him a bob or two when I went out. I want you to realize that I had nothing but kindly feelings towards the fellow. He comes in later on—wasn't so unsuccessful after all.

Then we had one of those interminable scenes of chase in which a horseman flies for life towards you over endless stretches of plain and down the perspective of long vistas of forest, pursued at a discreet distance by other riders, who follow in his exact tracks, even to avoiding the same tree-stumps, all mounted on a breed of horse which does forty-five miles an hour across country and fifty along the hard high road. I forget the cause of the pursuit and its ending, but I know revolvers were used.

The next film was French, and of the snowball type. A man runs down a street. He is at once chased by two policemen, one long and thin and the other fat and bow-legged with an obviously false stomach. The followers very rapidly increase in number to a mixed mob of fifty or more, including nurses with children in perambulators. They go round many corners, and round every corner there happens to be a carefully arranged obstacle which they all fall over in a kicking heap. I remember that soot and whitewash played an important part, also that the wheels of the passing vehicles went round the wrong way.

Owing to the interruption of light, was it? I daresay. Anyway, it was very annoying. Then we had a bit of the supernatural. I'm afraid I didn't notice what took place, so I'll spare you a description. I was entirely engrossed with the efforts of the wretched pianist to play *tremolo* for ten solid minutes. I think it was the ghost melody from "The Corsican Brothers" that she was struggling with, and the harmonium did not help one bit. The execution got slower and slower and more *staccato* as her hands grew tired, and at the end I am sure she was jabbing the notes with her aching fingers straight and stiff. Poor girl! What a life!

At about this moment, as far as I remember, a lady came in and took the seat in front of mine. She was a small woman, and was wearing a microscopic bonnet composed of two strings and a sort of crêpe muffin. The expression of her face was the most perfect crystallization of peevishness I've ever seen, and her hair was screwed up into a tight knob about the size and shape of a large snail-shell. Evidently not well off—probably a charwoman. I caught a glimpse of her gloves as she loosened her bonnet-strings, and the finger-tips were like the split buds of a black fuchsia just about to bloom. Shortly after she had taken her seat my friend with the Boat-Race favour suddenly felt hungry, cracked a nut between his teeth, spat out the shell noisily, and ate the kernel with undisguised relish. The lady gathered her mantle round her and sniffed. I was not surprised. The brute continued to crack nuts, eject shells, and chew till he killed all my sympathy for him, till I began to loathe his unhealthy face, and longed for something to strike him dead. This was absolutely the limit, and I should have cleared out had not the words "LIFE-REPRO" on the handbill caught my eye. After all it must come to that soon, and I determined to sit the thing out. After one or two more films of a banal nature there was a special interval —called "Intermission" on the screen—and signs were not wanting of the approach of the main event of the show.

Two of the youths had exchanged their electric torches for trays, and perambulated the gangways with cries of "Chuglit—milk chuglit." A third produced a large garden syringe and proceeded to squirt a fine spray into the air. This hung about in a cloud, and made the room smell like a soap factory. When the curtain bell sounded the curtain was not drawn nor were the lights lowered. A man stepped out of the small door and climbed up on to the narrow ledge in front of the screen, which served as a kind of stage or platform, and much to my disgust made obvious preparation to address the audience. He was a bulky fellow, and his apparent solidity was increased by the cut of his coat. His square chin added to the sense of power conveyed by his build, while a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles gave him an air of seriousness and wisdom. I at once sized him up as a mountebank, and thought I knew what sort of showman's patter to expect. He did not waste much time before he got busy. Looking slowly all round the room, he fixed my sporting friend with a baleful glare until the latter stopped eating, then cleared his throat and began.

I think I can repeat most of his discourse almost word for word—it is nearly all printed on the handbill which I have since been studying. I can also give you his pronunciation and accent fairly well, but unluckily I cannot reproduce his manner nor his

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delivery. Just pass me the whisky—and the siphon, please—before I start. I haven't talked so much since I was ill. That's better.

Well, this is the gist of what he said :—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I will not de-tain you vurry long. Before the next item of the programme, I wish, as re-presentative of the pro-ducers, the Stegomeyer P. Fiske Life-Repro Syndicate of N'York City, to make you acquainted, in a few intro-ductory words, with one or two facts. The next series of films that will show are the pro-ductions of the laboratory of that firm, and will—I venture to think—be something quite noo to you. In fa-act, as they have—never—until this evening—been exhibited in public, I may say that this pre-sentation is their dress rehearsal. If they were ordinary films there would be no call for me to take up your valuable time, but, ladies and gentlemen, they are most extra-ordinary films, and it is to some special points of their extra-ordinary nature that I shall endeavour to draw your kind attention.

"In the first place, the pro-ductions of the Life-Repro Syndicate are all scientific and instructive in their character. They are, also, the vurry latest de-velopment of colour-photography in its most perfect form, and pre-sent objects in their true natural colours. As pro-jected in this auditorium—I should say, hall—this evening, the objects shown will be magnified anywheres from six to forty diameters. As far as the optical effect goes, we do claim that our films are su-perior to all others produced up to date, in definition, in *chiaroscuro*"—he took rather a toss over



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I WILL NOT DE-TAIN YOU VURRY LONG."

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that word—"in the values and abso-lute truth of tint, and in entire absence of flicker. I might say that, for smooth running, our pictures bear the same relation to anything you have yet seen that kümmel trickling from a bottle does to the jet from a soda-fountain, or that a spin in an auto-mobile down your Bœrnd Street or Nor-thumberland Avenoo does to a ride in a spider over a corduroy road. So much for what we do for one sense—that of sight. Besides that sense, however, we cater, as many inventors have attempted to do, with more *or* less success, for the sense of hearing. By means of our automatic, self-registering, self-recording, synchronic, micro-mega-audiphonic booster, patented in sixteen different countries, we are able to give you, together with a feast for the eye, an ex-act re-production of the sounds or noises which are appropriate to the ob-ject being viewed. With our equipment the register is perfect, the sound-record synchronizes ab-solutely with the picture-record, and there is no race or struggle between the acoustic and optical pre-sentation.

"There is no accidental noise to distract, for our machines run as silent as a skunk on velvet, while the sound which impinges upon the tympanum is magnified or diminished in volume and intensity in pre-cisely the same pro-portion as the image pro-jected on to the retina. Thus, if you should see in the picture a mouse about two feet in length—that is, magnified about twelve times—you will hear the animal squeak a dozen times as loudly as does the actual little ro-dent doing a Marathon behind the hard wood skirting of your best parlour. That is two senses we cater for. But are we content? No! We also appeal to a third sense—that of smell!"

He paused for a moment, as if aware that this statement would produce an effect. There was some movement and whispering amongst the adults of the audience.

"I mean it, ladies and gentlemen. I am not presooming to be gay with you. I am simply handing out the cold truth! You will see; you will hear; you will smell! By means of our 'odorator'—also patented in sixteen countries—the natural scent appertaining to whatever is on the screen, and appropriately magnified in intensity, will be wafted over you with the pictures. There is no need for any alarm, ladies. There can be no danger of infection, for this is not a case of repro-duction—it is a matter of imitation. The real smells are not caught, canned, and released. They are just cleverly imitated. This is one more triumph, and the latest, achieved by the science of synthetic chemistry. I can promise you that the odours you will perceive will be harmless, but I cannot guarantee that they will all be pleasant. We must remember that our endeavour is to repro-duce Nature as realistically as possible. Nature, ladies and gentlemen, is marvellous, curious, interesting, fascinating. cruel, even brutal, but rarely pleasant."

He paused again to take a sip of water and polish his spectacles. And the remarkable thing was that the audience, which had not understood one-fifth of what had been said, sat silent, attentive, and expectant. By his manner or personal magnetism—or whatever you call it—the man had gripped a whole crowd of strange, mostly ill-educated, people. Besides being above the heads of the great majority of his hearers, what he had said might have been spoken by any clever "ad." writer.

It was the man's personality that did it. Even I felt his influence. Apparently impassive, he spoke deliberately and very clearly. His nationality was, of course, obvious from his first few words, but the twang was almost imperceptible. The curious weighty pauses with which he punctuated his sentences, even his words, only served to add to the impressiveness of his delivery. I am not a believer in your "strong, silent men," but as this square-jawed, bull-necked, goggle-eyed fellow stood talking he seemed the embodiment of cold knowledge and brutal strength. I could have imagined him an inquisitor, a vivisector. His spectacles were of high magnifying power, and his eyes, looming huge through them, seemed compelling and malevolent. When the lenses caught and reflected the light in a blaze—why, talk of Charcot's revolving mirrors at the Salpétrière, the effect was hypnotic! Though a good deal of what he said—especially the nonsense about the "odorator"—would ordinarily have made me smile, somehow it was not amusement that I then felt. I wanted to hear more—to see.

Even the nut-eater forbore to feed and fidgeted uneasily in his seat. And what could *he* have understood? The acid lady kept patting her back hair and muttering, "Well, I never! What next?" She could not have expressed my own feelings better if she had tried. The man put his handkerchief back into his pocket and spoke again.

"It is now up to me to prove my words, ladies and gentlemen, and in a moment I

hope to do so. But first I wish to explain our title of 'Life-Repro.' As I say, as far as four senses are concerned, we have solved the problem of the repro-duction of life—sight, hearing, smell, and taste; I include the latter as it is so intimately bound up with smell. But one sense—that of touch—remains unsatisfied. And now, to leave accomplished facts and enter into the realms of anticipation"—his tone now grew more impressive—"I wish to state that it is the present aim of the Stegomeyer P. Fiske Syndicate to fill that gap in their appeal to the human intelligence and sensibilities, and to cater for the sense of touch. We have not yet succeeded, and I need hardly remind you of what that stage of perfection would imply, beyond saying that it will be a case of dealing in three dimensions, and not in two. Though we have not got to it, there are now, in a certain laboratory on the island of Man-hattan—away on the other side—quite a number of the brightest intellects of the time working day and night to arrive at a solution. At their service they have all the resources of science, and behind them they have the backing of unlimited capital. Millions of dollars are being spent, and millions more are, if necessary, at their disposal. It's a big propo-sition!

"No one can ever tell when an epoch-making discovery is going to be made. It is largely a matter of chance. Given the favourable conditions, we may stumble upon it by a lucky accident at any moment."

As he touched upon finance the man's plump hands slowly fluttered to the level of his shoulders like flat fish swimming to the surface of the water in a tank. For the moment the spell was broken. He almost seemed to be persuading us to buy something "dirt sheap." He continued, in a more conversational tone:—

"This evening we are only pre-senting one film—a study in natural history portraying a life-and-death combat between two insects—a praying mantis and a scorpion. The mantis is not, as might be imagined from its popular name, a benevolent animal. It is the most ferocious creature known to science, and might with justice be called the 'Thug' of the insect world. It scraps for pleasure, and kills from the lust of slaughter. Without any poison fangs or sting, it slays its victims by crushing them to death with its huge spiked fore-legs. The actual specimen whose actions you will be able to study was obtained from the mahogany forests of Honduras, where these insects reach an immense size. It is a female, which, in the case of this insect only, ladies, is the more ferocious sex. The particular scorpion with which it fights was caught by A-rabs in the Sokoto Desert. The venom of a scorpion is well known to produce the most intense pain in the world. This African variety has, on several authenticated occasions, caused the death of human beings.

"I will not give the show away by telling you now which wins the battle. You can—as you say over on this side—wait and see. But I warnt you to observe one peculiarity of both these insects—so long as there is no movement to attract their attention they are sluggish and passive; so soon, however, as one moves, he trips up on a live wire, and gets it in the neck good and plenty. Then, unless he side-steps pretty nimble, it's a cinch for Eustace!"

The speaker's sporting instincts had evidently got the better of him—his last words were a bit of a relapse! With a bow he stepped down from the platform and switched off the lights, and the following announcement was at once thrown upon the screen in flame-coloured letters:—

"MANTIS RELIGIOSA *v.* SCORPIO AFER.
"A Tragedy of the Wild.
"I.—*Reconnaissance.*"

There followed a marvellously-coloured picture of a patch of earth and stones, to the right of which were some dried-up twigs. It was in such bright sunlight that the glare even of this sober-coloured earth was almost dazzling, and the shadows of the twigs cut it with bars of black. The man had said no more than the truth about his "pro-ductions." There was only the most minute quiver to show the movement of the film; and, in contrast to the previous rattle, the projecting mechanism worked without even a buzz. It really was remarkable. However, for some moments I could not discern the slightest sign of life. Then I did discover among the stones on the left the form of a scorpion. It was very much the tint of its background, and was clinging to the ground with tail stretched out, so flat that there was no shadow to betray its position. On all sides I heard whispers: "I carn't see anything. Where are they?" "There he is by the stones." "That's the mantis, ain't it?" "No, that's the scorpion." "Well, where is afer then?" There were also subdued noises of disgust and many little shrieks from the feminine portion of the audience.

As the remarks grew louder the showman, who was standing by the door on one side of the stage, intervened:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, please do not talk

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or make any noise, or you will not be able to hear the insects, and a large part of the illusion will be lost."

The whispering ceased; but there were slight movements and rustlings which I felt were born of horror and repulsion, and I was sure that many of the girls were trying to curl their feet up on to their seats. I sympathized. I loathe creeping things myself. For a little time nothing happened. The scorpion lay quite still, sunning himself amongst the dust and stones, as magnified, about nine feet away from the collection of twigs. Suddenly he either moved a leg or wriggled, for I saw a pebble slip and heard it rattle. And at that instant one of the thickest of the twigs flipped away from the rest and appeared about two feet from the scorpion. I say "appeared" because its motion across the intervening space was too quick to follow. At one moment one of the bunch of twigs, the next it was half standing on end facing the scorpion, with its arms or fore-legs folded in front of it.

I then appreciated the name of "praying mantis." It was browny-green in colour, and its appearance was so benign, not to say devout, that it was difficult to believe what the lecturer had said about its true character. Indeed, as opposed to its enemy, the mantis actually attracted sympathy; it suggested a benign, if foolish, temperament. The scorpion, from being passively repulsive, had changed to an embodiment of venomous malice. It gave the disagreeable impression of a monstrosity or deformity, and yet it was not easy to say exactly to what this was due. Murder was clearly expressed in every line of its body, in the curve of its tail, in the gape of its half-open claws. It was truly horrible, and a child in a front seat wailed out: "Take it away, mummie; I don't like it."

I don't know whether it really was so, or whether my imagination was playing me tricks, but at that instant there seemed to be a glimmer of light round the two insects, and they appeared to turn their heads towards the body of the hall. If this really did happen it was over in the fraction of a second; but I was more startled than I cared to confess to myself, and I rubbed my eyes. I noticed also that a musty smell had now replaced the variegated odours in the hall. It was faint, but distinctly unpleasant. When the film ended, a few moments later, with both insects still on the watch, subdued sighs of relief arose from all parts of the hall. The nut-eater murmured "Time," in an effort at jocularity; but even his tone rang false. One or two sensible women took their children out of the hall.

Before the announcement of the next scene was given us the showman's voice again rang out: "So far the camera has been at some distance from the insects, and their peculiar odour has not been vurry marked. You will now see the combatants at much closer range and will get the full value of the odorator."

In scene two, which was labelled "Contact," the insects had approached quite close and were immensely magnified. I should say at a guess that they were each about six feet long. The mantis was now standing erect on her four thin hind-legs, with the end of her body curled upwards, while her two massive armed fore-legs, serrated, or, rather, set with long spikes, were stretched on in front above her head. Though almost ludicrous, she was as terrifying as some absurd monster in a nightmare. Her flat, inadequate, triangular head on its long neck was furnished with two large projecting eyes set at the upper corners, and at this close range these dull orbs could be seen to be fixed in a pompous but baleful glare of stupid ferocity. There was more than a hint of the "wolf in sheep's clothing" in their expression. Tremulously waving above were two slender antennæ. There was no animal grace in the beast's attitude. It suggested the angular clumsiness of a girder or agricultural machinery, or an iron garden seat.

Not two feet from her face—on the picture—was the vicious sting of the scorpion poised over his head ready to strike, like a semi-transparent calabash with its stalk pointing forward. He was quivering with rage, and his gigantic lobster claws were wide open. I now saw what it was that gave this beast its air of morbid grotesqueness. It was deformed. Its body did not end in a decent head and face like that of a lobster, as one might have expected; it ended square at the shoulders, as if it had been sawn off. And all along this sawn-off edge shone eyes—lots of eyes—perhaps six or eight—no two of which seemed to look in the same direction. This manifold and compound squint was painful, and made my aching eyes water in sympathy. A feeling of nausea crept over me, increased by the stench which now pervaded the air. I can't tell you what it was like. It suggested cockroaches, a hyena's cage, and oil gas. What with the smell and the heat, I really began to feel quite faint and drowsy.

So far there had been no movement between the combatants, and there had been no sound except the ejaculations of the hypnotized and semi-asphyxiated crowd.

Suddenly the scorpion made a jump, seized one hind-leg of its enemy with its claw, and darted its sting forward. With the quickness of thought the mantis dodged and brought its two thighs together in an endeavour to catch its enemy. But it was too late; the scorpion had backed just out of reach. As the feet of the beasts scrambled amongst the stones—about the size of my head—it sounded like men scuffling on a beach of large pebbles.

Disagreeable as the spectacle was, it was certainly exciting, and I could not take my eyes off the monstrous brutes. They again stood watching. They were still for so long that I was wondering if they had gone to sleep, when I noticed from the absence of any tremor in the picture that the film was not moving. I then heard at the back of the hall the tapping of some tool upon metal, and came to the conclusion that one of the spools must have stuck or that something had gone wrong with the projecting mechanism. But it seemed to me somehow that though the film itself was stationary, there was a curious sparkling efflorescence about the outline of the insects. Perhaps the atmosphere was affecting me. The audience got a bit restive, and began to whisper and fidget. The nut-eater ejaculated, "Time, Archibald! Blow the whistle, ref!" and started to eat nuts again. A child in the front cried. Whether it was the same infant that had protested before I don't know. But the woman with it began to dance it up and down.

Then it happened!

The sparkle round the outline of the monsters in the picture changed all at once to a definite prismatic halo, and with a crackling noise each insect deliberately turned its head towards the woman and child. Before you could whistle they were out of the picture, scrambling over the little well where the orchestra had previously been playing. I heard horny feet scratching over the polished top of the piano, and a great discordant *arpeggio* struck on the bass notes. It was all so quick that I'm not sure in what order things occurred. A sort of collective groan arose from the audience, but, paralyzed by the suddennesss of the thing, no one moved. The beasts clambered over the partition, and while the mantis darted up the gangway to the back of the room, the scorpion pounced on the woman with the baby. In the dark I could not see what it did, but shrieks of mortal agony at once drowned the feeble cries of the child. A panic then began, and everyone got up. It was a hopeless situation, for the mantis was near one entrance and the scorpion guarded the other. I could just see the beast seize on someone in the front row who had shrunk back from it, and then there were more horrible screams. I don't know what would have happened in the dark, but at that instant there was a shout from the American, who at any rate was a brave man:—

"My God! It's happened. Sit still. It's your only chance."

He then moved to a switch close by and turned on the lights. In doing so he caught the eye of the scorpion, who made a dart for him. The man just had time to rush into the little doorway near the stage and bang the door in the face of the beast. Its great claw missed him by six inches, sheared off the brass door-handle, crushed it like lead-foil. It then turned and faced the room, waiting for someone else to move. By this time the screams of the woman and baby and of the other victim had died away, and they already lay rigid. When you think of it, the speed with which the poison had acted is not so wonderful after all. I daresay half a pint of venom had been injected into the veins of each person. The rest of us had had our lesson, and we sat motionless, silent, hardly daring to breathe. What the mantis was doing behind I don't know. I dursen't look.

Well, this awful suspense seemed to last for a long time. Two more people—women—got hysterical from the strain. They tittered, moved, attracted attention, were at once seized and stung, and died in convulsions—in the full glare of the electric light—before our very eyes. Occasional cries from the upper end of the hall showed that the mantis was not idle. I wondered how long this horrible one-sided stalemate would continue. Would the creatures be drawn back on to the screen if the film started moving again? I heard no more of the hammering noise up by the projector, but I prayed that the mechanism might be repaired speedily. I also prayed that the American had gone out to fetch assistance, and would shortly return with police, armed men, or even the fire-brigade. And I wondered if the pressure of water at the average hydrant was enough to cope with these monsters.

Then the nut-eater met his doom. Like the rest of us he had sat still and silent, breathing hard; he had not even eaten the nut which he had started to convey to his mouth. But the poor devil was hoist by his own petard for he put one of his feet on a nutshell. It was enough; the scorpion was on to him like a tiger. The way that the youth met the crisis of his life was pitiable. He made no sensible

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"BEFORE YOU COULD WHISTLE THEY WERE OUT OF THE PICTURE."

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resistance. He did not accept his fate in dignified silence, nor did he mark the special occasion with any exclamation of despair. He simply put his hands over his head like a small boy about to be cuffed, and, ineffective to the end, whined out to this pitiless armoured monster: "'Old 'ard! 'Ere, '*old* 'ard!"

The scorpion gripped his arms with its claws and stung him on the right side of the neck near the jugular vein twice. I saw the curved sting enter the flesh just above the silk neckerchief, and then come out all covered with blood. The youth shrieked with agony and writhed; his neck swelled, became bloated and shining; his attitude stiffened, and his head dropped forward.

The poor little drab lady must have subsided on to the floor some time before this. There was no sign of her above the back of her chair; and I was the next person to the scorpion, who still hung on to the body of the nut-eater and rolled his eyes successively round the room. Faint and sick as I felt, a desire for revenge seized me and overcame all other sensations. I noticed something like a pointed mahogany table-leg between the red plush "flap-up" of the seat just in front of me and its back. It was one of the brute's legs! An inspiration struck me. By sacrificing myself I might save perhaps half the roomful of women and children. The mantis could not alone guard two doors. If I did nothing we should all be killed in turn—I being the first.

Summoning all my strength, I braced myself in my seat, planted my foot firmly against the scorpion's leg, and pressed it with all my force against the edge of the seat. I felt the smooth, shining leg sink into the plush, and for one dreadful instant thought that I hadn't got a grip—that it was going to slip. Thank Heaven, I was wearing my golfing brogues with nails! The leg moved round slightly beneath my foot, then I felt it grate against the nails, which bit into the flesh, or horn, or whatever it was. I was holding it! I then yelled out: "All get out of the front door—quick!"

I heard a sort of scrimmage round me. I imagine that the people in front were trying to escape before the mantis could reach them; but I don't really know what did happen. I was fully employed with my own affairs. Wrenching and tugging at its leg, the scorpion sprawled over the body of the dead youth and seized my left arm in one claw. It was painful, but all my thoughts and energy were so concentrated on keeping up the pressure of my leg that I did not much notice it. As the brute stretched forward it tried to reach me with its sting. Not being able to do so, it made immense efforts to pull me closer; but, luckily, I had my left arm twined round the arm of the seat. The strain was awful, and the perspiration poured down my forehead. Of course, I was in rank bad condition. As we struggled my one prayer was that my foot would not slip; that the scorpion's leg would not tear or be pulled out of its socket; that the seat would not break.

In front, and quite close to me, was the unspeakable apology for a head, and the beast's breath—foul as an alligator's—came into my face in hot, fetid puffs. But it was the sting which fascinated me. Like a gigantic yellow pear-drop it quivered not a foot from my neck, its point dripping venom and smeared with blood for at least three inches. And in the central duct I could see the poison as plain as the nicotine in the amber mouthpiece of this pipe. As the beast made efforts to reach me I felt the strain in its leg, and saw the venom pulsate up and down like water dancing in a gauge-glass. My right arm being free, I lunged at its squinting eyes with my umbrella. I think I must have put out two or three. At any rate I broke the creature's shell. It smashed like a crab's, and a horrid, creamy substance oozed out. As I worked the umbrella about to enlarge the wound, the beast seemed to feel the pain. It groaned, quivered all over, tightened its grip on my left arm, and got its sting to within six inches of my throat. It crushed my arm till I almost screamed.

* * * *

"Come on, mister! What's the game? We carn't 'ave this row 'ere."

One of the attendants was shaking me by the arm; the lights were up; the piano and harmonium were having the usual ding-dong race; and there was no scorpion! I rubbed my eyes. The peevish lady, now hatless, was regarding me over her shoulder with considerable disfavour.

"*I* dunno what the gentleman wants, I'm shewer. I took me bonnet orf the first time 'e kicked me—not that me *matinée* 'at could 'ave done 'im much 'arm."

"Where has it gone? I mean, what's the matter?" I gasped.

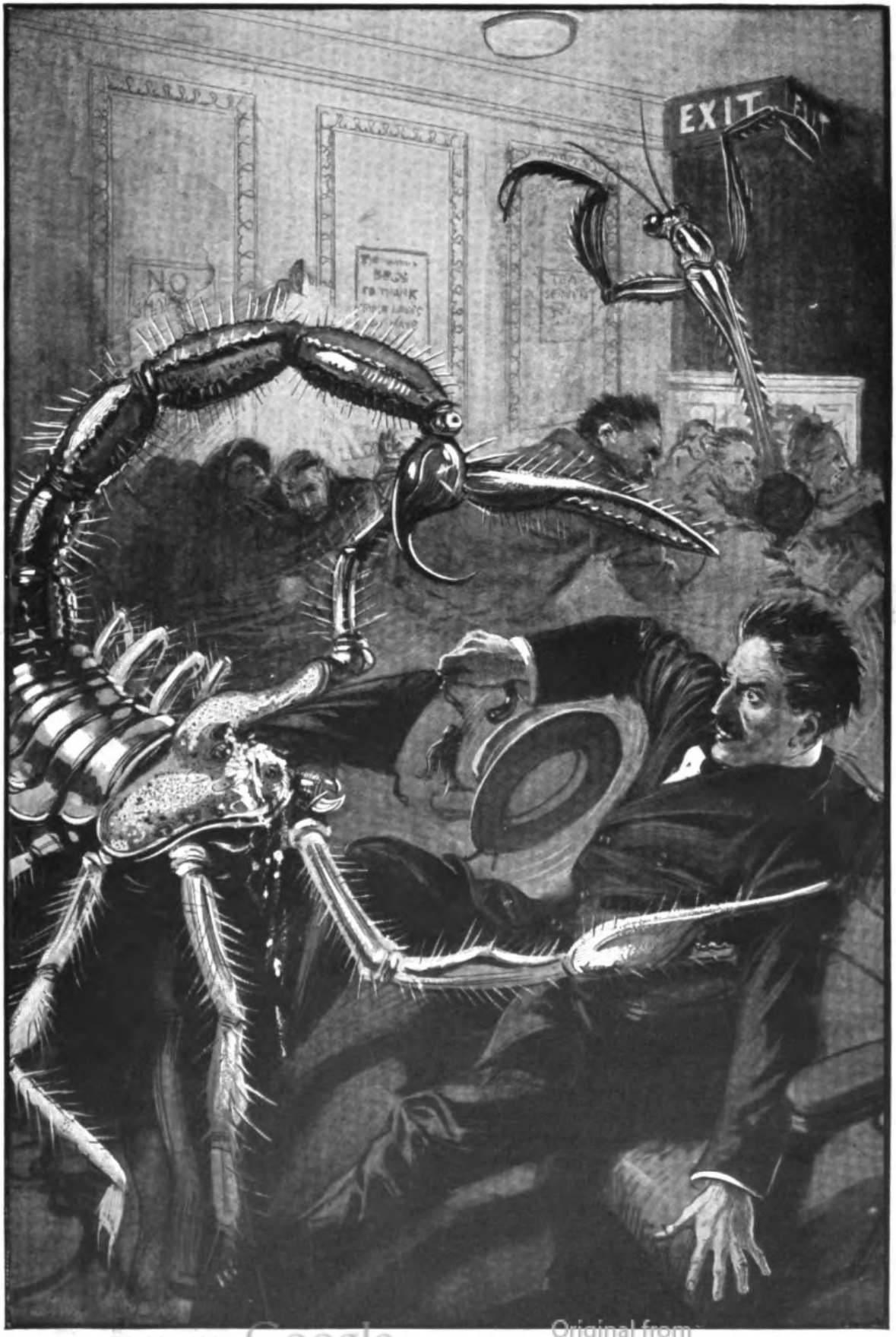
"W'y, you've been asleep for the last ten minutes, and 'ave been carryin' on a fair treat. Won't do, yer know—not in *this* 'all."

Perspiring, dazed, and trembling, I put my hand to my pocket to get out my watch.

It had gone.

So had the nut-eater!

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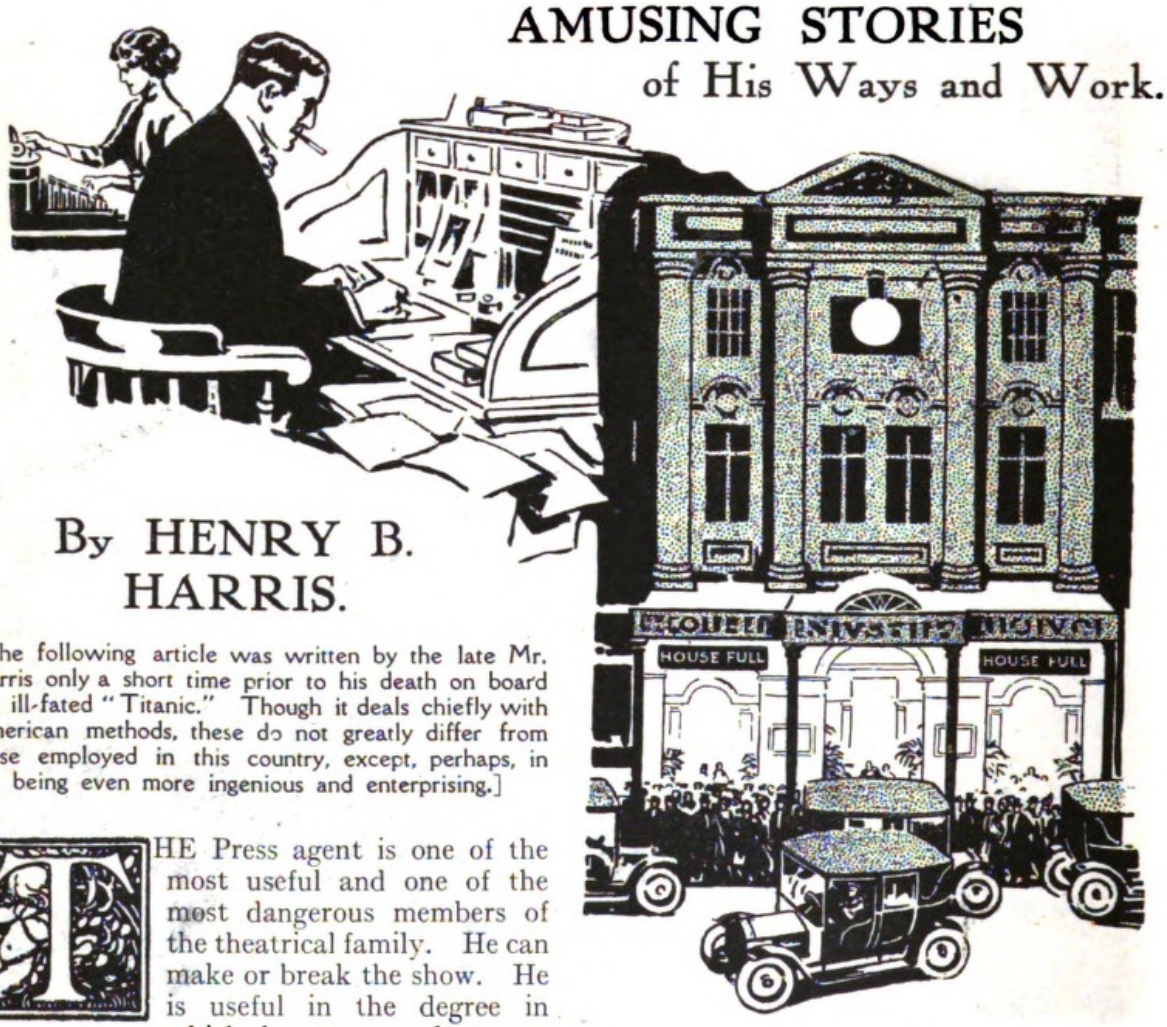


"I LUNGED AT ITS SQUINTING EYES WITH MY UMBRELLA."

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The Press Agent.

AMUSING STORIES of His Ways and Work.



By HENRY B. HARRIS.

[The following article was written by the late Mr. Harris only a short time prior to his death on board the ill-fated "Titanic." Though it deals chiefly with American methods, these do not greatly differ from those employed in this country, except, perhaps, in being even more ingenious and enterprising.]

THE Press agent is one of the most useful and one of the most dangerous members of the theatrical family. He can make or break the show. He is useful in the degree in which he can supply newspapers and magazines with good reading-matter. He is dangerous when he gives his imagination licence—without reserve—to create and put forth stories that give a wrong impression of his attraction or of his star.

Newspapers always were as much interested in theatrical news or theatrical stories as they were in baseball. There have always been more people attending the theatre than those attending the national game or the horse-races. There were nearly one hundred million pounds spent in the theatres of the States last year. If a theatrical story be a good one, the papers have no more hesitation in using it than in accepting a contribution from a man well known in finance, commerce, or art. The editors realize that their readers are interested in theatres, and are eager to give them theatrical news. In fact, so great is the demand for good copy about the stage that one of my stars received one hundred and sixty thousand pounds' worth of advertising—based on space rates—in a single season. There used to be no check to the imagination and the nerve of the Press agent. His greed for space was unlimited. He's just as greedy to-day. But the "check" is in the newspaper office. Quality and character are the test of the story.

Here is a sample of the pure nerve that ought to characterize the Press agent. As the story went, a certain actress was booked to appear in a Western city, in opposition to another well-known star. In the space-grabbing rivalry between the advance agents human ingenuity was stretched to a point where it threatened to snap at any moment. The star I refer to was supposed to have adopted an Indian child in a certain town in the far North-West. Some small children were said, while playing on the outskirts of the place, to have entered a deserted cabin,

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and there, to their horror and amazement, found a body lying on the floor. Help was summoned, the body picked up, and discovered to be an Indian squaw who had been dead for several hours. On unwrapping the blanket, a little Indian papoose was found, still living. They—the Press agent—rushed the unfortunate child to a physician, who brought it around all right. Then the actress —in the Press agent's fancy—learning of the affair, immediately took steps to adopt the child. The ingenious Press agent, after landing the story with the editor, was asked if he had a picture of the child. He was nonplussed, but only for a moment. Then he dashed wildly into a shop, got a picture postcard of an Indian papoose, and with it satisfied the editor.

Of course the story was continued next day. The telegraph-wires were kept hot between advance agent and company manager, who was instructed to send hourly bulletins as to the condition of the child and the methods to be used by the actress in educating it in the white man's way. Public interest ran high. The date of the arrival of the actress drew near. What now perplexed the Press agent was how either to get an Indian papoose or how to get rid of one. And here is where Uncle Sam was implicated. A story was dashed over the wire that the Department of the Interior had denied the right of the city officials to give the actress the guardianship of an Indian child, and that steps were being taken to compel her to turn the papoose over to the Government. Then the defiant message flashed across the wires that the actress would not obey the command of the United States district attorney—that she would lay down her life before she would surrender the child. The next day an article was published, "Famous Actress Arrested," recounting how the arrest of the star and other influences brought to bear upon her had caused her to relinquish her claim to the child. And so the Indian papoose disappeared from the Press agent's mind, and all was serene.

Another story was that of an actress who, passing a picture-shop, saw a picture that attracted her attention. On entering the place to inquire the price of the painting, she found the proprietor absent and a porter in charge. This man, being desirous of making a sale and enhancing his own value, sold the picture to the lady at a ridiculously low figure. As a matter of fact, he had mistaken the catalogue number for the sale price. The buyer insisted on paying for the picture and taking it with her in the cab. The next day there appeared in the New York papers an advertisement which stated that the lady who purchased the picture—describing same—at such and such a shop would learn something to her advantage if she immediately sent her name and address to the proprietor. This she did, and the shopkeeper at once began a suit to recover the picture. The proceedings which followed furnished good copy and occupied considerable space in the papers. In the end the picture was surrendered. Of course the whole thing was a Press agent's scheme. The art dealer lent his name for the publicity his establishment got, and the Press agent furnished the lawyers on both sides of the case.

It has always been a question whether stories of this character have a box-office value. I think not. However, there are many who believe that any mention of a play or player is good advertising. On this hypothesis rests my opinion that the Press agent can be an evil. Such stories create a wrong impression—a disappointment. It is possible to say too much about your star or play. No actor could live up to the expectations that a gifted Press agent might create in the mind of the public. Nor does the player's reputation gain by such an atmosphere of sensationalism. Even though he give a wonderful performance, his work has been discounted. Analogous to this is the disappointment one feels on first visiting Niagara, which is probably the most widely exploited show-place in the world. But one can stay there for a day or two and let the grandeur of the cataract grow upon him, while the actor must justify his reputation in two hours.

There is very frequently an immediate recoil to the Press agent's scheme which may not be dangerous, but which is decidedly inconvenient. Once a manager who had visited McVickar's Theatre in Chicago with a great star came back two years later with a star of second grade. He had a very alert Press agent ahead of him, and since the show was to open in the middle of August, when it was intensely hot, that gentleman found it necessary to become abnormally active. There was much agitation at the time on account of the bad condition of the street-cars, motive-power, rails, etc. The Press of the city was urging the Board of Aldermen to compel the companies to correct the nuisance. So our friend, the Press agent, got a cheap lawyer to bring injunction proceedings against the road that ran in front

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of the theatre, restraining it from running its cars at certain hours on the ground that the clanging and banging due to loose rails interfered with the "wonderfully artistic" work of the actress, and thus cheated the people who had paid to see her of their money's worth of art. But there happened to be a law in Illinois against pernicious litigation, and so our friend had to finish up his work from St. Louis.



"THE PRESS AGENT OFFERED A SUITE OF FURNITURE TO ANY COUPLE WHO WOULD BE MARRIED IN THE LION'S CAGE."

The most imaginative Press agents in the world are connected with the wild-beast shows that "do" the summer resorts, but they frequently overreach themselves in their zeal for exploitation. There was a show on the road that carried an old, decrepit lion that had no teeth in its head and was fed on mush and chopped meat. This show was booked for a little town, and to attract attention the Press agent offered a suite of furniture that was for sale in one of the shops there to any couple who would be married in the lion's cage, not for a moment expecting anyone to take up the offer. But there were a young man and woman who had already been looking at the furniture before the

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announcement was made, and who agreed to be married in the cage. So the furniture man considered the sale effected; but the manager of the show knew nothing about this part of the scheme, and in consequence repudiated it. The furniture man attached the show, which, as they did not carry any scenery, consisted solely of the lion and the cage.

Another Press agent hired a baby about six months old, giving the parents a few pounds to put him in the doorway of a prominent office building. The watchman found the baby, much newspaper talk resulted, and the ladies of the stock company got up a benefit for him. The Press agent was very prominent; his star was going to sell seats by auction for the benefit, and everything went beautifully. But it so happened that the father of the child left work and began hanging around every day for money with which to buy liquor. He got into a row with his wife, and that good lady, to compel him to go back to work so that the rest of the family could live, gave the whole story away. Of course, the Press agent was discredited, and the reaction swept away much of the patronage of the show.

On another occasion a celebrated *prima donna* had some diamonds stolen from her by her Press agent. The manager, backed with the company, did not like the story. He and the Press agent were at swords' points, anyway. So he wired to the Chief of Police of a certain city describing the advance man, who was arrested, put in jail, and kept there *incomunicado* for forty-eight hours.

Not long ago a Press agent sought to lay the foundation of a very good story by playing a practical joke on an hotel landlord. There was a little coal-mining town north of Cincinnati where a local magnate had built an opera-house. And here the star, having an open date, agreed to play. The landlord had never had any experience with actors, and had always heard that they were peculiar people, particularly that they drank a different kind of liquor from that usually consumed by the layman. So he asked the advance agent's advice, and was told that the players drank nothing but *crème de menthe*. Therefore he went to Cincinnati and bought six quarts of the stuff, and put signs all over the house that it might be had at the bar. But not an actor bought a drop of it. The proprietor got mad, consulted a friend who was a justice of the peace, and a writ of attachment was served on the manager for the value of six quarts of *crème de menthe*. As they were only going to play one night in the town, the bill was settled. But the manager could not see the joke, and when the Press agent got his next salary he found that the price of six quarts of *crème de menthe*, together with court costs, had been deducted.

A young newspaper man in New York, having got a job as Press agent, felt bound to break into print at whatever cost. He brought in a story that a young lady in the company he was representing, being the last living descendant of a celebrated naval officer, had been selected by the Secretary of the Navy to stand sponsor for a torpedo-boat that was about to be launched. A half-column article was accepted, with a picture. It "got by" two editors, when the article chanced to come under the eye of a Pressman who had a son in the Navy, on this self-same torpedo-boat, which, it seems, had been launched and commissioned three years before. The manager of the theatre was advised at once that, so long as this young man was employed by him, this particular newspaper would handle no more of their articles.

I know of a case where a celebrated stage beauty was reported by the Press agent to be so jealous of one of the chorus-girls that she threatened to resign. The article was printed. At eleven o'clock in the morning the manager was notified that his star would no longer be connected with the show. This resignation, at such short notice, threatened to involve the manager in the direst trouble. Almost on bended knees he implored her forgiveness, but she would not consent until the young Press agent, who had a contract for a certain time, was banished to the wilds.

What a contrast between these methods and that practised by the Press agent of a certain celebrated *prima donna* who used to tour the country! To rouse interest in her he would arrange for her to sing in the church —at service—before she appeared on the concert platform. Then she would be introduced to the congregation, make friends and admirers, and the people would buy tickets. That was a very direct and legitimate connection between the Press agent and the box-office.

In the new order of publicity the famous old stand-bys, the lost diamonds, the dog with the jewelled teeth, the cat with pearl pendants in her ears, and the like, are no longer permitted to go abroad.

The new movement has eliminated another vehicle for exploitation—divorce. Divorce is so common to-day that it is accepted as part of the day's work. People are not interested in the row between Dotty Dewdrops and her

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husband, simply because she chances to be an actress. In place of the Munchausen and scandal stories we have those of human interest, based on truth, in which the player reveals the intimacy of his home life, his hopes, his fears, his ambitions, or gives his views on the drama. The public is concerned with the story of the actor's struggle to obtain recognition, because the great majority of the people are struggling in the same way. They compare his story with their own experience. It offers hope, spurs ambition, renews the resolution to fight again and succeed, and constructs a bond of sympathy between the player and prospective audiences. The clever newspaper man knows of this sympathy, and the result is that, where five lines are given to an actor's divorce to-day, five hundred are given to his fight to win his spurs. All these stories are part and parcel of a great movement to make the theatre an instrument of good.

The fact that editors to-day so rigidly scrutinize every story handed them by the Press agent has compelled the use of other vehicles of exploitation. Therefore the theatre man must use some other way of showing that he has an entertainment of value. His new ally in this field is the postage-stamp.

When Augustus Thomas's play, "The Witching Hour," was produced in New York the result was doubtful. One manager after another had turned it down, and the box-office during the first few days seemed to justify their decision. But the Press agent had faith in it. He asked ten prominent New Yorkers to see the play, and then got their opinion of it. They were enthusiastic. He asked them if they would recommend it to their friends. To this they agreed, and from each he obtained the names of ten friends, with permission to use the names of the endorsers. Letters were then addressed to these persons, who were each asked to give more names. An endless chain was formed, and it grew so rapidly that in a few weeks it was found necessary to cut it short, as the house was sold out for a long time to come.

When I produced Charles Klein's "Third Degree" at the Hudson Theatre I felt at the end of the first act that I had a success; but the advance sales told a different story. That night I sent ten thousand telegrams, reading as follows, to persons living in New York:—

"Do not fail to see Charles Klein's latest play, 'The Third Degree,' at Hudson Theatre. Saw it last night, and agree with critics that it is the dramatic sensation of the century.—(Signed) Tom."

On the envelope containing this message was printed, "Hudson Wireless." Just then wireless telegraphy was beginning to be an institution. Not fifty of the ten thousand persons had ever received a wireless message, and were greatly interested. The telegrams were delivered by regular messenger-boys and receipts taken in the usual form. This idea "floated" "The Third Degree" over a dubious period to certain success.

When I produced "The Travelling Salesman" at the Liberty Theatre I started my publicity campaign six weeks before the play opened. All my efforts were concentrated on the commercial travellers of the country. New York City alone has a hundred thousand of these. To each was sent a circular of the opening date, a brief story of the play, and the fact that it was the first one ever written in which the travelling salesman was made the hero, and was not burlesqued or caricatured as he had been in other plays.

Also, I knew that in the large wholesale establishments were thousands of young men and boys whose ambition it was to sell goods on the road, and that these would want to see how such a fellow lived while making his trip. So well did they respond to these circular-letters that three weeks before the play opened the house for the first night was practically sold out, and on the opening night the advance sales for the first week were fourteen hundred pounds, something enormous for an unknown, untried play in New York, with practically unknown actors. "The Travelling Salesman" was a play of such a character that it did not lend itself well to newspaper work, but was very good indeed for circularization.

Remember, if "The Witching Hour" had been a play without appeal thousands of pounds might have been spent in postage-stamps without any avail.

Some of the best stories are not Press agent stories at all. But such is his reputation as a schemer for space that they are regarded with calm-eyed suspicion by the astute editors. The other day Mme. Petrova, in "The Quaker Girl," expressed a wish that she could have with her a little pet snake that she had left in London. Next day one of those present sent her up a nine-foot python. Of course, a python does not bite—but it can squeeze a little. This particular creature had been used by snake-charmers and was quite harmless. But the first sight of it sent the hotel maid shrieking from the room.

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Then the porter was sent up to put it out. He, of course, thought it was in a box, and when Mme. Petrova pointed to it, lying loose, and said, "Very well, take him out," and it started to crawl towards him, the man hastened to the office and tendered his resignation, to take effect immediately. The story came to my office, and a newspaper was notified. At the same time, we assured the editor that we thought it was a joke. In less than no time a dozen papers had it. Only one of them regarded it as news. The others treated it as Press agent stuff. But the poor lady was requested by the manager of the hotel to leave, and not another hotel would receive her until she had got rid of the snake and had given a guarantee that she would not smuggle any strange pets into her room.



"OF COURSE, A PYTHON DOES NOT BITE—BUT IT CAN SQUEEZE A LITTLE. THE FIRST SIGHT OF IT SENT THE HOTEL MAID SHRIEKING FROM THE ROOM."

Almost every institution in the United States, and, in fact, the Government itself, has followed the lead of the theatre in publicity methods. They all have Press agents. If the Standard Oil had had one ten years earlier it would not have been in trouble to-day; if the American Tobacco Company had had a Press agent earlier in the game, he would have had the anvil muffled long before the big blow fell—and the noise wouldn't have been so loud. There is not a man who goes campaigning for President who doesn't engage a Press agent long before the nominating Convention. The post is a high one, and the "lead-up" must be long and gradual. Every woman of prominence in Newport has a Pressman in addition to her business secretary. Many a New York theatre publicity man fills

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such jobs as these during the summer months. Over five hundred are employed by the Government in different departments. But why dwell upon the obvious?

A theatrical firm having a large number of attractions has its Press department in the home office. The business of this is to create interest in the attractions that the firm is sending out in all the towns where they are to play prior to the arrival of the regular advance man, who travels from seven to ten days ahead of the company. For each show a well-defined policy is adopted; each star is "handled" in an entirely different way from the others. Every story must interest the local newspaper's dramatic editor sufficiently for him to insert it in his column—must differ wholly from any other that has been printed about play or player. The personality of the actor must be "played up" to the limit. Different ones appeal to different elements of theatre-goers. On these the Pressman trains his guns constantly.

The Press matter for a farce should be of a comedy nature—humorous stories, little jests, anecdotes about the actors. On the other hand, in heavy drama one may become pedantic or give what is called "high-brow" stuff. With the romantic play the romantic side of the actor's life or experiences must be shown up. The proper concomitant for "The Travelling Salesman" was stories of commercial travellers, poker experiences, and the like—all served in the best vernacular of the road.

Timeliness is a factor here. The Press agent goes into a newspaper office about Christmas-time, and if he has a story, for instance, about a well-known actress having spent that holiday on a snow-bound train, he will find its availability increased tenfold by the circumstance.

Naturally a department of such importance is expensive. Mine costs more than fourteen thousand pounds per year. This includes salaries of advance men, which range from ten to forty pounds a week, railroad fares, and a maintenance of the Press department at the home office. The cost of bill-board and window display advertising for one attraction is about thirty pounds a week. We get out a weekly Press sheet that is sent to two thousand two hundred and thirty-six dramatic editors in the States. About sixteen hundred pounds annually is spent by this department for photographs of players under contract to me and scenes from plays that I own, and I consider it well invested. The services of three boys are required to paste clippings, the number of these varying from six to eight thousand a week.

To make such a department effective one must first of all have *the man*. I find that the college graduate with newspaper experience makes the best advance man. It is the men from the small colleges that I have found to be the best of all—those who come to the big city and see many things to wonder at and to afford full play to their imagination.

The chief needs of the publicity promoter are verve and grasp. For instance, Peary came out of the Arctic, and the first place he landed at was Portland. Our advance man was there ahead of an attraction. He called on Peary and invited him to attend the show as the first theatrical entertainment he had witnessed since leaving the frozen North. The explorer did so. Then the wire service around the country took it up, and the name of that show, associated with the tremendously-advertised explorer, was sent to every newspaper in the country and published. That was grasp.

One of our advance men had a story by Elsie Ferguson—just one copy. There were about three hundred and fifty words accidentally torn off, and he did not know the finish. So he took the thing to an editor and said: "Here is a scheme. I will set aside a hundred seats for next week's engagement—scattered through the week—to be given to the persons who shall make the hundred best endings to this story."

The newspaper took it up, the people responded, and big business resulted. This man had the quick grasp of the possibilities arising from an accident.

Altogether, to be successful to-day the Press agent must be a clever, clean, and diplomatic fellow.

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Rallying Round Old George

By P. G. WODEHOUSE and H. W. WESTBROOK.

Illustrated by Charles Crombie.

I THINK one of the rummiest affairs I was ever mixed up with in the course of a lifetime devoted to butting into other people's business was that affair of George Lattaker at Monte Carlo. I wouldn't bore you, don't you know, for the world, but I think you ought to hear about it.

We had come to Monte Carlo on the yacht *Circe*, belonging to an old sportsman of the name of Marshall. Among those present were myself, my man Voules, a Mrs. Vanderley, her daughter Stella, Mrs. Vanderley's maid Pilbeam, and George. My name is Pepper, by the way—Reggie Pepper.

George was a dear old pal of mine. In fact, it was I who had worked him into the party. You see, George was due to meet his Uncle Augustus, who was scheduled, George having just reached his twenty-fifth birthday, to hand over to him a legacy left by one of George's aunts, for which he had been trustee. The aunt had died when George was quite a kid. It was a date that George had been looking forward to; for, though he had a sort of income, an income, after all, is only an income, whereas a chunk of o'goblins is a pile. George's uncle was in Monte Carlo, and had written George that he would come to London and unbelt; but it struck me that a far better plan was for George to go to his uncle at Monte Carlo instead. Kill two birds with one stone, don't you know. Fix up his affairs and have a pleasant holiday simultaneously. So George had tagged along, and at the time when the trouble started we were anchored in Monaco Harbour, and Uncle Augustus was due next day.

Looking back, I may say that, so far as I was mixed up in it, the thing began at seven o'clock in the morning, when I was aroused from a dreamless sleep by the dickens of a scrap in progress outside my state-room door. The chief ingredients were a female voice that sobbed and said, "Oh, Harold!" and a male voice "raised in anger," as they say, which, after considerable difficulty, I identified as Voules's. I hardly recognized it. In his official capacity Voules talks exactly like you'd expect a statue to talk, if it could. In private, however, he evidently relaxed to some extent, and to have that sort of thing going on in my midst at that hour was too much for me.

"Voules!" I yelled.

Spion Kop ceased with a jerk. There was silence, then sobs diminishing in the distance, and finally a tap at the door. Voules entered with that impassive, my-lord-the-carriage-waits look which is what I pay him for. You wouldn't have believed he had a drop of any sort of emotion in him.

"Voules," I said, "are you under the delusion that I'm going to be Queen of the May? You've called me early all right. It's only just seven."

"I understood you to summon me, sir."

"I summoned you to find out why you were making that infernal noise outside."

"I owe you an apology, sir. I am afraid that in the 'eat of the moment I raised my voice."

"It's a wonder you didn't raise the roof. Who was that with you?"

"Miss Pilbeam, sir; Mrs. Vanderley's maid."

"What was all the trouble about?"

"I was breaking our engagement, sir."

I couldn't help gaping. Somehow one didn't associate Voules with engagements. Then it struck me that I'd no right to butt in on his secret sorrows, so I switched the conversation.

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"I think I'll get up," I said.

"Yes, sir."

"I can't wait to breakfast with the rest. Can you get me some right away?"

"Yes, sir."

So I had a solitary breakfast and went up on deck to smoke. It was a lovely morning. Blue sea, gleaming Casino, cloudless sky, and all the rest of the hippodrome. Presently the others began to trickle up. Stella Vanderley was one of the first. I thought she looked a bit pale and tired. She said she hadn't slept well. That accounted for it. Unless you get your eight hours, where are you?

"Seen George?" I asked.

I couldn't help thinking the name seemed to freeze her a bit. Which was queer, because all the voyage she and George had been particularly close pals. In fact, at any moment I expected George to come to me and slip his little hand in mine and whisper, "I've done it, old scout; she loves muh!"

"I have not seen Mr. Lattaker," she said.

I didn't pursue the subject. George's stock was apparently low that a.m.

The next item in the day's programme occurred a few minutes later, when the morning papers arrived.

Mrs. Vanderley opened hers and gave a scream.

"The poor, dear Prince!" she said.

"What a shocking thing!" said old Marshall.

"I knew him in Vienna," said Mrs. Vanderley. "He waltzed divinely."

Then I got at mine and saw what they were talking about. The paper was full of it. It seemed that late the night before His Serene Highness the Prince of Saxburg-Liegnitz (I always wonder why they call these chaps "Serene") had been murderously assaulted in a dark street on his way back from the Casino to his yacht. Apparently he had developed the habit of going about without an escort, and some rough-neck, taking advantage of this, had laid for him and slugged him with considerable vim. The Prince had been found lying pretty well beaten up and insensible in the street by a passing pedestrian, and had been taken back to his yacht, where he still lay unconscious.

"This is going to do somebody no good," I said. "What do you get for slugging a Serene Highness? I wonder if they'll catch the fellow?"

"'Later,'" read old Marshal. "'The pedestrian who discovered His Serene Highness proves to have been Mr. Denman Sturgis, the eminent private investigator. Mr. Sturgis has offered his services to the police, and is understood to be in possession of a most important clue.' That's the fellow who had charge of that kidnapping case in Chicago. If anyone can catch the man, he can."

About five minutes later, just as the rest of them were going to move off to breakfast, a boat hailed us and came alongside. A tall, thin man came up the gangway. He looked round the group, and fixed on old Marshall as the probable owner of the yacht.

"Good morning," he said. "I believe you have a Mr. Lattaker on board—Mr. George Lattaker?"

"Yes," said Marshall. "He's down below. Want to see him? Whom shall I say?"

"He would not know my name. I should like to see him for a moment on somewhat urgent business."

"Take a seat. He'll be up in a moment. Reggie, my boy, go and hurry him up."

I went down to George's state-room.

"George, old man!" I shouted.

No answer. I opened the door and went in. The room was empty. What's more, the bunk hadn't been slept in. I don't know when I've been more surprised. I went on deck.

"He isn't there," I said.

"Not there!" said old Marshall. "Where is he, then? Perhaps he's gone for a stroll ashore. But he'll be back soon for breakfast. You'd better wait for him. Have you breakfasted? No? Then will you join us?"

The man said he would, and just then the gong went and they trooped down, leaving me alone on deck.

I sat smoking and thinking, and then smoking a bit more, when I thought I heard somebody call my name in a sort of hoarse whisper. I looked over my shoulder, and, by Jove, there at the top of the gangway, in evening dress, dusty to the eyebrows and without a hat, was dear old George.

"Great Scot!" I cried.

"'Sh!" he whispered. "Anyone about?"

"They're all down at breakfast."

He gave a sigh of relief, sank into my chair, and closed his eyes. I regarded him with pity. The poor old boy looked a wreck.

"I say!" I said, touching him on the shoulder.

He leaped out of the chair with a smothered yell.

"Did you do that? What did you do it for? What's the sense of it? How do you suppose you can ever make yourself popular

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if you go about touching people on the shoulder? My nerves are sticking a yard out of my body this morning. Reggie!"

"Yes, old boy?"

"I did a murder last night."

"What?"

"It's the sort of thing that might happen to anybody. Directly Stella Vanderley broke off our engagement I——"

"Broke off your engagement? How long were you engaged?"

"About two minutes. It may have been less. I hadn't a stop-watch. I proposed to her at ten last night in the saloon. She accepted me. I was just going to kiss her when we heard someone coming. I went out. Coming along the corridor was that infernal what's-her-name—Mrs. Vanderley's maid—Pilbeam. Have you ever been accepted by the girl you love, Reggie?"

"Never. I've been refused dozens——"

"Then you won't understand how I felt. I was off my head with joy. I hardly knew what I was doing. I just felt I had to kiss the nearest thing handy. I couldn't wait. It might have been the ship's cat. It wasn't. It was Pilbeam."

"You kissed her?"

"I kissed her. And just at that moment the door of the saloon opened and out came Stella."

"Great Scot!"

"Exactly what I said. It flashed across me that to Stella, dear girl, not knowing the circumstances, the thing might seem a little odd. It did. She broke off the engagement, and I got out the dinghy and rowed off. I was mad. I didn't care what became of me. I simply wanted to forget. I went ashore. I—— It's just on the cards that I may have drowned my sorrows a bit. Anyhow, I don't remember a thing, except that I can recollect having the deuce of a scrap with somebody in a dark street and somebody falling, and myself legging it for all I was worth. I woke up this morning in the Casino gardens. I've lost my hat."

I dived for the paper.

"Read," I said. "It's all there."

He read.

"Good heavens!" he said.

"You didn't do a thing to His Serene Nibs, did you?"

"Reggie, this is awful."

"Cheer up. They say he'll recover."

"That doesn't matter."

"It does to him."

He read the paper again.

"It says they've a clue."

"They always say that."

"But—— My hat!"

"Eh?"

"My hat. I must have dropped it during the scrap. This man, Denman Sturgis, must have found it. It had my name in it!"

"George," I said, "you mustn't waste time. Oh!"

He jumped a foot in the air.

"Don't do it!" he said, irritably. "Don't bark like that. What's the matter?"

"The man!"

"What man?"

"A tall, thin man with an eye like a gimlet. He arrived just before you did. He's down in the saloon now, having breakfast. He said he wanted to see you on business, and wouldn't give his name. I didn't like the look of him from the first. It's this fellow Sturgis. It must be."

"No!"

"I feel it. I'm sure of it."

"Had he a hat?"

"Of course he had a hat."

"Fool! I mean mine. Was he carrying a hat?"

"By Jove, he *was* carrying a parcel. George, old scout, you must get a move on. You must light out if you want to spend the rest of your life out of prison. Slugging a Serene Highness is *lèse-majesté*. It's worse than hitting a policeman. You haven't got a moment to waste."

"But I haven't any money. Reggie, old man, lend me a tenner or something. I must get over the frontier into Italy at once. I'll wire my uncle to meet me in——"

"Look out," I cried; "there's someone coming!"

He dived out of sight just as Voules came up the companion-way, carrying a letter on a tray.

"What's the matter?" I said. "What do you want?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I thought I heard Mr. Lattaker's voice. A letter has arrived for him."

"He isn't here."

"No, sir. Shall I remove the letter?"

"No; give it to me. I'll give it to him when he comes."

"Very good, sir."

"Oh, Voules! Are they all still at breakfast? The gentleman who came to see Mr. Lattaker? Still hard at it?"

"He is at present occupied with a kippered herring, sir."

"Ah! That's all, Voules."

"Thank you, sir."

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"JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE DOOR OF THE SALOON OPENED AND OUT CAME STELLA."

He retired. I called to George, and he came out.

"Who was it?"

"Only Voules. He brought a letter for you. They're all at breakfast still. The sleuth's eating kippers."

"That'll hold him for a bit. Full of bones."

He began to read his letter. He gave a kind of grunt of surprise at the first paragraph.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he said, as he finished. "Reggie, this is a queer thing."

"What's that?"

He handed me the letter, and directly I started in on it I saw why he had grunted. This is how it ran:—

"My Dear George,—I shall be seeing you to-morrow, I hope; but I think it is better, before we meet, to prepare you for a curious situation that has arisen in connection with the legacy which your father inherited from your Aunt Emily, and which you are expecting me, as trustee, to hand over to you, now that you have reached your twenty-fifth birthday. You have doubtless heard your father speak of your twin-brother Alfred, who was lost or kidnapped—which, was never ascertained—when you were both babies. When no news was received of him for so many years, it was supposed that he was dead. Yesterday, however, I received a letter purporting to come from him, in which it was stated that

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he had been living all this time in Buenos Ayres as the adopted son of a wealthy South American, and has only recently discovered his identity. He states that he is on his way to meet me, and will arrive any day now. Of course, like other claimants, he may prove to be an impostor, but meanwhile his intervention will, I fear, cause a certain delay before I can hand over your money to you. It will be necessary to go into a thorough examination of credentials, etc., and this will take some time. But I will go fully into the

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matter with you when we meet.—Your affectionate uncle, AUGUSTUS ARBUTT."

I read it through twice, and the second time I had one of those ideas I do sometimes get, though admittedly a chump of the premier class. I have seldom had such a thoroughly corking brain-wave.

"Why, old top," I said, "this let's you out."

"Let's me out of half the darned money, if that's what you mean. If this chap's not an impostor—and there's no earthly reason to suppose he is, though I've never heard my father say a word about him—we shall have to split the money. Aunt Emily's will left the money to my father, or, failing him, his 'offspring.' I thought that meant me, but apparently there are a crowd of us. I call it rotten work, springing unexpected offspring on a fellow at the eleventh hour like this."

"Why, you chump," I said, "it's going to save you. This lets you out of your spectacular dash across the frontier. All you've got to do is to stay here and be your brother Alfred. It came to me in a flash."

He looked at me in a kind of dazed way.

"You ought to be in some sort of a home, Reggie."

"Ass!" I cried. "Don't you understand? Have you ever heard of twin-brothers who weren't exactly alike? Who's to say you aren't Alfred if you swear you are? Your uncle will be there to back you up that you have a brother Alfred."

"And Alfred will be there to call me a liar."

"He won't. It's not as if you had to keep it up for the rest of your life. It's only for an hour or two, till we can get this detective off the yacht. We sail for England to-morrow morning."

At last the thing seemed to sink into him. His face brightened.

"Why, I really do believe it would work," he said.

"Of course it would work. If they want proof, show them your mole. I'll swear George hadn't one."

"And as Alfred I should get a chance of talking to Stella and making things all right for George. Reggie, old top, you're a genius."

"No, no."

"You *are*."

"Well, it's only sometimes. I can't keep it up."

And just then there was a gentle cough behind us. We spun round.

"What the devil are you doing here, Voules?" I said.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I have heard all."

I looked at George. George looked at me.

"Voules is all right," I said. "Decent Voules! Voules wouldn't give us away, would you, Voules?"

"Yes, sir."

"You would?"

"Yes, sir."

"But, Voules, old man," I said, "be sensible. What would you gain by it?"

"Financially, sir, nothing."

"Whereas, by keeping quiet"—I tapped him on the chest—"by holding your tongue, Voules, by saying nothing about it to anybody, Voules, old fellow, you might gain a considerable sum."

"Am I to understand, sir, that, because you are rich and I am poor, you think that you can buy my self-respect?"

"Oh, come!" I said.

"How much?" said Voules.

So we switched to terms. You wouldn't believe the way the man haggled. You'd have thought a decent, faithful servant would have been delighted to oblige one in a little matter like that for a fiver. But not Voules. By no means. It was a hundred down, and the promise of another hundred when we had got safely away, before he was satisfied. But we fixed it up at last, and poor old George got down to his state-room and changed his clothes.

He'd hardly gone when the breakfast-party came on deck.

"Did you meet him?" I asked.

"Meet whom?" said old Marshall.

"George's twin-brother Alfred."

"I didn't know George had a brother."

"Nor did he till yesterday. It's a long story. He was kidnapped in infancy, and everyone thought he was dead. George had a letter from his uncle about him yesterday. I shouldn't wonder if that's where George has gone, to see his uncle and find out about it. In the meantime, Alfred has arrived. He's down in George's state-room now, having a brush-up. It'll amaze you, the likeness between them. You'll think it *is* George at first. Look! Here he comes."

And up came George, brushed and clean, in an ordinary yachting suit.

They were rattled. There was no doubt about that. They stood looking at him, as if they thought there was a catch somewhere,

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but weren't quite certain where it was. I introduced him, and still they looked doubtful.

"Mr. Pepper tells me my brother is not on board," said George.

of identification, there would be one way of distinguishing us. Do you know George well, Mr. Pepper?"

"He's a dear old pal of mine."



"ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO STAY HERE AND BE YOUR BROTHER ALFRED."

"It's an amazing likeness," said old Marshall.

"Is my brother like me?" asked George, amiably.

"No one could tell you apart," I said.

"I suppose twins always are alike," said George. "But if it ever came to a question

"You've been swimming with him, perhaps?"

"Every day last August."

"Well, then, you would have noticed it if he had had a mole like this on the back of his neck, wouldn't you?"

He turned his back and stooped and showed

the mole. His collar hid it at ordinary times. I had seen it often when we were bathing together.

"Has George a mole like that?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Oh, no."

"You would have noticed it if he had?"

"Yes," I said. "Oh, yes."

"I'm glad of that," said George. "It would be a nuisance not to be able to prove one's own identity."

That seemed to satisfy them all. They couldn't get away from it. It seemed to me that from now on the thing was a walk-over. And I think George felt the same, for, when old Marshall asked him if he had had breakfast, he said he had not, went below, and pitched in as if he hadn't a care in the world.

Everything went right till lunch-time. George sat in the shade on the fore-deck talking to Stella most of the time. When the gong went and the rest had started to go below, he drew me back. He was beaming.

"It's all right," he said. "What did I tell you?"

"What did you tell me?"

"Why, about Stella. Didn't I say that Alfred would fix things for George? I told her she looked worried, and got her to tell me what the trouble was. And then——"

"You must have shown a flash of speed if you got her to confide in you after knowing you for about two hours."

"Perhaps I did," said George, modestly. "I had no notion, till I became him, what a persuasive sort of chap my brother Alfred was. Anyway, she told me all about it, and I started in to show her that George was a pretty good sort of fellow on the whole, who oughtn't to be turned down for what was evidently merely temporary insanity. She saw my point."

"And it's all right?"

"Absolutely, if only we can produce George. How much longer does that infernal sleuth intend to stay here? He seems to have taken root."

"I fancy he thinks that you're bound to come back sooner or later, and is waiting for you."

"He's an absolute nuisance," said George.

We were moving towards the companion-way, to go below for lunch, when a boat hailed us. We went to the side and looked over.

"It's my uncle," said George.

A stout man came up the gangway.

"Halloa, George!" he said. "Get my letter?"

"I think you are mistaking me for my brother," said George. "My name is Alfred Lattaker."

"What's that?"

"I am George's brother Alfred. Are you my Uncle Augustus?"

The stout man stared at him.

"You're very like George," he said.

"So everyone tells me."

"And you're really Alfred?"

"I am."

"I'd like to talk business with you for a moment."

He cocked his eye at me. I sidled off and went below.

At the foot of the companion-steps I met Voules.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Voules. "If it would be convenient, I should be glad to have the afternoon off."

I'm bound to say I rather liked his manner. Absolutely normal. Not a trace of the fellow-conspirator about it. I gave him the afternoon off.

I had lunch—George didn't show up—and as I was going out I was waylaid by the girl Pilbeam. She had been crying.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but did Mr. Voules ask you for the afternoon?"

I didn't see what business it was of hers, but she seemed all worked up about it, so I told her.

"Yes, I have given him the afternoon off."

She broke down — absolutely collapsed. Devilish unpleasant it was. I'm hopeless in a situation like this. After I'd said, "There, there!" which didn't seem to help much, I hadn't any remarks to make.

"He s-said he was going to the tables to gamble away all his savings and then shoot himself, because he had nothing left to live for."

I suddenly remembered the scrap in the small hours outside my state-room door. I hate mysteries. I meant to get to the bottom of this. I couldn't have a really first-class valet like Voules going about the place shooting himself up. Evidently the girl Pilbeam was at the bottom of the thing. I questioned her. She sobbed.

I questioned her more. I was firm. And eventually she yielded up the facts. Voules had seen George kiss her the night before; that was the trouble.

Things began to piece themselves together. I went up to interview George. There was going to be another job for persuasive Alfred. Voules's mind had got to be eased as Stella's had been. I couldn't afford to lose a fellow with his genius for preserving a trouser-crease.

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I found George on the fore-deck. What is it Shakespeare or somebody says about some fellow's face being sicklied o'er with the pale cast of care? George's was like that. He looked green.

"Finished with your uncle?" I said.

He grinned a ghostly grin.

"There isn't any uncle," he said. "There isn't any Alfred. And there isn't any money."

"Explain yourself, old top," I said.

"It won't take long. The old crook has spent every penny of the trust money. He's been at it for years, ever since I was a kid. When the time came to cough up, and I was due to see that he did it, he went to the tables in the hope of a run of luck, and lost the last remnant of the stuff. He had to find a way of holding me for a while and postponing the squaring of accounts while he got away, and he invented this twin-brother business. He knew I should find out sooner or later, but meanwhile he would be able to get off to South America, which he has done. He's on his way now."

"You let him go?"

"What could I do? I can't afford to make a fuss with that man Sturgis around. I can't prove there's no Alfred, when my only chance of avoiding prison is to be Alfred."

"Well, you've made things right for yourself with Stella Vanderley, anyway," I said, to cheer him up.

"What's the good of that now? I've hardly any money and no prospects. How can I marry her?"

I pondered.

"It looks to me, old top," I said at last, "as if things were in a bit of a mess."

"You've guessed it," said poor old George.

I spent the afternoon musing on Life. If you come to think of it, what a queer thing Life is! So unlike anything else, don't you know, if you see what I mean. At any moment you may be strolling peacefully along, and all the time Life's waiting around the corner to fetch you one. You can't tell when you may be going to get it. It's all dashed puzzling. Here was poor old George, as well-meaning a fellow as ever stepped, getting swatted all over the ring by the hand of Fate. Why? That's what I asked myself. Just Life, don't you know. That's all there was about it.

It was close on six o'clock when our third visitor of the day arrived. We were sitting on the after-deck in the cool of the evening —old Marshall, Denman Sturgis, Mrs. Vanderley, Stella, George, and I—when he came up. We had been talking of George, and old Marshall was suggesting the advisability of sending out search-parties. He was worried. So was Stella Vanderley. So, for that matter, were George and I, only not for the same reason.

We were just arguing the thing out when the visitor appeared. He was a well-built, stiff sort of fellow. He spoke with a German accent.

"Mr. Marshall?" he said. "I am Count Fritz von Cöslin, equerry to His Serene Highness"—he clicked his heels together and saluted—"the Prince of Saxburg-Liegnitz."

Mrs. Vanderley jumped up.

"Why, Count," she said, "what ages since we met in Vienna! You remember?"

"Could I ever forget? And the charming Miss Stella, she is well, I suppose not?"

"Stella, you remember Count Fritz?"

Stella shook hands with him.

"And how is the poor, dear Prince?" asked Mrs. Vanderley. "What a terrible thing to have happened!"

"I rejoice to say that my high-born master is better. He has regained consciousness and is sitting up and taking nourishment."

"That's good," said old Marshall.

"In a spoon only," sighed the Count. "Mr. Marshall, with your permission I should like a word with Mr. Sturgis."

"Mr. Who?"

The gimlet-eyed sportsman came forward.

"I am Denman Sturgis, at your service."

"The deuce you are! What are you doing here?"

"Mr. Sturgis," explained the Count, "graciously volunteered his services——"

"I know. But what's he doing here?"

"I am waiting for Mr. George Lattaker, Mr. Marshall."

"Eh?"

"You have not found him?" asked the Count, anxiously.

"Not yet, Count; but I hope to do so shortly. I know what he looks like now. This gentleman is his twin-brother. They are doubles."

"You are sure this gentleman is not Mr. George Lattaker?"

George put his foot down firmly on the suggestion.

"Don't go mixing me up with my brother," he said. "I am Alfred. You can tell me by my mole."

He exhibited the mole. He was taking no risks.

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The Count clicked his tongue regretfully.

"I am sorry," he said.

George didn't offer to console him.

"Don't worry," said Sturgis. "He won't escape me. I shall find him."

"Do, Mr. Sturgis, do. And quickly. Find swiftly that noble young man."

"What?" shouted George.

"That noble young man, George Lattaker, who, at the risk of his life, saved my high-born master from the assassin."

George sat down suddenly.

"I don't understand," he said, feebly.

"We were wrong, Mr. Sturgis," went on the Count. "We leaped to the conclusion—was it not so?—that the owner of the hat you found was also the assailant of my high-born master. We were wrong. I have heard the story from His Serene Highness's own lips. He was passing down a dark street when a ruffian in a mask sprang out upon him. Doubtless he had been followed from the Casino, where he had been winning heavily. My high-born master was taken by surprise. He was felled. But before he lost consciousness he perceived a young man in evening dress, wearing the hat you found, running swiftly towards him. The hero engaged the assassin in combat, and my high-born master remembers no more. His Serene Highness asks repeatedly, 'Where is my brave preserver?' His gratitude is princely. He seeks for this young man to reward him. Ah, you should be proud of your brother, sir!"

"Thanks," said George, limply.

"And you, Mr. Sturgis, you must redouble your efforts. You must search the land; you must scour the sea to find George Lattaker."

"He needn't take all that trouble," said a voice from the gangway.

It was Voules. His face was flushed, his hat was on the back of his head, and he was smoking a fat cigar.

"I'll tell you where to find George Lattaker!" he shouted.

He glared at George, who was staring at him.

"Yes, look at me," he yelled. "Look at me. You won't be the first this hafternoon who's stared at the mysterious stranger who won for two hours without a break. I'll be even with you now, Mr. Blooming Lattaker. I'll learn you to break a poor man's heart. Mr. Marshall and gents, this morning I was on deck, and I over'eard 'im plotting to put up a game on you. They'd spotted that gent there as a detective, and they arranged that blooming Lattaker was to pass himself off as his own twin-brother. And if you wanted proof, blooming Pepper tells him to show them his mole and he'd swear George hadn't one. Those were his very words. That man there is George Lattaker, Hesquire, and let him deny it if he can."

George got up.

"I haven't the least desire to deny it, Voules."

"Mr. Voules, if *you* please."

"It's true," said George, turning to the Count. "The fact is, I had rather a foggy recollection of what happened last night. I only remembered knocking someone down, and, like you, I jumped to the conclusion that I must have assaulted His Serene Highness."

"Then you are really George Lattaker?" asked the Count.

"I am."

"'Ere, what does all this mean?" demanded Voules.

"Merely that I saved the life of His Serene Highness the Prince of Saxburg-Liegnitz, Mr. Voules."

"It's a swindle!" began Voules, when there was a sudden rush and the girl Pilbeam cannoned into the crowd, sending me into old Marshall's chair, and flung herself into the arms of Voules.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried. "I thought you were dead. I thought you'd shot yourself."

He sort of braced himself together to fling her off, and then he seemed to think better of it and fell into the clinch.

It was all dashed romantic, don't you know, but there *are* limits.

"Voules, you're sacked," I said.

"Who cares?" he said. "Think I was going to stop on now I'm a gentleman of property? Come along, Emma, my dear. Give a month's notice and get your 'at, and I'll take you to dinner at Ciro's."

"And you, Mr. Lattaker," said the Count, "may I conduct you to the presence of my high-born master? He wishes to show his gratitude to his preserver."

"You may," said George. "May I have my hat, Mr. Sturgis?"

There's just one bit more. After dinner that night I came up for a smoke, and, strolling on to the fore-deck, almost bumped into George and Stella. They seemed to be having an argument.

"I'm not sure," she was saying, "that I believe that a man can be so happy that he

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"IT WAS VOULES. HIS FACE WAS FLUSHED, HIS HAT WAS ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, AND HE WAS SMOKING A FAT CIGAR."

wants to kiss the nearest thing in sight, as you put it."

"Don't you?" said George. "Well, as it happens, I'm feeling just that way now."

I coughed, and he turned round.

"Halloa, Reggie!" he said.

"Halloa, George!" I said. "Lovely night."

"Beautiful," said Stella.

"The moon," I said.

"Ripping," said George.

"Lovely," said Stella.

"And look at the reflection of the stars on the——"

George caught my eye.

"Pop off," he said.

I popped.

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"Human Music."

A NEW METHOD OF TEACHING CHILDREN MUSIC.

Written and Illustrated by C. J. L. Clarke.



A LITTLE SCHOLAR PLACING A SIGN ON THE RIGHT LINE.
From a Photograph.

SURELY our systems of musical education are in need of improvement. The ordinary method of teaching occurs to me as the most likely thing to kill the love of music in all save a few, because the drudgery and the surroundings savour so much of the mechanical, so little of the ideal.

Now, if we could avoid much of this and impress upon the minds of youngsters the all-necessary details without irksome routine and in a congenial way, we not only awaken their appreciation of music, but we enable them to learn so that they will never forget.

"Human music" is an idea which occurred to me as accomplishing this, and I think that it has much to recommend it as an educational system, because it offers an excellent training for several qualities which go far to improve the people of a nation. At the Kindergarten School kept by Mrs. Puckle at Beckenham the system has had a thorough trial, and the whole-hearted interest which the little boys and girls display in "learning music," and the rapidity with which they grasp the value and tone of notes, their positions on the stave, and every detail, have surprised everyone. There are other advantages which are offered by the system which must not be overlooked in considering it as a scheme for education, and these will no doubt be recognized if I develop "human music" to my readers.

The apparatus required is little and simple. A stave which is large enough to allow the feet of the children to be clearly placed between the lines can be ruled out on cloth, marked on a spacious schoolroom floor, or reproduced with the aid of a lawn-tennis marker on the lawn without any difficulty. As far as possible our "human music" should be played in the open air, for not only do the growing bodies of the children benefit most, but the open sky and the charm of leafy trees and budding flowers are the most fit accompaniments to develop the latent music which is in all young things. All else that is required are a set of variable cubes, giant notes, and signs cut out of cardboard, or, preferably, of some harder and more permanent material, and some large-lettered cards to name the notes.

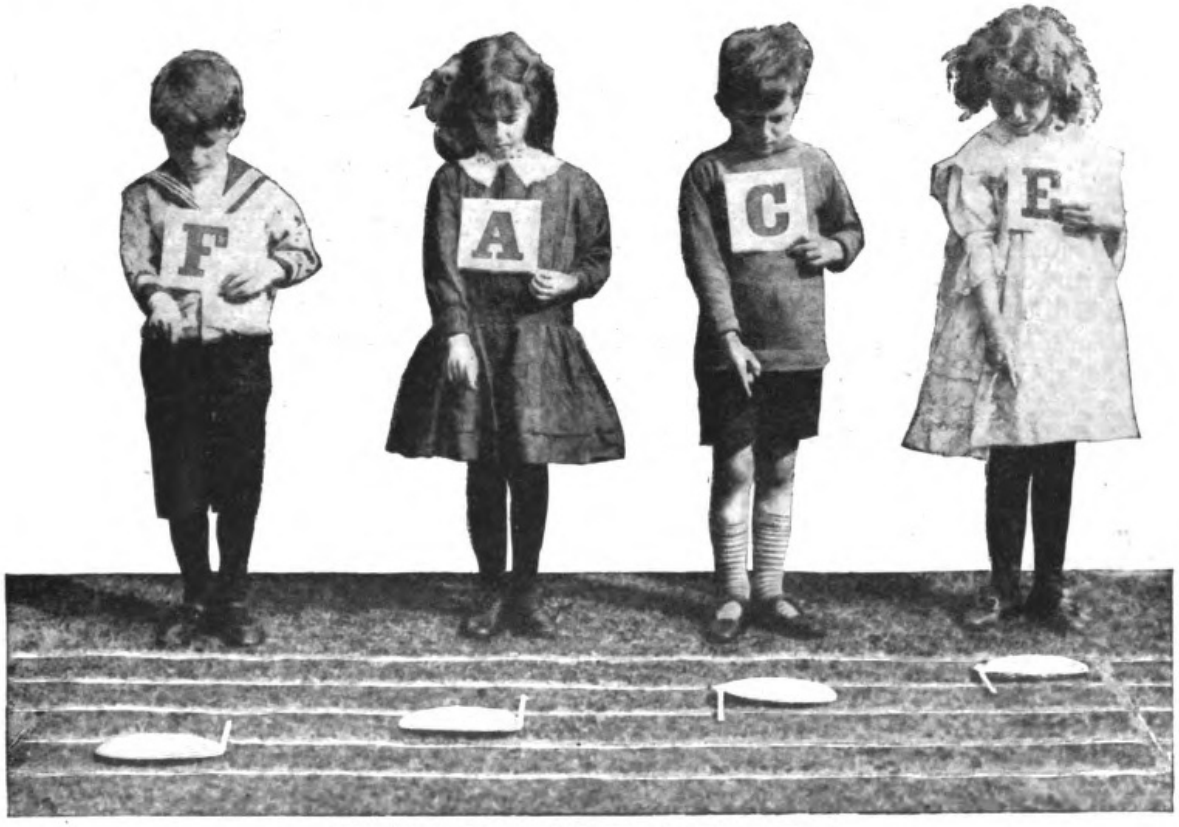
In place of the tedious repetition of the names of the notes, which takes children some time to commit to memory, the pupils

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are provided with a note and the letter representing it when placed in position on the stave. The child selected to be "E," the first line in the treble, marches on to the space above the stave and, placing his note on the first line, stands up holding the letter "E" so that the rest of the class can see it. In a similar way the second, third, fourth, and fifth lines are represented, until the class have the lines in the treble with the notes placed in the proper position and the letters naming the notes held up in full view. In the same way the spaces are shown, and once a child has been "F," the first space, or "E," the fourth space, it is never forgotten, while the whole class have this rudimentary knowledge impressed upon the memory by the demonstration. It is wonderful how soon the children remember the names of the notes, unconsciously learning without difficulty the recognized positions of each.

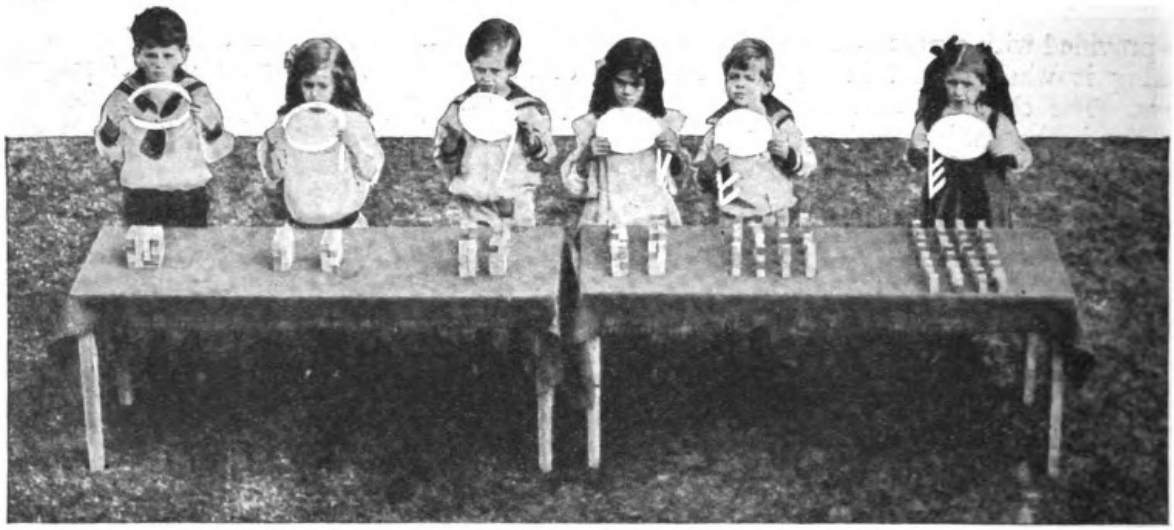
The relative value of notes is a detail which takes a considerable time to fix on the ordinary child's mind, but they make light work of learning and remembering that the open note, a semibreve, is the value of a large cube when they have actually held the note and taken position behind a large square of bricks denoting the whole note, while as each child takes up a stand behind heaps of bricks divided into the proper number of columns they grasp very quickly that a demisemiquaver, with its heap of thirty-two blocks, is of the same duration as the full semibreve. All those who cannot become actual notes can observe the time of the notes displayed before them in a picture which they never forget.

The making of a human scale is great fun for the children; one by one they are selected, and, being given a note, are made to sing it, afterwards going on to the stave and standing on the line or in the space which they represent until the scale is complete. Then, at the direction of the mistress, the whole scale can be sung note after note by the children. It is really surprising how rapidly they progress from a weak little endeavour to produce the right tone to a confident and full-voiced sound which, in ordinary circumstances, it would be impossible to get a child to sing. This is another point in the system which is a distinct benefit. A little "human note" is quite unknowingly acquiring confidence and control of the voice, and the eagerness with which the children strive to be included in each part of the education is sufficient evidence that the natural nervousness of childhood has disappeared.



CHILDREN NAMING SPACES IN THE TREBLE.
From a Photograph.

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TEACHING THE VALUE OF NOTES BY USE OF BRICKS.
From a Photograph.

Children love movement, and, properly directed, the exercise of the body, especially when practised out of doors or in a class-room with open windows and doors, not only aids the health of the little ones, but can be used to produce grace and ease of movement, which will be a delightful asset in after years. The scale of "human notes," who at first have not sufficient control of the balance to place the notes on the floor except by dropping on the knee, rapidly advance until, from a stretching position, with the notes held high above the head, they can, with a graceful sweep, bring the notes down on to their proper position, an exercise which is as pleasing to the onlooker as it is excellent for the children. Counting time is another item which, taught by a swinging pendulum, enables the class to swing their arms in unison, giving an impression which never gets confused, because, whenever timing is necessary, the "mind's eye" of the child conjures up again the happy scene and can follow the long-past timing faithfully.

Then there is the placing of the signature on the staves, and the marking of the time. The understanding of all such points loses its cold aspect of work and becomes part of an instructive game when, after the mistress has explained the meaning of the sign, a selected child carries it to its position and in its own language tells the other little ones, in a clear voice, full of confidence, exactly what it has just learned.

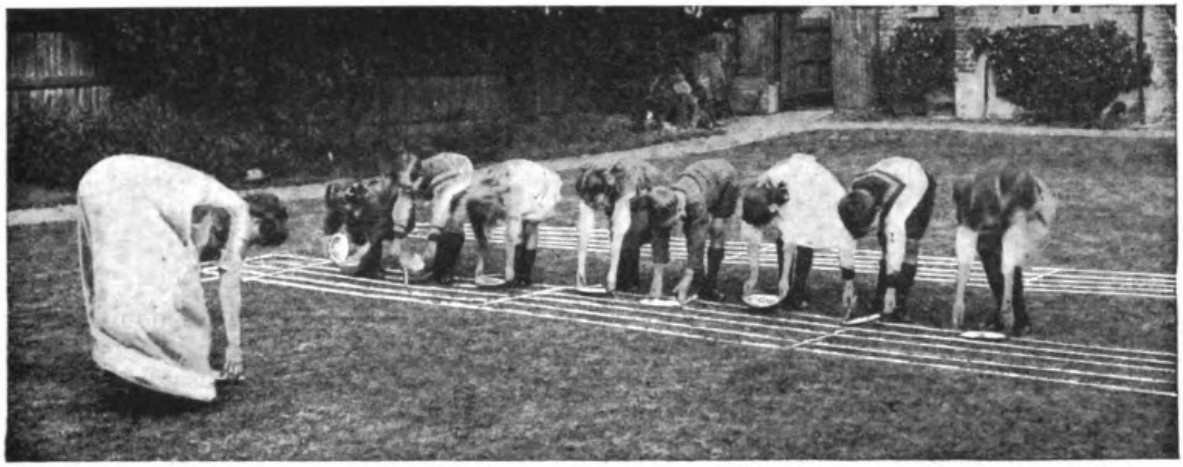
To be useful, an educational system must be flexible, so that any number can take part, and the need of this can be seen when the "human notes" are brought into use to play some simple air. Ten children can sing a piece with a hundred notes by passing on and off the staves, each time singing a note and leaving the large representation in its proper place on the stave. Learning though they are, they have all the joy of an interesting round game, and so engrossed do the children become that they would spend hours without any signs of fatigue.

When all the notes have been placed, the children, drawn up in a class at the bottom of the staves and facing the mistress, who



THE MAKING OF A HUMAN SCALE.
From a Photograph.

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EXERCISE AND MUSICAL EDUCATION—"CHILDREN LOVE MOVEMENT, AND, PROPERLY DIRECTED, THE EXERCISE OF THE BODY."

From a Photograph.

stands above, can sing in choir the piece they are practising, reading from a giant fairy page of music which they themselves have set, and in which they have taken their stand from time to time. After the choir has finished each child can stand in front of the class and sing in solo the piece which is formed in huge characters on the floor. When sufficient children are available they can remain behind their respective notes, the piece being first made up of a combination of notes, each one sung by a different child, or they can sing their note and gracefully but quickly place it in position while the next child is singing, giving a most pleasing effect, somewhat resembling the movements of notes of an enormous piano. There are many variations that can be made under the system, which is capable of being used to add much to the rising generation which is lacking in this. Music should be bright and happy; song and sound are spontaneous expressions of the feelings, and the nearer the tuition can approach a light-hearted game the wider and more thorough will be the understanding of the subject, and the more likely the children are to jump that great dividing line which compresses so many players into a standard of mechanical correctness above which few rise to pour forth true music.

Contrast this living class of happy children, alert and ready to understand, feeling within them the very subject they are learning, with a little one confined in a room vainly struggling to commit to memory all that this system can teach, and I venture to think that there can be no two opinions that it has at least merits which will appeal to all educationists, as surely as it does to all children.



SCHOOLBOY HOLDING HIS NOTE AND SINGING IT PREPARATORY TO TAKING HIS PLACE ON THE STAVE.

From a Photograph.

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The Beatus Page.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Illustrated by Frank Wiles.

THE REVEREND JOHN GLAZEBROOK, head of the Eppingdene Glazebrooks, was a "sport." But he was one in the biological sense, and Darwin would have delighted in him. His ancestors had been fighting men, given to going berserk. They had been Mohawks, wild and wicked Corinthians, drinking, gambling, and duelling by turns or all at once. A gentle and mild Glazebrook had never been known till the appearance of John. He was, even as an infant, preposterously meek. His father, his uncles, and even his mother and his female cousins and his aunts regarded him with disapprobation, mingled as the years went on with an odd feeling of surprise and pleasure in some that destiny had honoured their family with a saint. But the whole of the family did not take that view, and his cousin Tom Glazebrook absolutely hated him. For Tom said that John was an interloper and a changeling, and by no means fit to be the head of the family or to possess much more money than was ever likely to come Tom's way.

John insisted on entering the Church, preached meek and mild sermons, and betrayed a strong reluctance to read the minatory psalms with emphasis. He avoided the Athanasian Creed, and held out unorthodox hopes of universal perfectibility and ultimate salvation for everybody, even for his own family and his disagreeable cousin. And then suddenly his father died, in rage and apoplexy, and the Reverend John Glazebrook had to take up the burden of a considerable landowner.

The new possessor of the property became a wonder and delight, for such a Glazebrook had not been known in the memory of man. He assaulted no one, behaved like a reasonable and kindly gentleman in bad seasons, and was generally beloved. But if at any time his tenants or the people of the village betrayed a tendency to forget what his forefathers had been, Tom Glazebrook continually reminded them of ancient history. For his estate bounded John's on the east side and took in part of the village. He kept up the traditions of his family with redoubled ardour to compensate for his cousin's deficiencies. The fact that the two houses were close to the boundaries and within three hundred yards of each other never permitted even a momentary forgetfulness of the hostility which had commenced in the nursery. If peace was kept it was due entirely to the efforts of their wives.

"Nevertheless, my dear," said John, "I'm very sorry my cousin lives so close to us. It is very wrong of me, and I am loath to say so, but I actually hate Tom."

It was as if a peculiarly meek-looking rabbit declared its hatred for a fox-terrier, for assuredly that seemed the relationship between the two. Tom's view of John as a peculiarly loathsome person who could not be induced to fight physically made him turn to litigation. It is true that John fought with much difficulty. Yet it did at last come to law over the ownership of a hedge. Tom Glazebrook got his fill of legal proceedings, and found the bill of costs difficult to foot. Like all other Glazebrooks of real fame, he was pressed for money, and had not yet liquidated debts incurred at Oxford or during his brief but violent time as a subaltern in a crack cavalry regiment. He expressed in public his desire to murder his cousin.

"That is only his fun," said John, when he heard of it.

Yet there were many in the county who believed him capable of anything. No one ever invited him to a shoot, and the M.F.H. would rather have seen a professed fox-poisoner at a meet than Tom Glazebrook. The veriest sportsmen in the county preferred John, even though he had been heard to express highly unorthodox views about those noble pursuits which have made England the glory of the universe. But (and here comes the curious point) John said that he often dreamed of hunting and fighting with peculiar enjoyment. Old Dr. Fowler, an eminent retired consultant in nervous diseases, who lived in the biggest house actually in the village, was very much interested in this fact. Indeed, as he had known John as a boy, and

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had even "gone over him" on one occasion some years ago, he took an odd interest in his general health and his mind.

"Ah," said the doctor, "it was, after all, only an accident that made you what you are. I daresay if you were badly provoked you might be as violent as your father. I wonder if we shall ever see the real you?"

"I hope not, if Tom is about," said John, and the talk ran in other channels. Nevertheless, the old doctor shook his head again when he got home, and, taking down his old case books, all of which he had kept as carefully as if they were precious MSS., he looked up what he had written about John when he was sixteen.

"I wonder!" said Fowler. "And yet—it seems to have passed off all right."

What had passed off he did not say, till he spoke to Jones, the young doctor practising in Eppingdene.

"Ever seen anything odd in John Glazebrook?" he asked. As they had once consulted together over John when he was very ill with influenza, they had the technical right to speak about him.

"Odd?" asked Jones. "In what way?"

Fowler was curiously reticent.

"Never mind. Have you?" he returned.

"No more than we have often remarked," said Jones. "He's the oddest Glazebrook. Why, even the women of the family have more devil in them! But what *do* you mean?"

Fowler hesitated.

"Have you ever seen a case of *petit mal*, my boy?" he asked, at length. And Jones started.

"You don't think——"

"No," said Fowler, "but I half suspect. In fact, I meant to tell you last year and didn't—perhaps I should have done. The fact is he was brought to me at sixteen for something else (I'll tell you everything some time), and I thought I noticed it then."

"What was it?"

"I'll tell you another time," said Fowler, and annoyed Jones very much by saying so.

"But it's a trick of the dear old chap," said Jones when he was alone. "Anyhow, I guess he's wrong. These nerve specialists *do* get faddy and suspicious!"

Nevertheless, he took every opportunity of talking with John Glazebrook, and watched him closely without any results, except once, when they spoke of the cousin, who had taken to being vilely annoying about letters. Naturally enough, the post-office sometimes made mistakes with these, as "J" and "T" are very alike in many scripts. When Tom got a letter of his cousin's he opened it and never apologized. After this became a scandal Jones asked the clergyman how things were going, and he noticed that while talking John Glazebrook once closed his eyes, and then opened them and said, "Eh, what?" and after a little pause went on with what he was saying.

"Queer!" said Jones; but he had other things to think of. And then the affair of the Crowland Psalter began.

For years John Glazebrook had been a collector of illuminated MSS., missals, calendars, and psalters. In these matters he was very learned. Of course, his chief desire, apart from mere historic value, was to obtain English specimens of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and if by any means, good or bad, he could have obtained the beautiful Sherborne Missal or the Ashburnham Psalter he would have been truly happy.

Nevertheless, he had in his possession a very remarkable example of the art—the Crowland Psalter. Unhappily, as so frequently happens, the Beatus page of this particular work was missing. This Crowland Psalter was an exceedingly beautiful example of old English art, and probably dated about 1320, in the time when Edward II. was king. Had it possessed the Beatus page, with the wonderful great "B" which all should have, it would perhaps have been worth four or five thousand pounds. As it happened, John Glazebrook had bought the mutilated manuscript for the sum of eighteen hundred pounds. During ten years he had spent much money, labour, and trouble in seeking to make it perfect.

Year by year he had offered more for the missing page, and in his last advertisements the price he proposed to pay was five hundred pounds. And yet no word came to him of the real leaf, though some had been offered to him which were not of the right size or quality or beauty of drawing and design.

This passion of his cousin's inspired Tom Glazebrook with particular scorn. Had he wasted his money on horse-racing it would have seemed natural, but to spend thousands on painted pages was ridiculous. It made him hate John with increased bitterness.

It was one morning in June that Tom Glazebrook found among his letters one addressed in a foreign hand to T. or J. Glazebrook, and, though he really believed the initial was a "J," he promptly opened it. The letter was from a bookseller in Tours.

It appeared that this bookseller had at last

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come upon a Beatus page which seemed without doubt to belong to the great manuscript in John Glazebrook's possession. It had been discovered framed in a cottage for long inhabited by an old *curé* who had lately died. He suggested that M. Glazebrook should come to Tours to decide if it was genuine, of which he himself had no doubt.

Now if there had been any immediate means of sending this letter over to the Manor House Tom Glazebrook would probably have done his obvious duty. As it happened, however, it was not sent, and that night Tom, finding it still upon his desk, re-read it as he sat drinking after dinner. And suddenly a brilliant idea struck him.

"By the Lord, I'll do it!" he said. And then he laughed so long and loud that his wife came out of the drawing-room and stood trembling at his door. She had long known that when her husband laughed like that there was the making of tears in it for someone else. And later he told her shortly that in the morning he was going over to France on business.

"I'll buy it," said he, "and either keep it to annoy the little blighter, or sell it him at a price that will make him sit up and sing."

In order to make things the bitterer for his cousin, he decided that if he sold it he would ask fifteen hundred pounds ten shillings and ninepence, the exact taxed costs of the action which he had lost on appeal when they fought out the matter of the disputed hedge.

When he reached town he arranged, not without prodigious difficulty, for an overdraft of a thousand pounds, and the next day he left for Paris. The following morning he travelled to Tours. The very same evening he was back in Paris, having paid fourteen thousand francs (or five hundred and sixty pounds) for the page, on a written undertaking by the bookseller to refund the money if it was not the real thing. But he knew that it was.

When he got to Eppingdene he took the letter which had put him on the scent, and, having written on it, "Try Manor House," posted it himself.

When John Glazebrook received the delayed letter he was, for him, really very angry.

"My dear," he said to his wife, "that—that man has actually opened another of my letters."

He laid it down with a slap before he read it, and looked over his glasses at the other end of the breakfast-table.

Emily Glazebrook hoped fervently that Tom would get his neck broken next hunting season, and said so, just as John had begun to see what the letter was about. He jumped to his feet and upset his coffee.

"Hurrah!" he cried, totally oblivious of the damage he had caused. "I've got the Beatus page at last! I'm sure of it. It's Simon of Tours who writes. I know his name. The details he gives are convincing."

And then suddenly John discovered that the letter must have been detained at least four days.

"It's scandalous! It's a shame!" cried the collector. "Just suppose someone else snaps it up. I must go to Tours at once, or someone will buy it and offer to sell it to me for double the money. Let my bag be packed immediately."

"And mine, too," said Mrs. Glazebrook, firmly. For every good wife says that when her husband thinks of going to Paris.

On the way to town John telegraphed to Tours: "Will buy Beatus page. With you to-morrow.—John Glazebrook."

They reached the beautiful town on the Loire late next afternoon, for Mrs. Glazebrook had insisted on some hours of rest in Paris after a trying night journey. Leaving his wife at the Hôtel de l'Univers in Tours, John took a porter to show him Simon's shop, which he found in a little street not far from the church of St. Julien. He found the proprietor, a priestly-looking old man with a natural tonsure, among his books, and spoke in French.

"I am Mr. Glazebrook. Did you get my telegram?"

The old man stared at him and looked troubled.

"I do not understand, monsieur," he replied, after a pause. "Here is your despatch, but there is, it seems, also another M. Glazebrook——"

"Another?" said John, and then he cried: "But the Beatus page—the Beatus page?"

"I have sold it—also to M. Glazebrook—the day before yesterday——"

He broke off, for John Glazebrook reeled and then steadied himself at a table on which books were piled.

Had his wife seen him then it would have seemed to her that he looked, not like himself, but rather like a fierce portrait of his great-grandfather hanging in their picture-gallery.

"Heavens!" said John Glazebrook. And then he moved his lips oddly and his face changed even more. He bent forward, appeared to think, and then stood up and opened his eyes, which once again looked

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mild, but were, it seemed to the bookseller, a little vacant. And he said :—

"Why, what were you saying?"

He spoke in English and appeared confused.

And the old man pressed him to sit down, which he did at last, and then came back to himself, asking quietly for details of the other M. Glazebrook who had bought the Beatus page.

Then John Glazebrook laughed, and the old bookseller looked at him doubtfully, for his merriment was not natural.

John and his wife travelled homeward the next day, and once, in the train, before they reached Paris, it seemed to Mrs. Glazebrook that her husband was curiously dazed. He began to speak to her, saying, "Tom is a——" and then he stopped, looked straight in front of him as if he neither saw her nor anything else, and did not finish his sentence for what seemed a long minute. And when they reached home John took the Psalter, wrapped it in clean white paper, and put it into a big deed-box, which he placed in his safe; for he could not bear to look at it.



"HIS WIFE CAME OUT OF THE DRAWING-ROOM AND STOOD TREMBLING AT HIS DOOR."

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He did not at once write to his cousin, for he thought it possible that Tom Glazebrook would himself open negotiations. Yet this did not happen, and, after waiting a day or so to make sure it was known that he, too, had been over to France, he sat down and wrote. He expressed neither anger nor astonishment, but wrote exactly as he would have done had he been writing to an unknown brother collector into whose hands something had come which could be of little interest so long as it was incomplete.



"'HEAVENS!' SAID JOHN GLAZEBROOK. AND THEN HE MOVED HIS LIPS ODDLY AND HIS FACE CHANGED EVEN MORE."

No answer came for days, and when one came at last it was eminently unsatisfactory. His cousin informed him that he was pre-

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pared to buy the Crowland Psalter as it stood. He had some idea of becoming a collector himself.

"It's a lie! a lie!" said John, in much agitation, and after showing the letter to his wife he went out into the park and, sitting in the woodland not far from his home, tried to think what he should do.

He felt curious thrills go through him. It was as if things were discharged in his brain, dim suggestions of strange and powerful forces, such as his wild ancestors used in days when men wrote laws in blood and determined causes by the sword. But still he sat and thought.

It was half-past ten when John Glazebrook left his house. At eleven he suddenly found himself staring at the clouded sun, which was right in front of him as he faced south-south-east. The bench on which he sat was made in the great roots of an old beech. When the sun made him close his eyes as it cleared a shining cloud he lay back against the great bole of the tree. And then it seemed to him that a miraculous thing happened. For when he opened his eyes the sun was no longer in front of him, but two or three hours farther to the west, and towards its setting. He drew out his watch and looked. It was two o'clock!

And then, looking down at his feet, he saw that his boots were wet and muddy with red clay. But here in this end of the park the clay was whitish or a pale yellow, and the only red clay was on the park's borders and on the farm called Redlands. And he felt very tired—as tired as if he had been running. He felt himself to see if he were awake, and said:—

"Why, I'm wet—I'm muddy! Good heavens! I wonder what it means. I—I think I'll see Fowler."

So he sent a groom over to the doctor's, and soon Fowler came in his motor and found John pacing his library. He had some difficulty in saying what he wanted to say, but at last got it out.

"You see," said John Glazebrook, "that it was a kind of lapse, so to speak—a lapse of memory. I've only lost, as one might say, two or three hours of my life."

"Yes," said Fowler, nodding.

"How do you account for it?" asked John Glazebrook.

"It's my belief you've been very much disturbed by something," said Fowler.

"You don't think it alarming?" asked Glazebrook.

"Certainly not," replied Fowler, without a minute's hesitation. "But you don't answer my question. What has been troubling you?"

"You're right. It's all about my cousin."

Then he told Fowler all about the Beatus page, and almost wept over it.

Fowler snorted.

"You must take it calmly, or as calmly as you can. Offer him a price for it—any price rather than go on distressing yourself. I speak as a physician, old chap, and Jones will agree with me."

He spoke soothingly, and ended up by suggesting that John should take fifteen grains of bromide of potassium.

"I'll tell Jones I prescribed it, and no doubt he'll forgive me," he said, laughing. "I'll write a prescription and get him to charge for it."

Fowler called on Jones on his way home, and when he had told him what had happened the other doctor shook his head. "You were right, then," he said. "I'll keep my eye on him. Let's hope he won't have any more."

The first dose of bromide of potassium worked wonderfully on John Glazebrook. Under the sedative influence of the drug he sat down and wrote a letter, offering Tom a hundred pounds for his bargain, and adding that he would throw in an ancient manuscript of value if his cousin really thought of becoming a collector. This letter he sent to John's house by a groom, and received a short note in reply saying simply, "You can have it for £1,500 10s. 9d." And John, remembering the costs of his cousin's vain appeal, needed both the drug and his philosophy.

When John Glazebrook wrote again he received no reply. That afternoon, when it was sure that no answer would come, he went out into the park and wandered about in a very wretched state of mind. He began to plan schemes alien from his disposition, schemes which were almost violent. He held possible conversations with his cousin, and flushed while thinking of them. His imagination worked angrily. He saw himself going over to the other house, entering his cousin's library, and demanding restitution. He beheld the place clearly, and Tom Glazebrook jeering.

That night his wife was not at home. She had motored over to Carnford, where her sister lived, and was going to stay the night. So John dined alone, and after dinner drew his chair up to the open French window to enjoy the evening air. There was hardly a cloud in the sky, and the aspect of the heavens rained gentle influences upon the quiet

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world. Looking across the park and the intervening road towards his cousin's home, John suddenly saw a bar of light from what Tom called his library—now that only by tradition. Such good books as their common ancestors had accumulated he had parted with to John years ago, when they were more friendly, taking a horse in exchange.

"A man like that to have what is of no use to him!" said John, with sudden bitterness. "It's wicked! it's cruel! I can't believe it. I must be dreaming."

The clock on the mantelshelf struck eleven with a deep, low boom.

"Eleven," said John Glazebrook, absently; "eleven!"

He sat quietly, or so it seemed to him, and he stared through the lucid darkness of the night towards his cousin's house. An internal struggle seemed to go on within him; he had a momentary odd feeling of something like unbearableness, impossible pain, terror. And then it seemed to him that there was something wrong with the clock. It had only just now struck eleven, and yet he heard the preliminary motions of its mechanism preparing to strike again. He listened rigidly, and the clock struck two!

"Two! two!" said John Glazebrook. "I—I must have been dreaming. Why—I'm standing by the table—by the table! I've—been dreaming!"

But his deep mind knew better. Something, he knew, he felt, had happened—something disturbing, strange, abnormal. And yet, with it all, John felt a strange relief, the relief of something pent within him, some discharge of painful nervous forces. And in him there was a blind feeling of triumph.

"What has happened?" he asked. "What?"

And suddenly he saw on the back of his right hand a spot of blood. It was smeared a little by the edge of his sleeve, but was hardly dry. He looked at it fixedly, and then said: "I've hurt myself. How did I do it?"

He took his handkerchief from his pocket and, moistening it with his tongue, wiped away the blood from the back of his hand. He thought to see a little scratch there, but there was no scratch. He stood still, staring at his hand and at the red smear on his handkerchief. And through the open window he heard the sound of voices approaching swiftly, and then the patter of quick steps upon the roadway to the house. He went swiftly to the window and saw two figures who came running to him across the lawn, and he knew they were Tom's groom and an under-gardener. But even before they said a word a powerful intuition, a presage of tragedy and disaster, worked in him and hinted at what they had to tell him.

"Oh, sir, Mr. Glazebrook's dead—murdered!" they cried together, eager in evil news, and with that passion for the communication of disaster that lives in man.

They said the doctors were there, and that his cousin's wife had cried out for him. So he went with the men, and at last they came to the house, and John went in, not by the door, but by the open window, and found Dr. Fowler there. And Tom Glazebrook was there, too, though his body had been moved and now lay upon the sofa covered.

"This is a dreadful business," said Fowler. "There's been robbery as well as murder."

And John Glazebrook saw that the desk was open and that its contents lay upon the floor, a mass of jumbled papers scattered furiously.

"Who has done this?" asked John.

"God knows!" said Fowler. "Who knows a man's life? And he had enemies."

"He was not much loved," said John.

He went over to the sofa and stood by it, and his lips moved. But his cold mind said, "Now I shall be able to get the Beatus page," and he hated himself.

But when he looked upon the room, knowing (if, indeed, a man knows anything) that he had not been there for over fifteen years, it seemed a strange thing that he remembered it so well. It was engraved upon his mind. That he should recall the portraits which he had known in childhood was nothing; but all the little later personal marks there seemed equally familiar. He felt that he knew what was in each corner of the room—and when he turned he saw what he looked for.

"It's very strange," said John Glazebrook.

"What is strange?" asked the doctor.

"I—I seem to know this room so well."

Fowler stared at him, and suddenly raised his eyebrows.

"Ah!" said Fowler. "You—you do? By Heaven!"

John gazed at him and thought he looked very white and old.

And then Jones came down to them, and they left the house. John went home across the fields, and Fowler and Jones went away together.

At the inquest a verdict was brought in of "Murder by some person or persons unknown." There was no clue of any kind. The knife with which Tom Glazebrook had been killed was one of his own which he had

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used as a paper-cutter. And the murderer had left nothing behind, apparently not so much as a finger-print. Even if he had done so it would have been obliterated by the number of other prints left by those who had handled everything connected with the case. Indeed, the clearest prints on the knife turned out to belong to Dr. Fowler and the dead man's cousin. It came out, of course, that the cousins had been on anything but good terms, and when John gave evidence he received the sympathy of everyone in the room. For he said, with evident emotion, "I am the more grieved at his death." The story of the Beatus page was not actually mentioned, for it did not redound to the credit of the dead man. Reading between the lines of the comments in the local papers it would have seemed obvious to anyone that the late



"OH, SIR, MR. GLAZEBROOK'S DEAD—MURDERED!"

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Mr. Glazebrook was a man of very violent temper, who must have made many enemies.

On the day after the funeral John Glazebrook said to his wife :—

"Upon my word, Emily, I don't really believe Tom had any particular enemy. He was on worse terms with me than with anyone, and, of course, I wouldn't have done him any harm, though he did treat me so unbearably."

"*You* do him any harm!" said his wife. "The idea's absurd. But now, of course, you will be able to get that page."

"As soon as things have settled down I'll speak to Mary about it," said John.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't speak about it at once," said his wife. "I'm going over to see her to-day."

"Then tell her she can have any reasonable price for it," said John.

But when it came to the point it appeared that the page was missing. It could not be found, hunt as they would. It seemed that Tom Glazebrook kept it in an old blotting-book, with the simpering portrait of some early Victorian beauty on the outside—for Mary Glazebrook said so. At her invitation John and Fowler went to the house to make a final search.

"It must be here," said John, anxiously. "Who would murder him to steal it?"

"Who, indeed?" said Fowler, who followed John with his eyes as the clergyman searched. He hunted among the mass of papers, and even opened some of the bigger books, such as volumes of sporting prints and the like. There was a bookcase by the fireplace which held smaller books, in which a page measuring fourteen and three-quarter inches by nine and a quarter inches could not be hidden. So John did not look there. And at last he stood up and seemed very tired.

"I shall never see it again," he said, unhappily.

But Fowler did not speak, for suddenly John Glazebrook bent forward a little and stayed in a bent position for some seconds. He was standing by the little bookcase. His eyes seemed fixed and vacant. Fowler rose from his seat. Then John walked straight to the untouched bookcase, and putting his hand behind the books on the third shelf, drew out the missing blotting-pad. But he said nothing. Then he blinked and turned his head and seemed confused. He looked down at what he held in his hand, and said to Fowler: "Where did I get this?"

"There," said Fowler, with a white face.

"It's—it's gone," said John Glazebrook, miserably. "I seemed to know the pad was there. But I shall never see the Beatus page now."

Fowler choked a little.

"No, no; I suppose not," he said. "Perhaps, after all, it was stolen that night."

"Who would steal it?" asked John Glazebrook. "It's a mystery."

And after a pause Fowler spoke.

"Yes, it *is* a mystery."

They went out and parted on the lawn. As the old doctor walked across the village green to his house he said :—

"Ought I to say anything? I can't—I can't."

But when he got indoors he took from his shelves a book and read: "In some rare instances they are subject to dream-like states of subconsciousness, in which complicated acts are carried out. Like the somnambulist, they may comport themselves in speech and conduct in a perfectly natural manner, and in this condition, which may last for hours, days, or even weeks, may commit offences against the law . . . or do some extraordinary thing in following the imperative ideas which control their dream state."

Fowler stood with the book in his hand, thinking.

"What happened? It must have been a dreadful scene," he said. "And he's forgotten utterly. What should I do?"

He did not answer, for he loved John Glazebrook, and Emily for years had been to him like a daughter.

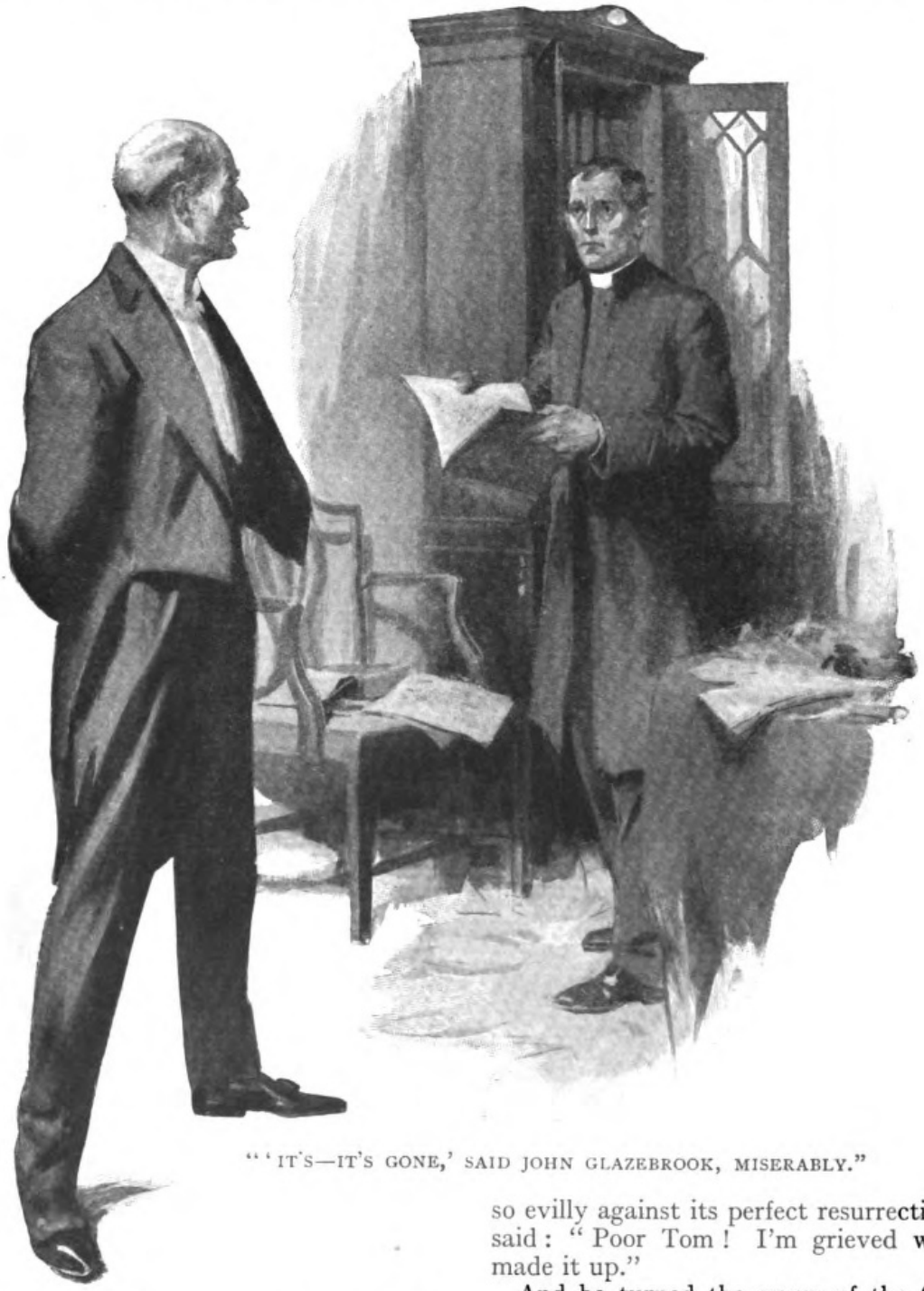
And John went back home slowly, for he knew his wife would be grieved on his account, and the knowledge that the Psalter would never now be completed was very bitter to him. He told her quietly, and she tried to encourage him.

"No," he said; "I must try to forget it. It was destroyed or stolen on that night, and no possible reward would induce anyone to give it up. For the man who has it, if it exists, killed my cousin."

That night he desired to look at the Psalter again, for he had not seen it since he put it away in the safe. When the house was quiet and Emily was in bed he unlocked the safe with a deep sense of melancholy in him. For now there would be no sense of completion and final triumph for him. The hope which had buoyed him up for years was gone. What a glorious thing it would have been if the Psalter were once more as perfect as when it left the loving dead hands that made it a religious glory!

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From the safe he took the box in which the Psalter reposed and carried it to the library table. He unwrapped it from the soft white paper which protected its gorgeous binding and touched it lovingly. Sitting down, he opened it at the first page of the Calendar, noticing with a deep melancholy pleasure the beauty of the letters, the admirable and clear colour of the painting, the masterly if conventional drawing, and the shining gold which gave relief and splendour to the delicate workmanship. He sat there for a long time with his head upon his hand, thinking of the artist-priest, rich in many gifts, who, hundreds of years ago, had devoted his life to this beautiful and pious labour. And then he thought of his cousin, who had wrought so evilly against its perfect resurrection. He said: "Poor Tom! I'm grieved we never made it up."



"'IT'S—IT'S GONE,' SAID JOHN GLAZEBROOK, MISERABLY."

And he turned the pages of the Calendar slowly till he came to cold December, and there stayed awhile, for he had in him a great reluctance to see its imperfection made manifest.

But at last he looked. And the Crowland Psalter *was* perfect! The Beatus page was there!

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The Fountain of Youth.

WHAT IS ITS SECRET?

BY SOME OF THOSE WHO HAVE FOUND IT.

MME. LINA CAVALIERI.

FOR a woman to defy successfully the ravages of Time and to retain her beauty the cultivation of good health is absolutely essential. And although many people seemingly overlook this point, experience has taught me that good health or ease of the body is largely dependent on ease of the mind, for mental ease brings in its train good looks, freedom, and, within reasonable limitations, perpetual youth.

Let me explain at once, therefore, that I have never sought to procure that ease by anodynes, drugs, or "soothers" of any kind. Here I cannot take credit to myself for more than faith in my doctor — one in a million—who utterly despised drugs. "You are tired," he would say. "Your body weighs upon you. Then take it off your mind. How can you do it? Why, by exercise."

Following his advice, I soon found that exercise was for me the secret of happiness. The body became so obedient to the mind that it ceased to hamper it. I became almost unconscious of it. The mind dictated and the body obeyed automatically. There would, I am convinced, be much less talk of "temperaments" if we all pursued this course. The multitude are dominated by the body, and what the body commands they call by this high-sounding name. There are, of course, idiosyncrasies in each individual. Some are temperamental, others arise simply from the work with which one is occupied. The manual worker who is toiling all the day spreads his energies over the whole period from his getting up to his lying down. The actress has to conserve her energies for her appearances before the public. But for both Nature adjusts the balance. There is always a period of least fatigue, and that is the best time to get the body into form. Thus, the labourer will probably find it when he rises after his night's rest. The writer, the thinker, the actor may vary, but all have to reckon with the body. The arms are tired, heavy, and weigh you down. The best way to remove this "tired feeling" is to swing them backwards and forwards in a rotatory motion on a level with the shoulders, when the heaviness will vanish, for the arms will have become supple. So is it with all our ribs. "Healthiness of limb" is very largely a matter of willpower; for ease of the mind brings ease of the body, and *vice versa*. Then, again, ease of the mind is the parent of happiness, and surely none will deny that happiness is father and mother in one of good looks and that exquisite *joie de vivre* which is the natural product of youth. You doubt this? Let me then ask you to look in the mirror, and you will doubt my statement no longer. All you have to do to test its truth is to think of something that brings you happiness and—"Open Sesame!"—once more your face curves in a rounded outline, your eyes assume an attractive brightness, and a flush of colour pervades your cheeks.

On the other hand, sadness has precisely the opposite effect. Sadness brings with it dull, listless eyes, a sallow skin, and relaxed muscles, each of which qualities tends to become permanent. The habitually happy person carries happiness in the face. The moody person becomes more and more of a dullard, and sheds a gloom on all around. Sadness and happiness are the most infectious qualities in the world. The sad make others sad; the happy make others happy. And is it not true that "Those who bring happiness to others cannot keep it from themselves"? One of the greatest secrets of youth and beauty lies in the cultivation of the art of being happy, and this art, I would remind you, is not a natural gift, but is a pearl of priceless value which all who will can cultivate.

There are simple remedies for the correction of almost every physical defect. Thus, the bust, perhaps, is undeveloped. For this steady, deep breathing will do wonders, while swimming, too, is an ideal corrector.

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At first deep breathing may be found to create a slight, though withal particularly unpleasant, feeling of dizziness. In a few days, however, you will be able to hold your breath for longer intervals, and also to inhale more steadily, and after a month or so's practice you will find, too, that the bust has greatly developed, although by such slow degrees that you will probably not even have noticed its daily progress.

There is still another rule to bear in mind in the cultivation of youth and beauty, and that is the ever-necessary cultivation of the mind. For mental cultivation one must read good books. Maybe you have not time to read much? In this case even a page at a time of the work of some leading author will provide ample food for thought, and will take the mind off the worries inseparable from every-day life. And in two years' time you will feel "twenty years younger," for the mind most assuredly develops more rapidly than the body. In fine, the real secret of happiness, youth, and beauty lies in preserving a healthy mind and a healthy body. If you will follow my advice on the matter you will soon prove this to your own satisfaction—and also to mine, for I desire nothing more than that my own experience may prove of value to others.



MME. LINA CAVALIERI.
From a Photograph by Lallie Charles.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

I believe that one of the great tragic writers

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of Greece—a Mr. Æschylus, to wit—who lived some five hundred years before Christ, once wrote: "Learning is ever in the freshness of its youth, even for the old." Obviously the writer in question lived a very long time ago, and I cannot help thinking that if he were with us to-day, and if, at the same time, he happened to be interested in the preservation or conservation of youth, which is to a very great extent synonymous with beauty, he might probably have written a great thought to the effect that "Learning to keep young should ever be a fresh study—even for the old."

Personally speaking, a very, very busy life has induced me to form the belief that a successful attempt to feel young and to retain the freshness of youth is largely a question of treatment—by which I mean to say that those who will follow out certain careful rules of life will retain their youth and beauty infinitely longer than the haphazard individual who "goes as she pleases," and wilfully overlooks the indisputable fact that "Time can only be kept in his proper place by keeping him 'outside the door'"—in other words, by exercising "health-preservation precautions."

In my own case I found very early in my theatrical career that the spending of a considerable amount of my time behind the scenes of the theatre, with its confined space and heated atmosphere, tended to do anything but make me feel fit and well after a few weeks' hard work, and therefore, as we only live once, and as all sane people must certainly desire to enjoy that one existence as long as possible, I decided that I must do something to counteract the drawbacks which go hand in hand with an exacting life on the stage.

"Girls who lead a sedentary life in an office, and women who stop indoors too much, invariably begin to look prematurely tired and worn," I said to myself. "But why should I? Surely I can do something to counteract the devastating influences of long working hours indoors." And the moment that thought crossed my mind I commenced on my own account to try to find a daily *régime* which would enable me to counteract the effect of the exacting rules of life on the stage. If you've ever acted two performances on a sweltering hot summer's day you will understand what the word "exacting" means. If not, I hope you will believe me when I say that it describes one of the most trying and wearying happenings that can well be imagined.

First and foremost I mapped out a regular programme of daily exercise. I started by cycling two hours a day—surely most women can snatch at intervals this short time, even if they have to build up the two hours by taking twenty minutes here, thirty minutes there, and so on. Then I turned my attention to golf—a most invaluable exercise, in that it brings into play almost every muscle of the body. When golf began to pall I took to shooting, and—well, in this way, and by taking some sort of healthy outdoor exercise, I found that I was slowly but surely wiping out the sluggishness I first felt when I went on the stage, and did not take much exercise. This sluggishness must at times be felt by almost every woman, and more especially she who, unless she bestirs herself, is never likely to exercise much, owing to the exigences of the particular calling or walk of life in which she happens to be engaged.

But exercise alone will not preserve youth. It must be taken with discretion, and tempered with other various sound maxims, the best of which I have found are the following: (1) After a very busy day walk home for at least a couple of miles. Never mind the weather. A good mackintosh will disarm the worst storm. (2) When feeling tired after a day's work sleep for an hour or so before going out again later on in the evening. I invariably take anything from an hour to two hours' rest between the performances. (3) Eat plenty of fruit with every meal, and drink a considerable quantity of water. (4) When worried, do everything in your power to remove the cause of worry—and then cease worrying. Worrying is the nervous system's worst enemy, and the advance of Father Time's best friend. (5) Cultivate the art of being happy. It is as easy to smile as it is to frown. The former brings happiness to you and others, the latter merely a feeling of discontent. Therefore, why frown? I hope it will not be thought that my simple programme sounds too simple to be valuable. I can assure you it isn't difficult to carry out; but at the same time it needs a certain amount of will-power to carry it out properly, and that it is valuable I have proved to my own very grateful satisfaction.

MISS EVA MOORE.

I am perfectly convinced that as much outdoor exercise as possible is absolutely essential to the retaining of health, youth, and beauty. As regards "beauty treatments" I know nothing, for I have never been tempted to pierce the mystery surrounding the various toilette rules and regulations which they

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MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

impose. For my own part, I always have rested content, and always shall, with using a very good and pure face cream, which I find is the best possible preparation for the skin. A good complexion is dependent on good health, which comes from the interior and not the exterior. I am inclined to think, therefore, that two or three hours' a day regular exercise is likely to prove far more valuable as a "beauty preserver" than the contents of countless jars of so-called "make-you-beautiful-in-a-week" concoctions.

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Even the most bigoted critics of the theatre and members of the theatrical profession will not, I think, deny that the conscientious actress crowds a great deal of really hard work into her day. Neither, I think, will they deny that actresses, as a general rule, certainly do succeed in retaining their looks in a wonderful way. How do they manage it? Largely, I think, because the actress who aspires to make a name for herself must inevitably be really fond of her work. In my own case I love my profession for its own sake, and not for what it brings me, and to this I attribute the fact that I feel as young to-day as I did when first I went on the stage.



MISS EVA MOORE.
From a Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Yes, beyond all manner of doubt, love of one's work is one of the great secrets of retaining health and looks—the one practically includes the other, doesn't it? At the same time all work and no play is, as I have frequently found, a ruinous policy, for which reason I invariably try to take as much exercise as possible. The choice of exercise, of course, must naturally be a matter of individual taste, although I think playing some such game as golf or tennis is better than merely taking walking exercise, which after a time is apt to become somewhat monotonous.

Now let me say a few words about the worry and trouble inseparable from this dear old world of ours. "Our days begin with trouble here," is a very, very true saying, for which reason it is absolutely essential for all who aspire to retain their health and looks to make it a rule of life to worry as little as possible. There was a time when I used to worry tremendously over my work in the theatre. I found, however, that this continual fretting over things I could not control was making me feel tired and utterly worn out—almost prematurely old, in fact. The moment I made this discovery I formed a rule, which I decided should be as strict and unbreakable as any of the laws of the Medes and Persians, that I would not worry over anything when once I had done my best. And that rule I have ever since faithfully observed. It is a fatal policy to worry, so if you would keep young please do try and bear this in mind. On paper, no doubt, it may sound a little ridiculous to tell people not to worry. As a matter of fact, however, it is nothing of the sort. The greatest worries and troubles in life are, I think, generally fabrications of the imagination.

I do not believe in changing habits when holiday-making, in going to bed particularly early, getting up at an earlier hour than one usually does, and so on and so forth, for,

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after more years than I care to remember of "theatrical hours," my habits have become fixed. And as these habits leave me feeling as young as when I was a mere "flapper," there cannot, I think, be anything radically wrong about them.

Finally, the importance of "thinking" health should be particularly strongly emphasized. A large section of the public invariably imagine that they are suffering from all sorts and kinds of ills, which, however, never develop; the result is that they are always more or less unnecessarily unhappy. I invariably make a rule of trying to keep happy, to think healthy and bright thoughts, and so on, for, although not a Christian Scientist, I firmly believe in the idea that everything happens for the best, and that unhappiness is generally of our own making.

One last word. I do not believe in laying down any hard and fast rules as to how I shall spend the day, for restrictions of this kind are apt to become particularly irksome, and irksomeness is the half-sister to worry, which is the "hangman" of health, the father of youth and beauty.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

Someone once wrote a great thought to the effect that "If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?" When I answer your query I am thinking of those



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MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

lines, and, as modesty is a gift of priceless value, I will try to tell you, not how I keep beautiful—I do not regard myself as beautiful in any sense of the word—but how I contrive to keep young, which, after all, seems to me a matter of far greater importance, for is it not true that "a beautiful woman dies twice"? So a young woman, you must realize in any case, is at least spared the pain of twice quitting this old world.

In the first place, let me say that it has always been my strong belief that we are all as old as we feel. And as I do not feel old at all, I take leave to state that I am not old. Moreover, as long as my work remains with me I shall continue to be young. Enjoyment of one's work is one of the greatest secrets of youth. STRAND MAGAZINE readers who wish to feel young should, therefore, continue to work as long as possible.

Diet? "What is one woman's meat is another woman's poison." Diet, therefore, must obviously always be a matter of individual taste. At the same time a lengthy experience of life has taught me that simplicity in food is a potent aid to youth and beauty. Be simple in diet at all times.

Perhaps, however, the real secret of keeping young and retaining Nature's priceless endowment of beauty lies in taking plenty of regular daily exercise, and indulging daily in several hours' commune with fresh air. For the rest, I think I have little else to say, for really the secret of keeping young—yes, and, if you wish it, beautiful, too—lies in moderation in diet, regularity in exercise, enthusiasm over one's work, and the cultivation of never worrying over matters from which worry will not extricate one. As far as I am personally concerned, Time has decreed that I must, on occasions, consult my doctor's advice with regard to my health, but as I never by any chance do what my doctor tells me, I do not regard this as a matter of real importance. But, between ourselves, my policy of ignoring my doctor's advice with unerring consistency may, it seems to me, have a good deal to do with my close affinity to the famous Peter Pan, with whom, I think I may say, I share the secret of successfully never knowing how to grow old.

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

Whenever I am working—and I am glad to say work with me has become second nature for many years past—I always make a point of taking as much fresh air as possible, for a lengthy experience of the exacting nature of life on the stage has taught me that fresh air is one of the most potent health-givers it is possible to find. Better still, it costs nothing, for fresh air is the birthday present of *every* human being, although I am bound to confess that many people seem to shelve this valuable gift and forget all about it.

My daily schedule? Well, I generally breakfast about nine or nine-thirty, and whenever possible I take a five or six miles' walk in the morning, regardless of the weather. Even when I have a rehearsal, or on *matinée* days, I try to make it a rule to walk to the theatre, for without a regular dose of fresh air daily one is bound to suffer in health. Sometimes, of course, the hustle inseparable from a business life makes this impossible. On such occasions I take a blow on the top of an omnibus.

As far as the rest of my day is concerned, I more or less let things happen as they map out, although I would mention that I never indulge in heavy meals, while I never take stimulants.

Have I any pet rules as to the preservation of the complexion? Well, I am fully aware that there is a very prevalent idea that an actress has to exercise the most careful precaution in this matter, for the simple reason that there is a popular notion that stage "make-up" spells death from a "satis factory" complexion point of view. My own experience, however, has taught me that this is an absurd fallacy, for the generous amount of "cream" that one uses not only does not tend to ruin the skin, but actually assists it to keep healthy.

Ever since I was a tiny kiddie I have made a practice of going through a few simple exercises; but I would mention that I do not indulge in any form of face massage, as, once this "daily manœuvre" is adopted, I fear that it is impossible to do without it.

I regard some sort of work or occupation as an invaluable asset to the preservation of one's health and general personal appearance. In my own case I happen to love my work, and, therefore, I can afford to make a hobby of my business, which is surely an amalgamation of affairs greatly to be desired.

In conclusion, I may say that, generally speaking, I think that the real secret of successfully combating life's worries and troubles is to take plenty of exercise in the fresh air, worry as little as is humanly possible, eat simple food and plenty of fruit and vegetables, and—well, if Nature has endowed a woman with beauty she should preserve that very desirable quality for a very long time on this *régime*.

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MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE

From a Photograph by Rita Martin.

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"SMITH LOOKED AT IT ONCE, TWICE, THRICE, AND AT THE THIRD LOOK HE FELL IN LOVE."

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SMITH AND THE PHARAOHS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

PART I.

SCIENTISTS, or some scientists—for occasionally one learned person differs from other learned persons—tell us they know all that is worth knowing about man, which, of course, includes woman. They trace him from his remotest origins; they show us how his bones changed and his shape modified, also how, under the influence of his needs and passions, his intelligence developed from something very humble. They demonstrate conclusively that there is nothing in man which the dissecting-table will not explain; that his aspirations towards another life have their root in the fear of death, or, say others of them, in that of earthquake or thunder; that his affinities with the past are merely inherited from remote ancestors who lived in that past, perhaps a million years ago; and that everything noble about him is but the fruit of expediency or of a veneer of civilization, while everything base must be attributed to the instincts of his dominant and primeval nature. Man, in short, is an animal who, like every other animal, is finally subdued by his environment and takes his colour from his surroundings, as cattle do from the red soil of Devon. Such are the facts, they (or some of them) declare; all the rest is rubbish.

At times we are inclined to agree with these sages, especially after it has been our privilege to attend a course of lectures by one of them. Then perhaps something comes within the range of our experience which gives us pause and causes doubts, the old divine doubts, to arise again deep in our hearts, and with them a yet diviner hope.

Perchance when all is said, so we think to ourselves, man is something more than an animal. Perchance he has known the past, the far past, and will know the future, the far, far future. Perchance the dream is true, and he does indeed possess what for convenience is called an immortal soul, that may manifest itself in one shape or another; that may sleep for ages, but, waking or sleeping, still remains itself, indestructible as the matter of the Universe.

An incident in the career of Mr. James Ebenezer Smith might well occasion such reflections, were any acquainted with its details, which until this, its setting forth, was not the case. Mr. Smith is a person who knows when to be silent. Still, undoubtedly it gave cause for thought to one individual—namely, to him to whom it happened. Indeed, James Ebenezer Smith is still thinking over it, thinking very hard indeed.

J. E. Smith was well-born and well-educated. When he was a good-looking and able young man at college, but before he had taken his degree, trouble came to him, the particulars of which do not matter, and he was thrown penniless, also friendless, upon the rocky bosom of the world. No, not quite friendless, for he had a godfather, a gentleman connected with business whose Christian name was Ebenezer. To him, as a last resource, Smith went, feeling that Ebenezer owed him something in return for the awful appellation wherewith he had been endowed in baptism.

To a certain extent Ebenezer recognized the obligation. He did nothing heroic, but he found his godson a clerkship in a bank of which he was one of the directors—a modest clerkship, no more. Also, when he

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died a year later, he left him a hundred pounds to be spent upon some souvenir.

Smith, being of a practical turn of mind, instead of adorning himself with memorial jewellery for which he had no use, invested the hundred pounds in an exceedingly promising speculation. As it happened, he was not misinformed, and his talent returned to him multiplied by ten. He repeated the experiment and, being in a position to know what he was doing, with considerable success. By the time that he was thirty he found himself possessed of a fortune of something over twenty-five thousand pounds. Then (and this shows the wise and practical nature of the man) he stopped speculating and put out his money in such a fashion that it brought him a safe and clear four per cent.

By this time Smith, being an excellent man of business, was well up in the service of his bank—as yet only a clerk, it is true, but one who drew his four hundred pounds a year, with prospects. In short, he was in a position to marry had he wished to do so. As it happened, he did not wish—perhaps because, being very friendless, no lady who attracted him crossed his path; perhaps for other reasons.

Shy and reserved in temperament, he confided only in himself. None, not even his superiors at the bank or the board of management, knew how well off he had become. No one visited him at the flat which he was understood to occupy somewhere in the neighbourhood of Putney; he belonged to no club, and possessed not a single intimate. The blow which the world had dealt him in his early days, the harsh repulses and the rough treatment he had then experienced, sank so deep into his sensitive soul that never again did he seek close converse with his kind. In fact, while still young, he fell into a condition of old-bachelorhood of a refined type.

Soon, however, Smith discovered—it was after he had given up speculating—that a man must have something to occupy his mind. He tried philanthropy, but found himself too sensitive for a business which so often resolves itself into rude inquiry as to the affairs of other people. After a struggle, therefore, he compromised with his conscience by setting aside a liberal portion of his income for anonymous distribution among deserving persons and objects.

While still in this vacant frame of mind Smith chanced one day, when the bank was closed, to drift into the British Museum, more to escape the vile weather that prevailed without than for any other reason. Wandering hither and thither at hazard, he found himself in the great gallery devoted to Egyptian stone objects and sculpture. The place bewildered him somewhat, for he knew nothing of Egyptology; indeed, there remained upon his mind only a sense of wonderment not unmixed with awe. It must have been a great people, he thought to himself, that executed these works, and with the thought came a desire to know more about them. Yet he was going away when suddenly his eye fell upon the sculptured head of a woman which hung upon the wall.

Smith looked at it once, twice, thrice, and at the third look he fell in love. Needless to say, he was not aware that such was his condition. He knew only that a change had come over him, and never, never could he forget the face which that carven mask portrayed. Perhaps it was not really beautiful save for its wondrous and mystic smile; perhaps the lips were too thick and the nostrils too broad. Yet to him that face was Beauty itself, beauty which drew him as with a cart-rope, and awoke within him all kinds of wonderful imaginings, some of them so strange and tender that almost they partook of the nature of memories. He stared at the image, and the image smiled back sweetly at him, as doubtless it, or rather its original—for this was but a plaster cast—had smiled at nothingness in some tomb or hiding-hole for over thirty centuries, and as the woman whose likeness it was had once smiled upon the world.

A short, stout gentleman bustled up and, in tones of authority, addressed some workmen who were arranging a base for a neighbouring statue. It occurred to Smith that he must be someone who knew about these objects. Overcoming his natural diffidence with an effort, he raised his hat and asked the gentleman if he could tell him who was the original of the mask.

The official—who, in fact, was a very great man in the Museum—glanced at Smith shrewdly, and, seeing that his interest was genuine, answered:—

"I don't know. Nobody knows. She has been given several names, but none of them has authority. Perhaps one day the rest of the statue may be found, and then we shall learn—that is, if it is inscribed. Most likely, however, it has been burnt for lime long ago."

"Then you can't tell me anything about her?" said Smith.

"Well, only a little. To begin with, that's a cast. The original is in the Cairo Museum.

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Mariette found it, I believe at Karnac, and gave it a name after his fashion. Probably she was a queen—of the eighteenth dynasty, by the work. But you can see her rank for yourself from the broken *uræus*." (Smith did not stop him to explain that he had not the faintest idea what a *uræus* might be, seeing that he was utterly unfamiliar with the snake-headed crest of Egyptian royalty.) "You should go to Egypt and study the head for yourself. It is one of the most beautiful things that ever was found. Well, I must be off. Good day."

And he bustled down the long gallery.

Smith found his way upstairs and looked at mummies and other things. Somehow it hurt him to reflect that the owner of yonder sweet, alluring face must have become a mummy long, long before the Christian era. Mummies did not strike him as attractive.

He returned to the statuary and stared at his plaster cast till one of the workmen remarked to his fellow that if he were the gent he'd go and look at "a live 'un" for a change.

Then Smith retired abashed.

On his way home he called at his bookseller's and ordered "all the best works on Egyptology." When, a day or two later, they arrived in a packing-case, together with a bill for thirty-eight pounds, he was somewhat dismayed. Still, he tackled those books like a man, and, being clever and industrious, within three months had a fair working knowledge of the subject, and had even picked up a smattering of hieroglyphics.

In January—that was, at the end of those three months—Smith astonished his board of directors by applying for ten weeks' leave, he who had hitherto been content with a fortnight in the year. When questioned he explained that he had been suffering from bronchitis and was advised to take a change in Egypt.

"A very good idea," said the manager; "but I'm afraid you'll find it expensive. They fleece one in Egypt."

"I know," answered Smith; "but I've saved a little, and have only myself to spend it upon."

So Smith went to Egypt and saw the original of the beauteous head and a thousand other fascinating things. Indeed, he did more. Attaching himself to some excavators who were glad of his intelligent assistance, he actually dug for a month in the neighbourhood of ancient Thebes, but without finding anything in particular.

It was not till two years later that he made his great discovery, that which is known as Smith's Tomb. Here it may be explained that the state of his health had become such as to necessitate an annual visit to Egypt, or so his superiors understood. As he asked for no summer holiday, and was always ready to do another man's work or to stop overtime, however, he found it easy to arrange for these winter excursions.

On this, his third visit to Egypt, Smith obtained from the Director-General of Antiquities at Cairo a licence to dig upon his own account. Being already well known in the country as a skilled Egyptologist, this was granted upon the usual terms—namely, that the Department of Antiquities should have a right to take any of the objects which might be found, or all of them, if it so desired.

Such preliminary matters having been arranged by correspondence, Smith, after a few days spent in the Museum at Cairo, took the night train to Luxor, where he found his head-man, an ex-dragoman named Mahomet, waiting for him and his fellaheen labourers already hired. There were but forty of them, for his was a comparatively small venture. Three hundred pounds was the amount that he had made up his mind to expend, and such a sum does not go far in excavations.

During his visit of the previous year Smith had marked the place where he meant to dig. It was in the cemetery of old Thebes, at the wild spot not far from the temple of Medinet Habu, that is known as the Valley of the Queens. Here, separated from the resting-places of their royal lords by the bold mass of the intervening hill, some of the greatest ladies of Egypt have been laid to rest, and it was their tombs that Smith desired to investigate. As he knew well, some of these must yet remain to be discovered. Who could say? Fortune favours the bold. It might be that he would find the holy grave of that beauteous, unknown Royalty whose face had haunted him for three long years.

For a whole month he dug without the slightest success. The spot that he selected had proved, indeed, to be the mouth of a tomb. After twenty-five days of laborious exploration it was at length cleared out, and he stood in a rude, unfinished cave. The queen for whom it had been designed must have died quite young and been buried elsewhere; or she had chosen herself another sepulchre, or mayhap the rock had proved unsuitable for sculpture.

Smith shrugged his shoulders and moved

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on, sinking trial pits and trenches here and there, but still finding nothing. Two-thirds of his time and money had been spent when at last the luck turned. One day, towards evening, with some half-dozen of his best men he was returning after a fruitless morning of labour, when something seemed to attract him towards a little *wadi*, or bay, in the hillside that was filled with tumbled rocks and sand. There were scores of such places, and this one looked no more promising than any of the others had proved to be. Yet it attracted him. Thoroughly dispirited, he walked past it twenty paces or more, then turned.

"Where go you, sah?" asked his head-man, Mahomet.

He pointed to the recess in the cliff.

"No good, sah," said Mahomet. "No tomb there. Bed-rock too near top. Too much water run in there; dead queen like keep dry!"

But Smith went on, and the others followed obediently.

He walked down the little slope of sand and boulders and examined the cliff. It was virgin rock; never a tool-mark was to be seen. Already the men were going when the same strange instinct which had drawn him to the spot caused him to take a spade from one of them and begin to shovel away the sand from the face of the cliff—for here, for some unexplained reason, were no boulders or *débris*. Seeing their master, to whom they were attached, at work, they began to work too, and for twenty minutes or more dug on cheerfully enough, just to humour him, since all were sure that here there was no tomb. At length Smith ordered them to desist, for, although now they were six feet down, the rock remained of the same virgin character.

With an exclamation of disgust he threw out a last shovelful of sand. The edge of his spade struck on something that projected. He cleared away a little more sand, and there appeared a rounded ledge which seemed to be a cornice. Calling back the men, he pointed to it, and without a word all of them began to dig again. Five minutes more of work made it clear that it was a cornice, and half an hour later there appeared the top of the doorway of a tomb.

"Old people wall him up," said Mahomet, pointing to the flat stones set in mud for mortar with which the doorway had been closed, and to the undecipherable impress upon the mud of the scarab seals of the officials whose duty it had been to close the last resting-place of the royal dead for ever.

"Perhaps queen all right inside," he went on, receiving no answer to his remark.

"Perhaps," replied Smith, briefly. "Dig, man, dig! Don't waste time in talking."

So they dug on furiously till at length Smith saw something which caused him to groan aloud. There was a hole in the masonry—the tomb had been broken into. Mahomet saw it too, and examined the top of the aperture with his skilled eye.

"Very old thief," he said. "Look, he try build up wall again, but run away before he have time finish." And he pointed to certain flat stones which had been roughly and hurriedly replaced.

"Dig—dig!" said Smith.

Ten minutes more, and the aperture was cleared. It was only just big enough to admit the body of a man.

By now the sun was setting. Swiftly, swiftly it seemed to tumble down the sky. One minute it was above the rough crests of the western hills behind them; the next, a great ball of glowing fire, it rested on their topmost ridge. Then it was gone. For an instant a kind of green spark shone where it had been. This too went out, and the sudden Egyptian night was upon them.

The fellaheen muttered among themselves, and one or two of them wandered off on some pretext. The rest threw down their tools and looked at Smith.

"Men say they no like stop here. They afraid of ghost! Too many *afreet* live in these tomb. That what they say. Come back finish to-morrow morning when it light. Very foolish people, these common fellaheen," remarked Mahomet, in a superior tone.

"Quite so," replied Smith, who knew well that nothing that he could offer would tempt his men to go on with the opening of a tomb after sunset. "Let them go away. You and I will stop and watch the place till morning."

"Sorry, sah," said Mahomet, "but I not feel quite well inside; think I got fever. I go to camp and lie down and pray under plenty blanket."

"All right, go," said Smith; "but if there is anyone who is not a coward, let him bring me my big coat, something to eat and drink, and the lantern that hangs in my tent. I will meet him there in the valley."

Mahomet, though rather doubtfully, promised that this should be done, and, after begging Smith to accompany them, lest the spirit of whoever slept in the tomb should work him a mischief during the night, they departed quickly enough.

Smith lit his pipe, sat down on the sand,

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and waited. Half an hour later he heard a sound of singing, and through the darkness, which was dense, saw lights coming up the valley.

"My brave men," he thought to himself, and scrambled up the slope to meet them.

He was right. These were his men, no fewer than twenty of them, for with a less number they did not dare to face the ghosts which they believed haunted the valley after nightfall. Presently the light from the lantern which one of them carried (not Mahomet, whose sickness had increased too suddenly to enable him to come) fell upon the tall form of Smith, who, dressed in his white working clothes, was leaning against a rock. Down went the lantern, and with a howl of terror the brave company turned and fled.

"Sons of cowards!" roared Smith after them, in his most vigorous Arabic. "It is I, your master, not an *afreet*."

They heard, and by degrees crept back again. Then he perceived that in order to account for their number each of them carried some article. Thus one had the bread, another the lantern, another a tin of sardines, another the sardine-opener, another a box of matches, another a bottle of beer, and so on. As even thus there were not enough things to go round, two of them bore his big coat between them, the first holding it by the sleeves and the second by the tail, as though it were a stretcher.

"Put them down," said Smith, and they obeyed. "Now," he added, "run for your lives; I thought I heard two *afreets* talking up there just now of what they would do to any followers of the Prophet who mocked their gods, if perchance they should meet them in their holy place at night."

This kindly counsel was accepted with much eagerness. In another minute Smith was alone with the stars and the dying desert wind.

Collecting his goods, or as many of them as he wanted, he thrust them into the pockets of the great-coat and returned to the mouth of the tomb. Here he made his simple meal by the light of the lantern, and afterwards tried to go to sleep. But sleep he could not. Something always woke him. First it was a jackal howling amongst the rocks; next a sand-fly bit him on the ankle so sharply that he thought he must have been stung by a scorpion. Then, notwithstanding his warm coat, the cold got hold of him, for the clothes beneath were wet through with perspiration, and it occurred to him that unless he did something he would probably contract an internal chill or perhaps fever. He rose and walked about.

By now the moon was up, revealing all the sad, wild scene in its every detail. The mystery of Egypt entered his soul and oppressed him. How much dead majesty lay in the hill upon which he stood? Were they all really dead, he wondered, or were those fellaheen right? Did their spirits still come forth at night and wander through the land where once they ruled? Of course that was the Egyptian faith according to which the *Ka*, or double, eternally haunted the place where its earthly counterpart had been laid to rest. When one came to think of it, beneath a mass of unintelligible symbolism there was much in the Egyptian faith which it was hard for a Christian to disbelieve. Salvation through a Redeemer, for instance, and the resurrection of the body. Had he, Smith, not already written a treatise upon these points of similarity which he proposed to publish one day, not under his own name? Well, he would not think of them now; the occasion seemed scarcely fitting—they came home too pointedly to one who was engaged in violating a tomb.

His mind, or rather his imagination—of which he had plenty—went off at a tangent. What sights had this place seen thousands of years ago! Once, thousands of years ago, a procession had wound up along the roadway which was doubtless buried beneath the sand whereon he stood towards the dark door of this sepulchre. He could see it as it passed in and out between the rocks. The priests, shaven-headed and robed in leopards' skins, or some of them in pure white, bearing the mystic symbols of their office. The funeral sledge drawn by oxen, and on it the great rectangular case that contained the outer and the inner coffins, and within them the mummy of some departed Majesty; in the Egyptian formula, "the hawk that had spread its wings and flown into the bosom of Osiris," God of Death. Behind, the mourners, rending the air with their lamentations. Then those who bore the funeral furniture and offerings. Then the high officers of State and the first priests of Amen and the other gods. Then the sister queens, leading by the hand a wondering child or two. Then the sons of Pharaoh, young men carrying the emblems of their rank.

Lastly, walking alone, Pharaoh himself in his ceremonial robes, his apron, his double crown of linen surmounted by the golden snake, his inlaid bracelets and his heavy,

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"WITH A HOWL OF TERROR THE BRAVE COMPANY TURNED AND FLED."

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tinkling earrings. Pharaoh, his head bowed, his feet travelling wearily, and in his heart—what thoughts? Sorrow, perhaps, for her who had departed. Yet he had other queens and fair women without count. Doubtless she was sweet and beautiful, but sweetness and beauty were not given to her alone. Moreover, was she not wont to cross his will and to question his divinity? No, surely it is not only of her that he thinks, her for whom he had prepared this splendid tomb with all things needful to unite her with the gods. Surely he thinks also of himself and of that other tomb on the farther side of the hill whereat the artists labour day by day—yes, and have laboured these many years; that tomb to which before so very long he too must travel in just this fashion, to seek his place beyond the doors of Death who lays his equal hand on king and queen and slave.

The vision passed. It was so real that Smith thought he must have been dreaming. Well, he was awake now, and colder than ever. Moreover, the jackals had multiplied. There were a whole pack of them, and not far away. Look! One crossed in the ring of the lamplight, a slinking, yellow beast that smelt the remains of dinner. Or perhaps it smelt himself. Moreover, there were bad characters who haunted these mountains, and he was alone and quite unarmed. Perhaps he ought to put out the light which advertised his whereabouts. It would be wise, and yet in this particular he rejected wisdom. After all, the light was some company.

Since sleep seemed to be out of the question, he fell back upon poor humanity's other anodyne, work, which has the incidental advantage of generating warmth. Seizing a shovel, he began to dig at the doorway of the tomb, whilst the jackals howled louder than ever in astonishment. They were not used to such a sight. For thousands of years, as the old moon above could have told, no man, or at least no solitary man, had dared to rob tombs at such an unnatural hour.

When Smith had been digging for about twenty minutes something tinkled on his shovel with a noise which sounded loud in that silence.

"A stone which may come in handy for the jackals," he thought to himself, shaking the sand slowly off the spade until it appeared. There it was, and not large enough to be of much service. Still, he picked it up, and rubbed it in his hands to clear off the encrusting dirt. When he opened them he saw that it was no stone, but a bronze.

"Osiris," reflected Smith, "buried in front of the tomb to hallow the ground. No, an Isis. No, the head of a statuette, and a jolly good one, too—at any rate, in moonlight. Seems to have been gilded." And, reaching out for the lamp, he held it over the object.

Another minute, and he found himself sitting at the bottom of the hole, lamp in one hand and statuette, or rather head, in the other.

"The Queen of the Mask!" he gasped. "The same—the same! By heavens, the very same!"

Oh, he could not be mistaken. There were the identical lips, a little thick and pouted; the identical nostrils, curved and quivering, but a little wide; the identical arched eyebrows and dreamy eyes set somewhat far apart. Above all, there was the identical alluring and mysterious smile. Only on this masterpiece of ancient art was set a whole crown of *uræi* surrounding the entire head. Beneath the crown and pressed back behind the ears was a full-bottomed wig or royal head-dress, of which the ends descended to the breasts. The statuette, that, having been gilt, remained quite perfect and uncorroded, was broken just above the middle, apparently by a single violent blow, for the fracture was very clean.

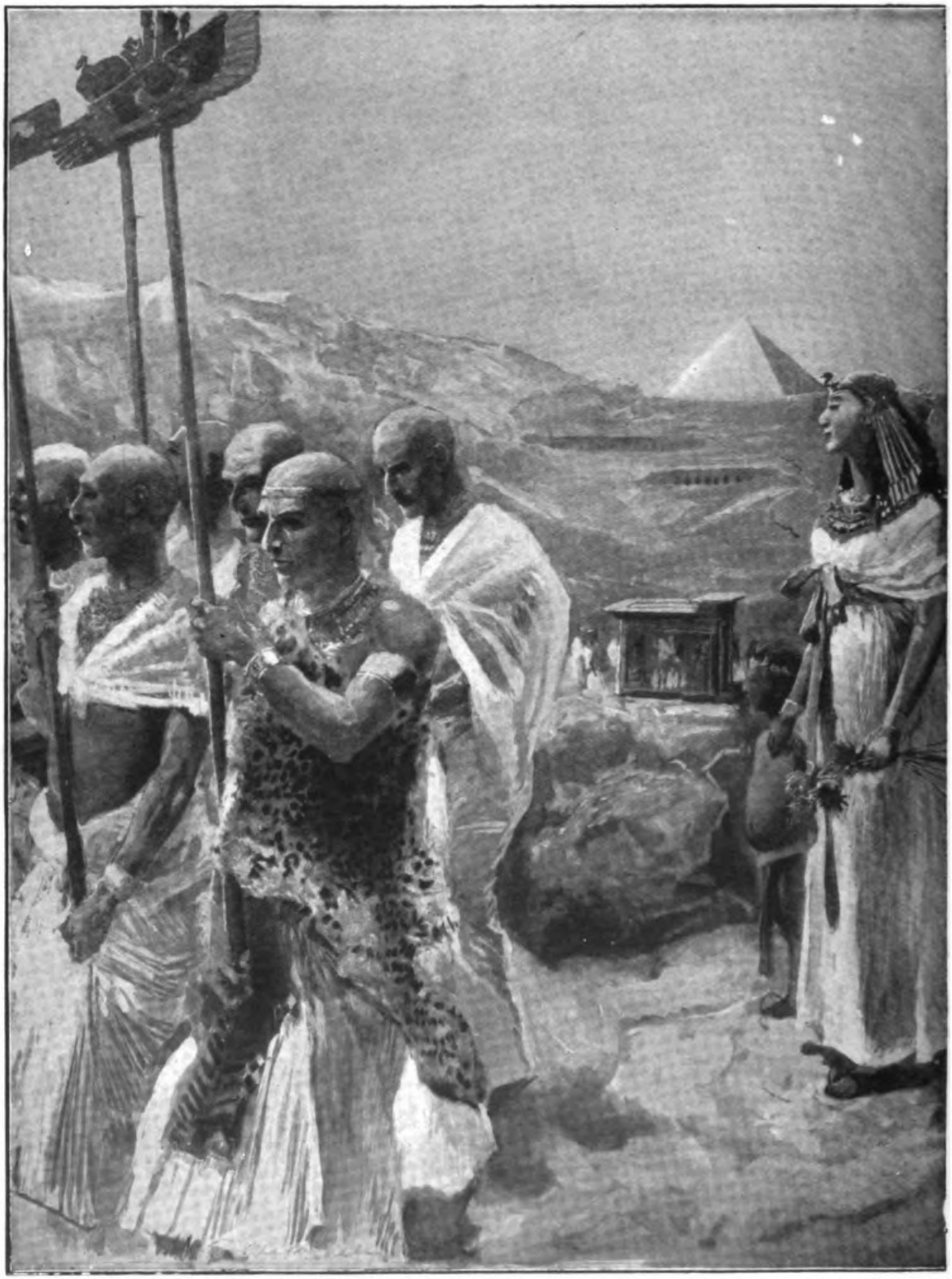
At once it occurred to Smith that it had been stolen from the tomb by a thief who thought it to be gold; that outside of the tomb doubt had overtaken him and caused him to break it upon a stone or otherwise. The rest was clear. Finding that it was but gold-washed bronze he had thrown away the fragments, rather than be at the pains of carrying them. This was his theory, probably not a correct one, as the sequel seems to show.

Smith's first idea was to recover the other portion. He searched quite a long while, but without success. Neither then nor afterwards could it be found. He reflected that perhaps this lower half had remained in the thief's hand, who, in his vexation, had thrown it far away, leaving the head to lie where it fell. Again Smith examined this head, and more closely. Now he saw that just beneath the breasts was a delicately-cut cartouche.

Being by this time a master of hieroglyphics, he read it without trouble. It ran: "Ma-Mee. Great Royal Lady. Beloved of——" Here the cartouche was broken away.

"Ma-Mé, or it might be Ma-Mi," he reflected. "I never heard of a queen called Ma-Mé, or Ma-Mi, or Ma-Mu. She must be quite new to history. I wonder of whom she was beloved? Amen, or Horus, or Isis, probably. Of some god, I have no doubt; at least I hope so!"

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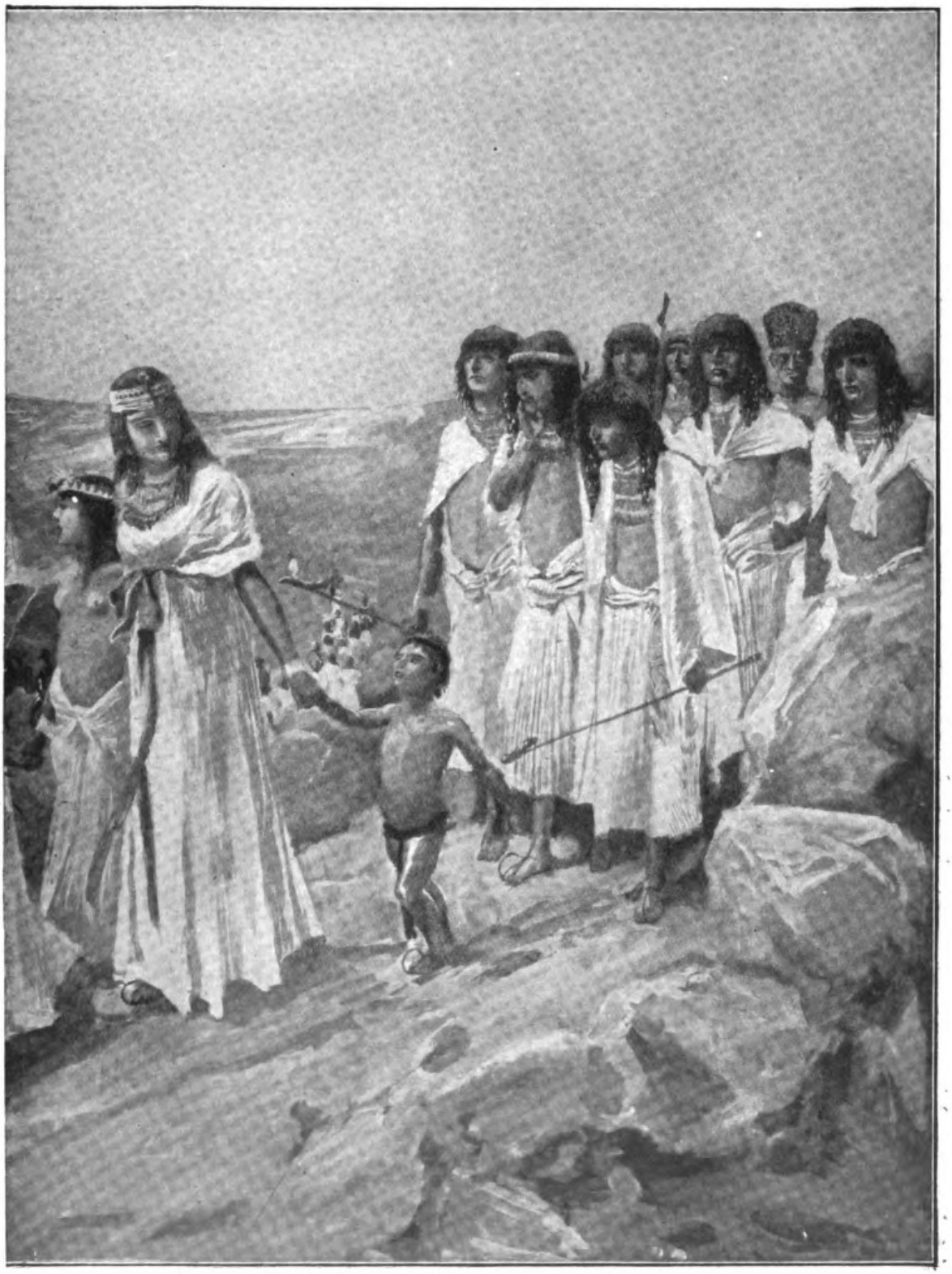


"THE FUNERAL SLEDGE DRAWN BY OXEN, AND ON IT THE GREAT RECTANGULAR CASE THAT CONTAINED

He stared at the beautiful portrait in his hand, as once he had stared at the cast on the Museum wall, and the beautiful portrait, emerging from the dust of ages, smiled back at him there in the solemn moonlight as once the cast had smiled from the Museum wall. Only that had been but a cast, whereas this was real. This had slept with the dead from whose features it had been fashioned, the dead who lay, or who had lain, within.

A sudden resolution took hold of Smith. He would explore that tomb, at once and alone. No one should accompany him on this, his

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THE OUTER AND THE INNER COFFINS, AND WITHIN THEM THE MUMMY OF SOME DEPARTED MAJESTY."

first visit; it would be a sacrilege that anyone save himself should set foot there until he had looked on what it might contain.

Why should he not enter? His lamp, of what is called the "hurricane" brand, was very good and bright, and would burn for many hours. Moreover, there had been time for the foul air to escape through the hole that they had cleared. Lastly, something seemed to call on him to come and see. He placed the bronze head in his breast-pocket over his heart, and, thrusting the lamp through the hole, looked down. Here there was no difficulty, since sand had drifted in

to the level of the bottom of the aperture. Through it he struggled, to find himself upon a bed of sand that only just left him room to push himself along between it and the roof. A little farther on the passage was almost filled with mud.

Mahomet had been right when, from his knowledge of the bed-rock, he said that any tomb made in this place must be flooded. It *had* been flooded by some ancient rain-storm, and Smith began to fear that he would find it quite filled with soil caked as hard as iron. So, indeed, it was to a certain depth, a result that apparently had been anticipated by those who hollowed it, for this entrance shaft was left quite undecorated. Indeed, as Smith found afterwards, a hole had been dug beneath the doorway to allow the mud to enter after the burial was completed. Only a miscalculation had been made. The natural level of the mud did not quite reach the roof of the tomb, and therefore still left it open.

After crawling for forty feet or so over this caked mud, Smith suddenly found himself on a rising stair. Then he understood the plan; the tomb itself was on a higher level.

Here began the paintings. Here the Queen Ma-Mee, wearing her crowns and dressed in diaphanous garments, was presented to god after god. Between her figures and those of the divinities the wall was covered with hieroglyphs as fresh to-day as on that when the artist had limned them. A glance told him that they were extracts from the Book of the Dead. When the thief of bygone ages had broken into the tomb, probably not very long after the interment, the mud over which Smith had just crawled was still wet. This he could tell, since the clay from the rascal's feet remained upon the stairs, and that upon his fingers had stained the paintings on the wall against which he had supported himself; indeed, in one place was an exact impression of his hand, showing its shape and even the lines of the skin.

At the top of the flight of steps ran another passage at a higher level, which the water had never reached, and to right and left were the beginnings of unfinished chambers. It was clear to him that this queen had died young. Her tomb, as she or the king had designed it, was never finished. A few more paces, and the passage enlarged itself into a hall about thirty feet square. The ceiling was decorated with vultures, their wings outspread, the looped Cross of Life hanging from their talons. On one wall her Majesty Ma-Mee stood expectant while Anubis weighed her heart against the feather of Truth, and Thoth, the Recorder, wrote down the verdict upon his tablets. All her titles were given to her here, such as—"Great Royal Heiress, Royal Sister, Royal Wife, Royal Mother, Lady of the Two Lands, Palm-branch of Love, Beautiful-exceedingly."

Smith read them hurriedly and noted that nowhere could he see the name of the king who had been her husband. It would almost seem as though this had been purposely omitted. On the other walls Ma-Mee, accompanied by her *Ka*, or double, made offerings to the various gods, or uttered propitiatory speeches to the hideous demons of the underworld, declaring their names to them and forcing them to say: "Pass on. Thou art pure!"

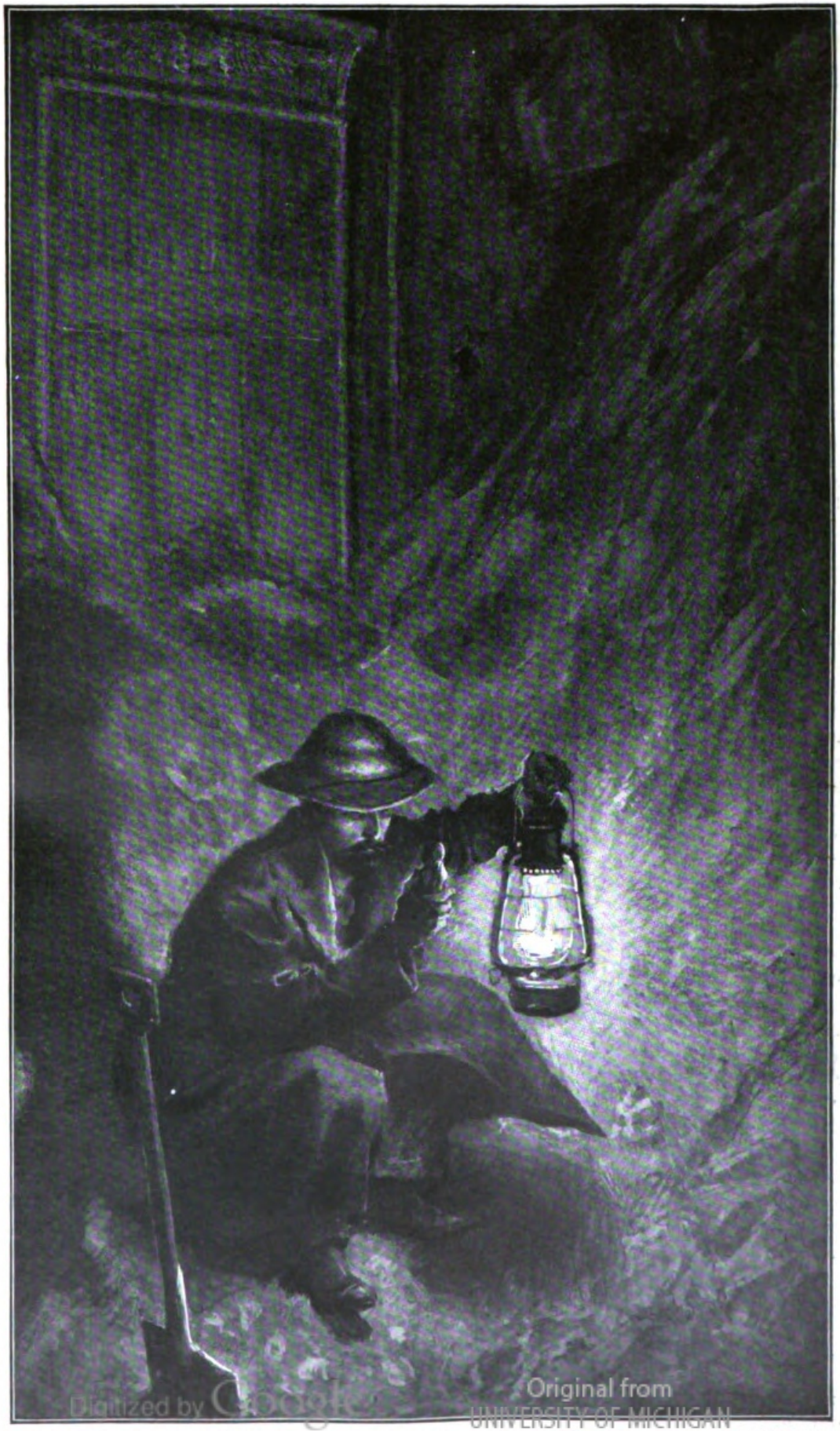
Lastly, on the end wall, triumphant, all her trials done, she, the justified Osiris, or spirit, was received by the god Osiris, Saviour of Spirits.

All these things Smith noted hurriedly as he swung the lamp to and fro in that hallowed place. Then he saw something else which filled him with dismay. On the floor of the chamber where the coffins had been—for this was the burial chamber—lay a heap of black fragments charred with fire. Instantly he understood. After the thief had done his work he had burned the mummy-cases, and with them the body of the queen. There could be no doubt that this was so, for look! among the ashes lay some calcined human bones, while the roof above was blackened with the smoke and cracked by the heat of the conflagration. There was nothing left for him to find!

Oppressed with the closeness of the atmosphere, he sat down upon a little bench or table cut in the rock that evidently had been meant to receive offerings to the dead. Indeed, on it still lay the scorched remains of some votive flowers. Here, his lamp between his feet, he rested a while, staring at those calcined bones. See, yonder was the lower jaw, and in it some teeth, small, white, regular and but little worn. Yes, she had died young. Then he turned to go, for disappointment and the holiness of the place overcame him; he could endure no more of it that night.

Leaving the burial hall, he walked along the painted passage, the lamp swinging and his eyes fixed upon the floor. He was disheartened, and the paintings could wait till the morrow. He descended the steps and came to the foot of the mud slope. Here suddenly he perceived, projecting from some sand that had drifted down over the mud,

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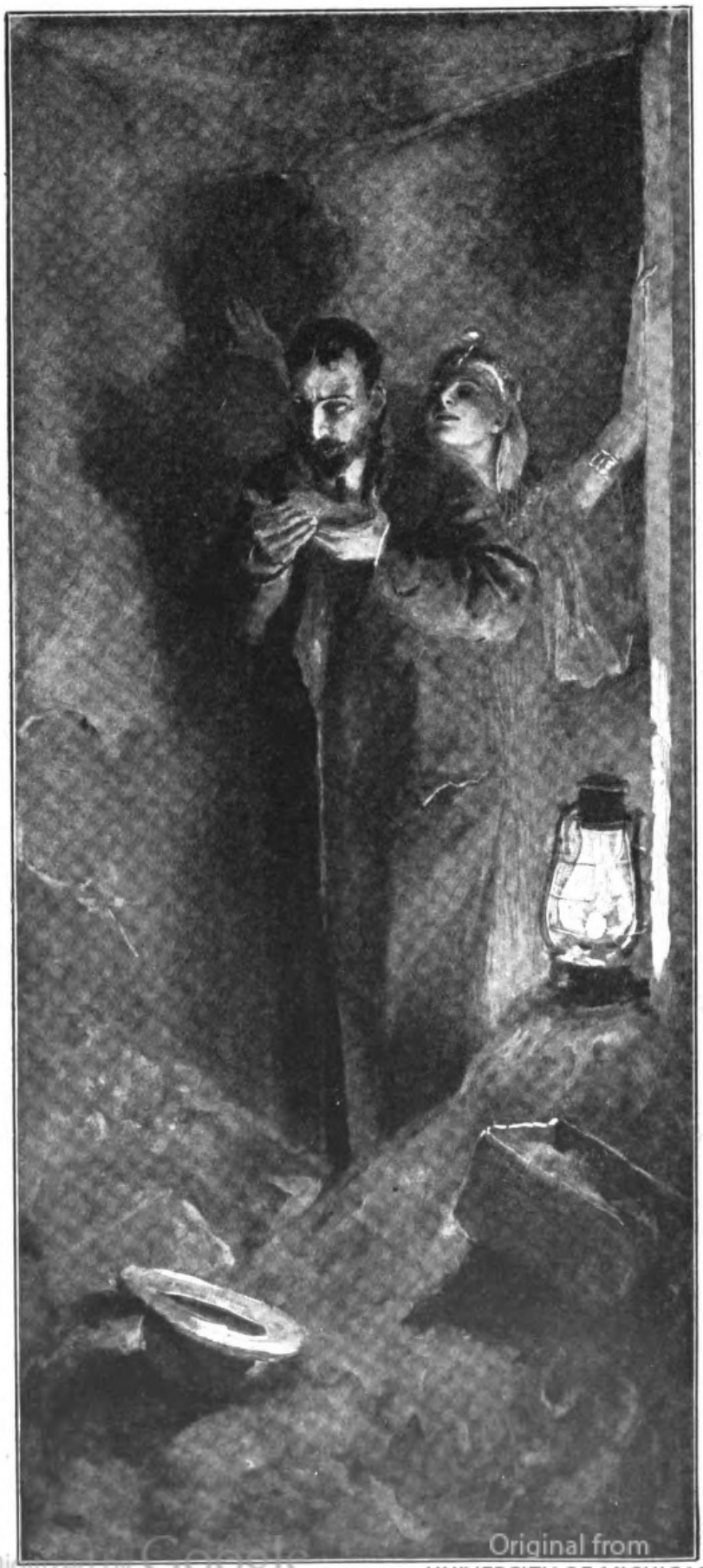


"'THE QUEEN OF THE MASK!' HE GASPED. 'THE SAME—THE SAME! BY HEAVENS, THE VERY SAME!'"

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what seemed to be the corner of a reed box or basket. To clear away the sand was easy, and — yes, it was a basket, a foot or so in length, such a basket as the old Egyptians used to contain the funeral figures which are called *ushaptis*, or other objects connected with the dead. It looked as though it had been dropped, for it lay upon its side. Smith opened it—not very hopefully, for surely nothing of value would have been abandoned thus.

The first thing that met his eyes was a mummied hand, broken off at the wrist, a woman's little hand, most delicately shaped. It was withered and paper-white, but the contours still remained; the long fingers were perfect, and the almond-shaped nails had been stained with henna, as was the embalmers' fashion. On the hand were two gold rings, and for those rings it had been stolen. Smith looked at it for a long while, and his heart swelled within him, for here was the hand of that royal lady of his dreams.



"HIS HEART SWELLED WITHIN HIM, FOR HERE WAS THE HAND OF THAT ROYAL LADY OF HIS DREAMS."

Indeed, he did more than look; he kissed it, and as his lips touched the holy relic it seemed to him as though a wind, cold but scented, blew upon his brow. Then, growing fearful of the thoughts that arose within him, he hurried his mind back to the world, or rather to the examination of the basket.

Here he found other objects roughly wrapped in fragments of mummy-cloth that had been torn from the body of the queen. These it is needless to describe, for are they

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not to be seen in the Gold Room of the Museum, labelled "Bijouterie de la Reine Ma-Mé, XVIIIème Dynastie. Thebes (Smith's Tomb)"? It may be mentioned, however, that the set was incomplete. For instance, there was but one of the great gold ceremonial ear-rings fashioned like a group of pomegranate blooms, and the most beautiful of the necklaces had been torn in two—half of it was missing.

It was clear to Smith that only a portion of the precious objects which were buried with the mummy had been placed in this basket. Why had these been left where he found them? A little reflection made that clear also. Something had prompted the thief to destroy the desecrated body and its coffin with fire, probably in the hope of hiding his evil handiwork. Then he fled with his spoil. But he had forgotten how fiercely mummies and their trappings can burn. Or perhaps the thing was an accident. He must have had a lamp, and if its flame chanced to touch this bituminous tinder!

At any rate, the smoke overtook the man in that narrow place as he began to climb the slippery slope of clay. In his haste he dropped the basket, and dared not return to search for it. It could wait till the morrow, when the fire would be out and the air pure. Only for this desecrator of the royal dead that morrow never came, as was discovered afterwards.

When at length Smith struggled into the open air the stars were paling before the dawn. An hour later, after the sun was well up, Mahomet (recovered from his sickness) and his myrmidons arrived.

"I have been busy while you slept," said Smith, showing them the mummied hand (but not the rings which he had removed from the shrunk fingers), and the broken bronze, but not the priceless jewellery which was hidden in his pockets.

For the next ten days they dug till the tomb and its approach were quite clear. In the sand, at the head of a flight of steps which led down to the doorway, they found the skeleton of a man, who evidently had been buried there in a hurried fashion. His skull was shattered by the blow of an axe, and the shaven scalp that still clung to it suggested that he might have been a priest.

Mahomet thought, and Smith agreed with him, that this was the person who had violated the tomb. As he was escaping from it the guards of the holy place surprised him after he had covered up the hole by which he entered and had purposed to return. There they executed him without trial and divided up the plunder, thinking that no more was to be found. Or perhaps his confederates had killed him.

Such at least were the theories advanced by Mahomet. Whether they were right or wrong none will ever know. For instance, the skeleton may not have been that of the thief, though probability appears to point the other way.

Nothing more was found in the tomb, not even a scarab or a mummy-bead. Smith spent the remainder of his time in photographing the pictures and copying the inscriptions, which for various reasons proved to be of extraordinary interest. Then, having reverently buried the charred bones of the queen in a secret place of the sepulchre, he handed it over to the care of the local Guardian of Antiquities, paid off Mahomet and the fellaheen, and departed for Cairo. With him went the wonderful jewels of which he had breathed no word, and another relic to him yet more precious—the hand of her Majesty Ma-Mee, Palm-branch of Love.

And now follows the strange sequel of this story of Smith and the queen Ma-Mee.

(To be continued)

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Photo. by Claude Harris, Ltd.

A CONJURER'S REMINISCENCES.

By DAVID DEVANT.

Illustrated by E. H. Shepard.

I HAVE often been asked whether a conjurer has to be born a conjurer, or whether a man, when he has arrived at years of discretion, can make himself a conjurer in the same way that another man can make himself a stockbroker, another a lawyer, and another an "inspector of public buildings without salary"—a description which I once heard one of the unemployed apply to himself.

My answer to that inquiry is never quite satisfactory to the questioner, for it invariably is, "I don't know." I have been told, by those most likely to know anything about me, that I took no interest in the disappearance of anything, except food and drink, until I was a fairly large boy.

I have always regarded conjuring as a kind of fever. I suppose nine boys out of every ten catch it, but in most cases the attack is very mild and yields to treatment—a book on conjuring, followed by a box of tricks as a Christmas present. The boy dips into the first, breaks most of the second, and eventually decides that, as a hobby, conjuring is inferior to white mice.

I caught the fever suddenly, but I did not get it from the first conjurer I ever saw. I remember that I enjoyed his performance, but when he had finished I did not go away and in secret try to imitate it. But one day, while strolling along Oxford Street, I saw an egg in a shop window, and above the egg was this notice: "This egg will disappear. One shilling."



"I RESOLVED TO BUY THAT EGG."

That did it. I resolved I would buy that egg; but first, having Scottish blood in my veins, I determined I would make sure of getting my money's worth. In other words, I wanted to see the egg vanish before I parted with my shilling. I was satisfied, and left that shop with my first trick.

Afterwards I used to haunt that shop. When money was scarce I had to be content with studying the windows, and most fascinating I found them. When I was able to go inside my happiness was complete. One day, after I had been into the shop, I was accosted by a stranger in the middle of Oxford Street. I suppose he must have noticed my frequent visits to the shop where tricks were sold, for he stopped me on the refuge in the middle of the street and said: "You're fond of tricks, aren't you? I can show you a good one."

Then and there, on the refuge in the middle of Oxford Street, he produced a glass of water and asked me to hold it. He took a penny, threw a handkerchief over it, and asked me to hold the penny in such a way that the handkerchief covered the glass of water. He then directed me to drop the penny into the glass of water. I did so, but when I looked into the glass the penny had disappeared.

I expressed my admiration, and the conjurer expressed his desire for money. He wanted one shilling for the trick. I explained that I had spent nearly all my money; I possessed fourpence. The conjurer seemed suddenly to lose his enthusiasm for his art. Couldn't I make it sixpence? I replied that, not being a conjurer yet—I remember that

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I emphasized the "yet"—I could not. In the end he agreed to sell me the secret of the trick for fourpence. He declined to throw in the apparatus for that sum. I parted with my last penny, and learned that the miraculous effect I had witnessed was produced by the secret substitution of a little round piece of glass for the penny under the handkerchief. It was the glass which, all unknowing, I had dropped into the water, and so the penny had disappeared.



"THEN AND THERE, ON THE REFUGE IN THE MIDDLE OF OXFORD STREET, HE PRODUCED A GLASS OF WATER AND ASKED ME TO HOLD IT."

After that, all my waking thoughts and most of my dreaming ones were of conjuring. One day I was taken to a bazaar, and a palmist told my fortune. She prophesied that I should become the proprietor of a theatre in the West-end—a place with a lot of lights in front of it. The theatre which she saw in the lines of my hand was not an ordinary theatre, where plays were performed; in short, she gave a rough description of St. George's Hall, as it now is. At that time I had not had one thought of ever earning my living as I do now. Let me add that the palmist did not quite hit the mark, for I am not the sole proprietor of St. George's Hall, but the managing director.

I soon discovered that, in order to get complete satisfaction out of conjuring, one has to have audiences—the more the better. Having worn out the patience of the family circle, I looked about me for larger audiences. I found them at Sunday-school teas, bazaars, concerts, and other places, and I suppose I must have performed hundreds of times solely for the pleasure my own performance gave me. But there came a day when I resented being called an amateur. I did not know then what I know now—that the performance of an amateur conjurer is not necessarily inferior to that of a professional, for some of the best tricks have been invented by amateurs, and some of the best conjurers are amateurs.

However, I, a mere boy, wanted to be a professional conjurer, so I engaged a small hall and announced, by means of a written notice on the door, that I would give a reward of a thousand pounds to anyone—man, woman, or child—who found the doors of that hall closed at half-past seven in the evening. Front seats were twopence, back seats a penny, and I guaranteed a change of programme every Saturday. My performances were given only on Saturday evenings.

That guarantee as to the change of programme was my undoing. My chief trick was the magical production of a large hot pudding, which I cut up and distributed among the front seats—much to the disgust of the back seats. This trick was so successful from my own point of view—it was easy, and it took up a lot of time—that I repeated it each Saturday evening. My audience complained, when they had seen the sixth hot pudding, that I was not acting fairly by them, as I had guaranteed a change of programme each Saturday. The obvious reply to this was that, as the pudding was renewed

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each Saturday, the programme was therefore changed. The reply was quite as unsatisfactory as the pudding to my audience—and then my troubles began.

The truth was, as the audiences became thinner the number of plums in each pudding was diminished. Eventually, one Saturday night, my front seats discovered that, although the hot pudding was uneatable, it could be broken up into small pieces and used as ammunition. The first boy to receive a piece of my hot pudding on the bridge of his nose told the thrower that he was breaking the rules of the game by using stones. When the injured urchin found what damage could be inflicted by one small piece of my pudding he booked two seats for the following Saturday's performance, and announced that he would bring his big brother with him.



"A FREE FIGHT WITH LITTLE PIECES OF HOT PUDDING AS AMMUNITION."

My first venture as a professional conjurer was coming to a close. On the following Saturday I was invited by the front seats to begin with the hot pudding trick and to leave out the rest. It seemed an inartistic thing to do—so suspiciously like being paid not to conjure. But numbers were too many for me, and I had to obey my audience. Every Saturday night after that those boys came to my little hall with the sole object of having a free fight with little pieces of hot pudding as ammunition. It was usually rather a sticky pudding, and therefore at the close of the performance the walls of the hall would be decorated with bits of pudding. These were so adhesive that the hall-keeper demanded an increase in his wages for the extra work involved in clearing up after my performance. After that my first season as a professional conjurer closed abruptly.

My first professional engagement at a private house brought me half a guinea. I think I may be justly proud of the fact that I have since been offered a fee of eighteen thousand pounds for one year's work at music-halls. I did not accept the offer, partly because the audiences at St. George's Hall expect to see me there for part of the year.

Being a very ambitious conjurer, I resolved — long before I had had sufficient experience for the work — to present the vanishing lady illusion. I devised my own version of it, and employed two ladies exactly alike. They gave me a lot of trouble, because sometimes an anonymous admirer would leave a box of chocolates at the stage-door for "the vanishing lady," and then the two ladies would call me in, and they would both ask at the same time: "Aren't these chocolates meant for me?" But that little difficulty was nothing to the one they caused during a certain performance. I must explain that it was the duty of one lady to vanish mysteriously from the stage. In reply to my agonized inquiry: "Where are you? Where are you?" the other "vanishing lady" would pop up her head in the gallery and reply: "Here I am, in the gallery!" On the fateful night to which I refer the first lady did not vanish, but the second lady, not knowing that there had been a little accident to my apparatus, appeared in the gallery and, to the surprise of the whole house, including the conjurer, exclaimed: "Here I am, in the gallery!"

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It is on an occasion like this that a conjurer makes up his mind that, after all, any other occupation in life would be easier. Five minutes afterwards, if he is a real conjurer, he will determine that at any rate it shall never be possible for that mistake to occur again.

Probably it is because no conjurer is expected to tell the truth—I mean, of course, when he is on the stage—that I have occasionally found a difficulty in getting people to take me seriously. Some years ago, when I used to perform the money-catching trick—in which the performer "finds" money floating about in the air, or reposing in old men's beards or old ladies' bonnets, or other impossible places—I made a point of using real half-crowns. Sometimes—and always solely for the advantage of the advertisement that the action gave me—I would "find" a few half-crowns among the



"THE FIRST LADY DID NOT VANISH."

audience and "return" them to their "owners." But I seldom succeeded at the first attempt in persuading the audience or the recipients of my money that the half-crowns were real half-crowns. I used to overhear whispers of this kind:—

"Can't be a good one."

"He said it was."

"Well, let's change it, anyhow."



"THE SECOND LADY APPEARED IN THE GALLERY."

"It'll do for church."

"The bank will tell you."

"Try it at the booking-office when they're in a hurry."

And so on.

On the other hand, I have occasionally found a difficulty in making people understand that they should not take me at my word when, obviously to my mind, I am attempting a little joke. Thus, sometimes when I have wanted to borrow a watch from a member of the audience for the purpose of a trick, I have said, jokingly, to the owner:—

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind throwing it on the stage; it will save you time."

On more than one occasion the watch has been thrown on the stage, and it has come down with a thud on the boards, and I have been expected to restore it magically at the end of the trick. I have often thought what a fine trick that would be, but I have not yet decided on the best way to do it.

Sometimes, however, when a mistake is made at a performance the conjurer is the

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"CAN'T BE A GOOD ONE."

culprit. I believe that when I was engaged in the pleasant occupation known as "obtaining experience" I made most of the mistakes that a conjurer can make. Once I inadvertently loaded a pistol with blasting powder in place of the ordinary gunpowder, and peppered the face of my volunteer assistant. He shrieked, and the audience thought that it was a good joke and all part of the performance, and they roared with laughter. But I didn't.

Other mishaps occur to me. The bows of borrowed watches have come off while the watches have been passed by me through the various stages of a trick. Watches have been dropped by volunteer assistants, and I have been blamed for using such "clumsy confederates." (I have never used a confederate of any kind.) On one occasion a wedding-ring which I had borrowed for a trick from a dear old lady got lost in most mysterious fashion. It disappeared in the way I desired, at the commencement of the trick, but when I was about to bring the trick to a brilliant finish the ring was not there! The lady—a widow—was painfully distressed. So was I. A friend with her assured her that it was only my joke, and that I should find the ring somewhere else presently. At that moment I had no idea where the ring could be, but I assured the old lady that it could not be far away, that it had probably fallen on the floor, and that if she would wait after the performance was over I would have the hall carefully searched. It was not a brilliant finish to a trick, but even now I know of no other ending that could have been used on the spur of the moment. Eventually the ring was found wedged between the boards of the hall. It was a very thin ring, and it had slipped out of the parcel in which I had secretly placed it.

It has been truly said that the best test of a conjurer is to be had when something has "gone wrong" in a trick and he has to bring it to an end different from the customary one. A good, smooth performance is, to a certain



"THE WATCH HAS COME DOWN WITH A THUD ON THE BOARDS."

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"I PEPPERED THE FACE OF MY VOLUNTEER ASSISTANT."

extent, a matter of habit, but when an "accident" happens the conjurer has to think quickly. Sometimes the conjurer can see the "accident" in the distance, in time to prevent the audience from noticing it, but sometimes the "accident" comes upon the performer very suddenly. For instance, once or twice, in the middle of a trick, I have been made suddenly aware of the fact that the two rabbits which my man has bought for my performance have not been of the usual tame variety, but of the wild kind, with the homing instinct strongly developed! Indeed, it has been the rabbits' evident desire to return to their native haunts and to go there and then—and quickly—that has troubled me.

Interruptions during a performance help to sadden the life of the young conjurer. As he gets on in his work he is not troubled much by interruptions, because public places of amusement are conducted in an orderly manner; but at Sunday schools, village halls, and such places, the number of young people prepared to interrupt the conjurer is usually out of all proportion to the number of people who have the unpleasant job of trying to keep order. When a young conjurer, performing at such a place, causes anything, from a sixpence to a cannon-ball, to vanish more or less mysteriously, the cry is always, "It's up his sleeve." The average boy believes that if a trick is not done in that way, then there are only two other possible explanations; one is "wires," the other "a secret spring." I remember once, when I was very young, being so nettled with the cry of "Up his sleeve" that I foolishly allowed myself to be drawn into an argument with my audience—a thing which no conjurer should ever dream of doing—and, to prove that the trick could not be done that way, I rolled up my sleeves. Hardly had I done so when I heard an old lady exclaim that she had "got it"—my arms were false arms!



"A FRIEND WITH HER ASSURED HER THAT IT WAS ONLY MY JOKE."

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The audience took up the cry of "false arms!" —and I gave up the task of trying to convince them that the trick was a much better one than they considered it to be.

But let us get away from mishaps and accidents and youthful mistakes.

I suppose only a conjurer can really appreciate the fact that any performance is improved by a little music. Many years ago, at a Sunday-school, I was asked if I would like to have a little music between my tricks. I gladly accepted the offer, but, unfortunately, no one could play the village piano—or any other piano, for the matter of that. But a kindly old gentleman said that he would come to my assistance with a little music. At the performance he produced an instrument which he said was an "organette." I have never seen one since; it was a kind of automatic harmonium of a small size. The old gentleman started it after I had produced a large Union Jack, and I was somewhat surprised to hear the organette groan out a hymn—the "Old Hundredth." It gave us two verses of that.



"A RABBIT WITH THE HOMING INSTINCT."

Then I did my watch and rabbit trick, and the organette played "The March of the Men of Harlech." It seemed rather inappropriate, but not more so than during the rest of my performance. It played the march half-a-dozen times afterwards during the evening. The hymn and the march were the only two tunes the organette could produce.

Every conjurer knows that, in one sense, a trick may be too good; I mean a trick in which the problem is so puzzling that the audience are left without the slightest clue to its solution. A trick of this kind never wins the loudest applause immediately it is over, because the audience are too puzzled to express their appreciation of what they have seen until they have had a moment or two in which to think it over. (I do not say that they always arrive at the right solution even then, but possibly they may think they do!) It is rather unusual, however, to have a trick which is far too good for one individual member of the audience. I recall such a trick. It was an average good trick with a slate and some numbered cards, and after I had performed it one night I was quite unconscious of the fact that the trick had been much too good for a lady in the audience. I discovered that fact two days afterwards. A man called on me in the morning and asked if I gave lessons in conjuring. At that time I did, but now, when I am asked that, I direct the questioner to an old pupil of mine who understands my methods and is very patient!

The man seemed pleased that I taught conjuring. He asked for particulars about my fee, the time it would take to learn, and so on, and then finally stuttered out that he had been making all those inquiries on behalf of his wife. Then he took me into his confidence. He told me that his wife was delicate, and that she had been so puzzled by my slate trick, which she had seen three evenings before, that she had not been able to sleep. She was suffering from "nerves," and her husband felt sure that her health would be seriously injured if she did not know the secret of that trick; she could think of nothing else. I satisfied the lady's curiosity, and in so doing earned her husband's gratitude.

I come now to the story of a performance which I did not give. I am honestly proud of the fact that I was chosen to appear at the recent Royal Command Performance at the Palace Theatre, and so I make no apology for reminding my readers of that fact. I do so because, unknown to the public, that

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performance had a sequel. It took place on a Monday evening. On the following Friday there came an inquiry at St. George's Hall. I was requested to perform at Queen Alexandra's Garden Party at Marlborough House on the following day. Now, as it happened, I had decided to take a short holiday, and had inconsiderately not told anyone my address. The staff at St. George's Hall knew that I was "somewhere in Norfolk," and so they set to work, with telegraph and telephone, to find me for the Royal garden party. Country policemen were "called up." Telegrams were sent to hotels and garages. And all the time I was trundling about the coast of Norfolk in my car, and searching for the ideal cottage in which to spend a quiet holiday. I found it at last at East Runton. In the evening, all unconscious of the fact that during the day a shower of telegrams about me had descended on that part of the county, my wife went into the village shop to make some purchases. She loaded herself with small parcels, but there were some things which she could not carry, and she gave her name and address to the shopkeeper. He stepped back in astonishment.

"Mrs. Devant?" he asked.

My wife spelt it out for him.

"Mrs. David Devant?" he repeated.

My wife admitted it.

"Then," said he, "I may tell you that the police are asking for your husband!"

My wife, murmuring something about "At last!" and "What I've always expected!" dropped all her parcels (none of which was paid for), and sank back into a chair.



"THE POLICE ARE ASKING FOR YOUR HUSBAND!"

At that moment I came in. A hurried explanation, and then I talked to St. George's Hall; but the staff had not found me in time, for the programmes had had to be printed that afternoon, and therefore without my name—to my great regret.

But the incident rather spoilt my quiet holiday by the sea. I was pointed at in the village. Children directed other children's attention to the man who "did things" and received Royal commands to do them. Much was obviously expected of me; I believe that even my morning swim was watched because the watchers thought that I must have some magical method for cutting my way through the water. I fear that I disappointed everyone, and I daresay that they now regret the time they wasted in looking at a man who swam, lazed, and played golf in the ordinary way (very ordinary as regards the golf). In that case, and if any of those nice persons are reading this, I can assure them that the regrets they felt when they discovered that I was very ordinary were as nothing compared to those I experienced when I discovered that I had just missed giving two Royal command performances in one week.

Next month Mr. Devant will contribute an article giving an account of some of the most famous illusions produced at St. George's Hall.

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THE BOND.

By E. M. JAMESON.

Illustrated by Stanley Davis.

I.

THIRLSTONE opened the door with his latch-key and passed into the lighted hall. After the fog and sleet outside the warmth of his own house struck pleasantly.

Removing his overcoat, he paused a moment to hold his hands to the fire. The light of the blazing logs disclosed on his face overmuch stress and anxiety for so young a man. There were lines on the forehead and at the corners of the mouth that had no business to be there. The house seemed abnormally quiet. It was one of those well-regulated establishments where every sound is deadened with thick carpets and draperies—a house which anyone entering for the first time would know instinctively contained no children.

Thirlstone raised his head and listened. Then, his fingers pulling at his collar as if its pressure stifled him, he walked along the hall in the direction of his wife's sitting-room.

There was no need to switch on the light. A bright fire burned in the grate, disclosing every corner of the quaintly-shaped white room.

She was not there, but drawn up perilously near the hearth was her favourite chair, a low one covered with dull rose brocade, and lying on it the book she had been reading.

He rolled the chair away, and as he did so saw beside it a wisp of cambric and lace—one of the tiny handkerchiefs women affect in these days of no pockets. Thirlstone stooped and picked it up, holding it between his fingers. The faint perfume of it stole towards him insidiously, seeming to bring her presence so near that involuntarily he turned to look at the door which stood ajar.

He held the soft morsel for a moment longer, then placed it on a table close by, his fingers lingering on it as if loath to let it go. He glanced at himself in the mirror over the hearth, the light from below throwing into relief all the hollows in his face. Even to himself the melancholy and pain of it struck home. He straightened himself, walking towards the door; then, returning, as if half ashamed, took up the fragment of cambric and put it in his breast pocket with a care that told its own story.

As he went into the hall again a current of cold air came towards him. His wife stood there, searching in her wrist-bag for the cab-fare.

"Go in out of the cold," said Thirlstone; "I'll pay him."

He did so, and found her preparing to go upstairs. Half-way she turned at the sound of the closing door, glancing back at him over her shoulder. Her beauty, as usual, arrested his attention, bringing in its train a tragedy of longing and heart-ache as he looked at the long, slim figure in its velvet gown, the soft black of the fox-furs outlining the lovely pallor of her face, a sweep of dark hair under the sharply-turned-up hat-brim.

There was that in his glance which held her for a moment motionless; then, with a little nod of thanks, she turned to mount the few remaining stairs, but thoughtfully, as if something in the atmosphere puzzled her. Her long, fine hand lay on the banister, gloveless, wearing the rings he had given her a year ago—the plain gold one, a cluster of diamonds, a superb emerald. Thirlstone's eyes passed from them to her face.

"I should like to talk to you for a little while," he said, making no attempt to follow her. "Will you come down?"

She consulted the watch upon her wrist.

"Will it do to-morrow? I have hardly more than time to dress for the Enderbys' dinner and dance."

"I would rather tell you to-night."

"Then come upstairs to my room. I can take off my hat while listening. It will save time."

She went on again, giving him no opportunity to refuse, and, pushing open the door, turned on the light, showing all the luxury with which she had surrounded herself. A fire burned in the grate, its light glimmering over the lace-edged counterpane where her evening dress lay outspread, and on the dressing-table littered with toilet requisites extravagantly fine. And faintly, delicately, over all, lay the perfume she used—evanescent, exquisite—like herself. She put her hand towards the bell, then drew it away again.

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"I will not ring yet. Tell me what you want to say—only please be quick."

Thirlstone, leaning against the mantelpiece, laughed under his breath, and she turned a surprised look on him.

"Does it ever occur to you that we hardly see one another—that all your friends have more intercourse with you than I? You tell me to hurry when I express a wish to have a few moments' talk with you."

She drew her delicate brows together, faintly protesting.

"If that is all——"

Thirlstone pulled himself together with an effort, his face deadly pale.

"It is not all. I want to speak to you about our affairs."

Her hands were at her hatpins. One she could not find. He stooped and put his fingers amongst the soft masses of feather and drew it out. Then, very carefully, he removed the hat and laid it on the table near. It was the first time he had been permitted to do so intimate an act for her. His pulses beat heavily, and his anger died away, giving place to an intolerable and overmastering pain. His eyes lingered on the silken wonder of her hair; he had fallen in love with that first, he remembered, and with her eyes, dark eyes, so capable of love, but always—to him, at least—so cold.

She looked at the clock on the mantelpiece, and his glance followed. She was longing to be rid of him.

"I am sorry to have to tell you that we cannot go on living at the rate we are living now. I have made a few unfortunate investments lately, and we must retrench——"

She gave a faint, incredulous smile.

"But all husbands say that to their wives from time to time, don't they? My married friends tell me so."



"TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY—ONLY PLEASE BE QUICK."

He looked down at her, his face flushing a dull red.

"That is an altogether uncalled-for remark. Have I ever denied you anything, in reason or out of it? Surely you have all the luxuries you need——" His voice broke off, and when he spoke again his tone was quieter, though a tense passion vibrated it. "I thought that perhaps in time I'd make you care for me—I was fool enough to imagine that love could

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be bought with jewels and laces and gewgaws. *Love——!*" He dropped suddenly into a big chair beside the hearth, his head lowered, his hands gripping the arms until they creaked under the strain. "What do you know of love—its sacrifices, its longings, its intolerable blending of heaven and hell?"

She gave a low sound of protest.

"You knew I did not care for you. You married with your eyes open. It was in the bond, remember; you promised——"

He raised his head, his face hardening.

"That cursed agreement! You have held me to it, body and soul. All I can say, all I can do, is nothing to you. It can't go on. I thought at one time that, so long as I had you near me, simply and solely by giving you all you wanted, it would be enough; but it is not. We have drifted farther apart each day. You hardly tolerate me. This house is no home for either of us—just an hotel where we sleep and dress and occasionally eat! Why go through the farce of keeping it up?"

Her eyes went round the room. There were rare things in it—things other people did not possess—and she had grown accustomed to them; they had become part of her existence. But pride kept her silent.

"I have been thinking things over for weeks," resumed Thirlstone. "I might go on in the same way for a while, keep my remaining hold on you by getting money out of people ready and willing to be imposed upon; there are thousands of such swindled every day—I could do it easily enough. But, anxious as I am to gain your good opinion, I don't mean to get it by cheating——"

She raised her head, eyes dilated.

"How dare you——?"

He laughed, the brute that is in most men uppermost.

"I've tried everything else to win you. Heavens, you'll never know what I've suffered in the last few weeks, fighting against the temptation to keep you at all costs!"

He rose and turned to go—a tall man, not handsome, perhaps, but possessing a certain distinction and force. She leaned back in the shade of an old banner-screen hanging between her and the fire, where he could not see her face.

"Tell me a little more of your plans before you go."

He came back a pace or two, looming over her.

"There is nothing, I think, that need touch you beyond the giving up of the house. In any case, you were going on a round of visits; make them a little longer than you intended. The house and its contents can be put up for sale, if possible just as they stand. Mosenstein, I believe, would catch at the opportunity."

"Mosenstein! That man and his vulgar little wife!"

"What difference does it make? I shall put a reserve on the place and sell it, lock, stock, and barrel. Mosenstein's money is as good as another's."

Her glance wandered round the room again. In that wardrobe over there would hang Mrs. Mosenstein's costly gowns; the mirror she prized would reflect Mrs. Mosenstein's plebeian features, and here, where she sat, would sit Mrs. Mosenstein in due course. The thought stung her, and, more than all, the knowledge that the man standing near her did not care. She sat motionless for a moment.

"And afterwards?"

"Afterwards?"

"When I come back from my round of visits and from abroad? What happens then?"

He made a gesture with his hand as if dismissing the problem.

"Time enough to consider that."

"You are cruel."

She spoke in a low tone, turning her head aside, though the little banner-screen cast her face into shadow.

He came a little nearer, the firelight full on his face. For the first time she noticed the hollows at his temples, the deep line between the eyes. It was the face of a man young in years, grown tired and disillusioned. His face had changed at her accusation, softening indescribably.

"Cruel? I don't mean to be. Perhaps it is not altogether your fault that you have not the home-making instinct. I thought at first—well, never mind, Christine, it is over and done with. We have the house here, but we are really homeless, you and I, so why regret giving it up? Four walls and a houseful of furniture do not make a home. We have never between us created the spirit, the atmosphere that makes one, and if we go on living here for fifty years I think we never shall. And yet"—he glanced into the shadows where she sat—"under other conditions I can imagine you an ideal home-maker, with all your coldness swept away by love of husband and—and children." He drew a long breath. "It's not your fault, perhaps, you are like the princess in the fairy-tale, who had a little block of ice for a

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heart. It might have melted under the love of the right man, but you've married the wrong one. All we can do is to make the best of our lives, and if we play our parts well, who is to know how far apart we are? I could not bear to have you talked about in any way. You are to me, and always will be, the most wonderful woman in the world. Only I think God made you without a heart."

The door swung open and closed again. She heard another door farther along the corridor shut very quietly, but still she sat there, motionless. She had not imagined him capable of such ideas, such eloquence. He was a silent man for the most part, and she had never taken the trouble to probe the depths within, while he——

She started to her feet and began to dress, her fingers shaking a little as she unclasped her brooch. He had given it to her, as he had given her most of her valuables. She had been poor when she married him, and the poverty that goes with good birth is hard to bear. She had soon learned to spend the money he lavished upon her with full hands. More than once she had exceeded her allowance, and he had signed cheques without demur. He had been at her feet, glad of a word, of a glance, of a cold cheek offered to him in salutation. Once he had lost his head —she remembered the fierceness of his kisses, the way his arms held her, the roughness of his embrace that yet was mingled with a curious, deep tenderness. But that was in the early days, long ago, before she had tired him out. She slipped from her frock and put on a silk wrapper, taking down her hair and beginning to brush and twist it up. She had never been one to cry—she did not cry now. But her eyes burned in her small,



"THE MIRROR REFLECTED A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN."

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pale face, and there was a dull ache at her throat. She had forgotten to ring, and was ready, with the exception of her gown, when the maid entered.

The mirror, of which Mrs. Mosenstein was soon to be possessed, reflected a very beautiful woman. She was in black and white, for she never wore colours, and round her white neck and shoulders hung a rope of pearls, bought for her as the result of a boom in rubber, or cotton, or copper—she did not remember. The bandeau of pearls in her hair was the result of another boom in something. She dismissed her maid and sat down before the mirror, her elbows among the littered extravagances, her chin on her palms. With an inarticulate sound she rose, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. Then, with a kind of quiet deliberation, she removed her pearls and the bandeau from her hair and, going across the room, unlocked a cupboard and took out a leather-covered case. In it were other results of fortunate speculations. She added them to the pearls, and, taking the case in her hand, went out of the room. Thirlstone generally dined at home, preferring it to his club, though more often than not he dined alone.

He sat at one end of the table now in solitary state, rising as his wife came into the room, and telling the servant to go.

"I will not keep you a moment," she said, her voice, in the effort to control it, colder than usual; "but I thought—I hoped——"

"Yes?"

Then he realized that she was holding towards him her jewel-case.

"These are worth a great deal of money; perhaps they would tide you over your difficulties. I shall be glad for you to sell them."

She looked down as she spoke, wishing she could be more demonstrative.

He shook his head.

"I quite appreciate your kindness, but I would not deprive you of them for the world. I know how great a love you have for jewels, and I—can manage."

"Nevertheless, I should like you to have them."

He shook his head, with an air of finality.

"Impossible! They are yours entirely."

She looked up at him as if about to say more, then changed her mind and went out of the room.

When she passed down the steps to the electric brougham she wore the pearls again in her hair and round her neck. And all that evening, through the laughter and music, when she danced and when she talked, the picture of that solitary figure sitting alone at the end of a vista of white tablecloth refused to be ousted from her mind.

II.

It was between two visits that Christine came up to town in order to change stations. Her way took her near the house where she had spent her year of married life. When the cab was within a few yards of the house she stopped it and got out.

"Wait here for a moment or two," she told the man, and walked on quickly to the familiar front door.

Already the house had an uncared-for air. A thin film of dirt lay on the windows, the brasses were dimmed to blackness, the blinds all drawn. A huge board above her head announced the house and contents for sale by private treaty.

Christine stood for a moment looking up at it, her hands clasped tightly together in her muff. A solitude that was almost unbearable held her in its grip. On either side the houses were trim and well cared for; up the steps of one of them three children ran, throwing snow at one another. Their peals of laughter vibrated some chord in Christine's heart. She stood there forlornly, looking up at the windows of the house that she had never tried to make a home. One by one, very slowly, the tears rolled down her cheeks. She turned and went towards the cab again. Then, just as she reached it, an inspiration came to her. There might still be time. She sat erect, and into her eyes came a gleam of hope that strengthened every moment. She put her head from the window and told the man to drive to an hotel instead of to the station. She had often stayed there before her marriage; it was a quiet one, where she was well known.

The offices of Standish, Bellamy, Bigge, and Standish were situated in a quiet backwater of the City.

Christine, alighting at the door, asked for old Mr. Standish. She was at once conducted to his room, though the senior partner rarely interviewed clients now, and came less often to the office. He stood up from his writing-table as she came slowly forward, looking very lovely and owning an indefinable charm rarer even than beauty.

She held out her hand, a smile on her lips, a certain wistfulness in her eyes.

"You had my letter?"

He bowed over her hand, a courtly gentleman of the old school.

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"It was forwarded on to me yesterday. I came up this morning on purpose to see you."

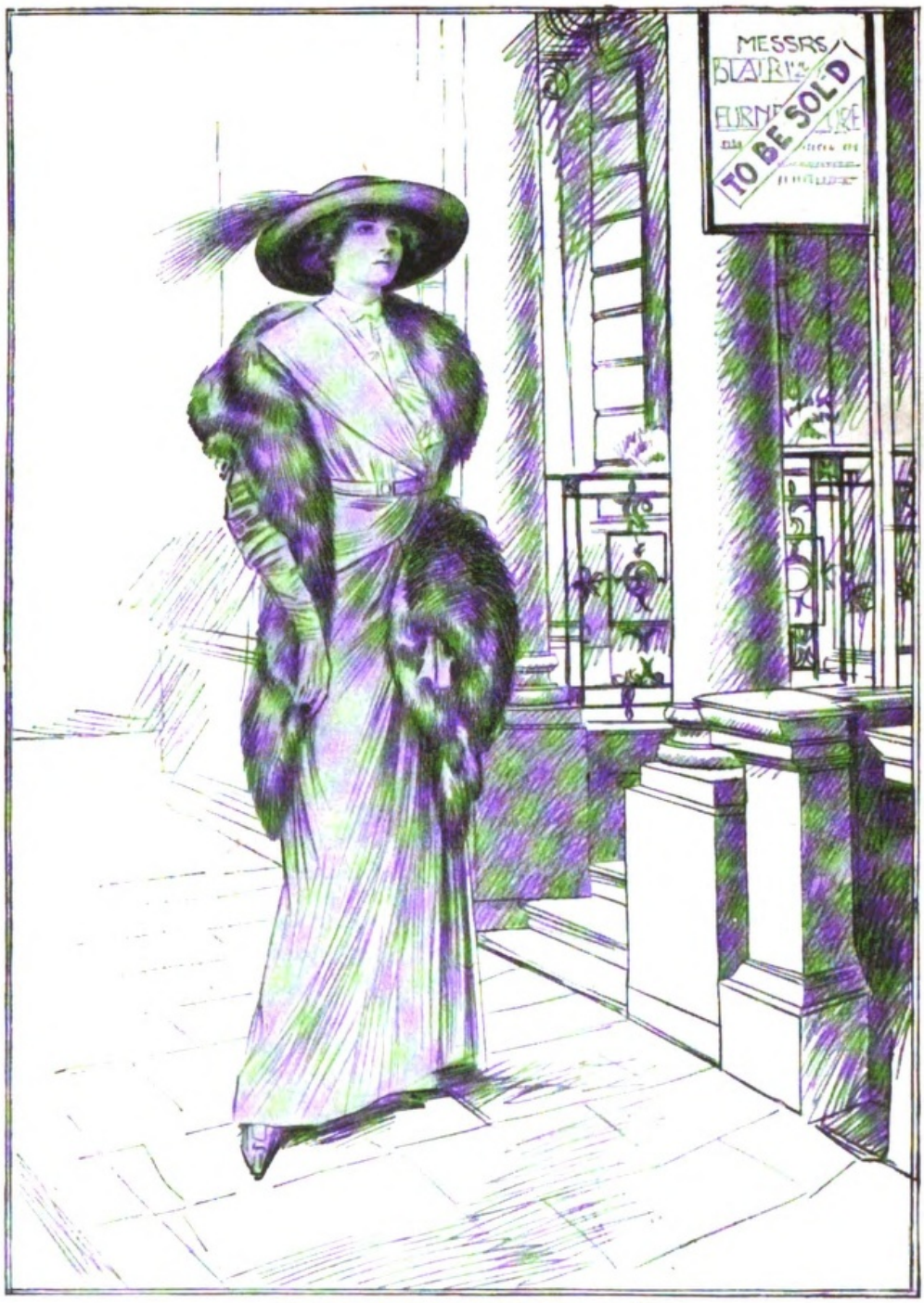
He drew a chair for her near the bureau, and she slipped the fur stole from her shoulders. He wondered if she was always so pale.

"I happened to be passing through town the other day, and my way took me near the house. I see the boards are already up announcing the sale of it by private treaty, with all the contents."

The old man bowed, his eyes on her face.

"I saw that you were the solicitors, and I remembered that you had known my husband for many years."

"His father and I were friends of long standing. I have a great regard and respect for John Thirlstone. He has fought his way through a good many odds, as no doubt you have heard."



"SHE STOOD THERE FORLORNLY."

"No," said Christine, quietly, "I did not know."

"Is that so? He has good fighting qualities, and I regret to hear that the home he took such pleasure in getting together has to go to the highest bidder. I had no idea that City affairs had touched John so closely."

"You are mistaken in supposing that he is sorry to dispose of the house," said Christine, in a low tone. "I think he will be glad—entirely apart from the money value."

The old man darted a glance at her from under his beetling white brows. He had not spent seventy years on earth, and almost half a century of them in law, without having experienced many family tragedies.

"On the contrary, Mrs. Thirlstone, he left me with the impression that he felt the matter acutely. He is greatly changed. Affairs in the City have been strenuous of late. He looked worn out."

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She let the remark pass.

"Has Mr. Mosenstein made a definite offer for the house?"

Old Mr. Standish leaned back in his chair. "He has made an offer, but it by no means reaches the reserve price, and, though we might allow a slight reduction, Mosenstein wants to drive too hard a bargain. He knows the house is full value, and the sum asked would be a mere bagatelle to him. It is sheer love of bargaining that makes him hold out"—the old man gave a contemptuous laugh. "He comes here three or four times a week and haggles—not with me; I never see him—but with my partners."

Christine sat with eyes lowered, listening. Suddenly she raised them and looked full at the speaker.

"Is Mr. Mosenstein's the only offer?"

"Unfortunately, yes, at the moment. The time of year is not good for disposing of house property. No doubt in the New Year——"

"There is no necessity to wait even so short a time," said Christine, composedly. "I have heard of another possible buyer."

Old Mr. Standish struck his hand on the writing-table.

"Good! I should be glad to sell from under Mosenstein's grip. Are you at liberty to tell us the probable purchaser's name?"

"Yes," replied Christine, quietly. "It is myself, Mr. Standish."

He twisted round in his chair to face her.

"*You*, Mrs. Thirlstone!"

"*I*," said Christine.

There was a pause; then she leaned a degree nearer to the amazed old man, the coldness of her face giving way to warmth of feeling. It had the effect of making her look much younger—the girl she was in years. She fumbled in her leather bag and drew out a slip of paper. It was a cheque.

"Will that be enough to buy the house and all that is in it?" she asked.

"More than enough."

She laughed. "Then you may tell Mr. Mosenstein when next he calls that the house has found a purchaser."

She put the cheque back into her bag. "You are not bound to him in any way?"

"We have told him all along that the highest bidder gets the place. He was so sure of getting it that he has not even asked us to give him the first refusal at the reserve price."

Christine paused in the act of drawing on her glove. Her eyes were reminiscent. "I am on my way to pay this cheque into my bank, Mr. Standish, and then I will draw one out for you at the full reserve price. You will make all necessary arrangements for the transfer, and"—she came nearer—"you will keep my secret for a little while—just a few days? More than you know depends on it."

They were standing now facing one another. Christine suddenly extended her hand, and he took it and held it firmly.

"If I can be of any service to John Thirlstone's wife, tell me, and I am hers to command. I love John as my own son."

"Then you have heard, perhaps, that he has not been happy lately—in his home life?"

The old man shook his head.

"He has been anxious about stocks and shares, I know; but he has never touched upon other matters. John is like that. All his fears were for you; he seemed to put himself into the background—his tastes are simple enough. He has always been a lonely man. I was glad to hear of his marriage—he needed a home."

Back to Christine's memory came the thought of that solitary figure seated at the end of a vista of white tablecloth dining alone. She looked up at the old man's face, her grasp tightening on the hand that still held her own.

"I should like to talk to you a little, if you will let me, about John. Did you mean what you said just now—that if you could be of service to John's wife you would? I have plans to carry out, and I want advice badly, for fear they should go astray."

The old man smiled in his kindly way. "I meant every word of it, and not only for John's sake; tell me just as much or as little as you care to—I shall understand."

III.

"NOT Mosenstein?" demanded Thirlstone, pacing the old solicitor's room. "I thought you said his was the only offer."

"At the time it was."

"He meant to have it."

The senior partner rubbed his hands.

"I know it, my dear John. If I had any doubts before, I knew it the moment he found he could not secure it. He has overreached himself for once. There was no haggling on the part of the other purchaser—cash down, full reserve price. Mosenstein, who is furious, told us definitely that he did not mean to buy, when all the time the old fox had every intention of doing so." He darted a glance at Thirlstone's brooding face. "Surely you did not want him to have it if any other bid came along?"

The younger man shrugged his shoulders. "I called to ask you to withdraw."

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Mr. Standish nodded. "That's well. I thought I could not be mistaken——"

Thirlstone interrupted, speaking in a hurried tone, as if labouring under some embarrassment: "To tell you the truth, Mr. Standish, I prefer to keep the house in my own possession. Since—since I put the matter into your hands"—he paused, stammering a little, and manifestly averse to meeting the lawyer's eyes—"I found I could not bear the thought of letting it go to strangers—the thought that they would inhabit the rooms where she—where we—I mean——" He took a rapid turn up and down the hearthrug. "Financial matters are much better with me; in short, I do not choose to let the house go."

Mr. Standish lifted a marble paper-weight with some deliberation and put it down again.

"Ah, that is a pity. The matter of the house has been put through: the purchaser was very keen on getting it a once."

"Put through?" asked Thirlstone, his hands clenched suddenly. Then he recollected. "I have not signed the deed yet, so that's all right, Mr. Standish."

"Our client will not think so," remarked the lawyer, dryly. "We were to meet at the house this afternoon to get your signature to the deed, John; that's why I sent for you."

"Why not here?" asked Thirlstone, looking suddenly savage. "He's not installed there already, confound him!"

"It was the desire of the purchaser."

Thirlstone looked into the fire.

"If I had been willing to keep to my original intention I should not have signed the place away—*there*," he said, and walked to the window.

The lawyer looked at his watch.

"Better get it over, John. To tell you the truth, I rather shirk the job. Shall we send for a taxi?"

Thirlstone came back from his reverie.

"By all means."

Snow was falling as they went, melting where it touched the muddy streets, but powdering the trees and turf of the park with austere and delicate beauty. Back to Thirlstone's mind came the thought of the girl he had married. It was just such another day as this when they drove from the church together, united by one bond, but separated by another of their own making. She had seemed part of the snow and the frost, that beautiful bride of his, in her gleaming white satin and lace. He had hoped—— Ah! what had he not hoped? The whirling ice particles floated in at the half-lowered window of the cab and blurred his vision. It was a grey world within and without, but not so grey since he had decided to hold the place for his own. To lose it had seemed the one intolerable thing. A house filled with chairs and tables that had known her presence was preferable to one that held no such recollection of her.

The cab drew up at the house. A faint excitement held him in its grip as they mounted the steps. Involuntarily he put his hand to his pocket. The lawyer took the key from his own and put it into the other's hand.

"Open the door yourself, John."

Thirlstone felt no surprise that the hall should strike warm and be brightly lighted, that there should be an absence of dust and airlessness customary to a house that has been shut up for some weeks. It was all supremely natural to find it as he had held it in his thoughts.

He removed his great-coat, never noticing that the lawyer retained his. The latter led the way along the hall to the white room.

Thirlstone, an angry gleam in his eyes, held back.

"Not there," he said. "I will not have a business interview take place there."

"It was here we were to meet the purchaser," said the old man, knocking.

Then he stood aside that Thirlstone might enter, remaining outside himself and closing the door.

The room was full of leaping firelight. It shone on the white walls, on the frames of the pictures, on the glass and polish of the piano, bringing out a riot of colour and cheerfulness.

There were flowers on the tables, in the tall vases, on the mantelshelf, and over all the surroundings was a fragrance, faint, indefinable, that went to Thirlstone's head and made him reel. For between him and the hearth, outlined in light, stood his wife. He imagined her to be many miles away; it could not be herself—it was a vision called forth by his longing for her which had grown day by day. He was unstrung, worn out with hard work, anxiety, and want of sleep.

A hoarse cry broke from him; he held out his hands, then dropped them to his sides again, and, staggering to a chair, flung his arms across the table, his head upon them.

Out of the darkness that descended upon him he heard an exclamation, felt her hand touch his bowed head, and—thrice blessed miracle!—linger there. He was afraid to stir; it was a dream from which he had no desire to awaken.



"HE IMAGINED HER TO BE MANY MILES AWAY; IT COULD NOT BE HERSELF."

A sound broke the silence and he looked up. She was crying—Christine, who, in all his recollection of her, had never shed a tear.

He sprang to his feet and took her in his arms, half-doubtfully, until he realized that she rested there content and drew more closely into their shelter. The wonderful hair he loved lay near his lips, her cheek was pressed to his shoulder. She sobbed under her breath like a child badly frightened. And, like a child, she presently raised her face towards him to be kissed.

Afterwards Thirlstone held her away from him, speaking hurriedly.

"Christine, are you sure—*quite* sure? I can't believe it possible."

She clung to him and, leaning nearer, kissed him of her own accord, touching very softly the lines that she had helped to bring to his face. The tears gathered again and brimmed over. He dried them very tenderly.

"What is it? Tell me."

"It's my heart of ice thawing, I suppose," said Christine, with a quivering laugh, "and in a way—it *hurts*. It began a long time ago, but you did not seem to care. I had tired you out, and then that last evening, when I left you sitting there quite alone at the dining-table, and I knew I had helped to ruin you—I was wretched until I sold the jewels you had given me and bought the house for you with your own money."

Thirlstone looked around him in bewilderment.

"*You!* Then you are the purchaser! And I came to tell you that you should not have it, after all—that I could not bear to let it go."

"Did you? Oh, John, did you? The deed is over there. Shall we burn it and begin again? Make a home of it together—a real home?"

"Please God!" said Thirlstone, reverently, as, hand in hand, they watched the legal parchment shrivel under the heat and disappear in sparks up the chimney.

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No. 1. A puff-ball a little over four times the size of a boy's head.

The Record Growth-Maker.

The Giant Puff-Ball: A Mushroom Which Adds a Pound or More to its Weight in a Day.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.

PUFF-BALLS are weird-looking fungi which spring up unexpectedly on the lawn, the golf-course, and in other grassy situations. Some of the larger kinds not infrequently surprise those who meet with them; especially is this the case when the giant puff-ball is in question.

It is during the late months of the year when this object is most frequently seen. Perhaps we have taken a turn with the lawn-mower in the early morning, and then while crossing the lawn in the afternoon we kick off a mushroom or toadstool growth a little larger than a golf-ball, which is apparently lying there, and give no further thought to the matter. We have not realized that the fungus had actually grown there since we cut the grass in the morning. If, instead of being broken off, it had been left for a few days, and its subsequent growth watched, it would probably have considerably astonished its observer, who might then have kicked at something of the dimensions of a football, or even much larger.

Let us investigate what this weird object, which almost visibly increases in size while we watch it, really is. To put the matter simply, a puff-ball is a species of mushroom of rounded form, or one without "gills" beneath its cap, differing essentially in this feature from the common mushroom. The latter bears beneath its cap a series of plates, or "gills," and between which innumerable reproductive spores are developed as the mushroom matures, these being scattered broadcast over the grass blades, and subsequently distributed farther afield by animal agency.

The point, however, that we need to give particular attention to here is that the mushroom is not the plant; indeed, the mushroom plant is a mass of extremely delicate interwoven threads beneath the soil known as the mycelium, or, to the mushr

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cultivator, more familiarly as the spawn. The mushroom itself (which arises from these mycelium threads) may be regarded as the "flowering" or reproductive portion of the plant, which gives origin to the "seeds," or spores.

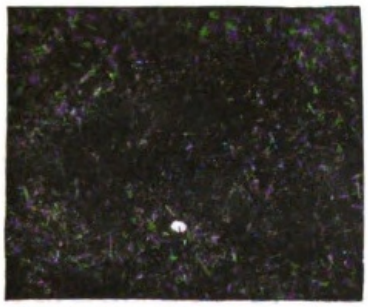
Now, the puff-ball develops much in the same manner as the common edible mushroom, but, like that fungus, it has its likes and dislikes. We may sow the mushroom spawn on rich soil and offer it every encouragement, but it does not follow by any means that we shall be rewarded with a fruitful crop; or, in contrast to this, we may sometimes find that a carelessly-sown spawn will provide an abundant supply. It is safe to say that the successful result depends purely on striking a happy combination of those conditions of temperature, moisture, and food material which the fungus loves best. The same applies to both the mushroom and the puff-ball when growing at large in the fields; if the conditions are perfectly adjusted, rapid growth immediately takes place, otherwise poor results are attained.

When the conditions for the growth of the puff-ball are favourable it can perform some astonishing developments. A golfing friend recently brought to me a "toadstool" (which was really a young giant puff-ball) to inquire if it were possible for it to grow while he played a round at golf? It appeared that just before commencing to play the cutter was run over the green, but on starting for a second round between three and four hours later he discovered this fungus (as large as a golf-ball) *growing* above the short grass.

Such growth was quite feasible. The ground at the time was exceedingly moist from many days of intermittent rains, and, as I afterwards discovered, the soil was extremely rich and favourable for puff-ball growth. My golfing friend, therefore, was doubtless correct in his surmise, although he could scarcely believe his own observations on the matter.

On the golfing-ground referred to I had several other puff-balls under my own observation, and, as I am not aware of any complete records of the time occupied by these enormous fungi in completing their growth, the stating of a typical case may prove of interest.

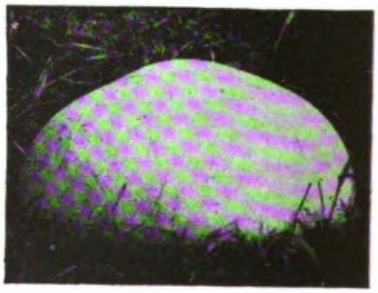
It is a common statement in books dealing with fungi that the giant puff-ball "sometimes attains the size of a child's head." The photograph in Fig. 1 shows very clearly that it sometimes aspires to a much greater accomplishment; indeed, just how large it is possible for this species of puff-ball to grow is a question to which there is no satisfactory answer, and one which the numerous readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE might be able to assist in answering, by measuring large specimens with which they happen to meet.*



No. 2. The puff-ball appears above the soil.



No. 3. The puff-ball shown in Fig. 2, when seven days old.



No. 4. On the tenth day it was full-grown. It then measured forty-four inches in circumference.

This species of puff-ball need not necessarily be a giant; sometimes it is no larger than a cricket-ball. In Fig. 2 an example is shown just as it first appeared amongst the grass-blades, and when about the size of a walnut.

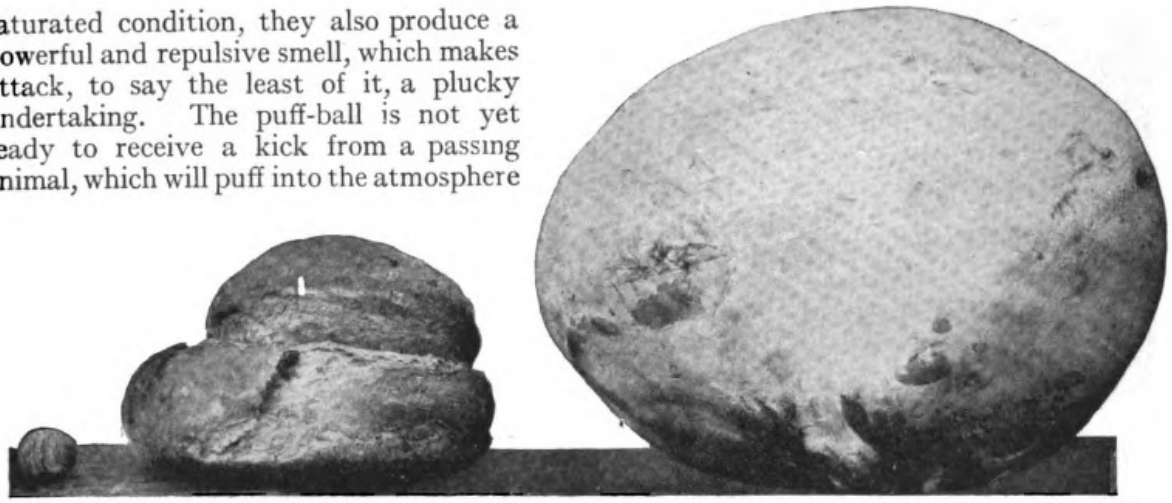
A week later it was a little larger than a Rugby football, as shown in Fig. 3, and was still rapidly growing. Between the ninth and tenth days it attained its full growth (Fig. 4), and then measured forty-four inches in circumference and stood eleven inches high. For in warm weather these fungi may add from one to two pounds to their weight in the course of a day.

When the puff-ball reaches maturity it very quickly assumes a water-logged condition, the interior becoming like a mass of jelly. If gathered at that stage a specimen of the dimensions quoted might weigh anything from seven to ten pounds, or even more. Usually, however, they are not gathered at this period of their history, for, simultaneously with the development of this

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* The Editor would be glad to receive records and photographs of examples of greater dimensions than those referred to in this article.

saturated condition, they also produce a powerful and repulsive smell, which makes attack, to say the least of it, a plucky undertaking. The puff-ball is not yet ready to receive a kick from a passing animal, which will puff into the atmosphere



No. 5. The puff-ball after one day's growth, and also after ten days' growth, shown in comparison with an ordinary loaf.

myriads of its reproductive spores; consequently it remains more or less obnoxious until its spores are ripe.

When about half-grown it provides a most excellent breakfast-dish, even though the family may be large. Indeed, its flavour is said by connoisseurs of our various edible fungi to be quite superior to that of ordinary mushrooms. A highly-recommended method of cooking is to cut in slices, peel off the outer skin, and then, after dipping each slice in beaten egg and sprinkling with bread-crumbs, to fry in butter, adding a little salt and pepper.

This is a comparatively safe fungus to eat, as its large size and smooth, kid-like skin prevent it being confounded with any other species. A word of warning is, however, necessary. The puff-ball must be fresh. When cut it should be of a creamy white colour throughout. If any yellow patches or marks appear, it has then passed the edible stage, and should not be eaten.

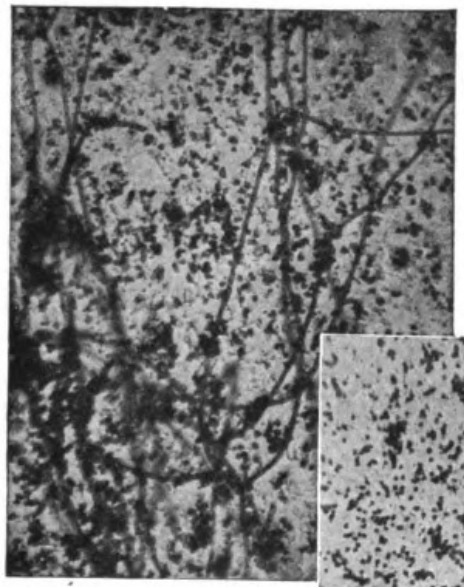
A few days after its saturated and obnoxious stage the puff-ball begins to rapidly dry and lose weight. In Fig. 5 comparative examples are shown, together with a two-pound loaf. The large example, when fresh, weighed approximately eight pounds. Five days after it was cut its weight was reduced to five and a quarter pounds; a fortnight later still, although its size remained almost the same, it was less than half a pound.



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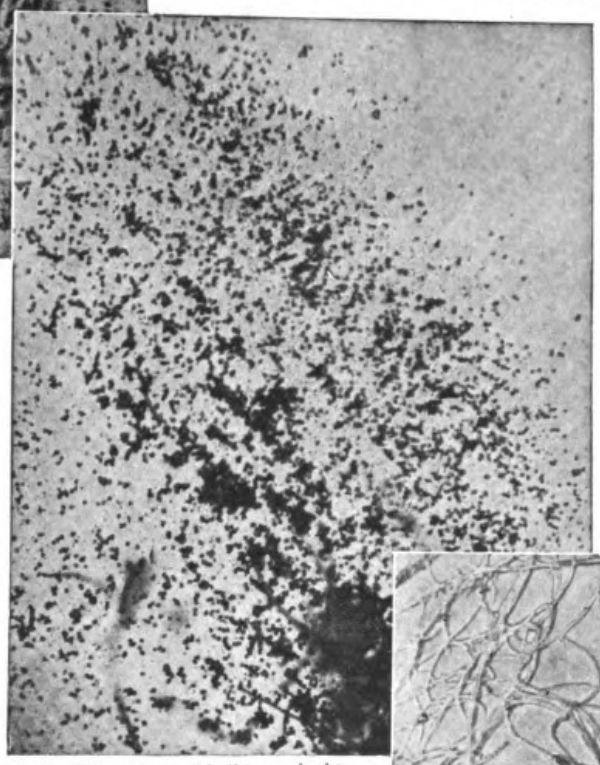
No. 6. The interior of the puff-ball shown on the right in Fig. 5.—How did the flint-stone become embedded near the centre?

It is obvious, therefore, that the main constituent of a puff-ball is water. If cut open when dry (Fig. 6) the interior is seen to consist of a dusty and felt-like mass of a snuff colour, the



No. 7. A minute portion of the fine threads and tiny spores of which the interior of the huge puff-ball is built—highly magnified.

felt-like material, when torn, giving out smoke-like fumes, but which are really myriads of spores, separating from the innumerable threads amongst which they have formed (Fig. 7). The whole structure, then consists of nothing more than a mass of extremely fine and interwoven threads, intermixed with billions of spores, enclosed in a soft, leather-like skin.

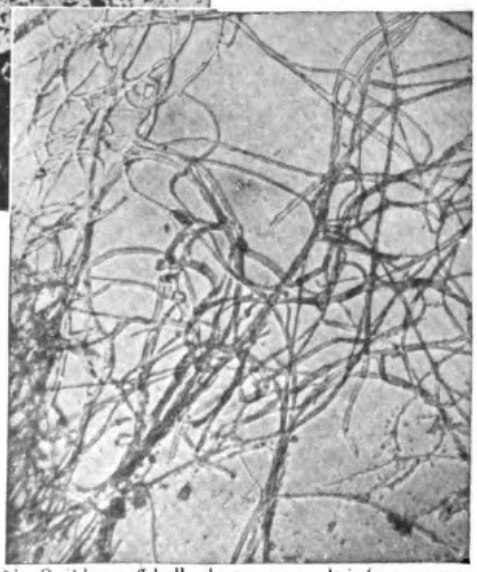


No. 8. When the puff-ball is touched it "puffs" into the atmosphere millions of tiny spores, which appear to the eye like clouds of smoke. The numerous spores shown here are highly magnified, and would, together with their intervening space, fit, with room to spare, in the eye of a fine needle.

In the normal way the skin becomes ruptured in several places, and then, whenever the puff-ball is touched by a passing animal, myriads of its spores are puffed like smoke (Fig. 8) through the ruptures into the atmosphere. So minute and light are the spores that, when once in the air, they may remain there for several days before again alighting. Not infrequently, too, the whole puff-ball becomes detached, and is trundled about the field by strong winds and animal agency, dispersing its spores by myriads as it goes.

From the vast quantities of spores produced it is obvious that their chances of survival, and reproduction of the species, are very small. Nevertheless, an occasional spore does sometimes alight in a favourable situation, and there this tiny atom of living matter buds out a still more minute germ-tube, but which rapidly increases in length, and then branches in all directions, forming a delicate film of greyish appearance amongst the particles of soil. When the soil is dug up these minute threads, even when aggregated in their thousands, are scarcely noticeable. However, they are the vegetative part of the puff-ball fungus—*i.e.*, the puff-ball plant proper. In Fig. 9 some of these threads are shown magnified about two hundred and fifty diameters, and it is from these delicate structures that the huge puff-ball arises.

In conclusion, we may again glance at the photograph shown in Fig. 6, where a flint-stone will be seen embedded near the centre. Since the puff-ball appears above the soil as a roundish knob completely covered with a tight skin, which simply expands as the internal growth increases, it is quite a puzzle to explain how the stone (which is larger than the puff-ball would be when it first appeared above the soil) got there. It is not a case of the "toad in the rock";

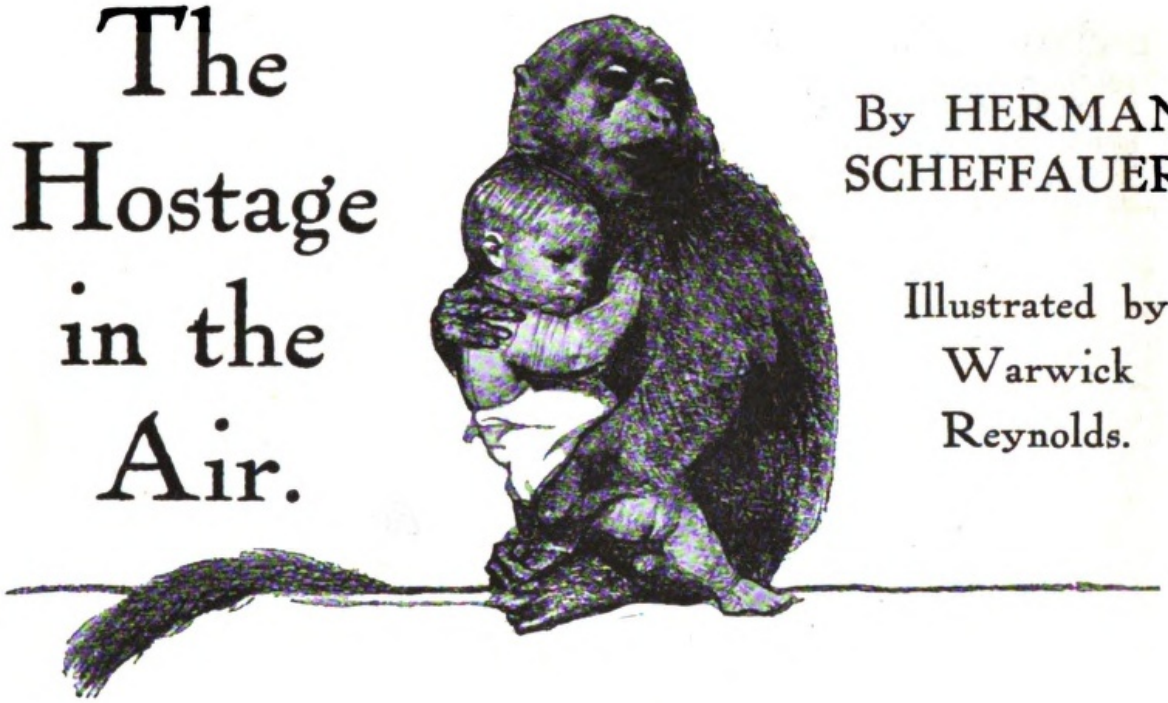


No. 9. The puff-ball plant proper. It is from a mass of these extremely delicate threads beneath the soil that the giant puff-ball springs. They are shown here highly magnified.

the skin of the puff-ball was intact before it was cut through by the writer. It was halved on a wooden table, the stone being found clean and wet occupying a distinct cavity near the centre. It can scarcely be contended that it came through the delicate spawn-threads. How did it get there? Perhaps some of my readers may be able to offer a plausible explanation.

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The Hostage in the Air.



By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

IT was almost midnight. The city of New York lay gasping. The sky belied its dark, cool blue, for it was like one enormous sheet of heated armour-plate. Across this expanse the sullen sheet-lightnings flashed at intervals. It was as though some giant winked. Here, in this suffering region of the East Side, there were also lightnings from the earth, flung up by the passing electric cars and trains. They splashed the houses and streets with a greenish glare. They drew lines of spurting and crackling flame across the gigantic bridge that leaped over the river into the night—an August night, broiling and unbearable, with its simooms of fiery air.

The tenement in which Joseph Marsum, a tailor in a sweat-shop, lived with his young wife and baby, stood close to the new bridge. When that monster viaduct cut its path of steel diagonally between the huddled blocks and houses, this five-storey tenement escaped destruction by a single foot. One corner almost touched the iron parapet. The cornice overhung one of the ponderous main cables which curved up to the top of the mighty granite buttresses.

The fire-escapes were packed with mattresses. The mattresses were covered with prostrate human beings. On the balcony at the third floor a man lay sprawling in an attitude of utter exhaustion. He was a swarthy man with dark ringlets and a small black moustache. In his ears there were little hoops of gold. Beside him lay coiled a dark object, which at first glance appeared to be a dog. But when it stirred and thrust out its paws the creature resolved itself into a large monkey. There was a collar about its neck; from this hung a long, bright chain. It was Minta, the faithful comrade and partner of 'Sandro Prelli, the organ-grinder—the bare, shaggy man who lay coiled on the mattress like one long dead.

From the skies immediately overhead there came the crying of a child—a thin, sharp wailing that rose and sank in the hot, stagnant air. Minta raised her head, her sharp ears twitched; she stood erect, with curving tail. For her species she was uncommonly large and strong. The cry that came from above was a familiar cry to Minta. She knew it well, and her heart responded to its appeal. She clambered swiftly up the fire-escape, dragging her tinkling chain, and disappeared over the cornice of the roof.

The roof was one vast bedroom—a welter of half-naked human forms and white sheets tossing in distress under the torrid heavens. Nimbly Minta made her way into a corner, where a young woman lay with a baby at her side. It was Mrs. Marsum, wife of the sweat-shop worker, and mother of the child. She smiled as the monkey approached. The little one and Minta had quickly become

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excellent friends. The monkey squatted down, stretched out her little black paw, and touched the child. Instantly the tiny thing ceased its wailing and smiled up into Minta's face. Minta rocked herself to and fro and stroked the soft, half-naked body of the baby boy. Limp, weary, and pale, Mrs. Marsum lay motionless upon her pillow. So far she had felt no jealousy of Minta.

Suddenly Minta sneezed and the baby coughed lightly. Mrs. Marsum woke from her drowse. The other sleepers stirred and sniffed. Was it growing hotter? Was there not a scent of smoke in the sweltering air?

A violent uproar now came from below. Several frantic men and women came bursting through the door that led to the roof. Among them was the thin and weedy Joseph Marsum, bare-headed and dressed only in shirt, trousers, and slippers. His tape-measure fluttered from his shoulders.

"Fire! Fire!" came the shout.

A jet of flame shot from the rear of the house and lighted up the adjoining wall. The terrified people rushed for the door—a packed mass that jerked, pushed, and pounded itself down the stairs.



"THE TINY THING CEASED ITS WAILING AND SMILED UP INTO MINTA'S FACE."

"Sarah, come!" shouted Marsum to his wife. "We must first save mother. You must help me carry her out. Leave the baby here. I will come back and get him."

The mother snatched up the child.

"No, no!" she protested. "I will take him now."

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"I tell you he is safer here! I will come back and get him," replied her husband.

"No; I will take him now," she repeated.

He tore the child from her arms and placed it on the mattress. Minta pressed close to it and put her arms about it, with an impulsive, maternal gesture. The father and mother went down to transport Marsum's bedridden mother three storeys to the street below. The halls and stairways were packed with the terror-stricken tenants and littered with their possessions. Only after a long delay were Marsum and his wife able to carry the ponderous burden of his old mother to the street. Then the little tailor rushed back and attempted to reach the top floor and the roof. A screen of flame threshed and roared over the stair-well. Thick torrents of acrid smoke rolled in his face. Blinded, choking, gasping for air, Joseph Marsum fell back, staggered down the stairs, and collapsed in the arms of his agonized wife.

"My child! my child!" screamed the mother, and tried to rush into the house.

Helmeted firemen barred her way. The house was now a roaring cage of fire, every window a furious furnace. The heat was intolerable, the hissing streams from the hose-pipes seemed to burn like oil. With scorched faces and withered throats the crowd fell back. The glare lit up the tall granite piers and steel framework of the stupendous bridge. A floor fell with a dull crash, and millions of sparks sailed up to assault the skies, which shook in the vibrating haze. Then the roof fell, and soon the gutted building, a black and reeking ruin, stood smoking and steaming to the stars.

Marsum's young wife lay against the granite base of one of the gigantic piers under the roadway of the bridge, her head in the lap of a neighbour woman. She kept calling for her baby in a strange and hopeless monotone. Beside her, gazing dully at her surroundings, was Marsum's mother—an old woman of enormous size, who wagged her round head with its little black wig to and fro. Marsum would kneel and stroke first the forehead of his wife, then that of his mother. His pinched face, with its thin, straggling beard, looked worn and white.

'Sandro Prelli had rescued his organ from the hallway of the house. Now he wandered about disconsolately, searching for his beloved Minta. But Minta, like the baby, had vanished. An ambitious young reporter had already begun to write a pathetic account of how baby and monkey had perished together.

The night wore on. The crowd disappeared, the cars and trains thundered less frequently over the bridge. In the early morning hours the burning summer air appeared to be stirred by a cool wind. The terrible oppression of the night was lifted, and when dawn came a certain freshness fell over the stewing streets. Ashen grey the light streamed from the skies. The early morning traffic began to roll to and fro. Then someone high up on the bridge raised a shout that rang loud and clear over all. Those who had taken shelter under the bridge could see people staring and running in the direction of this shout.

Joseph Marsum went with the rest, and the act of his going was a mere mechanical movement to keep his brain from sinking into madness. His wife Sarah still lay against the granite plinth, close to his patient mother, with her vacant smile. She watched him lift his pale face in the harsh cold light that fell into the street beyond the overhang of the bridge. She saw the expression of his features change from despair to astonishment, from astonishment to joy, and then from joy to fear. He came running towards her.

"Sarah! Sarah!" he screamed. "*Mutter!* Our baby is alive!"

The younger woman, flaccid and exhausted a moment before, sprang to her feet, taut as a spring. Her hair fell over her face, her eyes blazed, her whole frame quivered.

"Where? Where?" she cried.

The old mother clasped her hands and muttered words of thanksgiving. Marsum seized his wife by the arm. He led her—not to where he had stood a moment before, but to the steps that gave upon the incline of the bridge. When they emerged upon the broad approach Marsum pointed high into the air.

"See! See! On top of the column!" he exclaimed.

At first Sarah saw nothing. Then she cried out, and extended her thin arms in a convulsive, imploring gesture.

Far up, seated on the top of one of the mighty piers which supported the tremendous drag of the main cables, she saw a tiny black object which held in its arms a tiny white one.

It was 'Sandro Prelli's monkey and her own baby!

Minta sat motionless, close to the edge of the capping, her toes clasping it, and held the baby against her breast—like a mother. The white, half-naked little body of the babe was motionless, too. Fingers of ice clutched Sarah Marsum's heart. Her child, after all, was dead! The shriek that rose in her throat ebbed strangling into a sob.

A crowd began to gather on the bridge and

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in the street below. Heads were thrust from all the visible windows. A gust of wonder and horror swept over the people. Close to the long curve of the thick-girthed main cables the black, naked walls of the tenement building reared aloft. Minta, with the baby in her arms, had leaped from the cornice of the blazing house to the thick steel cylinder. Then she had clambered up this to the top of the great stone pier where she now sat, the mite of humanity she had learned to love clasped tightly in her arms.

A dozen plans for rescuing the child were excitedly made. A young lineman offered to climb to the top of the buttress and bring down the child. He began walking up on the huge iron-cased cables, holding fast by the two wire ropes that ran above it like two rails. Higher and higher he went—the slope grew steeper at every step. From below he resembled some two-legged spider crawling along a curved twig. As he neared the top a shout went up from the crowd. But it was not a shout of joy, but of terror. Minta had observed the human monkey below steadily climbing higher. She rose, half crouching, and peered over into the abyss. She bared her teeth in a snarl. Perhaps the old instinct overcame her, as when, cowering in a banyan tree, she had glared down at the hunters who came to seize her and her hairy offspring. Her whole attitude bristled with defence and indignation. She mouthed at the sea of faces beneath her—white, frenzied faces, staring eyes, and open mouths from which came a storm of shouts and cries.

From the top of the soaring buttress of stone another sound now fell over the tumult and the crowd—a shrill, piercing wail, an infant's cry. The baby lived! Wildly the crowd cheered and yelled. Minta put up her tiny black hand and stroked the child, and its crying ceased.

"Come back! Come back!" yelled the spectators. The lineman hesitated, then crept slowly down.

It was useless to attempt to rescue the child in that way. The jealous and terrified animal would have fought like a demon—or like a mother—for its treasure. Or, as is the habit of monkeys, tossed what it had been holding high into the air.

"The animal must be hungry—and thirsty," said someone. "Try it with food."

In a little while a tempting show of oranges, nuts, cakes, and milk in a basin was spread on the cornice of the highest house immediately below the pier. Several men and boys called and coaxed the monkey with various cries; but Minta sat immovable, her little face tragically grave. Her eyes wandered out anxiously over the glancing waves of the East River, crawling far below. She seemed oblivious to all the commotion in the world beneath her. She was aware only that she had escaped the cruel, writhing flames—that some deep need in her shaggy mother's breast was satisfied at last—that her little charge was safe. It was her own precious possession, and she was resolved that this time the hunters should not take it from her.

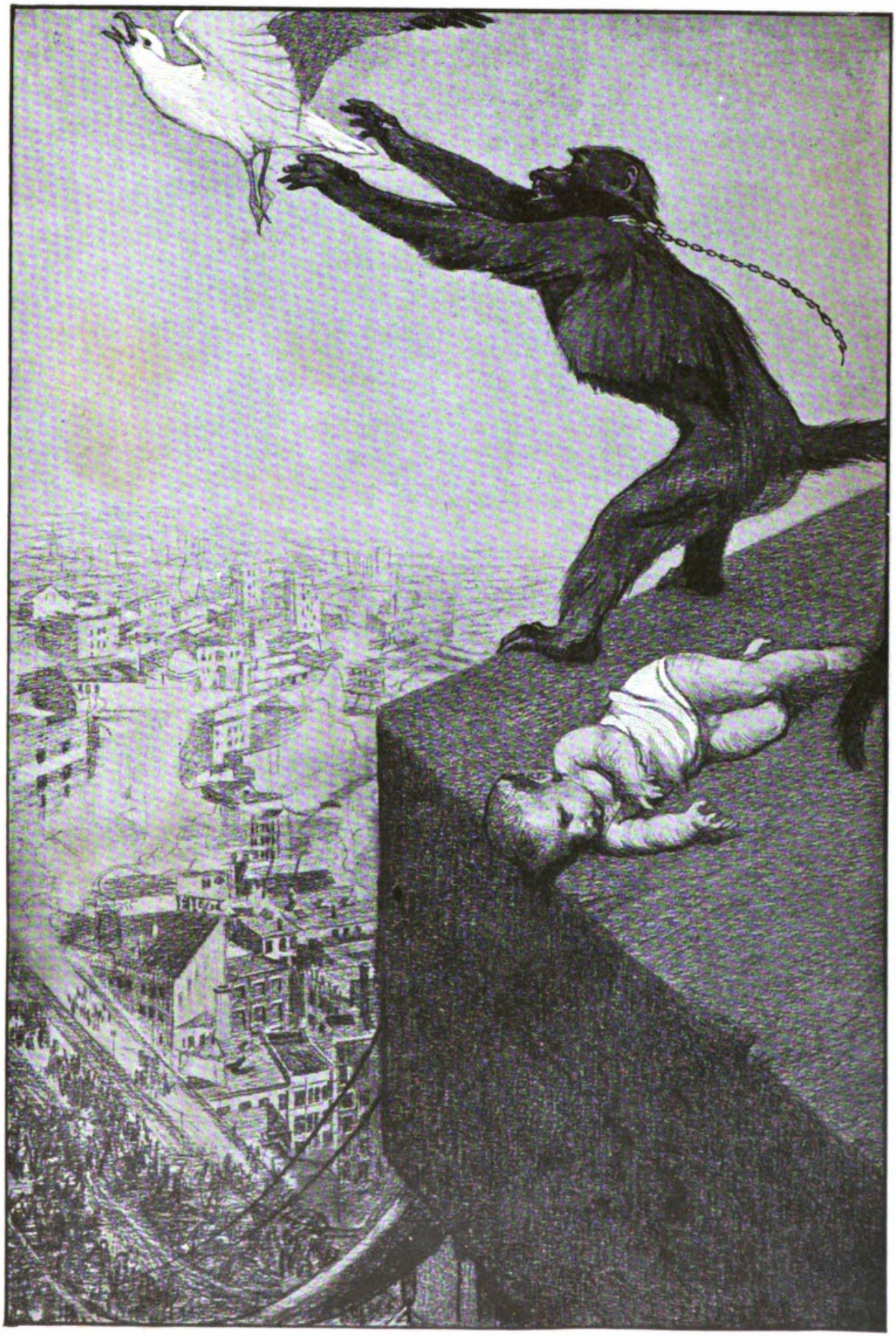
As the East Side awoke the crowds in the streets and along both footways of the bridge grew blacker, denser, noisier. Ceaselessly the trains and trolley-cars dashed and thudded over the bridge, human heads protruding from every window. The temper of the congested multitude now verged towards hysteria. Far to the front of the dark mass the pale, upturned faces of Marsum and his wife were visible.

All at once a man appeared on a neighbouring roof. He held a rifle in his hands and stood watching the monkey. Should the monkey, even for a moment, lay the baby down on the stony top of the pier, this sharpshooter was to send her toppling into the depths with a bullet through her heart. *That* was another of the plans suggested for the rescue of the infant Marsum, now exposed to wind and sun some hundred feet above the stones of the street and the waves of the river.

Patiently, scenting some spectacular tragedy, the multitude waited. But Minta, holding the infant close, remained as motionless and as absorbed as before. She took no notice of the man with the rifle. Then a beautiful gull, with snowy breast and pearl-grey wings, came swooping out of the heavens and lighted on the top of the pier to Minta's left. Minta began to chatter at the bird. The bird was undisturbed. This apparently infuriated Minta. Carefully she laid the baby on its back and made a sudden, scrambling plunge at the intruder. The gull sailed off with a swift oblique flash of its wings. Minta rose for a moment on her hind legs; the chain, dangling from her collar, glistened in the sunlight.

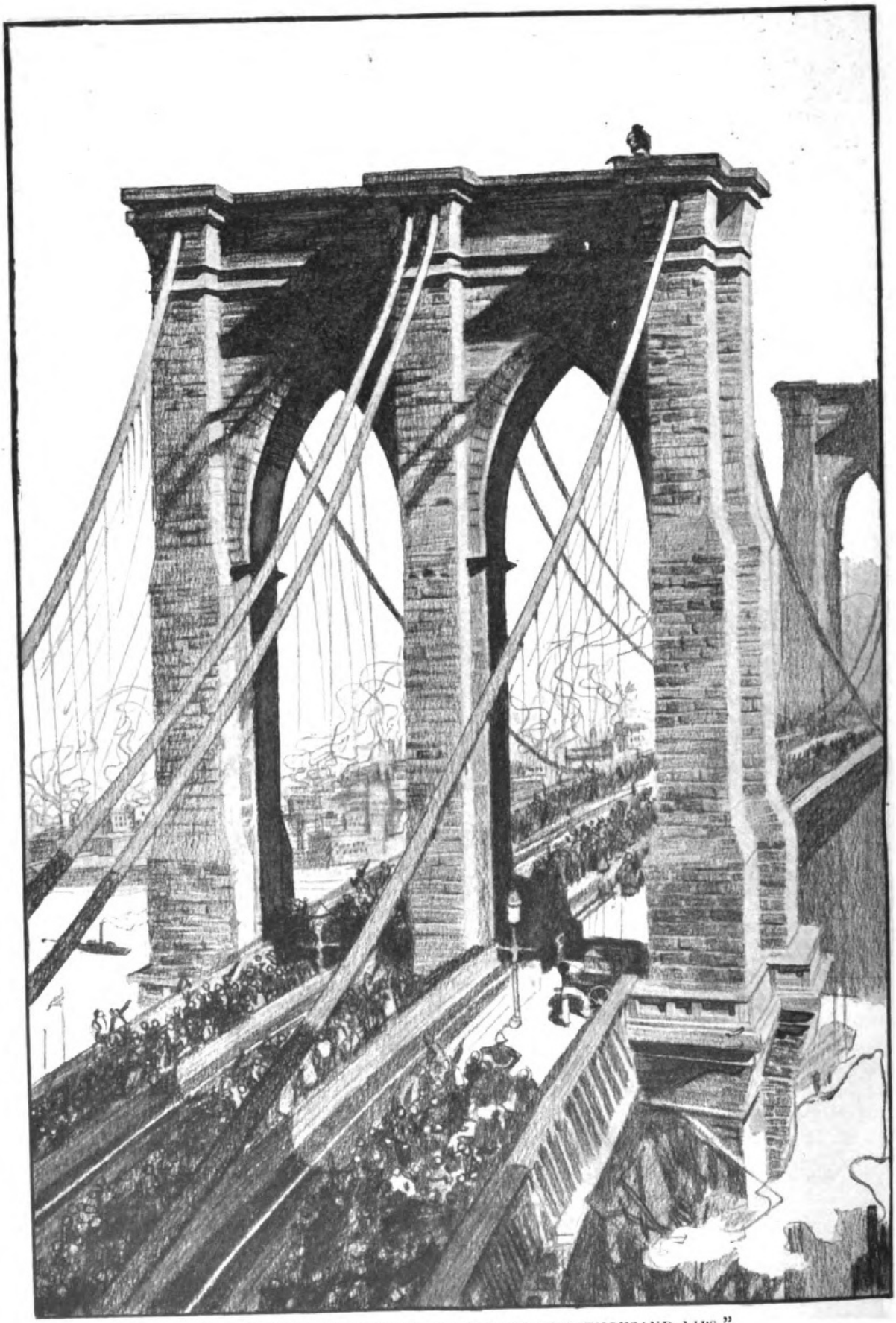
There was a sharp, splitting crack. The levelled rifle of the man on the roof smoked. A tuft of hair from Minta's shoulder flew into the air. Then a quavering scream rang out, human, heartrending. Minta pounced upon the baby and clutched it convulsively to her breast. She huddled and cowered in a forlorn heap on her lofty perch. Her eyes blazed as she fixed them on

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"MINTA ROSE FOR A MOMENT ON HER HIND LEGS."

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"A MURMUR OF PITY WENT UP FROM TEN THOUSAND LIPS."

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the man with the gun. Once before had she seen such dark and shiny things—in her early youth, when men came through the forest spreading thunder and flame before them, and scores of her friends and relations fell dead about her. More tightly than ever she hugged her treasure to her.

A thin, dark rill began to creep over the edge of the moulded cornice of the pier. It ran down the side in a long, straight line, which almost reached the footway of the bridge. It was blood that oozed from the wound in Minta's shoulder. A murmur of pity went up from ten thousand lips; a gust of uncontrollable emotion swept over the sea of faces. The third plan had also miscarried. Fresh suggestions, advice, commands, flew thickly through the air. But all were unwise, rash, fantastic. All would have driven Minta to desperation, and thus endangered the life of the human mite which had suddenly grown so precious.

The Chief of Police now came whirling down in his motor and stood baffled, as helpless as the rest. His own idea was a brilliant one. He proposed to surround the pier at the bridge level and the street level with a cordon of police, who were to hold a net prepared to catch the child as it fell from the skies. He confessed that the chance of separating the monkey from the baby by sending up one of his men with a bamboo pole and a noose was, naturally, attended with some danger.

"No, no!" exclaimed little Marsum, the tailor, who still wore the same scanty clothing in which he had escaped from the burning house. "I will not permit it; my child will be killed!"

The mother became eloquent in her hysteria. Her exclamations and sobs shook the hearts of the immediate bystanders. The Chief of Police gave up his plan and confessed his helplessness to the perspiring Commissioner of Streets, who had just arrived. This official was wrestling with his own problem of how the streets might be cleared of their excited thousands. The Commissioner of the Fire Department arrived soon after. But the problem of the baby and the monkey on the pier left that brilliant Irishman full of silence and confusion.

The outskirts of the crowd were now troubled by a commotion of cries and exclamations, and the frantic efforts of a dark-haired man with golden ringlets in his ears to wedge a passage through the congested mass. He cried out loudly in Italian and gesticulated furiously. It became obvious that he was the owner of the monkey, 'Sandro Prelli. He had just returned from the house of a fellow-countryman, where he had spent the remainder of the night. The human floods along the incline of the bridge opened and made way for him. Prelli, wild-eyed and voluble, came running to the open space which the police had cleared at the foot of the buttress. Here stood the parents of the child and the three city officials.

"Your monkey!" shrieked Mrs. Marsum, leaping like a tigress at the hairy throat of the Neapolitan. "He has stolen my baby!"

"No, no, Sarah," remonstrated her husband, laying a restraining hand on his wife's thin arm. "The monkey has saved our baby—do not forget the fire!"

"My Minta! my Minta!" moaned Prelli.

The fancied loss of his beloved comrade and partner had worked as crushingly on his heart as the disappearance of her child on Mrs. Marsum. With tears running from his eyes, he gazed up at the top of the pier where Minta's dangling tail and black paws were visible.

"Minta! Minta!" he shouted, and entreated her to come down.

Perhaps his voice was lost in the mutter and chatter of the crowd, the roar of the hurtling trains that whirred and boomed across the vibrating bridge, the rattle of wagons in the streets below. For Minta gave no sign and made no move. Prelli waved his arms and shouted endearing names to her, pet names, names poetic and diminutive, and his voice grew as caressing as that of a lover, but the monkey who sat mothering her human charge seemed deaf to his appeals. Then despair overran Prelli's swarthy features. He broke out in tragic lamentations. Minta was his darling, his only friend, his money-maker, his whole family! Without her he was nothing—he could do no business—he was lost! Then, suddenly, a flash of inspiration blazed in his inky eyes. Crying out something which no one understood, he plunged into the crowd, and once more fought his way through it to liberty beyond.

The morning was now far advanced. For over eight hours the infant son of the sweat-shop tailor had lain in the arms of his animal nurse on the crest of the towering pier. The sun was once more blazing like a fiery bombshell in the skies. Five thousand people and three eminent city officials stood aghast and powerless, filled with chastening thoughts of the various vicissitudes of human existence.

Then a shout went up. 'Sandro Prelli was seen in the distance pushing his piano-

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organ before him. The crowd parted and once more made a lane for him as he came up the long incline of the bridge. He wheeled the heavy and gaudy instrument to the foot of the granite pillar. Then, with dramatic gestures, he addressed the puzzled and futile functionaries of the city government. Not one of them understood a word that Prelli shouted. Then a ragged youth spoke up and interpreted the Italian.

"He says to stop the noise of the cars and wagons, or the monkey won't hear the music."

The three imperious commissioners, like an old Roman triumvirate, laughed at the idea. When they spoke they were themselves forced to shout in order to be heard above the sonorous thunder and rattle of the traffic. In addition to the uproar of the cars and trains there came a clamour of heavy trucks and rumbling wagons and all the noises which build up their daily pandemonium over and under and about the gigantic bridge. But soon a more terrible and menacing thunder broke loose. The request of 'Sandro Prelli had echoed and re-echoed among the multitude, and the multitude waxed angry and impatient.

"Stop the traffic! Stop the cars!" came a roar from five thousand throats.

The three public functionaries heard for once in their lives the voice they were wont to flatter at election time by calling it the voice of God. For once in their career they, the servants of the public, were given the opportunity of obeying the direct and imperious command of their masters.

"Stop the traffic!" bellowed the mob.

The traffic, after some delay, was stopped. No train, no car rumbled over the bridge, either east or west. In the neighbouring streets policemen dammed up the congested rivers of motors, vans, and trucks. The great crowd itself grew hushed and still. Never had such a silence reigned in this busy region in the broad of day. In it was something ominously impending, as of doom. Then, clear and loud, a sudden powerful music broke upon the unearthly stillness. It was Prelli's piano-organ, flooding the air with its anvil-like notes. They rose and fluttered and beat upon the human hearts, and throbbed like a flock of birds against the brick walls of the houses. The entire bridge seemed to vibrate with the melody. It was as if the great cables and the little cables were turned into the strings of one enormous harp of steel. The crowd recognized the familiar ·ne, "La Donna e Mobile," from "Rigo- ·o," and swayed in unison with the irresistible lilt and dancing fire of the movement.

Triumphantly, joyously, the roaring, hammering music went storming up. Only Prelli knew what a magic that particular air exercised over the heart of his Minta. Invariably it affected her in just the same way, causing her to run from wherever she might be and leap into his arms.

Minta heard the music and obeyed its call. A roar of joy went up from the streets, drowning the music for a moment. Minta was climbing down from the cornice to the narrow and airy pathway of the great cable. Her steel chain clinked as it swung to and fro. In her arms she still carried the half-naked baby. Louder and more frantically the metallic music burst and exploded from Prelli's piano-organ. Lower and lower came Minta — suspiciously, cautiously — pausing ever and again, as if loath to venture once more into the lower world, that human world whose creatures acted so madly. But when she caught sight of her master, Prelli, she left the main cable and came sliding down one of the upright steel ropes from which hung the roadways of the bridge.

"Minta, Minta *mia!*" cried 'Sandro Prelli.

"My baby, my darling!" shrieked Sarah Marsum, and ran to tear her infant from Minta's clutches. She covered its face and body with passionate kisses, and the sound of its healthy crying was as divine music in her ears. Minta stood dazed, and blinked helplessly about, until Prelli once more called her by name. Then, with a pathetic little whimper, she sprang into his arms and cowered, squeaking, against his breast.

A storm of cheers, a glorious salvo shot from human lungs, went up from the multitude. Slowly the congested lakes and rivers of human beings drained and thinned away. Then Marsum, his wife, the baby at her breast, 'Sandro Prelli, with his monkey and organ, and the three city officials, followed by hundreds of less important folk, made a triumphal procession down the incline of the bridge. In less than half an hour all was as before—about, above, and beneath the bridge.

The hot sun streamed down with all its August fury. The snaky trains thundered back and forth, the painted trolley-cars swung and danced on the hot, polished rails, the long procession of wagons crept to and fro. No sign of the drama of the dawn remained, save the long, thin line of red which stretched from the bottom of the granite buttress up to its crest in the skies.

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Children's Chatter.



By J. C. WRIGHT, F.R.S.L.

Illustrated by A. D. Carse.

OVER a century ago Blake portrayed happy childhood in his "Songs of Innocence." He believed that to a child the world is a source of infinite pleasure and delight. And the pleasure arises from the simplest things. "The sunlight sleeping on the grass, the first fall of snow in winter, the daisy-stars he strings upon the meadow, the fish leaping in the stream, the warm air which caresses his cheek, the passing of the great wagon in the street, the swallow's nest above his bedroom window, the hour of rest at night, and his prayers at his mother's knee—all are loved lightly and felt keenly, and touch him with a poetic pleasure."

Children are born with a taste for knowledge. They want to know, and they want to know the right things. They ask questions, and are not easily satisfied. They are fond of imitating what they see around them. They are highly imaginative. They clothe their ideas in concrete forms. There was a time when they were regarded as immature adults; we have learnt that the main aim of a teacher must be to give the right tone to the feelings—goodness in the abstract is of little avail; the imagination must be stirred.

We are accustomed to believe that there is little reflection on the part of children, and yet one cannot but see now and again gleams of thought which suggest a hidden mental power working almost unconsciously. The little girl who "gathered sunlight in her hands and put it on her face" knew something of the effects of heat. And how full of humour are some of the sayings of children. It was *Punch*, we believe, who depicted Tommy, after he had been severely corrected, as exclaiming: "I fink I'll go back to heaven, where I came from." And what a fund of suggestion was conveyed by the little girl who, on hearing a running tap, said that "the water was coughing"!

The poetry of life is frequently seen in childhood. We have this illustrated in the description of butterflies as "pansies flying." "A star is a cinder from God's great star" has a wealth of unconscious meaning. But perhaps the finest approach to poetry was made by a tiny tot who defined dew as "the grass crying." "Oh, auntie!" said a little girl, "I've just seen a pencil walking." The nurse, who had grown out of fairyland, explained that it was only an ordinary worm.

The questions of size and sense of proportion and colour are often curiously exhibited in very young children. How natural was the retort of Tom, when Dick told his friend that his mother had a new fan, hand-painted. "Pooh!" said Tom. "Our whole fence is."

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"I'll go back to heaven."

"Gathered sunlight in her hands."

"I've seen a pencil walking."

"The grass was crying."

"The sky of your room is dirty."

"Our whole fence is hand-painted."

"My father drives an omnibus."

"Yorkshire is a continent, sir."

Looking up to the ceiling, which had been much blackened by the lamp, a little three-year-old girl exclaimed: "The sky of your room is dirty." A little Yorkshire lad, a typical son of his county, was asked by his teacher what England was called.

"A country," replied the boy.

"But what is Yorkshire?" was the next question.

"A continent, sir."

The same spirit, tinged with boastfulness, was exhibited by a tiny girl who declared her "father kept a carriage."

"Ah, but," was the triumphant reply of her friend, "my father drives an omnibus."

Children have curious notions of religion sometimes.

"Mamma, I want some water to christen my doll," exclaimed a little girl.

"No, dear," replied her mother; "you should not make fun of such things."

"Well, then, I want some wax to waxinate her. She's old enough to have something done."

Yet, as Professor Muirhead has said, "The study of the child showed that religion was the natural product of the human soul, and the interest in religion was shown by such questions as, 'Who made God?' 'Does God make some good and others bad?'" We are so accustomed to regard the child of a past age as abnormally pious that we feel inclined to be shocked with the modern little girl who, after a month spent with her mother in a remote country cottage, walking through the fields one evening, suddenly exclaimed:—

"I do wish God was with me now, mummy."

"Why, darling?" replied her mother.

The child heaved a sigh. "I'm getting a little bit tired of you, mummy."

There is a straightforwardness about a child which, unfortunately, he loses as he grows older. The story of the boy who was heroically trying to save his pennies, put into concrete form the petition in the Lord's Prayer when one night he began, "O Lord, help me to save my money."

Along with this trait there is an element of reasoning in the following story, told by Mr. H. K. Lewis. A little girl was not pleased with her brothers because they were in the habit of

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setting traps to catch birds. Asked what she did, she replied: "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds."

"Anything else?"

"Yes," she said. "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps," and, as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, she added: "I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

"I want some water to christen my doll."

"I'm getting a bit tired of you."



The literal interpretation of words is well seen in the following story. Two lovers tried to keep the railway carriage to themselves. At a certain station they were somewhat annoyed to find the guard place a small girl in their compartment. She began to stare about her.

"What is the matter, my little dear?" inquired the man, kindly.

"I don't see the birds," said the small girl, plaintively, still looking round.

"O Lord, help me to save my money."

"Kicked the traps all to pieces."





"Birds—what birds?" queried the young man.

The explanation came immediately:—

"When I entered from the other train your guard said to my guard, 'Oh, shove her along with the *love-birds*.'"

Humour is constantly revealing itself in the conversation of young children, and the humour is almost always distinguished by its quaintness. A small girl, espying a dead cat lying on the dust-heap, remarked:—

"I don't see the birds."

"Thrown away quite a good cat."





"Oh, mamma, what waste! They've thrown away quite a good cat."

There was something remarkably diplomatic in the reply of a boy whose father was busy and did not wish to be disturbed.

"Pa, it's raining," said the little fellow.

"Well, let it rain," said the father.

"Yes, pa; I was going to."

But there is a kind of humour sometimes shown which is altogether delightful. Here is a specimen. A polite little girl was dining one day with her grandmother. Everything at the table was dainty and unexceptionable, but the little girl found a hair in her fish.

"Grandmamma," she said, "what kind of fish is this?"

"'Pa, it's raining,' said the little fellow."

"Halibut, my dear."

"The little girl found a hair in her fish."



"Oh," said

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the child, "I thought perhaps it was *mermaid*."

That children are original thinkers is evinced by the following stories:—

"'Yes,' she replied, 'it's God's hokey-pokey.'"

"The little girl looked, then said, 'Not my fingers.'"

We believe it was Mr. George R. Sims who took his little niece to Hampstead Heath one day. It was Bank Holiday, and there was the inevitable hokey-pokey man. Mr. Sims explained to the child what hokey-pokey was made of, its colour and taste, and the little one was quite satisfied. But some time after snow fell. She watched it.

"You know what snow is?" said her uncle.

"She never brought the present."

"Nailing on its back feet."

"Yes," she replied, very thoughtfully, "it's God's *hokey-pokey*."

"Are you hungry, little girl," said Dr. Wendell Holmes to one whom he saw looking with longing eyes at the good things before her.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made before forks," said the Doctor, smiling.

"They will know when I've finished it."

"'No,' answered the boy, 'the pain's in me.'"

The littlegirl looked, then said: "Not my fingers."

A child once went home almost broken-hearted from a school she had entered only that day, saying through her tears:—

"The teacher told me to 'sit there for the present,' *and she never brought it*."

"Oh, mamma," said a little boy, after coming in from a walk, "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked his mother.

"Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock."

"I beg your pardon is the name of that flower!"

"Yes," he replied. "He had one nearly finished when I saw him; he was just nailing on its back feet."

It has been said that the reply of a child is very much akin to a woman's mind; you never quite know what

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turn it is going to take. It is frequently dogmatic. A small girl was drawing a picture "out of her head." "What are you drawing?" asked her mother.

"God," replied the child, simply.

"But you can't draw God," protested the mother, "because you have never seen Him, and no one has ever seen Him, and no one knows what He is like."

The small child licked her pencil and put on another touch.

"They will know when I've finished it," she said.

There was more of logic in the following: A teacher famous for his patriotic fervour asked one of his boys what he would think if he saw the Union Jack waving proudly over the field of battle.

"I should think," said the boy, "that the wind was blowing."

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked a gentleman.

"No," answered the boy; "the pain's in me."

The misunderstanding of words frequently causes strange answers. A child who had been taught that Socrates had a wife who was unpleasant to him, and that the great philosopher drank hemlock, when asked the cause of his death, replied:—

"Socrates died from an overdose of *wedlock*."

Of an entirely different character is the following: A little girl, wanting to know something that had been said, abruptly ejaculated: "What?"

Her father, who was particular in his speech, remarked:—

"You should never say 'What?' my dear; always say, 'I beg your pardon.'"

The following day the five-year-older, pointing to a blossom in the garden, said:—

"I beg your pardon is the name of that flower!"

One more illustration of the misunderstanding may be taken from school life. It was the Scripture lesson. The subject was the call of Samuel. The children had sung, "Hushed was the evening hymn," which describes the call. The teacher then asked a few questions, one being, "What did Samuel do while Eli was asleep?"

"Stole his watch," was the prompt reply from one of the girls.

The teacher, somewhat annoyed at such an apparently senseless answer, called for the second verse:—

His watch the Temple child,
The little Levite, *kept*.

Now came the child's turn.

"Please, teacher, doesn't that mean that Samuel kept the old man's watch for himself?"

In closing "Children's Chatter" we may use the words of Francis Thompson: "Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief"; it is—

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.



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The Shadowed Curtain.

By CHARLES GARVICE.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

WHEN Heriot stepped on board the small but admirably found steamer which was to convey him from Loch Awe Station to Portsonachan, the loch was in one of its worst tempers. A blusterous wind had churned the sometimes placid waters into big waves; a leaden sky hung sullenly about Ben Cruachan; the heavy rain drove savagely along the deck, and beat like a series of drum-taps on Heriot's waterproof and sou'-wester. But, with all its moroseness, the wonderful loch was grandly beautiful, and its mood suited Heriot well enough; for when a man is down on his luck a Reckitt's-blue sky and a photographer's sun are both irritating and oppressive.

And Heriot was very much down on his luck indeed; for he had lost nearly all his money in foreign financial ventures, and the girl he had intended to marry, and with whom he had been, or thought he had been, very much in love, had jilted him. He had come to England in search of some absolutely secluded spot in which he could, so to speak, catch his breath, tighten his mental belt, and prepare for another struggle; for, though Heriot had been "downed," as gentlemen of the ring say, he had not been knocked out completely; he came of a Scottish stock, which is not easy to knock out. He had been, when a boy, at Loch Awe; and it seemed to him that no place could be more congenial to his present mood than that inland water over which Ben Cruachan and Ledi throw their shadows, and which, in October, is not troubled by the tourist and the excursionist.

At the inn at Portsonachan Heriot received that welcome of which Dr. Johnson spoke so tenderly. There was only one visitor—an enthusiastic fisherman—remaining in the place; and Heriot saw that he was going to have the quiet time for which he hungered. Having bathed and fed, he strolled leisurely up the hill which leads to Dalmally, some nine miles distant. The road was quite empty; there were just a few cottages, occupied by the fishermen; and the shore of Loch Awe seemed as desolate as the water. Presently he came to a house on the hill-side to the right of him. It was a sombre-looking place, stoutly built to resist such weather as this, and its grim front was broken only by a bay-window, through the curtains of which a light shone.

A figure, that of a young girl, came to the window; she opened it, leant with both hands on the sill, looked out, then turned her head and evidently addressed someone; in response to her remark an old man, with a long, white beard, came to her side. They stood gazing out, and, unconsciously, Heriot stood and looked up at them. The girl turned her face once or twice, and he saw that she was extremely pretty; he had already noticed the grace of her movements. There was something foreign-looking about the pair; and Heriot was not surprised when he heard that the girl's remark—"It is a wild night, grandfather"—was made with an un-English accent.

Heriot forgot the incident before he returned to the hotel, got his slippers, and went into the comfortable smoking-room, in which a huge fire was burning. An oldish man was dozing in an arm-chair in front of it; and he turned his head and yawned at Heriot's entrance.

"Going to do some fishing, sir?" he asked.

Heriot replied in the affirmative, and the two men gradually drifted into a chat on this most enthralling subject. The elder man, whose name was Bowden, was one of those true enthusiasts who eat, drink, talk, and dream of salmon and sea-trout, and the engines and lures with which they are destroyed.

"Do none of the residents fish?" asked Heriot, aimlessly.

"Not since I've been here," replied Bowden. "Oh, ah, yes. There is one private boat on the loch sometimes; belongs to a house some way up the road. A young girl goes out in it, but I don't think she has much sport; and I expect it will be too rough for her to-morrow."

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A Scottish breakfast at Portsonachan is one of the things at which an Englishman marvels, and for which he thanks Heaven. Heriot had had a dip in the loch, and the keen water and keener air had given him a keen appetite. He found his boat and man waiting for him, was pulled down to one of the bays, and began to fish. The wind had abated, but the water was still broken after the fashion which a fisherman loves; and presently there was a screech of the reel, and ten minutes later a seven-pound grilse lay gleaming in the bottom of the boat.

"'Tis a good fish," remarked Andrew, laconically; "and she's not the first you've taken," he added.

"Nor the last, I hope," responded Heriot, as he handed his whisky-flask for Andrew to wet the fish.

A few minutes later a boat put off from the shore; it was pulled by a lad, and in the stern was seated the girl Heriot had seen at the window on the preceding night. Andrew glanced towards the new-comers with just a touch of contempt in his eyes, which attracted Heriot's attention.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"'Tis the young lady from the Grey House," replied Andrew.

"Is she a good fisherman?" asked Heriot.

"No," replied Andrew, laconically. "She's keen enough, and she's no afraid of the weather; she's out most days, saving the worst; but she's not likely to take any fish. You want to know the loch; and what should a young farm-boy—him as is rowing her—ken o' the proper places?"

A couple of hours later they got into another fish, a large one this time; and while Heriot was landing it he saw, from the tail of his eye, the other boat approaching them. The girl was standing up, her hands gripping the side of the boat, and she was watching him with intense interest. Having landed his fish Heriot turned his head towards her; she sat down at once and looked away from him; but the boy called out to Andrew:—

"What's the weight, Andy?"

"A good twelve pounds," replied Andy, grimly.

Heriot lifted up the fish, and the girl uttered an involuntary cry of admiration and envy.

"Oh, what a beauty!" she exclaimed, in a clear young voice, only slightly marked by a foreign accent.

"Pull nearer," said Heriot, in a low voice. He hated women; but he was a sportsman, and it went against the grain that girl or man should fish in a hopeless spot.

"You'd do better if you fished in shallower water," he said, almost as grimly as Andrew had spoken.

She coloured slightly; but she smiled as she said, gratefully:—

"Oh, thank you very much."

"Pull on in front," said Heriot to the boy.

Andrew glowered at him by way of remonstrance and growled:—

"Then we'd better go to the other side of the loch."

"No, stay where you are," said Heriot, who wanted to see how she would handle a fish if she caught it.

No woman looks at her best in a thick and voluminous mackintosh, with a felt hat drawn well over her head; but, notwithstanding these disadvantages, Heriot, indifferent as he assured himself he was to feminine charms, could not fail to recognize the beauty of the girl in the boat in front of him; and he noticed that, though her accent was foreign, her features were English enough. She was a brunette, with dark grey eyes; and her face, with its expression of intense watchfulness and expectancy, was rather grave and somewhat sad for a girl of that age: Heriot judged her to be a little over twenty.

Neither of them took any more fish before lunch; he ate his in his boat, but she was put ashore, and stood, erect as a dart, her hat pushed from her brows, her eyes dwelling on the loch. She appeared to have forgotten him, and to be lost in thought. He waited purposely till she had started fishing again, and, following her presently, he heard the screech of her reel; she had got into a fish. She rose and began to play it; the boat was rolling a bit, and she had difficulty in keeping on her feet; the fish jumped, and Heriot saw that it was a large salmon. He wondered what was going to happen. Andrew rested on his oars and looked on grimly; but when he saw the strain on the line he muttered to Heriot:—

"She's trying to check him. If she doesn't give him [illegible] she'll lose him."

"Let your line go!" cried Heriot, as one man would call to another at such a juncture.

She obeyed; the huge fish ran out towards the centre of the loch, and, as he stopped, Heriot called out:—

"Now bring him in to you—steadily, slowly."

She did so, and got it near the boat. Then, and not till then, the inexperienced boy called out plaintively:—

"I've no gaff!"

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"Pull up," said Heriot to Andrew; and when they got near enough Heriot, seizing the psychological moment, gaffed the fish and threw it into her boat.

"I congratulate you," he said. "It's a splendid fish."

The girl surveyed her catch with pride, then turned her eyes to Heriot; they were beautiful eyes, and very grateful ones.

"I thank you very much," she said. "I should have lost it but for your kindness. It is wonderful that a woman should be able to catch so large a fish, and with so small a thing as a rod."



"SHE ROSE AND BEGAN TO PLAY THE FISH."

"Yours is not very small; it is too heavy for you," said Heriot.

She handed him the rod for inspection, and, glancing at it, he saw the name of a Swedish tackle-maker engraved on it.

"You have been fishing in Sweden?" he said.

"No; I have never fished before I came to England. I bought the rod in Russia," she said.

Heriot told himself that he was not curious; but he could not refrain from asking:—

"You are Russian, mademoiselle?"

"Only partly," she replied. "My mother was of that nation. My father was English." She stopped suddenly, and Heriot, accepting the hint, said:—

"If you are rested, you might try that bay in front of you; you may get another fish there."

She signed to the boy to turn the boat; Heriot raised his hat, and passed on to another bay. He took no more fish, and returned to the hotel earlier than he had intended. Mr. Bowden had had a bad day; but he enjoyed hearing of Heriot's sport, and when he was told of the girl's big fish commented enviously on her luck.

"It's generally the way," he said. "The novice always gets the big fish—and everything else. I was stationed in the Soudan once; got a lot of big game; everything but a lion. Couldn't get one, though my shikari and I hunted for all we were worth. Young fellow came to stay with me; greenhorn; couldn't shoot for nuts; one day borrowed my rifle, met a lion mile and a half from the camp, shut his eyes and fired, and brought him down; fine lion, with a black mane. Always the way. Rather rum, isn't it, for a girl, a foreigner especially, to be fishing by herself on Loch Awe?"

"There's an old man with her," said Heriot.

"I know. They came about a fortnight ago; the old man is her grandfather, and is seldom seen outside the Grey House, as they call it. I suppose he's an invalid."

The following morning Heriot went into the little post-office attached to the hotel; the contents of the mail-bag, which had just come in, were lying on the counter, and he turned them over to see if there were any letters for him. In doing so, he noticed one bearing the St. Petersburg stamp, and

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addressed to "Miss Helen Harness." There was nothing for him, and he was moving away when the young girl entered. She bowed to Heriot, who could do no less than give her "Good morning" and repeat his congratulations.

"Yes, I'm so delighted, that I'm going out again to-day," she said. "Are there any letters for me?" she asked at the counter.

The St. Petersburg one was handed to her. She took it quickly and, with another bow to Heriot, went out.

An hour later he saw her on the loch, and purposely had his boat rowed to the other side, leaving her the best fishing-ground. The day was a good one for sport, cloudy and windy, and threatening rain. It came presently, and too lavishly. The loch was almost as angry as on the night he had arrived. The wind howled, the waves rolled heavily, the rain came down in a blinding sheet.

"We'll have to make for the shore," said Andy; and, as he put the boat round, Heriot saw the other one beating about; too near the middle of the loch for safety.

"That fool of a boy won't make it if he don't take a care," remarked Andy.

Heriot was silent for a moment or two; then he said firmly, but reluctantly:—

"Pull out to her, Andy."

They reached the other boat; the boy was evidently nervous, but the girl was quite calm—perhaps because of her ignorance of the danger.

"It is very rough," she said.

Heriot made no response, but, gripping the gunwale of her boat, shouted to the boy to get into Andy's. With some difficulty the boy complied, and Heriot took his place.

"But is it necessary?" asked the girl, with heightened colour.

"You'll be safer nearer shore," he said, as he took the oars and began to pull.

"Oh, but this is very kind of you," she said in as low a voice as the wind and rain would permit. "I am greatly indebted to you."

"Not at all, Miss Harness," he said.

Her face grew red, and she bent forward towards him.

"You know my name?"

Heriot bit his lip at his slip.

"I saw it on the letter they gave to you this morning."

"Ah, yes," she said, with what seemed an air of relief. "I understand. I thought——" She paused. The expression in which she said "I thought" was tantamount to "I feared." "You see, it is an English name," she said; "but I have never been to England before."

"You speak English very well," he said.

"Oh, yes; I had a governess from home—as I call it. Will you tell me your name?"

"Temple Heriot."

Her lips moved as if she were repeating it, and she said, aloud, "No, I have not heard it before."

Heriot pulled to shore and, with some little difficulty, got her out of the boat. She took off her hat and shook the wet from it; she had evidently not been afraid; indeed, her eyes were sparkling, as if with excitement.

"You know Russia, Mr. Heriot?" she asked in a casual tone, but with a swift glance at him.

He replied in the negative; and he fancied that there was an expression of relief on her face. "It's an interesting country."

"I suppose so," she assented. "It is also a terrible one," she added, absently.

"Are you going back there?" asked Heriot, by way of making conversation. As he spoke he was endeavouring to light his pipe, but he turned his head, and let the match go out, arrested by the sudden vehemence of her "No!" There was a pause after this, during which she gazed at the loch; then, as if she felt that her vehemence required some explanation, she said:—

"My grandfather and I have left it for ever. We have come to England to—to be quiet, to rest. If you have not lived in Russia you do not know all that the words mean; the joy, the—relief of living in a secluded spot like this, where no one knows, where no one—interferes with one——" She paused suddenly, and inquired, "Is the storm passing?"

"Not yet," replied Heriot. "We shall have to wait a while."

"Then I'll eat my lunch," she remarked. "It is rather cold, don't you think?"

Heriot was for taking off his waterproof; but she stopped him with a quick toss of her head and a gesture, so resolute and commanding that Heriot had to obey. However, he got the cushion from her boat, put it under the lee of a boulder, and told her to sit there.

"There is room for you," she said, quite simply and naturally. And so they ate their lunch, seated side by side and quite close to each other. Heriot persuaded her to drink some weak whisky and water, and, when the lunch was over, she asked him to light his pipe. They leant back against the boulders and talked in snatches. Heriot was by no means a communicative man, but it was

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impossible that he should not speak of some of his trouble; and, in doing so, he inadvertently referred to his fallen fortunes. She listened intently, the dark-grey eyes turning to him sympathetically, comprehendingly.

"Oh, but that doesn't matter to a man," she said. "He's a free agent, as you say; he can go where he pleases, do what he likes; he has his fortune in his own hands—especially an Englishman. With us women—ah, well, we are slaves still. But this is freedom," she added, half to herself, as she looked round the loch and up at the clouds. "Yes, this is freedom. I think you English—I mean you who have not lived abroad all your lives—do not know quite what the word means to us who have not been so happily placed. There is no country like England."

"We are in Scotland, where the people draw in freedom with every breath," said Heriot, with a smile.

"Yes; that is what I like, what I admire," she said. "But the storm is lifting now, and I am keeping you from your fishing. I think I must not come on the loch again until you have gone; for I seem bound to be a nuisance and a hindrance to you, Mr. Heriot."

"No, no," said Heriot, with an alacrity and earnestness which surprised himself. "On the contrary, it's nice to have a—a companion, a fellow-sportsman."

"Yes," she assented; "it is very nice for me. It is—lonely sometimes," she added, with a little sigh.

"We can go on again now," said Heriot, suddenly. "Look here, Miss Harness, if you've no objection, I'll go in your boat with you; these storms have a trick of whipping up suddenly."

She hesitated for just a moment; then she said, quietly:—

"It is very good of you."

When they had nearly reached the other shore they struck a fish. "It is yours," she said. But Heriot shook his head.

"Take care how you stand," he said; "it is not too easy with this roll on."

The fish was a small one, and he instructed her how to play it. He was leaning forward to gaff it when that which he had feared happened—she lost her footing, and would have fallen against the side of the boat, and possibly out of it; but Heriot let the fish go and caught her, just in time. He had to hold her for nearly a minute, but she was by no means discomposed, and as she slipped from his arms to the seat she looked up with a smile and a laugh, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed.

"And the fish?" she asked.

"Oh, he's gone," said Heriot.

He was not nearly so composed as she; it was some time since he had held a woman in his arms, and the contact with this one awakened memories, poignant and bitter-sweet.

"We won't try again," he said. "It's too late."

They rowed to shore almost in silence. As she stepped out of the boat, his hand gripping her arm, she looked at him almost pensively.

"I wonder," she said, slowly, "exactly what you think; whether I have been too great a nuisance?"

"You have not," said Heriot, rather curtly; for he had not yet recovered from the sensations which had assailed him as he held her. "Pray believe me. To-morrow should be a good day after this rain. Come down and try your luck again."

He did not expect to see her; but on the following morning he watched her go down to the shore, and quickly joined her.

"You shall have my man to-day," he said, "and I'll take the boy."

She shook her head and smiled resolutely.

"Well, then, we will go in the boat together," said Heriot. "One or the other; which shall it be?"

He answered the question for himself by getting into her boat. There fell a dead calm; fishing was impossible; Heriot lit his pipe and pulled slowly up the loch to one of the bays. They got out and ate their lunch and talked. In such circumstances as these, two persons, though of different sex, make friends very quickly. Much as he thought he disliked women, Heriot found it possible to tolerate this one; perhaps because, as he assured himself, she held no danger for him; his heart was dead—oh, quite dead; he was woman-proof. But all the same, it was pleasant when you turned your head to look at so beautiful a face as that of Miss Harness; pleasant to hear a woman of the world talking of it in a voice whose natural beauty is enhanced by a slight foreign accent; and it was pleasant to feel, as you talked to her, that she divined, with a quick apprehension, the "words between."

Their intercourse was almost a daily one. Once or twice she left the loch early in the afternoon, explaining that her grandfather was not very well, and that she wanted to read to him. On one occasion Heriot carried a fish up to the Grey House; at the gate she paused, coloured, as if with embarrassment, and said:—

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"AND SO THEY ATE THEIR LUNCH, SEATED SIDE BY SIDE AND QUITE CLOSE TO EACH OTHER."

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"I am afraid you will think me very inhospitable, very discourteous, not to ask you to enter; but my grandfather is very old and feeble, and a little excites him greatly."

"Not at all," said Heriot. "I quite understand."

"Ah, but you don't—not fully," she said, quickly. "I wish that I could explain to you; but I cannot."

"There's no need," he said, with the Englishman's awkwardness. "I mean—that it is not necessary for you to tell me anything." He moved from the gate, but turned to her again. "But if there is anything I can do—I mean to help you——"

"You would do it," she said, her eyes resting on him gratefully. "Yes, I know you would. But there is nothing."

"All right," he said, raising his hat.

As Heriot dressed for dinner he pondered, naturally enough, over these words of Miss Harness's; there was a touch of mystery in them which increased his interest in the girl of the Grey House; and he was compelled to admit that during the last few days his interest had grown very acute; in fact, much to his surprise, he found himself dwelling on the undeniable charm which she possessed. Comparisons are always odious, but he could not refrain from comparing her with the worthless woman who had jilted him. It was impossible to conceive Helen Harness being capable of falsity; the man who would succeed in winning her would be an extremely fortunate one. He did not think of himself as that person, for he had determined not to marry; but all the same he could not help envying the prospective man who should be lucky enough to win her love. To be loved by such a girl as Helen Harness——

The thought was dispelled by the sound of a man's voice, a strange voice, speaking, curiously enough, with a foreign accent; two foreigners might be certainly accounted *raræ aves* at such a place as Loch Awe in October; but three——! As he went down the stairs he saw a short, thick-set man standing in the hall; he had a bullet-head, with closely-cut hair, and a round, clean-shaven face, swarthy of complexion, with eyes of the poached-egg variety, with dark bulbs under them. It was not a prepossessing face, but the owner turned and greeted Heriot with an extremely courteous bow, which Heriot returned with a curt English nod. Beside the new-comer stood, in an attitude of attention, a tall and wiry-looking fellow, evidently a servant. This man glanced out of the tail of his eye at Heriot; then looked down, as if for a moment he had been taken off his guard.

Bowden looked up as Heriot entered the smoking-room.

"Got some new visitors," he said. "Of a rum kind, too. What the deuce does a Russian Count want at Loch Awe?"

"How do you know he's a Count?" asked Heriot, instantly thinking of the people up at the Grey House.

"Saw it in the visitors' book," said Bowden, half-ashamedly. "Brought a man with him: don't admire either of 'em. They've taken a private room, Angus, the butler, tells me. They haven't brought any rods."

"No, I suppose not," said Heriot, with a smile.

Heriot could have given no particular reason for strolling up the hill-road that night; but he did so, and, somehow or other, he was not surprised to see three figures, instead of the usual two, shadowed on the curtain of the Grey House; and still less surprised that one of them should be the thick, short-necked figure of the Count, whose name—for Heriot, half-ashamed as Bowden had been, had consulted the visitors' book—was equally illegible and unpronounceable. Heriot returned to the hotel much exercised in mind, but assuring himself that the matter was no business of his. All the same, he waited rather anxiously for Miss Helen's appearance next morning, and was aware that he was greatly relieved when she came down the bank. He saw that she was pale, and her manner was preoccupied as she got into the boat. Later on, Heriot saw her start and, looking up, discerned the reason in the presence of the Count, standing on the pier watching them. For the life of him he could not help saying:—

"You have had a visitor?"

"Yes." Her brows drew together and she was silent for a moment; then she said, in a low voice, her eyes fixed on his with a trustfulness which made Heriot's heart grow warm, "Yes; I will tell you. It is a visitor from Russia, Count Czerinski. He has come to see my grandfather. The Count wants him to return to Russia, to give evidence against some important people who have been arrested."

"Your grandfather will not go?" said Heriot, quickly.

"Oh, no, no!" she replied, with vehemence, and with a little shudder. "Nothing would induce him. The Count would be willing to let him remain here if he would give some

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information which would help the Government."

"And he will not give it?"

"Why, no," she said, simply.

"That's all right," said Heriot, quietly. "The Count—I'm sorry I can't get his name—can't do anything. This is England, not Russia."

"Ah, yes," she said, with a sigh of relief. "He can do nothing; but he has upset my grandfather, who is not strong enough to be worried."

"You have told the Count so?"

"Yes, and he was most courteous—they are always so courteous! He says that he will leave Loch Awe and return to Russia as soon as he has rested."

"Of course. There is nothing else he could do."

She was silent for a moment; then she said, hesitatingly, and in a low voice:—

"I don't know."

"Oh, but come!" said Heriot, with a laugh. "As I said before, this is England. The Count can't compel your grandfather to go back to Russia, nor to say what he doesn't want to say. I'm afraid this affair is worrying you. Is there anything I can do?"

"No, nothing," she said.

"All right," said Heriot. "Please don't forget that I'm entirely at your service."

"I know it," she said; "and I can't tell you how grateful I am, or what a difference it makes to me. I feel—as if—as if I were being watched over—guarded. But I have no right——"

"Yes, you have," said Heriot. "The right which every lonely woman has to the protection of any man worth the name. Besides——" He paused; perhaps he suddenly remembered that he hated women. "We've been good friends—pals, as we call it," he went on, lamely; "and it's the duty of one pal to protect another. By George, there's a fish! Only a small trout."

Nothing more was said on the subject; Helen grew less disturbed as the day wore on, and there was a happy light in her eyes and as happy a curve on her lips as she gave him her hand at parting. Perhaps Heriot was not aware that he pressed it; but she must have felt the pressure, for she blushed divinely, and gave him a shy glance before she turned away with downcast eyes.

When Heriot reached the hotel a powerful motor-car was standing outside. Naturally enough, he thought it was the Count's; but Bowden, who was standing beside it, said, apologetically:—

"This beastly thing's just turned up. It seems that a fortnight ago I told my man to bring it up here. I'd forgotten all about it; but here it is."

"It's a splendacious one," remarked Heriot. "What's the power?"

"Forty," grunted Bowden, as he trudged towards the smoking-room.

It will be surmised that Heriot went up the hill after dinner; and he did so. He stood outside the garden, looking at the two figures shadowed on the curtain, and as he gazed at the graceful one of Helen Harness his heart stirred with an emotion which he had thought he should never again experience. He loved her, and he was almost sorry that he had not told her so that day; for the memory of that swift glance from her was keen within him. Yes; if she would give him the right to protect her—and her grandfather—for the rest of his life he could afford to forget the past. He walked slowly back to the hotel; and at the pier he paused and, with a lover's preoccupied eyes, looked at the loch; but the preoccupation was put to flight by the appearance of two specks of coloured light in the growing darkness. They were approaching the pier, and presently he saw that they belonged to a motor-launch. Bowden was standing on the lawn of the hotel, and he nodded towards the launch.

"Count's," he said, succinctly. "Hired it of the chap down the loch. Not the kind of weather for cruising; but there's no accounting for these confounded foreigners."

While they were talking the Count, followed by his man, came up the drive. They were in a kind of yachting kit, which did not improve the appearance of either of them.

"Good evening," said the Count, raising his hat. "It is a beautiful place, England. I have just been taking a cruise on your loch. I am fond of ze water; just like an Englishman."

Bowden grunted and turned away; but Heriot endeavoured to satisfy his curiosity concerning such a proceeding, and asked a question or two, which the Count answered promptly and pleasantly.

"Oh, yes, she is a pretty little boat; not large, but sufficient for my purpose. I wish to cruise about when the weather is fine, just to pass the time. You see"—with a charming smile—"I have not your resources; I do not feesh."

"You must be careful what you're about," said Heriot. "Storms get up very quickly here; and there are submerged rocks——"

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said the Count, with

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a shrug of his shoulders. "My man understands the engine, the working of the boat; and there is no danger."

"That's all right," said Heriot. "But I thought you were leaving us?" he added, interrogatively.

"Oh, yes, presently," said the Count, suavely. "But I am so enchanted with the quiet, the seclusion of this romantic spot——"

Heriot nodded and went in.

Presently he lit his pipe and went down to the loch. The motor-launch was not at the pier; turning to Bowden, who had followed him, he said:—

"Those fellows have gone out."

"Yes," said Bowden. "They'll come to grief, if they don't mind. They don't know anything about the rocks in the loch. Anyhow, they must have plenty of pluck; it's a dangerous kind of amusement."

Heriot went up the hill-road. He walked quicker than usual, and, half-unconsciously, he drew a breath of relief as he saw the two shadows on the curtain. They were less clearly defined than usual, the lamp evidently being turned down. He stopped and looked for a minute or two; then he turned away. But presently he paused, for he was assailed by a kind of uneasiness difficult to define. It seemed to him that Miss Harness should be told that the Count was going to remain at Portsonachan. He went back to the house and knocked gently at the door; there was no response. He knocked louder, but still without effect. He went to the garden, and looked up at the window; perhaps it would be possible to attract Helen's attention without alarming the old man. He knew how quick she was, and how slight a sound would reach her ears. He took up a few small stones and threw them gently at her shadow. To his surprise, though he could hear the gravel rattling on the glass, she did not move. He waited a moment or two, then threw some larger stones more violently; still the figure did not move. He drew nearer, and looked keenly, scrutinizingly. There was something weird, discomposing in the motionless, inert fashion which the old man and the girl maintained; it was almost as if they were both asleep, or—— He could not complete the sentence; a kind of chill assailed him, and almost involuntarily he called, not loudly, but clearly:—

"Helen—Miss Harness!"

She could not fail to have heard him, but still she did not turn her head, and remained motionless, absolutely motionless. An indefinable dread took hold of Heriot; without thinking of what he was doing, of the alarm or distress he might cause, he went to the door and knocked loudly. He waited only a moment or two; then he put his knee against the lock and, exerting all his strength, forced the door open. There was a dim light burning in the hall, and he sprang upstairs and opened the door of the sitting-room. There they were, at the window. The lamp was low; he could see them seated, as usual. Taking off his hat, he advanced.

"I beg your pardon, I'm very sorry; but——"

Then he stopped, cold with horror. The two figures were not those of a live man and woman, but roughly-made dummies! They were tied to the chairs with rope, and looked like two effigies in a chamber of horrors. There was something so hideously grotesque in their appearance that Heriot shrank back, the sweat breaking out on him, his tongue cleaving to his mouth. His presence of mind was shattered, and for a minute he could only stand and gaze, with horror-distended eyes, at the two awful make-believes. Then he recovered his wits. Why were these two effigies placed there? Where were the originals which they so hideously parodied? He sprang out to the landing and called:—

"Helen!"

But, as he had expected, no one answered; there was no one in the house but himself. He bounded down the stairs; but, fast as he went, his mind went faster, and, before he had reached the road, he saw what had happened. With the assistance of his man and the house-servants, whom he had bribed—it is scarcely necessary to say that they were foreigners, and not Scottish: it is dangerous work trying to bribe a Scot—the Count had succeeded in abducting Mr. Harness and his granddaughter, placing the dummies in the window to prevent Heriot's suspicion being aroused; and at this moment the audacious scoundrel was carrying them off to—where?

Heriot stood for a moment or two, with his clenched hands thrust in his pockets, frowning at the loch. To which end of the loch would the Count direct his launch? At the upper end was the quay and station of Loch Awe; it would be well-nigh impossible for him to land there without attracting attention; he would not go to Taychreggan; it was opposite Portsonachan, and his movements would certainly attract the attention of the people there. There remained only Ford, at the other end of the loch. Of course! It would be easy to convey the two

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to Crinan, where a yacht would be waiting. He ran to the hotel and, pausing for a moment outside to get his breath, went into the smoking-room. Bowden was asleep, and dreaming of a thirty-pound salmon; Heriot laid his hand on the old man's shoulder and shook him gently.

"What is it? Are we into a fish?" said Bowden. "I didn't hear the reel."

"I want your motor-car—at once," said Heriot, as quietly as he could.

"Anybody ill?" asked Bowden, starting up.

"Our friend the Count has carried off the young girl at the Grey House," replied Heriot, laconically. "I want your motor."

"I am not surprised," said the old man, coolly. "I thought he was up to some mischief. He's taken them in the launch, of course. I saw it going down the lake half an hour ago."

Heriot groaned. "Half an hour's start!"

"It's all right," said Bowden, as he hurried to the door. "That motor of mine will do forty miles an hour easily. My man sleeps in the room over the garage. He's a quick chap. Come on!"

Heriot would find it difficult to describe his sensations while he waited for the car. The time was actually very short, but he seemed to have grown into an old man before he sprang up beside the driver. Bowden offered to accompany them—indeed, begged to be allowed to do so; but Heriot shook his head; he had already formed his plan, and the fewer persons concerned in the business the better. The road runs beside the loch and is little frequented, even in the daytime; that night the car had it to itself. It started at a good pace, and Heriot kept his eyes on the loch. The car ran for some miles before he saw two specks of light on the dark surface of the water.

"Now let her out," he said.



"THEN HE STOPPED, COLD WITH HORROR."

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The chauffeur, who guessed that they were in pursuit of something, or someone, obeyed willingly enough, and they sped through the air like an express train. As they approached Ford Heriot gave the order to slow up, and some little distance from the pier he stopped the car and got out, telling the man to wait there till he heard a whistle. Keeping in the shadow of the road, Heriot cautiously approached the landing-stage, and, as he had expected, he saw a motor-car drawn up close to it. The lights of the launch could now be discerned plainly, and he could hear the thud of her engine. He was only just in time. He stole up to the car; a man who was so ill-favoured that he might have been the twin brother of the Count's servant was pottering about it. Heriot went up to him and touched him lightly on the shoulder; the man swung round and uttered an exclamation.

"Shout, call out, and you're a dead man," said Heriot, quietly. "I've got you covered with a revolver"—it was his pipe—"through my coat-pocket. I know all about the business. You are waiting for the Count. Get into the car and sit there, and keep your mouth shut."

With a guttural oath the man turned as if to obey; but suddenly he flung up his arm and aimed, with a spanner in his hand, at Heriot's head. But Heriot was on the alert that night, and he dealt the man a blow on the "point" which felled him. He took off the man's coat and cap, then gagged and bound him with a rope which, thinking it might be useful, he had snatched up from the garage when they started. Exchanging his own coat and hat for the man's, he took his seat in the car, and the thudding of his heart kept time with the thudding of the launch as it neared the pier. There was no light save that of the lamps in the motor-car and the launch; and Heriot sat quite still and waited.

He heard the launch moor to the quay; and a minute or two afterwards the Count and his man appeared, bearing the old man. They toiled with their burden up the bank, and, without a word, put him in the car; then they returned for Miss Helen. This was the most trying moment for Heriot throughout that night's work; for he was consumed by the desire to spring out and brain both the villains; but, with clenched teeth, he held himself in hand. After what seemed an eternity the Count and his man reappeared, carrying Helen. They placed her beside the other motionless figure, then the Count, wiping the sweat from his brow, said a few words to his servant, who saluted and returned to the launch. The Count took a flask from his pocket, and the smell of brandy mixed with the odour of chloroform coming from the back of the car. The Count took a drink, then stepped up beside Heriot.

"You know where to go," he said. "Drive like the devil; I want to reach the ship before the tide turns. Drive straight on; you will see the sign-post to Crinan."

Without a word, with the blood beating in his pulses, so that it seemed as if he were deafened and almost blinded, Heriot started the car.

The Count took out a cigarette and lit it, displaying a cold-blooded indifference to the condition of the prisoners which nearly drove Heriot mad. At the turn of the road Heriot swung the car to the left, instead of the right towards Crinan. The Count looked up, peered about him, then said:—

"You fool; this is the wrong road; this goes to Portsonachan!"

"That's where we're going, Count," said Heriot.

For an instant there was silence; Heriot knew the man was stealthily feeling for something in his pocket.

"My dear Count," he said, very slowly, because he was half choked by the desire to kill, "it is not of the least use shooting me. There is another car waiting round the bend of the road, a more powerful one than this; it would overtake you before you had got a couple of miles. Besides, you can't commit murder with impunity—in England. A score of detectives would run you down; and you would most certainly be hanged."

There was another moment or two of silence, during which the Count again took out his cigarette-case and, carefully choosing a cigarette, lit it. By the light of the match Heriot saw that the man's face was positively livid, and that, for all his sang-froid, his hand shook.

"You have managed very cleverly, Mr. Heriot," he said. "I pay you my compliments. Yes; you have won and I have failed. If I may trouble you to stop the car, I will alight and will relieve you of my company. As to Mr. and Miss Harness behind there, I trust they will not have suffered anything more than a temporary inconvenience. The effects of chloroform soon pass off."

Heriot pulled up the car.

"If we were alone, Count," he said; "if your victims did not require my immediate attention——"

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"HERIOT TOOK HER HANDS AND DREW HER TOWARDS HIM."

"And if, like an Englishman, you did not dread anything in the shape of a scandal, you would like to engage in a fight with me," broke in the Count, now quite cool and self-possessed. "I can appreciate your feelings and sympathize with you; but, my dear Mr. Heriot, you and I are men of the world. We have been engaged in a little contest; you have beaten me, as I have said. And"—he paused a moment, his features working—"if you could fully comprehend the harm you have done a friendly State, by your gross interference, you would be quite satisfied with the affair as it stands. I wish you good night." He alighted, raised his hat, and turned away. Then he came back and, with an evil smirk, said, "Forgive me! I forgot to offer you my congratulations. You have secured a beautiful woman—and a large fortune."

"Get out of my sight," said Heriot, his fury blazing up, his hand going towards the spanner beside him.

The Count laughed, raised his hat again, and disappeared in the darkness.

Heriot sprang into the back of the car and —it will be forgiven him—caught Helen to him. He knew he could do nothing but wait;

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and presently she recovered from the anæsthetic. Her eyes opened with a dawning horror; but the terror faded from them as she saw the face above her.

"You!" she breathed.

"Yes; it's all right," said Heriot, with unusual tenderness. "Don't worry to ask questions; just close your eyes and rest. We are going back to Portsonachan."

"The Count!" she whispered, with a shudder.

"The Count has gone. Don't think of him."

"My grandfather?"

Mr. Harness came to presently, and between them they succeeded in soothing him. There was no time for explanations; indeed, both the old man and the girl were used to adventures, and accepted this one with a coolness and courage which roused Heriot's admiration. He whistled to Bowden's man; Heriot put them into the car, and was for mounting beside the chauffeur; but at a glance from Helen he changed his mind and took his place between her and her grandfather.

"Thank you," she said, meekly. "It will encourage him to have you near him."

"And you?" whispered Heriot.

"And me," she whispered back, with downcast eyes.

Heriot felt for her hand, and, getting it, held it tightly in his. Not a word was spoken until they reached the hotel, where, in the roadway, stood Bowden.

"Is it all right?" he grunted.

"Quite all right—thanks to you," responded Heriot.

He was driving on to the Grey House, but he remembered that there was no one there to receive them; remembered also the two hideous figures, which he had left at the window; and he pulled up suddenly.

"Better stay here to-night," he said.

"Very well," said Helen, meekly. "Mr. Heriot is right, grandfather; we shall be better here."

Heriot stood in the hall and watched them as they were taken upstairs, with a silent but tender regard, by the maid, who, though Bowden had disclosed nothing, guessed that something was wrong, and was full of pity and sympathy.

Heriot went into the smoking-room and told Bowden the whole story; and he had scarcely finished when he heard a knock at the door. Thinking it was the maid, come to tell him how the rescued were getting on, he called out, "Come in." The door opened slowly and Helen appeared. She was very pale, but her eyes were glowing. At sight of Mr. Bowden she drew back suddenly; but the old man struggled up from his chair and, muttering something about it being late, shuffled out of the room by the other door.

Helen closed the door and stood looking at Heriot; and he stood looking awkwardly at her; for he knew that she was going to try and thank him, and, like most Englishmen of his class, he hated thanks. She came towards him with both hands held out.

"No, I'm not come to thank you," she said; "that would be foolish. I thought that you would like to hear that my grandfather is not injured; that he is little the worse, and will be all right when he has slept."

"I'm glad," said Heriot, still awkwardly. "You also will be all the better for a good night's rest."

"Yes," she said, absently; but she still stood in front of him, her eyes downcast. Heriot's heart beat; there were all sorts of things he wanted to say, but he felt tongue-tied. Suddenly she raised her eyes slowly and looked at him, and at the look Heriot's tongue was loosened.

"Yes, I love you," he said, as if she had asked him a question. "I'd ask you to be my wife, but I've got to tell you that I'm of no account—a poor man."

A heavenly smile broke over her face. She put out her hands, and Heriot took them and drew her towards him. As her head sank on his breast and her lips met his she laughed softly, bewitchingly.

"Oh, I like a man of no account," she whispered.

It was some little time before she sought the rest she needed. As for Heriot, the house could not contain him, and he went out on the lawn, so that there might be room for the world of happiness which was in him. When he came down in the morning the maid hastened to him with a grave face.

"Miss Harness—?" he asked, anxiously.

"The young lady is still sleeping, sir. But—there's terrible news this morning. The launch was wrecked last night. They found her on the rocks on the Taychreggan shore, but they can't find the two foreign gentlemen, the Count and his servant: and they're afraid that they're drowned."

But Heriot had his doubts, which were confirmed when he found that the Count's motor had disappeared. A less astute person than the Count would not have conceived the idea of wrecking the launch, and so covering his retreat.

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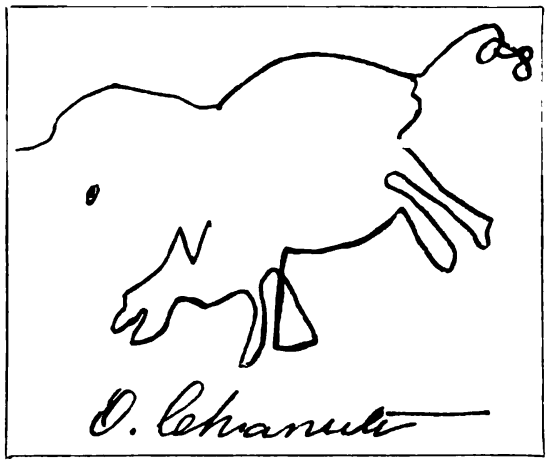
"Pigs That Fly."

How "Blindfold Pigs" Indicate Character.

By GERTRUDE BACON.



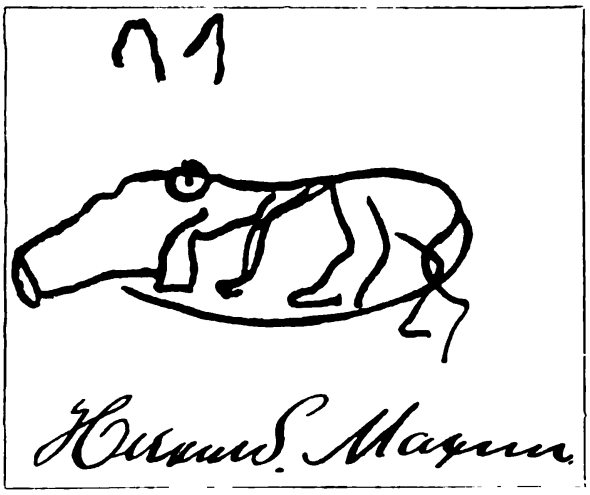
IT cannot be denied that our character stamps itself all over us, and leaves its unmistakable impress on even our smallest actions. Every man, woman, and child of us has his or her own and highly characteristic ways of doing things, which are like no one else's. We have our own characteristic hands, ears, and noses, which are ours alone, however much they may seem to resemble each other's to the superficial view. We know now, some by bitter experience, that even our finger-prints are unique. Those who make a study of these matters can learn to argue backwards from effect to cause, and trace the tendencies, the virtues, the foibles of the inner man from his least outward manifestation. The study of handwriting is almost an exact science, defined by well-proved laws and rules. From handwriting a man's character may be read with something approaching absolute precision. And if from handwriting, then, surely, yet more accurately from such an action as the drawing of a "blindfold pig." For handwriting may have a good deal of artificiality about it, being so often, as it is, deliberately manufactured or moulded on unnatural models. But it is impossible deliberately to manufacture or copy a pig drawn with your eyes shut. From the moment you take pencil in hand and close your eyes you are bound to follow your own initiative alone. Therefore I think I may safely maintain that a careful and experienced student of character can gather much useful information from the study of an album of blindfold pigs, and even the casual and unskilled observer, turning the pages, may glean more than a hearty laugh or an amused smile from a glance at their contents.



"Specialize, specialize, and again specialize" is the motto of to-day. The times are gone for ever when it was possible to cover the whole ground on any one subject. Savants no longer aim at encyclopædic knowledge, and even the collector of blindfold pigs must specialize. Following her natural bent, the writer has endeavoured to "make a corner" in aviators, and the present short paper is therefore concerned solely with "Pigs that Fly."

Some ten years ago there came, one summer day, to my old home in Berkshire a grey-haired American gentleman with a pleasant smile and eyes that looked into the future. He was introduced as Mr. Octave Chanute, then on a brief visit to Europe, and he came to see some aeronautical invention of my father's because he was specially interested in matters aerial. I remember that he talked to us enthusiastically of certain wondrous experiments with kites and gliding machines that he was making in his own country, and of the rather striking work that was being done in this line by two young American brothers, bicycle manufacturers, of Dayton, Ohio—Wilbur and Orville Wright. Before he left I produced a collection of "blindfold pigs" which I was then starting, and persuaded him to add his work to their number. Many a time since then have I looked with satisfaction upon his boldly sprawling animal and firm autograph in my book, because, as events subsequently proved, this Octave Chanute was the pioneer of a great discovery. His work was directly responsible for the first flights of the first

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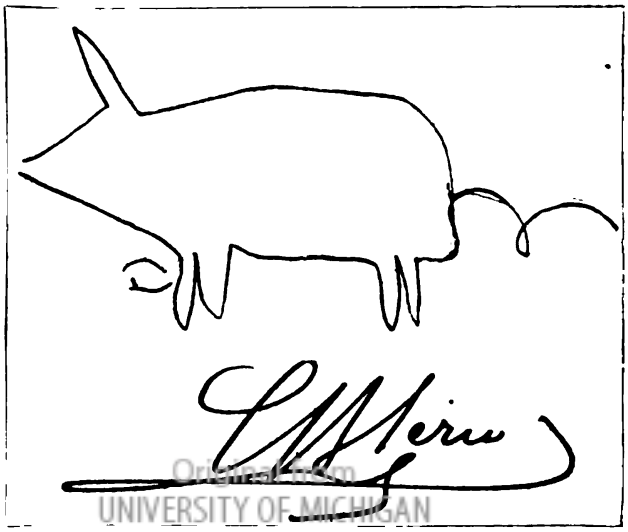
aeroplanes and the first men who ever successfully flew; and long before he died (some two years ago) he was enthusiastically acclaimed, both in Europe and America, as "the father of modern aviation."

But he is not the only flying pioneer represented in my highly-prized collection, for a few months before this the world-famous Sir Hiram Maxim had drawn for me, with his eyes shut, a pig that seems to suggest his own Maxim gun, so cunningly are its legs and entire mechanism fitted inside its shapely body with the gun-shaped muzzle, while the ears have apparently just been fired off by the force of an explosion. Nearly twenty years ago this American genius, whose name has become a household word throughout the world, turned his brain to the subject of flight, and produced a mighty flying machine which is often considered to be the first which ever left the ground. The great craft weighed over three tons, and to drive it Maxim produced a steam engine which made a new record for lightness (it was before the days of the petrol motor); and although the first flight ended disastrously, and the machine smashed itself up beyond repair, yet it indubitably *did* fly, and by so doing not only won itself immortal fame, but served to indicate the path which later inventors have followed in their successful efforts towards the conquest of the air.

I claim, therefore, my collection of "Pigs that Fly" as not only unique, but as truly representative, and, as far as can be, complete, because it starts at the very beginning with the pioneers, the men who led the way, and whose work rendered possible the famous feats that have followed.

Undoubtedly the aviator, latest child of progress in the history of the world, is the popular hero of the hour. What soldier, sailor, statesman, traveller, or potentate has ever received a more world-wide ovation than fell to the lot of Blériot the day he flew the Channel—just over three years ago? In truth it was a dramatic occasion. The announcement (only half believed) that one of the newly-invented aeroplanes, piloted by a splendid young sportsman, Hubert Latham, was to attempt to cross the sea between France and England; the expectant crowds that day after day lined the cliffs at Dover; the unpropitious weather, the long delay, the sneers of the unbelievers, the despair of the newspaper reporters. And then, suddenly, at dawn, when all the world slept, a solitary policeman on the green cliff-summit sees out at sea a small dark bird that nears and nears with incredible speed and loud roar of machinery. Almost at his feet the strange bird hovers and settles, and out there climbs stiffly, not the young semi-Englishman that he and all the country have been expecting, but a thick-set, dark-faced, hawk-nosed Frenchman, with a lame foot (he had just been badly burned in a petrol explosion) and an eagle eye—Louis Blériot, the pioneer of the monoplane, the conqueror of the Channel.

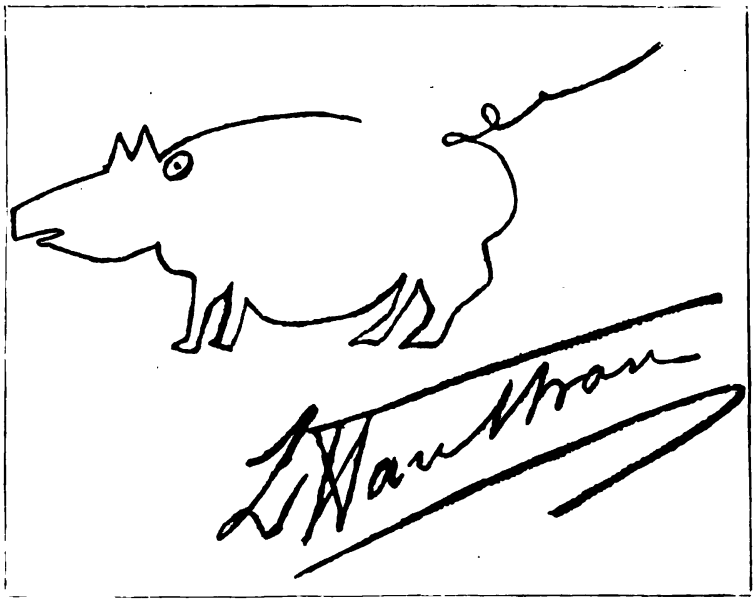
Patience, determination, energy, these are the characteristics of Blériot, who for *nine* years before his great triumph had laboured at his invention, made aeroplane after aeroplane, spent almost all his fortune, and incurred the pitying ridicule of his friends and enemies, who openly proclaimed him a visionary and a "crank." Yet, in the end, by patience, determination, and energy, he won his reward. Can anyone deny that these three great traits of his are faithfully

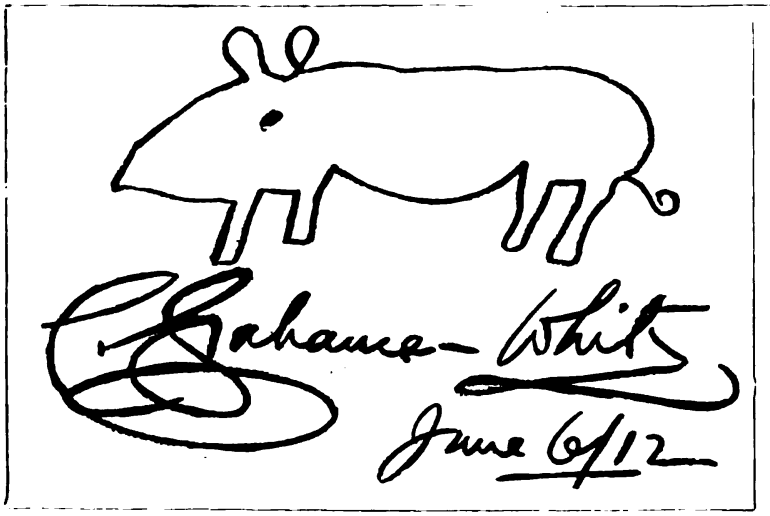


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depicted in the animal he drew for these pages? Note the firm, square body, the pointed, eager nose. The eye lies at his feet, even as the world lay at the feet of the triumphant aviator the day he flew to us across the sea.

It was Blériot's voyage over the Channel that first awakened the Englishman's interest in the new-found discovery of flight. It was the great race from London to Manchester for the *Daily Mail's* first ten-thousand-pound prize that finally aroused the nation to the fact and possibilities of the coming of the aeroplane. Both heroes of the historic race are represented in our collection. Look first at the pig of the popular favourite, the darling of the crowd, Claude Grahame-White. The word that is written so plainly all over it is "Success." See the dashing curves, the curling ears, the flourishing signature. Even the pig itself is successful beyond the usual wont, for the artist has succeeded accurately in joining the body, in accurately placing the eye. There is an easy self-confidence, an absolute self-reliance and self-possession about this animal. It *knows* it is successful and popular, even as its artist knows as he guides his machine, as if it were a veritable part of himself, above the heads of the cheering crowd who adore him.

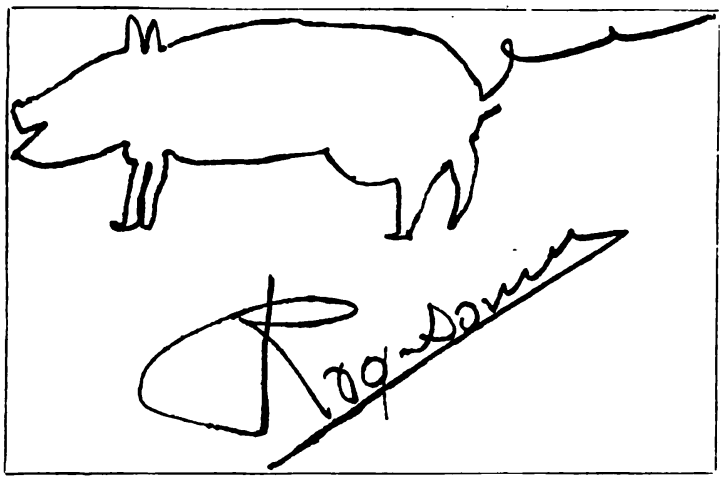




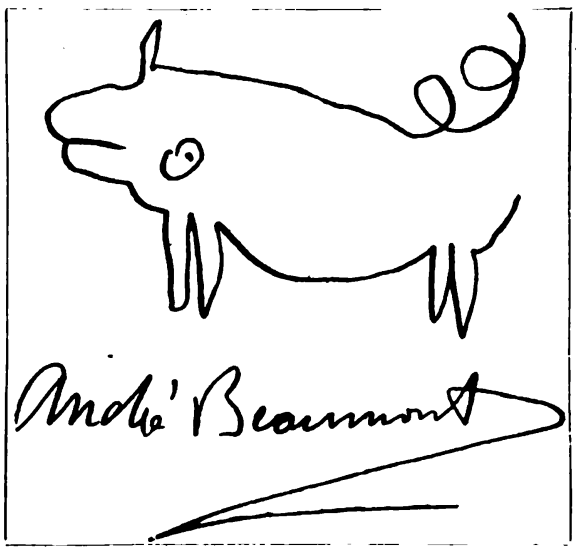
Paulhan's pig, too, has the stamp of success, but somehow it seems to suggest that more deliberate effort has been made to secure it. Every step of the modest, retiring, pleasantly-smiling Frenchman has been patiently, laboriously, carefully won. From tight-rope-walker, sailor, and airship mechanic his progress has been rapid and wonderful indeed; but it has been achieved solely by ability, by patience, and the neglecting of no possible opportunity. There is not a little artistic promise about Paulhan's pig, as well as imagination and care and a just sense of proportion. Altogether a pig to be reckoned with.

When Octave Chanute came to Europe ten years ago he found skilled men in France working—perhaps on slightly different lines — on the same problem that had occupied him and others in America — the problem of flight. In both countries the solution was very near at hand, and when, in 1906, Santos-Dumont's aeroplane flew for seventy yards Europe claimed the triumph as her own. She did not know, or rather she did not believe, that America had beaten her until suddenly the mysterious brothers Wright broke their long silence, came forth into the arena with their aeroplanes, and performed flights, on both sides of the Atlantic, that put all previous French performances into the shade. For some months the Americans held undisputed possession of the field, and the man in the street forgot that Frenchmen had ever flown at all, until once more the tables were turned and the world's record brought back to Europe by a magnificent flight, on one of the first of Farman biplanes, of two hours and

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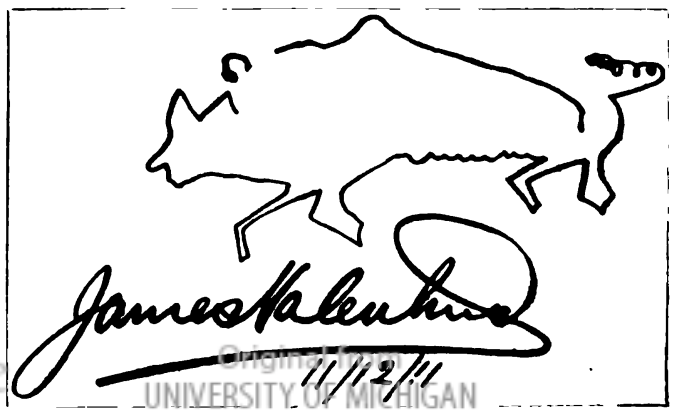


twenty-seven minutes—a wonderful feat for 1909. The man who made this record for France was Roger Sommer, whose blindfold pig graces our pages. Curiously enough, it bears a most marked resemblance to the pig of Paulhan — particularly in the shape of the head and the twist of the tail, which are practically identical. But then in certain respects the men themselves have much in common. Both are small, alert, quick of movement, of imperturbable nerve, yet careful withal, modest and charming. Both are magnificent flyers, of course, and both are also inventors and constructors, for each of them has now turned his attention to the construction, rather than the mere flying, of aeroplanes, and has produced, and is producing, successful machines that bear his name.



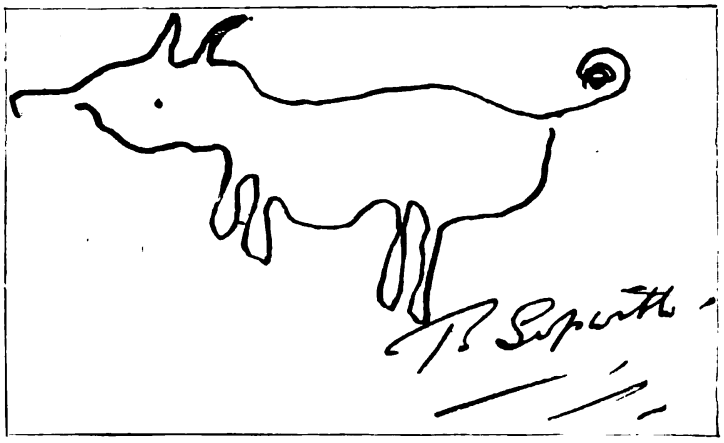
To the question, "Who is the greatest aviator of the present day?" only one answer can be returned—Lieutenant de Conneau, the French sailor-aviator who flies under the name of "André Beaumont." In three great races, the three greatest tests of endurance, courage, and skill yet offered to the flying men of the world, he has come off victorious—the race from Paris to Rome, the circuit of Europe, and the circuit of Britain. The man with a record like this to his credit must be something more than a superb flyer — many of his less successful rivals have been that—he must be possessed of the most perfect judgment and a cool-headedness that no sudden danger or unforeseen difficulty can for a moment disturb. It is to his previous training as a naval officer, and the qualities which such a calling brings forth, that Beaumont owes his success. A perfectly-balanced mind, perfectly-controlled nerve, and, above all, consummate judgment are the attributes to be sought for and found in artist and "pig."

In two of the three great events aforesaid Beaumont had as a worthy antagonist that dashing young Englishman, James Valentine. Readers will remember that out of the thirty starters for that tremendous and exacting feat, the race round the British Isles for the *Daily Mail* second ten-thousand-pound prize, only four succeeded in covering the whole distance, and of these the third man, and the first Englishman, was Valentine. Only a few weeks before he, the only Englishman aviator among the competitors, had covered seven of the nine stages of the circuit of Europe, including the crossing of the Channel (a feat he has since several times accomplished). How many first awards, trophies, and cups stand to Mr. Valentine's

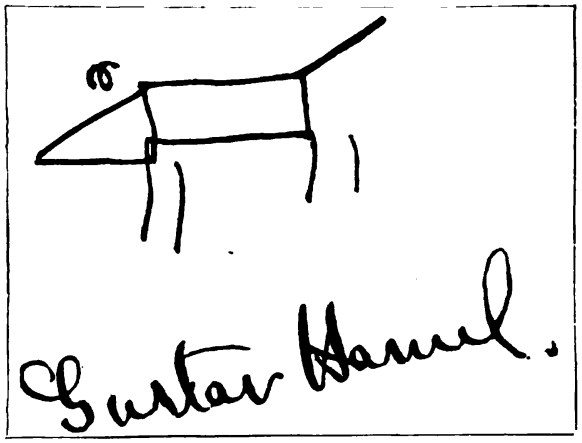


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credit he himself would probably find it difficult to enumerate. Was there ever a more characteristic animal than the pig he has drawn with his eyes shut? Speed, dash, and go—the veriest baby can trace their unmistakable impress.



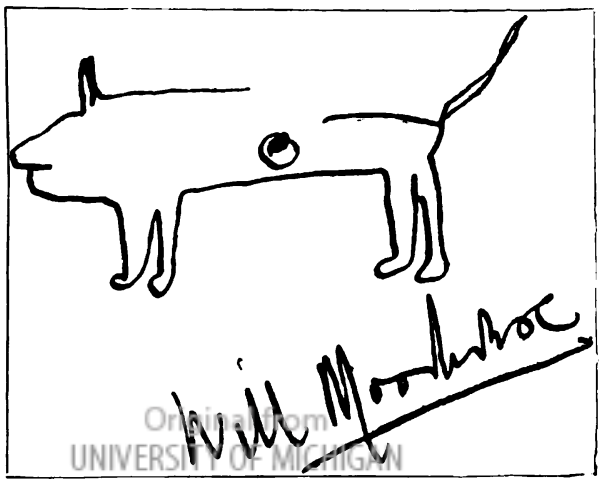
Gustav Hamel, that most beloved of aviators, darling of the crowd, favourite of his compeers, strikes a new note with his rectangular and somewhat conventionalised "porker." He cannot be said to have taken much trouble about it. With his slow, lazy smile and unruffled good nature he dashed off the few straight lines and wriggly eye that may stand as the Egyptian hieroglyphic of a pig, but which nevertheless bears the hallmark of his personality. Apparently without



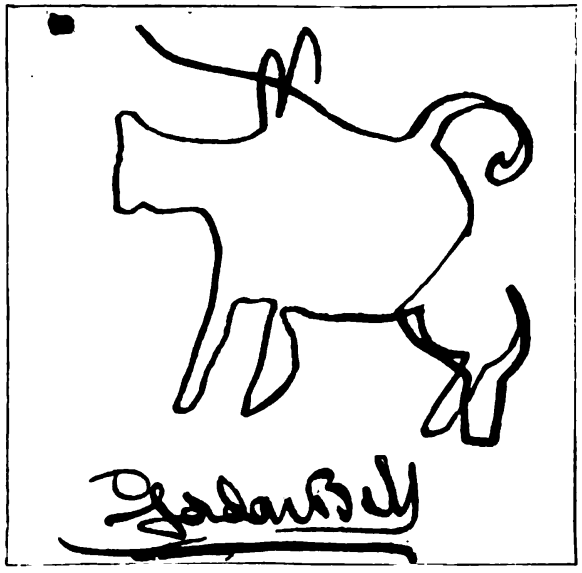
trouble or effort, with perfect and smiling good-nature and absolute imperturbability, Hamel goes about his work, flies in perilous winds to prevent disappointing the crowd, takes extraordinary risks to uphold the honour of his country in international races (*vide* the Gordon-Bennett race of last year), bears that courageous lady Miss Trehawke Davies for an afternoon's flight from London to Paris or wafts her four thousand five hundred feet into the sky, carries the mails from Hendon to Windsor in impossible weather conditions—anything, in fact, that he is asked to do, ever smiling, good-natured, imperturbable—like his pig!

Look at the originality and humour of the creature (is it a pig or a heraldic griffon?) to which T. O. Sopwith has signed his name. Mr. Sopwith is, above all, a flyer of originality and ideas. It was the happiest thought that led him to fly one afternoon from Brooklands to Windsor, and, alighting gracefully in front of the Castle, call for a cup of afternoon tea on his highly-interested and delighted Sovereign. It was certainly original to fly one winter's day one hundred and sixty-nine miles from Brooklands into Belgium (all other aviators have been content with France for a continental trip), and incidentally carry off the De Forrest four-thousand-pound prize. Brilliant originality characterizes Sopwith, both as aviator and artist.

It is worth noting how closely the pigs of Beaumont and W. Moorhouse resemble each other, particularly in the heads. This is a curious but not inexplicable fact when one compares the flying of the two men. The other day I asked a certain famous expert, who knows more about flying men and their machines than probably any man living, to sum up in a phrase, crystallize as it were, Moorhouse's genius as an aviator. "I should say of him," he replied, "that he is the man who makes a speciality of cross-country flying in very bad weather, and whose delight it is to go up in thunderstorms and dodge the lightning." It is in cross-country flying in bad weather that Beaumont shows to greatest advantage his matchless skill and judgment. *Verb. sap.*

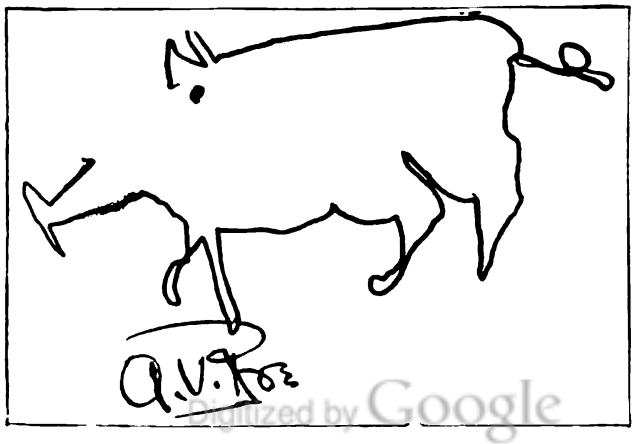


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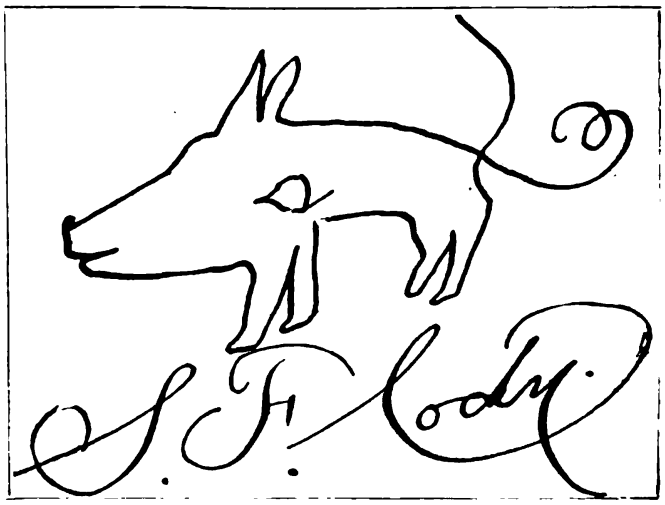
And who will deny that versatility is the watchword of Gordon-Bell—man and blindfold pig? This aviator, by the way, proudly boasts that he is the only man in the world to fly from Europe to Asia and back. He has done so several times—across the Bosphorus! Better proof of his versatile genius lies in the fact that he can fly more different makes of machine than any man living.

Our little haphazard collection of "Pigs that Fly" has begun with two pioneer constructors. It fitly closes with two more. At a time when flying was in its veriest infancy, Mr. A. V. Roe was patiently experimenting with his own highly original machines. A. V. Roe was certainly one of the first three men to fly in England, and to him are due the first flights made by an "All British" aeroplane, accomplished, moreover, with an engine of only *nine* horse-power. Since these very early days he has met with the success he has so well deserved, and his "Avros" are among the best-known and highest esteemed of British flying machines. His pig, therefore, is the pig of a mechanical genius. Note the highly original idea of the snout, in which is embodied a clever notion for rooting for acorns.



Last—but certainly not least—behold the pig of our dear old friend and magnificent sportsman, Mr. Cody. Cody himself writes of it, "Evidently I was thinking of breakfast (can he have meant Bacon?) when I drew little piggie, which I intended to be a very fat one, judging by the top tail." But Mr. Cody does himself less than justice. He was really, when he penned the sketch, placing on paper, however unconsciously, his own characteristics, and evolving a pig whose war-cry is, "I shall get there."

This is what Cody has said all through his romantic career, when one November night, nine years ago, he skimmed all alone across the Channel in a little boat harnessed to one of his wonderful man-lifting kites—when in January, 1909, he made the first observed flight in this country in the big aeroplane that he had constructed for the British Army—



when, through long months and years of cruellest ill-luck and the jeers of a fickle and ignorant crowd, he doggedly fought his way step by step towards success—when he flew two hundred miles on end over Laffan's Plain in the chill December morning of the last day of 1910—when he slogged along round Great Britain, the fourth and last man in (but the only man flying an all-British biplane, and one of his own design and construction to boot) in last year's great race—and, finally, when he won the Government prize of five thousand pounds on Salisbury Plain last August.

"I shall get there!" said Cody on these and innumerable similar occasions. "I shall get there!" says his sturdy, indomitable, bold, and original pig. And both are right!

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Illustrated by Will Owen.

"HANDSOME is as 'andsome does," said the night-watchman. It's an old saying, but it's true. Give a chap good looks, and it's precious little else that is given to 'im. He's lucky when 'is good looks 'ave gorn—or partly gorn—to get a berth as night-watchman, or some other hard and bad-paid job.

One drawback to a good-looking man is that he generally marries young; not because 'e wants to, but because somebody else wants 'im to. And that ain't the worst of it: the handsomest chap I ever knew married five times, and got seven years for it. It wasn't his fault, pore chap; he simply couldn't say "No."

One o' the best-looking men I ever knew was Cap'n Bill Smithers, wot used to come up here once a week with a schooner called the *Wild Rose*. Funny thing about 'im was he didn't seem to know about 'is good looks, and he was one o' the quietest, best-behaved men that ever came up the London river. Considering that he was mistook for me more than once, it was just as well.

He didn't marry until 'e was close on forty; and then 'e made the mistake of marrying a widder-woman. She was like all the rest of 'em—only worse. Afore she was married butter wouldn't melt in 'er mouth, but as soon as she 'ad got her "lines" safe she began to make up for it.

For the fust month or two 'e didn't mind it, 'e rather liked being fussed arter, but when he found that 'e couldn't go out for arf an hour without having 'er with 'im he began to get tired of it. Her idea was that 'e was too handsome to be trusted out alone; and every trip he made 'e had to write up in a book, day by day, wot 'e did with himself. Even then she wasn't satisfied, and, arter saying that a wife's place was by the side of 'er husband, she took to sailing with 'im every v'y'ge.

Wot he could ha' seen in 'er I don't know. I asked 'im one evening—in a roundabout way—and he answered in such a long, roundabout way that I didn't know wot to make of it till I see that she was standing just behind me, listening. Arter that I heard 'er asking questions about me, but I didn't 'ave to listen: I could hear 'er twenty yards away, and singing to myself at the same time.

Arter that she treated me as if I was the dirt beneath 'er feet. She never spoke to me, but used to speak against me to other people. She was always talking to them about the "sleeping-sickness" and things o' that kind. She said night-watchmen always made 'er think of it somehow, but she didn't know why, and she couldn't tell you if you

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was to ask her. The only thing I was thankful for was that I wasn't 'er husband. She stuck to 'im like his shadow, and I began to think at last it was a pity she 'adn't got something to be jealous about and something to occupy her mind with instead o' me.

"She ought to 'ave a lesson," I ses to the skipper one evening. "Are you going to be follered about like this all your life? If she was made to see the foolishness of 'er ways she might get sick of it."

My idea was to send her on a wild-goose chase, and while the *Wild Rose* was away I thought it out. I wrote a love-letter to the skipper signed with the name of "Dorothy," and asked 'im to meet me at Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment at eight o'clock on Wednesday. I told 'im to look out for a tall girl (Mrs. Smithers was as short as they make 'em) with mischievous brown eyes, in a blue 'at with red roses on it.

I read it over careful, and arter marking it "Private," twice in front and once on the back, I stuck it down so that it could be blown open a'most, and waited for the schooner to come back. Then I gave a van-boy twopence to 'and it to Mrs. Smithers, wot was sitting on the deck alone, and tell 'er that he 'ad got a letter for Captain Smithers.

I was busy with a barge wot happened to be handy at the time, but I 'eard her say that she would take it and give it to 'im. When I peeped round she 'ad got the letter open and was leaning over the side to wind'ard trying to get 'er breath. Every now and then she'd give another look at the letter and open 'er mouth and gasp; but by and by she got calmer, and, arter putting it back in the envelope, she gave it a lick as though she was going to bite it, and stuck it down agin. Then she went off the wharf, and I'm blest if, five minutes arterwards, a young fellow didn't come down to the ship with the same letter and ask for the skipper.

"Who gave it to you?" ses the skipper, as soon as 'e could speak.

"A lady," ses the young fellow.

The skipper waved 'im away, and then 'e walked up and down the deck like a man in a dream.

"Bad news?" I ses, looking up and catching 'is eye.

"No," he ses; "no. Only a note about a couple o' casks o' soda."

He stuffed the letter in 'is pocket and sat on the side smoking till his wife came back in five minutes' time, smiling all over with good temper.

"It's a nice evening," she ses, "and I think I'll just run over to Dalston and see my Cousin Joe."

The skipper got up like a lamb and said he'd go and clean 'imself.

"You needn't come if you feel tired," she ses, smiling at 'im.

The skipper could 'ardly believe his ears.

"I do feel tired," he ses. "I've had a heavy day, and I feel more like bed than anything else."

"You turn in, then," she ses. "I'll be all right by myself."

She went down and tidied herself up—not that it made much difference to 'er—and, arter patting him on the arm and giving me a stare that would ha' made most men blink, she took herself off.

I was pretty busy that evening. Wot with shifting lighters from under the jetty and sweeping up, it was pretty near ha'-past seven afore I 'ad a minute I could call my own. I put down the broom at last, and was just thinking of stepping round to the Bull's Head for a 'arf-pint when I see Cap'n Smithers come off the ship on to the wharf and walk to the gate.

"I thought you was going to turn in?" I ses.

"I did think of it," he ses, "then I thought p'r'aps I'd better stroll as far as Broad Street and meet my wife."

It was all I could do to keep a straight face. I'd a pretty good idea where she 'ad gorn; and it wasn't Dalston.

"Come in and 'ave 'arf a pint fust," I ses.

"No; I shall be late," he ses, hurrying off.

I went in and 'ad a glass by myself, and stood there so long thinking of Mrs. Smithers walking up and down by Cleopatra's Needle that at last the landlord fust asked me wot I was laughing at, and then offered to make me laugh the other side of my face. And then he wonders why people go to the Albion.

I locked the gate rather earlier than usual that night. Sometimes if I'm up that end I leave it a bit late, but I didn't want Mrs. Smithers to come along and nip in without me seeing her face.

It was ten o'clock afore I heard the bell go, and when I opened the wicket and looked out I was surprised to see that she 'ad got the skipper with 'er. And of all the miserable-looking objicks I ever saw in my life he was the worst. She 'ad him tight by the arm, and there was a look on 'er face that a'most scared me.

"Did you go all the way to Dalston for her?" I ses to 'im.

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Mrs. Smithers made a gasping sort o' noise, but the skipper didn't answer a word. She shoved him in in front of 'er and stood over 'im while he climbed aboard. When he held out 'is hand to help 'er she struck it away.

I didn't get word with 'im till five o'clock next morning, when he came up on deck with his 'air all rough and 'is eyes red for want of sleep.

"Haven't 'ad a wink all night," he ses, stepping on to the wharf.

I gave a little cough. "Didn't she 'ave a pleasant time at Dalston?" I ses.

He walked a little further off from the ship. "She didn't go there," he ses, in a whisper.

"You've got something on your mind," I ses. "Wot is it?"

He wouldn't tell me at fust, but at last he told me all about the letter from Dorothy, and 'is wife reading it unbeknown to 'im and going to meet 'er.

"It was an awful meeting!" he ses. "Awful!"

I couldn't think wot to make of it. "Was the gal there, then?" I ses, staring at 'im.

"No," ses the skipper; "but I was."

"*You?*" I ses, starting back. "You! Wot for? I'm surprised at you! I wouldn't ha' believed it of you!"

"I felt a bit curious," he ses, with a silly sort o' smile. "But wot I can't understand is why the gal didn't turn up."

"I'm ashamed of you, Bill," I ses, very severe.

"P'r'aps she did," he ses, 'arf to 'imself, "and then saw my missis standing there waiting. P'r'aps that was it."

"Or p'r'aps it was somebody 'aving a game with you," I ses.

"You're getting old, Bill," he ses, very short. "You don't understand. It's some pore gal that's took a fancy to me, and it's my dooty to meet 'er and tell her 'ow things are."

He walked off with his 'ead in the air, and if 'e took that letter out once and looked at it, he did five times.

"Chuck it away," I ses, going up to him.

"Certainly not," he ses, folding it up careful and stowing it away in 'is breast-pocket. "She's took a fancy to me, and it's my dooty——"

"You said that afore," I ses.

He stared at me nasty for a moment, and then 'e ses: "You ain't seen any young lady hanging about 'ere, I suppose, Bill? A tall young lady with a blue hat trimmed with red roses?"



"'DID YOU GO ALL THE WAY TO DALSTON FOR HER?' I SES TO 'IM."

I shook my 'ead.

"If you should see 'er——" he ses.

"I'll tell your missis," I ses. "It 'ud be much easier for her to do her dooty properly than it would you. She'd enjoy doing it, too."

He went off agin then, and I thought he 'ad done with me, but he 'adn't. He spoke to me that evening as if I was the greatest friend he 'ad in the world. I 'ad two 'arf-pints with 'im at the Albion—with his missis walking up and down outside—and arter the second 'arf-pint he said he wanted to meet Dorothy and tell 'er that 'e was married, and that he 'oped she would meet some good man that was worthy of 'er.

I had a week's peace while the ship was

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away, but she was hardly made fast afore I 'ad it all over agin and agin.

"Are you sure there's been no more letters?" he ses.

"Sartain," I ses.

"That's right," he ses; "that's right. And you 'aven't seen her walking up and down?"

"No," I ses.

"'Ave you been on the look-out?" he ses. "I don't suppose a nice gal like that would come and shove her 'ead in at the gate. Did you look up and down the road?"

"Yes," I ses. "I've fair made my eyes ache watching for her."

"I can't understand it," he ses. "It's a mystery to me, unless p'r'aps she's been taken ill. She must 'ave seen me here in the fust place; and she managed to get hold of my name. Mark my words, I shall 'ear from her agin."

"'Ow do you know?" I ses.

"I feel it 'ere," he ses, very solemn, laying his 'and on his chest.

I didn't know wot to do. Wot with 'is foolishness and his missis's temper, I see I 'ad made a mess of it. He told me she had 'ardly spoke a word to 'im for two days, and when I said—being a married man myself—that it might ha' been worse, 'e said I didn't know wot I was talking about.

I did a bit o' thinking arter he 'ad gorn aboard agin. I dursn't tell 'im that I 'ad wrote the letter, but I thought if he 'ad one or two more he'd see that someone was 'aving a game with 'im, and that it might do 'im good. Besides which it was a little amusement for me.

Arter everybody was in their beds asleep I sat on a clerk's stool in the office and wrote 'im another letter from Dorothy. I called 'im "Dear Bill," and I said 'ow sorry I was that I 'adn't had even a sight of 'im lately, having been laid up with a sprained ankle and 'ad only just got about agin. I asked 'im to meet me at Cleopatra's Needle at eight o'clock, and said that I should wear the blue 'at with red roses.

It was a very good letter, but I can see now that I done wrong in writing it. I was going to post it to 'im, but, as I couldn't find an envelope without the name of the blessed wharf on it, I put it in my pocket till I got 'ome.

I got 'ome at about a quarter to seven, and slept like a child till pretty near four. Then I went downstairs to 'ave my dinner.

The moment I opened the door I see there was something wrong. Three times my missis licked 'er lips afore she could speak. Her face 'ad gone a dirty white colour, and she was leaning forward with her 'ands on her 'ips, trembling all over with temper.

"Is my dinner ready?" I ses, easy-like. "'Cos I'm ready for *it*."

"I—I wonder I don't tear you limb from limb," she ses, catching her breath.

"Wot's the matter?" I ses.

"And then boil you," she ses, between her teeth. "You in one pot and your precious Dorothy in another."

If anybody 'ad offered me five pounds to speak then, I couldn't ha' done it. I see wot I'd done in a flash, and I couldn't say a word; but I kept my presence o' mind, and as she came round one side o' the table I went round the other.

"Wot 'ave you got to say for yourself?" she ses, with a scream.

"Nothing," I ses, at last. "It's all a mistake."

"Mistake?" she ses. "Yes, you made a mistake leaving it in your pocket; that's all the mistake you've made. That's wot you do, is it, when you're supposed to be at the wharf? Go about with a blue 'at with red roses in it! At your time o' life, and a wife at 'ome working herself to death to make both ends meet and keep you respectable!"

"It's all a mistake," I ses. "The letter wasn't for me."

"Oh, no, o' course not," she ses. "That's why you'd got it in your pocket, I suppose. And I suppose you'll say your name ain't Bill next."

"Don't say things you'll be sorry for," I ses.

"I'll take care o' that," she ses. "I might be sorry for not saying some things, but I don't think I shall."

I don't think she was. I don't think she forgot anything, and she raked up things that I 'ad contradicted years ago and wot I thought was all forgot. And every now and then, when she stopped for breath, she'd try and get round to the same side of the table I was.

She follered me to the street door when I went and called things up the road arter me. I 'ad a snack at a coffee-shop for my dinner, but I 'adn't got much appetite for it; I was too full of trouble and finding fault with myself, and I went off to my work with a 'art as heavy as lead.

I suppose I 'adn't been on the wharf ten minutes afore Cap'n Smithers came sidling up to me, but I got my spoke in fust.

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"Look 'ere," I ses, "if you're going to talk about that forward hussy wot's been writing to you, I ain't. I'm sick and tired of 'er."

"Forward hussy!" he ses. "*Forward hussy!*" And afore I could drop my broom he gave me a punch in the jaw that pretty near broke it. "Say another word against her," he ses, "and I'll knock your ugly 'ead off. How dare you insult a lady?"

I thought I should 'ave gone crazy at fust, but I went off into the office without a word. Some men would ha' knocked 'im down for it, but I made allowances for 'is state o' mind, and I stayed inside until I see 'im get aboard agin.



"'WOT 'AVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?' SHE SES, WITH A SCREAM."

He was sitting on deck when I went out, and his missis too, but neither of 'em spoke a word. I picked up my broom and went on sweeping, when suddenly I 'eard a voice at the gate I thought I knew, and in came my wife.

"Ho!" she ses, calling out. "Ain't you gone to meet that gal at Cleopatra's Needle yet? You ain't going to keep 'er waiting, are you?"

"*H'sh!*" I ses.

"*H'sh!* yourself," she ses, shouting. "*I've* done nothing to be ashamed of. *I* don't go to meet other people's husbands in a blue 'at with red roses. *I* don't write 'em love-letters, and say '*H'sh!*' to my wife when she ventures to make a remark about it. I may work myself to skin and bone for a man wot's old enough to know better, but I'm not going to be trod on. Dorothy, indeed! I'll Dorothy 'er if I get the chance."

Mrs. Smithers, wot 'ad been listening with all her ears, jumped up, and so did the skipper, and Mrs. Smithers came to the side in two steps.

"Did you say 'Dorothy,' ma'am?" she ses to my missis.

"I did," ses my wife. "She's been writing to my 'usband."

"It must be the same one," ses Mrs. Smithers. "She's been writing to mine, too."

The two of 'em stood there looking at each other for a minute, and then my wife, holding the letter between 'er finger and thumb as if it was pison, passed it to Mrs. Smithers.

"It's the same," ses Mrs. Smithers. "Was the envelope marked 'Private'?"

"I didn't see no envelope," ses my missis. "This is all I found."

Mrs. Smithers stepped on to the wharf and, taking 'old of my missis by the arm, led her away whispering. At the same moment the skipper walked across the deck and whispered to me.

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"Wot d'ye mean by it?" he ses. "Wot d'ye mean by 'aving letters from Dorothy and not telling me about it?"

"I can't help 'aving letters any more than you can," I ses. "Now p'r'aps you'll understand wot I meant by calling 'er a forward hussy."

"Fancy 'er writing to you!" he ses, wrinkling 'is forehead. "*Pph!* She must be crazy."

"P'r'aps it ain't a gal at all," I ses. "My belief is somebody is 'aving a game with us."

she'd got me in 'er power. She took two-and-tenpence—all I'd got—and then she ordered me to go and get a cab.

"Me and this lady are going to meet her," she ses, sniffing at me.

"And tell 'er wot we think of 'er," ses Mrs. Smithers, sniffing too.

"And wot we'll do to 'er," ses my missis.

I left 'em standing side by side, looking at the skipper as if 'e was a waxworks, while I went to find a cab. When I came back they was in the same persition, and 'e was smoking with 'is eyes shut.



"'I WANT SOME MONEY,' SES MY MISSIS, COMING BACK WITH MRS. SMITHERS"

"Don't be a fool," he ses. "I'd like to see the party as would make a fool of me like that. Just see 'im and get my 'ands on him. He wouldn't want to play any more games."

It was no good talking to 'im. He was 'arf crazy with temper. If I'd said the letter was meant for 'im he'd 'ave asked me wot I meant by opening it and getting 'im into more trouble with 'is missis, instead of giving it to 'im on the quiet. I just stood and suffered in silence, and thought wot a lot of 'arm eddication did for people.

"I want some money," ses my missis, coming back at last with Mrs. Smithers.

That was the way she always talked when

They went off side by side in the cab, both of 'em sitting bolt-upright, and only turning their 'eads at the last moment to give us looks we didn't want.

"I don't wish her no 'arm," ses the skipper, arter thinking for a long time. "Was that the fust letter you 'ad from 'er, Bill?"

"Fust and last," I ses, grinding my teeth.

"I hope they won't meet 'er, pore thing," he ses.

"I've been married longer than wot you have," I ses, "and I tell you one thing. It won't make no difference to us whether they do or they don't," I ses.

And it didn't.

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THE CASE OF THE PLAIN MAN.

First Article: "ALL MEANS AND NO END."

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

I.

THE plain man on a plain day wakes up, slowly or quickly according to his temperament, and greets the day in a mental posture which might be thus expressed in words:—

"Oh, Lord! Another day! What a grind!"

If you ask me whom I mean by the plain man, my reply is that I mean almost every man. I mean you. I certainly mean me. I mean the rich and the poor, the successful and the unsuccessful, the idle and the diligent, the luxurious and the austere. For, what with the limits of digestion, the practical impossibility of wearing two neckties at once, the insecurity of investments, the responsibilities of wealth and of success, the exhaustingness of the search for pleasure, and the cheapness of travel—the real differences between one sort of plain man and another are slight in these times. (And indeed they always were slight.)

The plain man has a lot to do before he may have his breakfast—and he must do it. The tyrannic routine begins instantly he is out of bed. To lave limbs, to shave the jaw, to select clothes and assume them—these things are naught. He must exercise his muscles—all his muscles equally and scientifically—with the aid of a text-book and of diagrams on a large card; which card he often hides if he is expecting visitors in his chamber, for he will not always confess to these exercises; he would have you believe that he alone, in a world of simpletons, is above the faddism of the hour; he is as ashamed of these exercises as of a good resolution, and when his wife happens to burst in on them he will pretend to be doing some common act, such as walking across the room or examining a mole in the small of his back. And yet he will not abandon them. They have an empire over him. To drop them would be to be craven,

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inefficient. The text-book asserts that they will form one of the pleasantest parts of the day, and that he will learn to look forward to them. He soon learns to look forward to them, but not with glee. He is relieved and proud when they are over for the day.

He would enjoy his breakfast, thanks to the strenuous imitation of diagrams, were it not that, in addition to being generally in a hurry, he is preoccupied. He is preoccupied by the sense of doom, by the sense that he has set out on the appointed path and dare not stray from it. The train or the tram-car or the automobile (same thing) is waiting for him, irrevocable, undeniable, inevitable. He wrenches himself away. He goes forth to his fate, as to the dentist. And just as he would enjoy his breakfast in the home, so he would enjoy his newspaper and cigarette in the vehicle, were it not for that ever-present sense of doom. The idea of business grips him. It matters not what the business is. Business is everything, and everything is business. He reaches his office — whatever his office is. He is in his office. He must plunge—he plunges. The day has genuinely begun now. The appointed path stretches straight in front of him, for five, six, seven, eight hours.

Oh! but he chose his vocation. He likes it. It satisfies his instincts. It is his life. (So you say.) Well, does he like it? Does it satisfy his instincts? Is it his life? If truly the answer is affirmative, he is at any rate not conscious of the fact. He is aware of no ecstasy. What is the use of being happy unless he knows he is happy? Some men know that they are happy in the hours of business, but they are few. The majority are not, and the bulk of the majority do not even pretend to be. The whole attitude of the average plain man to business implies that business is a nuisance, scarcely mitigated. With what secret satisfaction he anticipates that visit to the barber's in the middle of the morning! With what gusto he hails the arrival of an unexpected interrupting friend! With what easement he decides that he may lawfully put off some task till the morrow! Let him hear a band or a fire-engine in the street, and he will go to the window with the eagerness of a child or of a girl-clerk. If he were working at golf the bands of all the regiments of Hohenzollern would not make him turn his head, nor the multitudinous blazing of fireproof skyscrapers. No! Let us be honest. Business constitutes the steepest, roughest league of the appointed path. Were it otherwise, business would not be universally regarded as a means to an end.

Moreover, when the plain man gets home again, does his wife's face say to him: "I know that your real life is now over for the day, and I regret for your sake that you have to return here. I know that the powerful interest of your life is gone. But I am glad that you have had five, six, seven, or eight hours of passionate pleasure"? Not a bit! His wife's face says to him: "I commiserate with you on all that you have been through. It is a great shame that you should be compelled to toil thus painfully. But I will try to make it up to you. I will soothe you. I will humour you. Forget anxiety and fatigue in my smiles." She does not fetch his comfortable slippers for him, partly because, in this century, wives do not do such things, and partly because comfortable slippers are no longer worn. But she does the equivalent — whatever the equivalent may happen to be in that particular household. And he expects the commiseration and the solace in her face. He would be very hurt did he not find it there.

And even yet he is not relaxed. Even yet the appointed path stretches inexorably in front, and he cannot wander. For now he feels the cogs and cranks of the highly complex domestic machine. At breakfast he declined to hear them; they were shut off from him; he was too busy to be bothered with them. At evening he must be bothered with them. Was it not he who created the machine? He discovers, often to his astonishment, that his wife has an existence of her own, full of factors foreign to him, and he has to project himself, not only into his wife's existence, but into the existences of other minor personages. His daughter, for example, will persist in growing up. Not for a single day will she pause. He arrives one night and perceives that she is a woman and that he must treat her as a woman. He had not bargained for this. Peace, ease, relaxation in a home vibrating to the whir of such astounding phenomena? Impossible dream! These phenomena were originally meant by him to be the ornamentation of his career, but they are threatening to be the sole reason of his career. If his wife lives for him, it is certain that he lives just as much for his wife; and as for his daughter, while she emphatically does not live for him, he is bound to admit that he has just got to live for her—and she knows it!

To gain money was exhausting; to spend it is precisely as exhausting. He cannot quit

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the appointed path nor lift the doom. Dinner is finished ere he has begun to recover from the varied shock of home. Then his daughter may negligently throw him a few moments of charming cajolery. He may gossip in simple idleness with his wife. He may gambol like any infant with the dog. A yawn. The shadow of the next day is upon him. He must not stay up too late, lest the vigour demanded by the next day should be impaired. Besides, he does not want to stay up. Naught is quite interesting enough to keep him up. And bed, too, is part of the appointed, unescapable path. To bed he goes, carrying ten million preoccupations. And of his state of mind the kindest that can be said is that he is philosophic enough to hope for the best.

And after the night he wakes up, slowly or quickly according to his temperament, and greets the day with :—

" Oh, Lord ! Another day ! What a grind ! "

II.

THE interesting point about the whole situation is that the plain man seldom or never asks himself a really fundamental question about that appointed path of his—that path from which he dare not and could not wander.

Once, perhaps in a parable, the plain man travelling met another traveller. And the plain man demanded of the traveller :—

" Where are you going to ? "

The traveller replied :—

" Now I come to think of it, I don't know."

The plain man was ruffled by this insensate answer. He said :—

" But you *are* travelling ? "

The traveller replied :—

" Yes."

The plain man, beginning to be annoyed, said :—

" Have you never asked yourself where you are going to ? "

Said the traveller :—

" I have not."

" But do you mean to tell me," protested the plain man, now irritated, " that you are putting yourself to all this trouble, peril, and expense of trains and steamers without having asked yourself where you are going to ? "

" It never occurred to me," the traveller admitted. " I just had to start and I started."

Whereupon the plain man was, as too often with us plain men, staggered and deeply affronted by the illogical absurdity of human nature. " Was it conceivable," he thought, " that this traveller, presumably in his senses——" etc. (You are familiar with the tone and the style, being a plain man yourself.) And he gave way to moral indignation.



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Now I must here, in parentheses, firmly state that I happen to be a member of the Society for the Suppression of Moral Indignation. As such, I object to the plain man's moral indignation against the traveller; and I think that a liability to moral indignation is one of the plain man's most serious defects. As such, my endeavour is to avoid being staggered and deeply affronted, or even surprised, by human vagaries. There are too many plain people who are always rediscovering human nature—its turpitudes, fatuities, unreason. They live amid human nature as in a chamber of horrors. And yet, after all these years, we surely ought to have grown used to human nature! It may be extremely vile — that is not the point. The point is that it constitutes our environment, from which we cannot escape alive. The man who is capable of being deeply affronted by his inevitable environment ought to have the pluck of his convictions and shoot himself. The Society would with pleasure pay his funeral expenses and contribute to the support of his wife and children. Such a man is, without knowing it, a dire enemy of true progress, which can only be planned and executed in an atmosphere from which heated moral superiority is absent.

I offer these parenthetical remarks as a guarantee that I shall not over-righteously sneer at the plain man for his share in the sequel to the conversation with the traveller. For there was a sequel to the conversation.

"As questions are being asked, where are *you* going to?" said the traveller.

The plain man answered with assurance:—

"Oh, I know exactly where I'm going to. I'm going to Timbuctoo."

"Indeed!" said the traveller. "And why are you going to Timbuctoo?"

Said the plain man: "I'm going because it's the proper place to go to. Every self-respecting person goes to Timbuctoo."

"But why?"

Said the plain man:—

"Well, it's supposed to be just about unique. You're contented there. You get what you've always wanted. The climate's wonderful."

"Indeed!" said the traveller again. "Have you met anybody who's been there?"

"Yes, I've met several. I've met a lot. And I've heard from people who are there."

"And are their reports enthusiastic?"

"Well——" The plain man hesitated.

"Answer me. Are their reports enthusiastic?" the traveller insisted, rather bullyingly.

"Not very," the plain man admitted. "Some say it's very disappointing. And some say it's much like other towns. Everyone says the climate has grave drawbacks."

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The traveller demanded :—

"Then why are you going there?"

Said the plain man :—

"It never occurred to me to ask why. As I say, Timbuctoo's supposed to be——"

"Supposed by whom?"

"Well—generally supposed," said the plain man, limply.

"Not by the people who've been there?" the traveller persevered, with obstinacy.

"Perhaps not," breathed the plain man. "But it's generally supposed——" He faltered.

There was a silence, which was broken by the traveller, who inquired :—

"Any interesting places *en route?*"

"I don't know. I never troubled about that," said the plain man.

"But do you mean to tell me," the traveller exclaimed, "that you are putting yourself to all this trouble, peril, and expense of trains and steamers and camel-back without having asked yourself why, and without having satisfied yourself that the thing was worth while, and without having even ascertained the most agreeable route?"

Said the plain man, weakly: "I just had to start for somewhere, so I started for Timbuctoo."

Said the traveller: "Well, I'm of a forgiving disposition. Shake hands."

III.

THE two individuals in the foregoing parable were worrying each other with fundamental questions. And what makes the parable unrealistic is the improbability of real individuals ever doing any such thing. If the plain man, for instance, has almost ceased to deal in fundamental questions in these days, the reason is not difficult to find. The reason lies in the modern perception that fundamental questions are getting very hard to answer. In a former time a dogmatic answer was ready waiting for every fundamental question. You asked the question, but before you asked it you knew the answer, and so there was no argument and nearly no anxiety. In that former time a mere child could glance at your conduct and tell you with certainty exactly what you would be doing and how you would be feeling ten thousand years hence, if you persisted in the said conduct. But knowledge has advanced since then, and the inconvenience of increased knowledge is that it intensifies the sense of ignorance, with the result that, though we know immensely more than our grandfathers knew, we feel immensely more ignorant than they ever felt. They were, indeed, too ignorant to be aware of ignorance—which is perhaps a comfortable state. Thus the plain man nowadays shirks



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fundamental questions. And assuredly no member of the Society for the Suppression of Moral Indignation shall blame him.

All fundamental questions resolve themselves finally into the following assertion and inquiry about life: "I am now engaged in something rather tiresome. What do I stand to gain by it later on?" That is the basic query. It has forms of varying importance. In its supreme form the word "eternity" has to be employed. And the plain man is, to-day, so sensitive about this supreme form of the question that, far from asking and trying to answer it, he can scarcely bear to hear it even discussed—I mean discussed with candour. In practice a frank discussion of it usually tempts him to exhibitions of extraordinary heat and bitterness, and wisdom is thereby but obscured. Therefore he prefers the disadvantage of leaving it alone to the dissatisfaction of attempting to deal with it. The disadvantage of leaving it alone is obvious. Existence is, and must be, a compromise between the claims of the moment and the claims of the future—and how can that compromise be wisely established if one has not somehow made up one's mind about the future? It cannot. But—I repeat—I would not blame the plain man. I would only just hint to him, while respecting his sensitiveness, that the present hour is just as much a part of eternity as another hour ten thousand years off.

The second—the next most important—form of the fundamental question embraces the problem of old age. All plain men will admit, when faithfully cross-examined, a sort of belief that they are on their way to some Timbuctoo situate in the region of old age. It may be the Timbuctoo of a special ambition realized, or the Timbuctoo of luxury, or the Timbuctoo of material security, or the Timbuctoo of hale health, or the Timbuctoo of knowledge, or the Timbuctoo of power, or even the Timbuctoo of a good conscience. It is anyhow a recognizable and definable Timbuctoo. And the path leading to it is a straight, wide thoroughfare, clearly visible for a long distance ahead.

The theory of the mortal journey is simple and seldom challenged. It is a twofold theory—first that the delight of achievement will compensate for the rigours and self-denials of the route, and second that the misery of non-achievement would outweigh the immediate pleasures of dallying. If this theory were not indestructible, for reasons connected with the secret nature of humanity, it would probably have been destroyed long ago by the mere cumulative battering of experience. For the earth's surface is everywhere thickly dotted with old men who have achieved ambition, old men drenched in luxury, old men as safe as Mont Blanc from overthrow, old men with the health of camels, old men who know more than anybody ever knew before, old men whose nod can ruin a thousand miles of railroad, and old men with consciences of pure snow; but who are not happy and cannot enjoy life.

The theory, however, does happen to be indestructible, partly because old age is such a terrible long way off, partly because the young honestly believe themselves to have a monopoly of wisdom, partly because every plain man is convinced that his case will be different from all the other cases, and chiefly because endeavour—not any particular endeavour, but rather any endeavour!—is a habit that corresponds to a very profound instinct in the plain man. So the reputation of Timbuctoo as a pleasure resort remains entirely unimpaired, and the pilgrimages continue with unabated earnestness.

And there is another and a paramount reason why the pilgrimages should continue. The two men in the parable both said that they just had to start—and they were right. We have to start, and, once started, we have to keep going. We must go somewhere. And at the moment of starting we have neither the sagacity nor the leisure to invent fresh places to start for, or to cut new paths. Everybody is going to Timbuctoo; the roads are well marked. And the plain man, with his horror of being peculiar, sets out for Timbuctoo also, following the signposts. The fear of not arriving keeps him on the trot, the fear of the unknown keeps him in the middle of the road and out of the forest on either side of it, and hope keeps up his courage.

Will any member of the Society for the Suppression of Moral Indignation step forward and heatedly charge the plain man with culpable foolishness, ignorance, or gullibility; or even with cowardice in neglecting to find a convincing answer to the fundamental question about the other end of his life?

IV.

THERE is, however, a third form of the fundamental question which is less unanswerable than the two forms already mentioned. The plain man may be excused for his remarkable indifference as to what his labour and his tedium will gain for him "later on," when "later on" means beyond the grave or thirty years hence. But we live also in the present, and if proper existence

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is a compromise between the claims of the present and the claims of the future the present must be considered, and the plain man ought surely to ask himself the fundamental question in such a form as the following: "I am now—this morning—engaged in something rather tiresome. What do I stand to gain by it this evening, to-morrow, this week—next week?" In this form the fundamental question, once put, can be immediately answered by experience and by experiment.

But does the plain man put it? I mean—does he put it seriously and effectively? I think that very often, if not as a general rule, he does not. He may—in fact he does—gloomily and savagely mutter: "What pleasure do I get out of life?" But he fails to insist on a clear answer from himself, and even if he obtains a clear answer—even if he makes the candid admission, "No pleasure," or "Not enough pleasure"—even then he usually does not insist on modifying his life in accordance with the answer. He goes on ignoring all the interesting towns and oases on the way to his Timbuctoo. Excessively uncertain about future joy, and too breathlessly preoccupied to think about joy in the present, he just drives obstinately ahead, rather like a person in a trance. Singular conduct for a plain man priding himself on common sense!

For the case of the plain man, conscientious and able, can only too frequently be summed up thus: Faced with the problem of existence, which is the problem of combining the largest possible amount of present satisfaction with the largest possible amount of security in the future, he has educated himself generally, and he has educated himself specially for a particular profession or trade; he has adopted the profession or trade, with all its risks and responsibilities—risks and responsibilities which often involve the felicity of others; he has bound himself to it for life, almost irrevocably; he labours for it so many hours a day, and it occupies his thoughts for so many hours more. Further, in the quest of satisfaction, he has taken a woman to wife and has had children. And here it is well to note frankly that his prime object in marrying was not the woman's happiness but his own, and that the children came, not in order that they might be jolly little creatures, but as extensions of the father's individuality. The home, the environment gradually constructed for these secondary beings, constitutes another complex organization, which he superimposes on the complex organization of his profession or trade, and his brain has to carry and vitalize the two of them. All his energies are absorbed, and they are absorbed so utterly that once a year he is obliged to take a holiday lest he



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should break down, and even the organization of the holiday is complex and exhausting.

Now assuming—a tremendous assumption !—that by all this he really is providing security for the future, what conscious direct, personal satisfaction in the present does the onerous programme actually yield ? I admit that it yields the primitive satisfaction of keeping body and soul together. But a Hottentot in a kraal gets the same satisfaction at less expense. I admit also that it ought theoretically to yield the conscious satisfaction which accompanies any sustained effort of the faculties. I deny that in fact it does yield this satisfaction, for the reason that the man is too busy ever to examine the treasures of his soul. And what else does it yield ? For what other immediate end is the colossal travail being accomplished ?

Well, it may, and does, occur that the plain man is practising physical and intellectual calisthenics, and running a vast business and sending ships and men to the horizons of the earth, and keeping a home in a park, and oscillating like a rapid shuttle daily between office and home, and lying awake at nights, and losing his eyesight and his digestion, and staking his health, and risking misery for the beings whom he cherishes, and enriching insurance companies, and providing joy-rides for nice young women whom he has never seen—and all his present profit therefrom is a game of golf with a free mind once a fortnight, or half an hour's intimacy with his wife and a free mind once a week or so, or a ten minutes' duel with that daughter of his and a free mind on an occasional evening ! Nay, it may occur that after forty years of incessant labour, in answer to an inquiry as to where the genuine conscious fun comes in, he has the right only to answer : " Well, when I have time, I take the dog out for a walk. I enjoy larking with the dog."

The estimable plain man, with his horror of self-examination, is apt to forget the immediate end of existence in the means. And so much so, that when the first distant end—that of a secure old age—approaches achievement, he is incapable of admitting it to be achieved, and goes on worrying and worrying about the means—from simple habit ! And when he does admit the achievement of the desired end, and abandons the means, he has so badly prepared himself to relish the desired end that the mere change kills him ! His epitaph ought to read : " Here lies the plain man of common sense, whose life was all means and no end."

A remedy will be worth finding.

The second article, entitled " The Taste for Pleasure," will appear next month.

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Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

IT is our special pleasure to include a series of portraits of Arnold Bennett in our gallery of "Celebrities at Different Ages" in the same number in which we publish the first of a series of essays by him which our readers will find delightful reading. It is, of course, chiefly as a writer of fiction that Arnold Bennett is known to the public, but there are many who find his essays, published under the title "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day," "The Human Machine," and other volumes of the kind, quite as full of interest as his stories of the Five Towns, showing, as they do, the same qualities of good sense, keen humour, and knowledge of human nature. Of his work in this line the essays which we are about to present to our readers are capital examples. The two essays under the title, "The Case of the Plain Man," of which the first appears in this number, will be followed by others in due course.



AGE 2. *Photo. by F. R. Ryles.*



Photo. by AGE ABOUT 20. *F. R. Ryles.*

Arnold Bennett was born in 1867 at Hanley, one of the Five Towns which his books have made as familiar to every reader as if he were himself a native of that somewhat grey and smoky region. His father was a solicitor, and after receiving his education at the Newcastle Middle School, young Bennett was destined for the Law. But he had gifts for which the Law had little use—invention, imagination, and humour, together with the possession of a singularly readable and limpid style. He had also an inclination towards Art, strong enough to lead him to take up painting for a short time, but not strong enough to force him to adopt it permanently as a career. He returned to writing, and, giving up the Law entirely at the age of twenty-six, came up to London as Assistant Editor, and afterwards as Editor-in-Chief, of *Woman*. In the year 1900, however, he threw up this position and went to live at a farm near Bedford. Before this he had written his first novel, "The Man from the North," which brought him very little money, but which determined his career as a writer of fiction. During the next eight years he produced a series of novels, among which was his masterpiece, "The Old Wives' Tale." Since that time his books have become known to an ever-increasing public,

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until, at the present day, there are few authors who appeal to a wider circle of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. We have spoken of his work as being that of a student of real life, but there is also in him a fantastic vein which has found expression in extravaganzas such as "The Grand Babylon Hotel" and "The City of Pleasure." He has also ventured into the world of the Stage, as, indeed, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader at the time when one of his plays, "Milestones"—written in collaboration with Edward Knoblauch—is proving one of the biggest theatrical successes for many years past. Of recent years Arnold Bennett has resided much in France, where he married a French lady.



AGE ABOUT 42.
Photo. copyright Frank Palmer.

In his brief biography in "Who's Who" appears the statement, "Recreations—none." This is an assertion which need not be taken too seriously. Probably it means no more than that he does not happen to take much interest in such things as bridge or golf. The statement might well have run, "Recreations—talking, thinking, writing, and studying life and human nature."

A career of the kind of Arnold Bennett's is in itself a romance. Like many thousands of other youths, he early planned out his career and set himself with all his efforts to attain the height of his ambition. But, unlike the vast majority of these aspirants, his plans were crowned with a success of which it is probable he never dreamed. The fact is, Arnold Bennett is one of those rare beings who are possessed of gifts which make them rise in life as surely as a cork in water. He went out into the world of free adventure, where so many lose their lives and whence so few return without a scar, and came back laden with a wealth of trophies.



PRESENT DAY.
Photo. copyright Pirie MacDonald, New York.

We have much pleasure in stating that we shall publish in an early number Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Reminiscences," which he has written specially for "The Strand Magazine."

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AN IMPOSSIBLE PERSON.

By W. B. MAXWELL.

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday.

USING the cant phrase, people often said that General Sir John Beckford was a quite impossible person. A brave soldier, a true gentleman, a splendid creature physically—just so, but rendering himself absurd and futile by notions so old-fashioned that they had been universally exploded before he was born. A man who obstinately refused to move with the times, who in manner, costume, and every idea belonged, and seemed proud to belong, to the past.

Even his own relatives admitted the impossibility of him when, at the age of sixty, he gave effect to the most old-fashioned of all conceivable notions by marrying for love. If an elderly widower with a little son of nine wants somebody to make a home and help to rear the child, he should invite some middle-aged female cousin to come to his assistance; but if he wants a charming, attractive girl to renounce the joys and hopes of youth in order to soothe and gladden his dull remnant of years—well, he *oughtn't* to want it, and really it is not quite nice when he does.

Lady Jane Armitage, an ancient aunt, put this thought into very plain words and forced Sir John to listen to them. A mistake—not even a fair bargain. What is Cynthia to get, on her side? A seat in a carriage, a liberal dress allowance, perhaps a few more loose sovereigns than she has been accustomed to carry in that silly little gold purse of hers!

"The idea of money," said Sir John, gruffly, "has never entered Cynthia's head."

"Perhaps not. But what else can you offer her? To hold your landing-net while you do your stupid fishing; to perform the duties of a nursery governess for Jack; to enjoy the privilege of playing hostess when you entertain half-a-dozen other generals and their frumpish wives!"

Sir John echoed his aunt's last adjective ironically.

"Yes," said Lady Jane, "but I'm different. I *know* I'm a frump, and your friends aren't aware of their misfortune. No, John, I tell you frankly, it isn't a fair bargain."

Sir John bit his grey moustache, ran a strong hand through his shock of grey hair, contracted his heavy brows, and then laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Inexplicable to you, eh, Aunt Jane? Well, let's leave it at that. But be kind to Cynthia all the same, won't you? Save her from the *other* frumps," and, ceasing to laugh, he stared at Lady Jane almost fiercely.

He was one of those men who consider it beneath their dignity to betray tender emotion, and who perhaps look sternest and most forbidding when they are feeling unusually soft and gentle. At any rate, he would not explain to his aunt that he believed the marriage to be an eminently fair bargain—an old-fashioned exchange—love for love—as much love on the girl's side as on his.

Lady Jane made no promise, but she proved very kind indeed to her new niece; endeavouring to find innocent amusement for pretty Cynthia, acting as her chaperon, watching over her, and growing fonder and fonder of her. She said that the young Lady Beckford was a model wife and a pattern stepmother. No one could have been more devoted to or wiser in her training of Master Jack.

Now, after five years, the boy was ready to go to a public school, and during these long summer days a holiday tutor had been giving him final preparation, ultimate crammed knowledge, and topmost polish of tone and manners. August had been spent at the Beckfords' country house in Devonshire, and the early weeks of September at their flat in Victoria Street. Lady Jane approved of everything that concerned these arrangements, except one thing. She approved c

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the public school, of the engaging of a holiday tutor, of all the care, devotion, and forethought with which the little man was being launched from the home circle; but she did not approve of the fact that Sir John had thrown the whole burden on Cynthia's slender shoulders, while he did his stupid salmon-fishing four hundred miles away in Scotland.

Not quite fair to Cynthia—leaving her all alone with a schoolboy and his tutor. Lady Jane, at considerable inconvenience, ran down to Devonshire to cheer and enliven her. Came back to London and at worse inconvenience stayed there, so as to be handy to act as companion, chaperon, advisory ally, whenever Cynthia wanted her.

But Cynthia wanted her scarcely at all, and allowed poor Lady Jane to perceive at last that uninvited companions are sometimes a tedium rather than a solace.

It was the last night of the holidays. To-morrow Master Jack and his tutor would disappear from Victoria Street.

Dinner had been ordered at an early hour, and Jack was scampering through his meal with excited swiftness. One last treat had been arranged for him. He was to be dispatched to a theatre presently in charge of George, the footman.

"I wish you were coming," said Jack, and as he turned to Mr. Ridsdale his eyes expressed eloquently enough the hero-worship that is so easy to kindle in young and ingenuous hearts.

"It would be scarcely polite," said Mr. Ridsdale, "for both of us to desert Lady Beckford."

"No," said Jack; "but I wish she'd come with us," and he turned to his stepmother. "Won't you change your mind?"

"I really don't feel up to it, Jack. I'm tired—I've had a headache since the day before yesterday."

"It might drive the headache away," said Jack, eagerly. "They say it's a tip-top piece."

His stepmother and his tutor both smiled as they looked at his bright and animated face. Lady Beckford's smile was simply affectionate; Mr. Ridsdale's was indulgent and patronizing.

"A rousing melodrama, Jack! All noise and stamping."

"Yes," cried Jack, enthusiastically. "Murder and sudden death—just what I like."

"But not," said Mr. Ridsdale, "exactly indicated as a cure for a headache."

"Well, if I can't persuade you——" and Jack turned to Yates, the butler. "Has George changed his things?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll be off." Jack pushed his plate away with a gesture that elegant Mr. Ridsdale could not approve of. It was too childish for a boy of fourteen—a little more polish required, in spite of so much polishing. "Good night," and Jack kissed Lady Beckford. "I sha'n't say good night to you, Mr. Ridsdale, because you won't have turned in before I get back, will you?"

"No; I'll sit up for you," and Mr. Ridsdale, smiling, spoke with rather strained facetiousness. "I'll be waiting to hear how the heroine was extricated from her misfortunes, how the villain got scored off by the funny man, and how virtue triumphed all round in the end. There! Cut along. Your escort is waiting for you."

Master Jack hurried gaily from the dining-room, and his boyish voice sounded for a few moments as he prattled to the footman. Then the hall door of the flat opened and shut, and the two elders were left alone to finish their dinner at leisure.

"Ah!" Mr. Ridsdale drew in his breath with a little sigh, and, looking at his hostess, spoke quietly and meditatively. "I know you often read people's thoughts, but I wonder if you could guess what I'm thinking now?"

"I'll try, if you like. You were thinking that perhaps, after all, Jack is too young still for the rough-and-tumble life of a big school."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Ridsdale, carelessly. "Jack'll do all right. They'll soon lick him into shape. No"—and his tone softened and deepened, though he was speaking almost in a whisper—"no; I was thinking this is the last night of my—my holidays; possibly the last time I shall ever sit in this pleasant room, or see you wearing that beautiful dress, or hear you playing classical music that I don't understand, but love to listen to."

Truly it seemed a pleasant room, a remarkably pleasant room for a London flat. The evening was just cold enough to justify a fire, and small logs of wood in a basket grate sent dancing flames to light up the oak panels of the walls; electric lamps flashed brightly on silver and glass; a golden basket of peaches and another of grapes made the table appear a symbolized announcement of ease, luxury, even of sumptuousness; the butler, moving to and fro so promptly and yet so sedately, offered one delicate food and stimulating wine. It was all very, very pleasant.

Pretty things wherever one glanced—a mirror in a sculptured frame, some blue and white china on a long shelf, and, seen faintly, with the electric light just indicating their

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"'I ADMIRE YOU IN THAT MORE THAN IN ANY OF THE OTHERS,' HE SAID, SOFTLY."

existence, rows of handsomely-bound books behind latticed glass; altogether what would be described in stage language as a charming interior.

Any tutor, accustomed to the hard seats and coarse fare of a school hall, might feel regret at leaving such a room irrevocably, and might long afterwards yearn to see again the pretty things that it contained. But just now Mr. Ridsdale was looking only at his hostess, and he repeated the compliment about her dress.

"I admire you in that more than in any of the others," he said, softly, and rather sorrowfully.

"Because it is black, I suppose. It's quite old. But men always like black dresses. My husband does."

The dress was made of velvet, with some silver decoration across the front of the bodice, and it certainly appeared becoming. In it Cynthia Beckford looked very slim and young; fair-haired, but dark-eyed, naturally pale, but with a rapid flicker of colour; a person of frank, kind outlook, a simple and truthful sort of person, and yet with under-

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lying depths of character or sensibility that proved astoundingly interesting to the few people who had studied her closely. Frenchmen would describe her beauty, such as it was, as belonging to the order that slowly troubles rather than quickly fascinates.

"But I'm not like the General," said Mr. Ridsdale. "I admire *that* black dress, not *any* black dress."

He said it with a perceptible insistence, quietly but obstinately; as if conscious of subtle values in his own taste, and unwilling that it should be confounded with the ordinary likes and dislikes of another person—even though that person were as worthy and respectable as his temporary employer.

Mr. Ridsdale was a good-looking man of thirty, tall and thin, of easy carriage and elegant manners. Boys, big and small, among whom he had passed the better part of his life, always looked up to him, and sometimes adored him, as a perfect type of school-trained manhood; and girls, too, were frequently subjugated by his charms. He was the sort of man who is not as a rule dreaded by other men as likely to prove a dangerous rival; and yet one might well suppose that in certain circumstances he would be dangerous — for instance, if paying slow and unhindered court to a foolish and otherwise neglected woman. The dark eyes, the smooth, silky voice, the insidious flattery of its softening tones, might all be effective in a protracted attack on feminine foolishness of a certain age.

"To-morrow," he said, dreamily; "to-morrow—almost to-day," and he sighed as he took a peach from the gold basket.

Yates, the butler, had put cigarettes and matches on the table, and was about to leave the room, when the outer bell rang shrilly and sharply.

"Who can that be?" said Ridsdale, looking up. "A visitor! Oh, do tell him to say you're not at home."

The butler paused, waiting for instructions.

"It can't be a visitor," said Cynthia Beckford. "Some tradesman's messenger!"

"It may be old Lady Jane."

"She wouldn't come so late as this."

"I don't know," said Ridsdale, eagerly. "She comes at all hours. With your headache she would bore you to death." He leaned forward in his chair and spoke very softly. "And, remember, my last evening! You—you promised that you would play to me."

Cynthia Beckford hesitated a moment, and then told the butler that she was not at home.

"Yes, my lady. Not at home to anybody?"

"No."

The flicker of colour showed in her pale cheeks as she added explanatorily to Ridsdale, "It can't be anybody of importance."

Mr. Ridsdale sat listening. Then he got up, and spoke with an impatience that he did not attempt to conceal.

"That fool has let someone in—a man!"

Yes, a man's heavy footstep in the hall, and a man's voice—loud and assured, not making polite inquiries, but issuing curt directions.

"I have left my tackle and luggage at Euston. Get a cab presently and go and fetch it. Take this ticket."

"Yes, Sir John. Her ladyship is in the dining-room."

"Open the door, then."

Cynthia Beckford ran across the room to meet her husband; but, encumbered with a hand-bag and a travelling-rug, he was not able at once to accept her welcoming embrace.

"Well, Cynthia, my dear! Ridsdale, my dear fellow, how are you? But where's Jack?"

General Beckford put his hand-bag on a chair by the sideboard, dropped his rug upon the floor, and, coming to the table, took Master Jack's vacated seat.

"We have sent him to a theatre," said Cynthia, "with George. I'd no idea that you were coming home, of course."

"Oh, I see. Gone to the play—with George?"

"We were all three going," said Mr. Ridsdale, "but Lady Beckford had a headache, so I strongly advised her to stay at home," and he smiled. "Rather fortunate—or you would have had a double disappointment."

"It would have been my own fault," and the General smiled too. "I ought to have sent you a telegram, Cynthia."

"What has brought you back so unexpectedly?"

"Impulse."

"Fish not rising?" asked Ridsdale.

"No. Wretchedly poor sport. So this morning I suddenly made up my mind that I'd had enough of it, and that home, sweet home, was the place for me. Well, well, what about the home news?"

Cynthia Beckford was instructing Yates as to her husband's dinner, but the General declared that he had eaten all he wanted in the train.

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"I can't call it dinner," and he laughed good-humouredly. "But nothing more, thank you—unless perhaps a biscuit and a whisky and soda. Now, sit ye down. Don't let me disturb you. Go on with your dessert, Ridsdale—and then I'll join you in a cigarette, if my lady permits us," and he bowed to his wife with the antiquated air of courtesy that always seems so odd in these free-and-easy times.

They sat together, talking of Jack's health, his progress, his future career, and Mr. Ridsdale was able to speak most favourably of his pupil's prospects.

"Capital," said the General. "I'm enormously indebted to you, Ridsdale. You seem to have done wonders. But I knew you would; I knew the boy was in good hands—— Seen much of Aunt Jane?" he asked his wife, abruptly.

"Yes." Cynthia was looking at the painted decoration on her dessert-plate, and she answered slowly. "Yes; Aunt Jane was with us at Lynton for a fortnight—quite a fortnight."

"I know; but I mean after that. She is in London, isn't she?"

Then Cynthia smilingly confessed that the long fortnight in Devonshire had exhausted the attraction of Lady Jane's society, and that she had lately avoided it.

"She is too kind for words, but"—Cynthia looked at her husband deprecatingly—"dear Aunt Jane can be rather boring."

The General laughed tolerantly.

"Ah, no companion for *you*. She belongs to another generation." His bushy eyebrows contracted and his voice became grave. "*My* generation. We old folk are poor companions."

"She doesn't belong to your generation." Cynthia flushed, and her lips trembled. She put out her hand and laid it on her husband's arm. "You are the best of companions—a companion that I have missed dreadfully."

"There!". General Beckford laughed gaily. "Did you hear that, Ridsdale? That's the sort of thing we old chaps like—even if we aren't vain enough to think we deserve it. Leave that where it is, Yates."

Yates was about to remove the hand-bag and take it to his master's room.

"Very good, Sir John."

"And you can go to Euston now—no hurry. Take a bus."

"Yes, Sir John."

"Smoking permitted?" And the General bowed again to his wife. "Light your cigarette, Ridsdale. No, I mustn't have any coffee on top of whisky and soda."

The little group at the table sat comfortably enough and talked lightly and easily. But somehow the presence of General Beckford had destroyed the graceful charm of the room.

He looked too big, too rough and shaggy for his delicately pretty surroundings. His grey hair was rumpled and unbrushed after the journey; his coarse grey suit suggested wild moorlands and brawling streams; his whole aspect was savagely picturesque rather than neatly refined.

No contrast could have been greater than that offered by the smooth, well-brushed, nicely-polished young man who sat opposite to him on the other side of the small round table. The electric light shone upon Mr. Ridsdale's black cloth and black silk, his stiff white shirt and soft white waistcoat, his jewelled buttons, his pearl studs, his butterfly tie, his white hand fingering a cigarette-tube, his smooth forehead, and his sleek hair plastered and brushed back with studious art and infinite care. He seemed elegant, shapely, even beautiful, when you compared him with his travel-stained, unkempt host.

All the charm had been banished by the new-comer. It was another room now. And the ugly hand-bag on the distant chair seemed like an aggressive symbol of proprietorship. It seemed to be saying that, although one might wish the General at the deuce, one could not ask him to go there, because in sober fact the room belonged to him.

Yet, to an understanding eye, there was something noble and knight-like about the man; the ruggedness seemed blended with a certain fine simplicity, and even the old-fashioned tricks of manner and speech, by removing him from the commonplace mode of the hour, served to stimulate an effort to get at the man's real character. Certainly no *poseur*—a direct, straightforward creature. On reflection one might perhaps guess that a young romantic girl, whose imagination had been fired by the splendour of his fighting life, his deeds of daring, and so forth, could quite conceivably be cajoled into giving her untried heart to him.

"One more question, Cynthia." The conversation had languished while the General puffed at his second cigarette. "How's the music? Have you been assiduous in your practice?"

"Yes; I've played nearly every evening."

Mr. Ridsdale was conscious of an irksome constraint. Two are company and three are none. Deciding to leave the husband and wife together, he pushed back his chair and got up.

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But the General would not let him go.

"No, no," he said. "Sit ye down, my dear fellow." Then to his wife: "If the headache isn't too bad, play something this evening. Run over your latest studies. Ridsdale and I will follow you directly."

Cynthia Beckford rose obediently and turned towards the drawing-room door. Her husband reached the door before Mr. Ridsdale could get to it, and he held it open for her, bowing low as she passed out.

"There!" He had switched on the light in the other room, and he stood in the doorway watching her. "Now delight our ears with your deft touch."

Lady Beckford seated herself at the piano and began to play a plaintive and dreamy prelude by Bach.

"Beautiful! Your hand has not lost its cunning. Now go on playing—and don't think me ungallant if for a few minutes I close the door. A word or two with Ridsdale—on business. But we shall hear you, even through the door." Then he gently, and as if regretfully, shut the drawing-room door and came back to the table.

"Ridsdale"—and there was an apologetic tone in the General's lowered voice—"that wasn't quite honest of me. A ruse! I asked her to play the piano because I didn't want her to disturb us—and I didn't want her to hear what we were saying."

"Oh, really?" Ridsdale smiled, and glanced at the closed door.

"A confidence! I may trust you, mayn't I?"

"Of course."

"Implicitly, eh? But that goes without saying. I *have* trusted you so greatly already, haven't I? The boy—to consign him to your guidance. Well, you know what he is to me. I couldn't have better shown the faith I had in you——"

"You're very kind, General. I—I've done my best with him."

"Exactly. But—well, this isn't about the boy. It's about myself. I am in trouble."

"Really?"

"I wasn't honest, either, in my explanation of why I came hurrying home. No, Ridsdale, it wasn't a sudden caprice. I had serious reasons for coming."

"Oh, had you?"

"Yes. I am in great trouble." And the General looked at Ridsdale keenly, as if seeking in his impassive face some expression of sympathy or encouragement; then he dropped his eyes and paused before he continued speaking. "I wonder if I ought to tell you? Yes, I will. You are one of ourselves. We have *made* you one of ourselves—something more than an acquaintance—a *friend*, eh? Yes, I'll tell you the whole thing."

"I am all attention."

"Thank you."

From the other room came the sound of Cynthia's plaintive melody, and, half-consciously listening to it, the General seemed to have transferred its wistful cadence to his own voice. His manner had changed completely. He looked preternaturally grave and sad, as he sat frowning at the tablecloth and tracing a small circle of its pattern with a strong brown finger, while he murmured his story.

"No, Ridsdale, what brought me home was a letter—a warning letter—about my wife."

"Before you tell me any more, may I say this? As a schoolmaster I often have to deal with anonymous letters, and my experience has convinced me that the only thing to do with them is just to chuck them into the——"

"Just so. But this wasn't an anonymous letter."

"No?"

"No. The writer is a tried friend—a person of my own blood. I have the letter in my pocket here, but I won't bother you to read it. The warning conveyed was simple enough. It amounted to this: I was to guard my wife carefully if I did not want to risk losing her—because a man was attacking my peace and honour."

"Oh, I say"—Mr. Ridsdale spoke indignantly—"it would be an insult to Lady Beckford not to treat such a communication with the absolute contempt and——"

"But, my dear Ridsdale," said the General, sombrely, "it is the communication that I have always prepared myself to receive, that I have been expecting to receive at any hour in the last few years."

"Nothing," said Mr. Ridsdale, firmly, "would persuade me to suspect Lady Beckford of——"

"No, no, of course not. Please leave her out of it. I'm not thinking of her. I'm thinking only of myself—the attempted blow to *me*."

"You shouldn't for one moment believe——"

"Why not?" said the General, sadly. "One is vain, but there are limits to one's vanity. One hopes just at first, perhaps—but later one begins to think and to understand. You know, with Cynthia and me, it was a convenient marriage—although it wasn't a marriage of convenience."

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"Indeed, no—I know that well."

"Regard—and more than regard—entered into it. But there was the difference of years. At my age one has not the adaptability of youth; one cannot change one's ways, even if one wishes to. So I foresaw that with marriages of that sort a crisis sooner or later comes. Well, our crisis has come."

"I—I am sure you are mistaken."

"You heard what she said about Lady Jane boring her. Well, *I* bore her. Recently she has shown it plainly. In fact, that is why I went away—not to give myself, but to give her, a holiday."

"My good sir," said Mr. Ridsdale, earnestly, almost irritably, "I can assure you she has spoken of you every day in the most affectionate terms—regretting your absence, saying how she missed you, and so on."

"Has she?" said the General, with a sigh. "That may have been from a sense of duty



"HER HUSBAND REACHED THE DOOR BEFORE MR. RIDSDALE COULD GET TO IT, AND HE HELD IT OPEN FOR HER."

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—contrition—remorse. Pity for the old fogey whose presence could but weary her."

He got up, went to the drawing-room door, and opened it.

"Thank you, Cynthia. Charming! Don't stop playing. Please go on," and he shut the door again.

Ridsdale, rising from the table also, had gone to the fireplace. He pulled out a cambric handkerchief, and rubbed the palms of his hands with it. Then he put his hands in his pockets, and, standing with his back to the fire, turned towards the General, politely attentive to, if not cordially sympathetic with, the General's doubts and fears.

"Now, look here, Ridsdale, that's all about it. I've given you the facts, and I ask you to help me."

"Delighted. But how could I possibly——"

"Help me to find the man."

"Why, I don't believe he exists."

"Oh, yes, he does."

"Did your friend give you no hints—of any kind?"

"None whatever."

"Ah, just what I thought! Believe me, it's some ridiculous misapprehension."

"No; my informant is not a fool, or a person who supposes that I am lightly to be trifled with."

The General's manner had changed again. The sadness had gone from his eyes and the wistfulness from his voice. Pride was the note that sounded now in the carefully-suppressed voice. He squared his big shoulders, threw back his massive head, and, indeed, looked somebody who would be extremely unlikely to be trifled with, either by chance acquaintances or old friends.

"I am a soldier, and I think as soldiers used to think in the bygone days, when we were taught that we ought to harden our thoughts until they become as undeviating as instincts. If I'm called upon to guard and defend something placed in my charge, the thought of what to do *is* an instinct—to go out and meet the danger half-way. The safest method of defence is to deal promptly with the enemy that threatens. Now, where is the enemy? Help me if you can. His name has been withheld from me—for obvious reasons"—and the General snorted scornfully. "I am advised to be moderate, to avoid a scandal. It was a woman who wrote to me. It was Lady Jane"—and he gave another snort. "She didn't want to make mischief—as she calls it—and she implores me not to be old-fashioned. But I *am* old-fashioned—I'm not ashamed of it either—so old-fashioned that when I have found my man I shall force him to give me satisfaction."

"A duel?"

"Yes."

Mr. Ridsdale laughed deprecatingly.

"That's all very well; but, really, Sir John, you can't put back the clock quite so far as that. This is 1912, not 1812, you know."

"I don't care whether it is or it isn't."

Though he did not raise his voice, the General spoke with so much intensity that Ridsdale started.

"That may be; but—ah—Sir John, you won't easily get—ah—other people to share your opinions."

"I'll get *him* to share them, and that'll be enough for me. Ridsdale, you're not a woman—*you* needn't take your cue from Lady Jane and urge moderation. At least you can guess at what I'm feeling."

"Yes; but I think without cause—quite without cause."

"This century or the last, it must be the same code when things dearer than life are at stake. That's how I feel. So you may guess if I'll follow the mode of 1912, and seek aid from a private detective office, or ask for reparation in a court of law."

"No, I'd never suggest that you should. What I beg you—what your best friend of either sex would beg you—is not to do anything rash, not to excite yourself needlessly."

In truth, General Beckford was exciting himself. His voice vibrated harshly; one could see the immense effort required to keep it at its low pitch. He stared and glared, shook his shaggy hair, and looked altogether like some grey old lion who had been brought to bay in a cruel hunt, and was ready to spring upon its closest tormentors.

"All right, Ridsdale. But help me, don't preach to me. There, I swear I'll do nothing without thought. I *have* thought. I have thought it all out. Bring me face to face with my enemy. I answer for the rest. Now, who is he? We don't know so many people, she and I. Help me to run over their names, or, better still, use your brains on my behalf. She has been more or less under your observation lately. You must have seen her comings and goings—the people she was in touch with. Have you observed anything suspicious?"

"No; nothing whatever."

"Some too attentive visitor?"

"No."

"It doesn't matter." The General shook his grey mane and paced to and fro. "I'll find him unassisted," and he stopped abruptly.

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"Ridsdale, so surely as I stand here, I'll find that man, and compel him to satisfy me."

Ridsdale drew out the cambric handkerchief and passed it across his forehead. Then he laughed lightly. "General, please forgive me for laughing. But really when anyone is so carried away by excitement—well, you yourself will laugh to-morrow when you remember the wild things you have said in your excitement."

"You think that the fellow perhaps isn't a gentleman, and that he may try to refuse?"

"I think that, whether he is a gentleman or not, he will certainly refuse to break the law of the land at your bidding."

"Yes; but I'm prepared." And the General smiled grimly, and spoke with a kind of sly triumph. "I shall ignore his refusal. I shall put a pistol into his hand and *make* him fight."

"I doubt it."

"An unloaded revolver! Ridsdale, don't you see? I'll give him an unloaded revolver, with six cartridges. I'll have the same myself—and I'll begin to load. When he sees me load he'll know that he must do something if he means to save his skin. When he sees me load my weapon, *he'll load his weapon too*. I shall watch him as a cat watches a mouse. If he raises his arm, up goes mine. If he fires, I fire. We bang at each other at the same moment."

"Impossible."

"Why impossible? If I get him alone he can't help himself."

"He'd treat you as a madman—give you in charge to the nearest policeman."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't. I'd get between him and the door."

"Apart from the fact that it would be murder if you succeeded, you wouldn't succeed."

"I should. You don't know how the pressure of immediate peril quickens people's movements. Point by point I'd press him down the line I meant him to take. It's so simple—not a weak spot in the infallible logic of the thing. The clock would be put back as rapidly as if destiny moved its hands."

Ridsdale laughed again, very lightly.

"Look here," said the General, eagerly, "try it. You don't understand what I mean. Let me show you what I mean. Act it with me."

"Act it? I—I don't follow."

"Rehearse it. Let me show you how it works. We'll go through it point by point—and if you can show me a weak spot I'll thank you with all my heart."

As he spoke, eagerly and enthusiastically, but still almost in a whisper, the General had hurried across to the chair that held his ugly leather bag.

"See here!" He had opened his bag, and the electric light flashed upon the bright metal of a pistol. "Here—another one," and the light flashed again. "A revolver for him and for me. Now help me to rehearse the trick. Here. Take your weapon. You see it's open at the breech."

He had come to the fireplace and was offering one of the two revolvers.

Mr. Ridsdale hesitated about taking it. "Really, you know, General, I doubt if I ought to encourage you in——"

"Catch hold. You're not afraid of fire-arms, are you?" And the General smiled.

"No, of course not."

Mr. Ridsdale took the pistol, and the General hurried across the room to the door that led into the hall.

"Watch me carefully," he whispered. "I am locking this door."

For the second time the aspect of the pleasant, comfortable room had altered; the prettiest things in it looked ungraceful, grim, forbidding; its atmosphere—even the air one breathed—was different. What was happening in the room seemed dream-like, grotesque, quite unreal; and this sense of unreality involved one's perception of the material, unaltered world outside the room. The sounds of music floated towards one as if from an immeasurable distance.

But probably the queer notion of unsubstantiality in surrounding objects was directly caused by the strangeness and oddness of the General's antics. He was no longer himself; he was a person acting a part—as it would be acted on a brilliantly-lighted stage.

"See!" he whispered, as he came creeping back towards the leather bag. "I have manœuvred you into the worst possible position. I have cut you off from escape. That door is locked. This door I guard."

One could hear one's heart beating above the far-off ripple of the music.

"Watch me," said the General. "Never take your eyes off my hands. See! Here are six cartridges—and I put them down, so—on your side of the table." He stepped back swiftly and cautiously. "See! Here are six cartridges for me—on my side of the table." And he sprang away, to his old post in front of the drawing-room door. "It is all fair play. I give as good a chance as I take myself. We stand at equal lengths

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from our ammunition. You follow it all, don't you? You catch my meaning?"

Mr. Ridsdale, staring at his empty revolver, nodded.

"Very well. Now, if you value your life, prepare to defend it. See! I am going to load."

The General's acting was rather good. Deriving stimulus from his natural emotions, he achieved some fine artistic effects. His flushed face, his bent brows, his fierce attitude and swift movements, indicated the determination of implacable wrath.



"SEE HERE! A REVOLVER FOR HIM AND FOR ME. NOW HELP ME TO REHEARSE THE TRICK."

And Ridsdale, too, represented his assumed character well enough. His cheeks were livid, his breath came gaspingly, the hand that carried the revolver shook perceptibly—altogether an excellent simulation of surprise, apprehensive doubts, if not of craven fear.

"One!"

The General had crept to the table, taken a cartridge, and was slipping it into the chamber.

"There!" he whispered. "Automatically you have done it too. I told you so. Wait! Lift your hand at your peril. My turn. Two!"

Ridsdale, copying the General's slightest movement, was loading as the General loaded.

"Three! That's it. Three left. When

you take the last, step back. I'll not raise my arm till you are back on the hearth. I swear it. Four!"

The music had ceased, but neither of them noticed. In a silence broken only by the sound of panting respirations, they loaded the fifth and sixth cartridges, and simultaneously sprang away from the table.

"Now!" The General had been the quicker. His arm was up. "Now answer me." The ferocity in the hissing words was terrible to hear. "Are you the man?"

"I—I—— Upon my word, I—don't understand such folly."

"You blackguard! This is not acting." The concentrated passion behind the words seemed to send forth waves that struck one's beating heart with flame and ice. "Now, answer me, or—so help me, God!—I'll shoot you."

Then the drawing-room door opened. The General, instinctively dropping his arm and turning, shouted at his wife:—

"Go back! Go back, I tell you!"

There was a blaze as if all the electric lamps had exploded, and a crash that seemed to shake the walls. Then again came the flash and the roar. Mr. Ridsdale had fired twice.

For a moment the room was full of smoke. Then the dusty cloud rose, grew thin. The lamplight, shining unimpeded, showed General Beckford still upon his feet, standing square and erect, with Cynthia desperately clinging to his breast.

"What's this?" said the General, loudly and sternly. "Has the smoke blinded you, Cynthia? Why have you come to me? Your place is not here. Go to your lover's arms."

But she clung to him closer. She was stretching her slender figure to its fullest height, trying to cover his limbs with her limbs, his face with her face, madly straining to make a shield of trembling flesh large enough to protect him from danger.

"The coward!" she wailed. "The miserable coward! He shot at you when you weren't looking. He tried to kill you!"

"Then get out of the way," said the General. "and let him try again. Can't you see how you're hampering him? This is his chance and yours. Don't spoil it. Let him set you free."

But Cynthia only trembled, sobbed, and clung.

"Very well," and the General laughed harshly. "We have been interrupted, and my opponent must kindly understand that his chance is gone. Cynthia, do you hear? He won't shoot again. Now, stop whimpering, and answer me."

"Yes, I want to tell you everything."

"Is this man your lover?"

"No—no."

"But he has endeavoured to be?"

"Yes."

"Then why has he remained here?"

"I was afraid to send him away."

"Why? What were you afraid of?"

"You. I thought if you knew you'd do something dreadful."

It was curious, but it seemed as if suddenly these two—the husband and the wife—were quite alone. If the man they spoke of had been swept a thousand miles from the room they could not have disregarded him more completely than they did now. Cynthia had linked her hands round the General's neck; she was looking up into his stern, unflinching eyes, her voice was strong and clear as she answered each question.

"When did he first insult you?"

"Two days ago."

"But you knew what he meant before that?"

"No, I didn't. I knew he admired me—and I thought it rather amusing; but I never dreamed he would dare. And then, when he did dare, I thought if you heard or guessed it would be too dreadful. I blamed myself—yes, I blamed myself. But I thought it was only two days, and then he'd be gone for ever—with no fuss and no scandal. My darling, don't you believe me?"

"Is there nothing else to tell?"

The General was glaring down into his wife's eyes.

"Before God, that is all. Oh, don't you believe me?"

"Before God, I do."

Very gently Sir John released himself from the clinging hands, held one of them for a moment; then, bowing ceremoniously, kissed it.

"Mr. Ridsdale!" His manner was perfectly calm as he turned to the ignored guest, and he spoke quietly but heavily, with an old-fashioned style of humour that was too pompous to be quite successful. "My wife called you a coward just now; but, honestly, I could not apologize if she had called you a fool as well. Those are blank cartridges that we have been playing with. Oh, yes, it would have been dangerous otherwise. But I'm always careful. In fact, when I have to deal with gentlemen of your kidney, I'm almost

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"GO BACK! GO BACK, I TELL YOU!"

as afraid of firearms as you are yourself. And, à propos, the hall door is open. I didn't really lock it."

Mr. Ridsdale silently crossed the room.

"Then good night to you. Yates will be back directly, and when he has packed your things where shall he take them?"

"Ah—er—say, the St. Pancras Hotel."

"And I may send your cheque to that address? Thank you. Good night!"

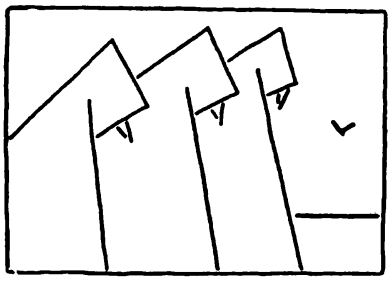
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MULTUM IN PARVO.

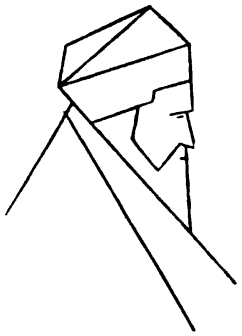
A Compendium of Short Articles.

Straight-Line Pictures from America.

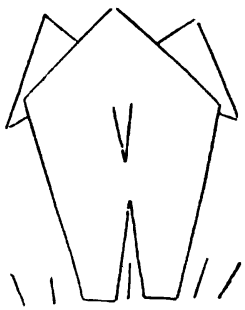
It will be remembered that we published, a few months ago, a number of Twenty-One-Straight-Line Pictures drawn by our readers. Since then we have received many hundreds from American readers, some of which are so good that we now publish a small selection, and only regret that want of space prevents our including more.



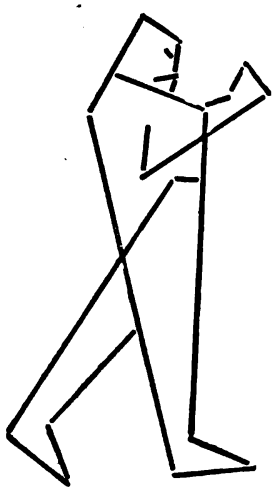
1. THE THREE WITCHES.



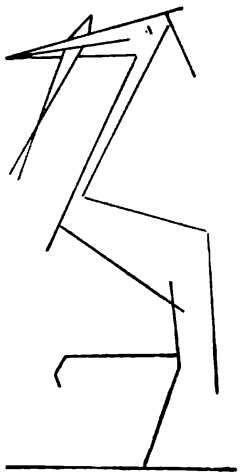
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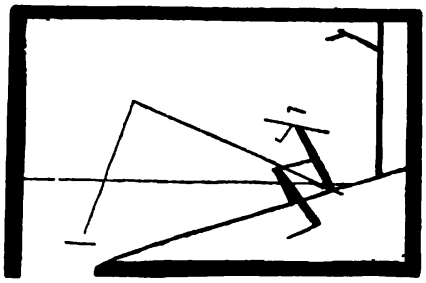
3. JUMBO.



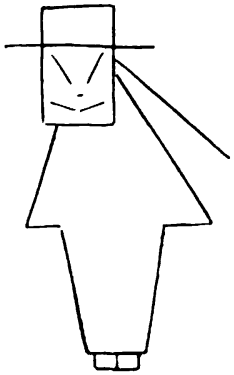
4. THE PUGILIST.



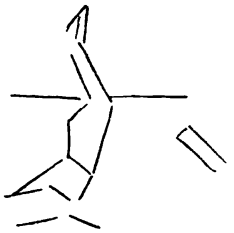
5. THE BIG FISH.



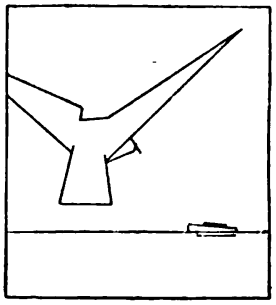
6. WAITING FOR A BITE.



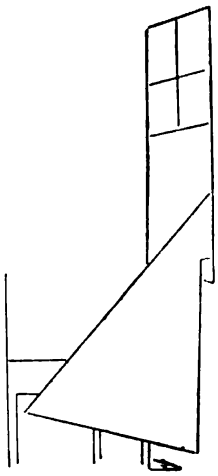
7. THE YELLOW PERIL.



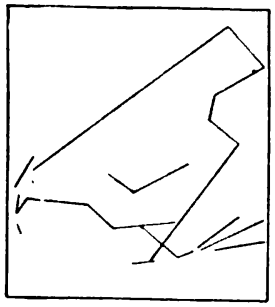
8. THE DIVER.



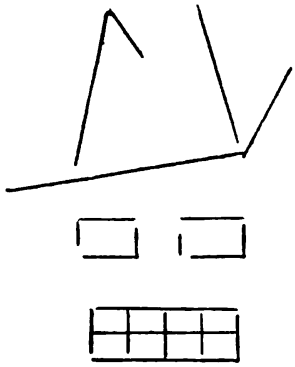
9. THE DOVE AND THE ARK.



10. "POLICE!"



11. SCRATCHING FOR A LIVING.



12. "TEDDY."

The following is a list of the senders of the above, the numbers corresponding to those under the reproductions: No. 1, Mr. Joseph E. Sandford, 602, McDonough St., Brooklyn, N.Y.; No. 2, Mr. W. S. Kevorkian, 197, Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.; Nos. 3 and 7, Mr. Clarence Peach, 2344, 2nd Avenue, N.Y.; No. 4, Mr. James M. Kane, Doylestown, Pennsylvania, Pa.; Nos. 5 and 10, Mr. H. J. Kane, Box 59, Doylestown, Pennsylvania, Pa.; No. 6, Mr. F. K. Lake, 1715, Montgomery Avenue, Morris Heights, New York City; No. 8, Miss Judith M. Lee, 146, Royal Court, Portland, Ore.; Nos. 9 and 11, Mr. Chas. P. Shoffner, 28, German-American Bldg., Broad and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.; No. 12, Mr. C. W. Caulkins, 401, Trumbull St., Hartford, Conn.

How to Hold Animals.

WRITTEN BY S. LEONARD BASTIN AND ILLUSTRATED BY S. J. MILLER.



FIG. 1.—CAT OR DOG.



FIG. 4.—TAME MOUSE OR RAT.

THERE are just a few people in the world who seem to know as if by instinct how to handle an animal. In most cases, however, it is to be feared that our domestic pets suffer a good deal from the improper way in which their otherwise considerate owners hold them. On this account a few simple hints as to the manner in which the commonest kinds of animals should be handled will probably not come amiss.

It is often remarked that cats are always quiet with some people, whilst with others they struggle and scratch to an alarming degree. In nine cases out of ten, where there is trouble, it is a matter of wrongful holding. Even when puss is in her most resentful moods she will rest quite comfortably if supported by the hand under the fore part of the body. In the case of a large or heavy cat both hands may be placed just behind the fore-legs, the back legs being allowed to rest on the arms (Fig. 1). Except with very tiny kittens it is not really kind to lift the animal by the scruff of its neck. The same remark will apply in the case of puppies, in spite of all the widespread ideas to the contrary. Of course, fully-grown dogs, unless they are of a very small breed, are not lifted about much; where this is done the method adopted in the case of the cat should be followed.



FIG. 3.—GUINEA-PIG.

It is very important that children who keep pets should be fully instructed in the ways of handling their charges. Guinea-pigs and rabbits often suffer from improper treatment in this respect, and sometimes, it is to be feared, sustain real injury. The old idea that a rabbit should be lifted by its ears must be most emphatically condemned as cruel. Pet rabbits are generally much heavier than are the same creatures in a more natural state, and it must be really painful for the animal to be lifted up by its ears. A glance at the illustration (Fig. 2) will show the correct method, which consists in seizing the skin a little behind the shoulders. That this is quite comfortable may be readily proved, for the rabbit seems to be entirely happy when held in this fashion. Guinea-pigs, on account of their nervous disposition, should be handled as little as possible. When this is really necessary, they may be held without hurt by placing the thumb on one side just under the fore-legs, and the remaining fingers on the other side (Fig. 3).



FIG. 2.—RABBIT.



FIG. 5.—FERRET.

Tame rats and mice are easily injured if roughly handled. They should on no account be grasped round the body or lifted by the tail; the latter is a very unkind proceeding. The best way is to grasp the skin at the back of the neck and lift the animals in this

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FIG. 6.—SNAKE OR ADDER.

manner (Fig. 4). Ferrets are not very commonly kept as pets, but as they are somewhat spiteful in their habits it is desirable to know the right way



FIG. 7.—SMALL CAGE-BIRD.

in which to hold them. A bite from one of these creatures is a very unpleasant experience, and, in order to avoid this, the animal should be picked up in the following manner. Without any hesitation grasp the creature in the hand just under the fore-legs, and in this way hold quite firmly (Fig. 5). It is then impossible for the ferret to turn round and bite one. On releasing the animal, withdraw the hand very quickly, or the lithe creature may turn round and wreak vengeance on its holder.

In these days, when so many curious kinds of pets are kept, it is not an uncommon thing to find lizards and even snakes in captivity. The former should always be held in the hollow of the hand, where they will rest quite comfortably. Of course, no ordinary person would dream of keeping venomous snakes as pets, but even the harmless grass snakes are difficult, though not at all dangerous, to handle. In the case of these reptiles the only right manner of handling is to grasp the neck just behind the head between the thumb and fore-finger (Fig. 6). As a rule, the snake will twine itself round the wrist and arm, and will keep quite still. Adders may be picked up in this way without the least risk, although it should be borne in mind that all snakes are very rapid in their movements. On this account the creature should be seized with firmness; any hesitation would probably have an unpleasant outcome.



FIG. 10.—GOOSE OR SWAN.



FIG. 8.—PIGEON.

All kinds of birds are rather difficult to handle, and the smaller sorts, at any rate, can be quite badly injured by being held in an improper manner. When catching a small cage-bird of any sort, the hand should be quickly placed over the wings of the little pet, finally enclosing the whole body in the manner indicated in Fig. 7. Even in the case of birds with formidable beaks and claws, such as parrots and owls, it is possible to hold them with safety if their wings are enclosed in the hand.



FIG. 9.—FOWL.

The heavy birds of the farm-yard are always embarrassing subjects to handle. Even a pigeon presents difficulties to the person who is unacquainted with the right method. The bird will sit very happily in the hand if it is held with the ends of its wings between the fingers. The main weight of the body will of course rest on the open palm (Fig. 8). Fowls are very rarely held in a proper manner, and without intentional cruelty they are often handled in a very rough way. Actually, the right plan is to grasp the wings of the bird just behind the back, using both hands in the case of a heavy fowl (Fig. 9). Even a somewhat vicious bird will be quite still when held in this way, and one's hands will of course be well out of the reach of the sharp beak and claws.

Very much the same plan is adopted in the case of the swan. Standing behind the bird, the man, with a rapid movement, seizes the upper parts of the wings, holding one in each hand. The swan may be readily lifted up in this way and is unable to do any damage with its beak (Fig. 10). Much the same plan may be followed in the case of the goose, another aggressive bird.

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Chinese Word-Pictures.

The Pathos and Humour of an Ancient Language.

BY FREDERIC POOLE.

IN view of impending changes in the "Great Republic of China" it may be interesting to note some of the strange though logical peculiarities of a language in which over four hundred millions have conducted their national and commercial affairs, cultivated an intellect, and paid reverential homage to a teacher whose writings, though antedating the Christian era, are still to be held sacred even in their present feverish devotion to the "new learning."

As a spoken language it is unique among the human mediums of communication in that it is musical with a purpose. It is not so much the correct pronunciation of a Chinese word that makes the speaker intelligible as the proper intonation of that word, for the meaning of a word in Chinese is positively indicated by the tone in which it is uttered. When we remember that one word may have as many as five different sounds, and these so fine in variance as to be scarcely detected by an unmusical ear, the difficulty of acquiring spoken Chinese by the foreigner will be readily appreciated. You ask your native servant to bring you your hat—"mow"—but use the wrong inflexion, and he very properly brings you a cat, for "mow" means cat as well as hat when uttered in another tone.

It is, however, more especially of the pictorial character of the Chinese written language that I wish to speak; for, to the average Occidental mind, these strange Oriental symbols have been incapable of comprehension, because of their apparently meaningless complexity.

And yet, while one of the most difficult, it is at the same time one of the easiest tongues to understand to one possessing a retentive memory and an appreciation of logical deduction, while its lurking humour renders the study a most fascinating one.

With his centuries of training in the recognition of suggestive pictorial forms in his beloved ideographs it will be difficult, for a while, for the young Chinese student of English to admit that the letters M A N describe the human biped so thoroughly as did their ancient character for "man" (1). In this character we see two strokes which actually represent the two legs of a man, and we are left to assume that the Chinese had little appreciation of the intellectual part of the human body or the usefulness of the arms until we learn that, as the ages have rolled by, there has been a tendency to abbreviate the formation of many of their characters, and their striking original suggestiveness has been lost.



1. MAN.

The study of ancient Chinese, therefore, reveals to us that the word "man" in past ages was easy to recognize, for here he is in all his original completeness (2), and in this form "man" was written in Chinese literature seven hundred years before the Israelites crossed the Red Sea.



2. MAN. (Ancient form.)

Each character is a word, and yet one word may consist of several words grouped together, and in this manner these "word pictures" are built up.

Note the conceit in the combination for the word "great," consisting of the word "man" and the numeral "one" written across it (3), the inference being that man was the greatest thing that was ever created.



3. GREAT.

In view of the recent act of the Chinese Republican Assembly in granting the right of franchise to the women of China, it is possible that this character may lose some of its significance.

But, with all his assumed conceit, it is evident that the Chinaman devoutly recognizes a power greater than himself, and we find that the word "great" loses its importance when the numeral "one" is again drawn across its apex (4), and thus is written the word "Heaven," an emphatic illustration of the fact that the Chinese reverently acknowledge the existence of a power greater than man, supreme over all.



4. HEAVEN.

There is another form for the word "man," and this is more generally used when "man" forms part of another character (5). For instance, the Chinese are the greatest farmers living, when the floods give them the chance. You at once associate a farmer with fields. So do the Chinese, so what more reasonable than a combination of the two? And a "man" standing by a "field," we find, is a "farmer" (6).



5. MAN.



6. FARMER.

In this connection we might amplify this character, and so reveal the Chinaman's idea of "happiness."

Very little suffices him, evidently, and the word casts a pathetic sidelight on the famished condition of millions of these industrious farmers whose fertile acres have been inundated by ravaging floods. The word "mouth" (7) is written above the word for "field," while the combination is completed by the word for "man" (8); and the vision of a man with a mouth in close proximity to a rice field is all-satisfying to the hungry Celestial.



7. MOUTH.



8. HAPPINESS.

The reader will undoubtedly be familiar with the most common form of Oriental punishment which has been in vogue in China for centuries, and which consists of the clamping of a huge square wooden collar around the culprit's neck, who is then paraded along the public highway that all may see his shame.

With such an illustration ever before them, it was easy to formulate the word for "prisoner," and so we find that "a man in a box" (9) conveys the best idea to the Chinese mind of criminal punishment and moral humiliation.



9. PRISONER.

I have referred to the more literal suggestiveness of these Chinese ideographs in their original construction, and of the modified pictorial significance in their more modern mutilation. This is especially illus-

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trated in the ancient and modern forms of the word for "sun." Centuries ago the circle and central dot (10) was at once suggestive of that orb, and even justifies a belief in their knowledge of astronomy. But it is easier to write a square than a circle, and so we find that straight lines have taken the place of curves in modern Chinese literature, and the present form of the word for "sun" is thus (11):—


10. SUN. (Ancient form.)

The Chinese accomplished what is said to be impossible. They squared a circle.


11. SUN. (Modern form.)

Having located the sun, it was a simple thing to devise a character that should stand for "horizon," and so they drew a line beneath, and there you have it (12), "horizon," the sun just above the line.


12. HORIZON.

That there was premeditation and intelligence exercised in the selection of these sign words is indicated when the ancient Chinese language-makers drew the word for "brightness." First they appropriated the word for "sun," and, as though this was not bright enough, they then selected the next most brilliant luminary, and in a combination of "sun" and "moon" they defied the world to furnish a better illustration of "brightness" (13).


13. BRIGHTNESS.

In the writing of these word-pictures it may be truthfully said that every little movement of the pen has a meaning of its own. In the word for "door" we see the entrance and the grille-work at the top (14), and that they have reason to fear the unwelcome visit of a prospecting burglar is indicated by the word to "lock," in which we find a heavy bar is drawn across the door (15).


14. DOOR.

The practices of the tramp fraternity — and begging is distinctly a profession in China — soon gave the Chinese lexicographer the right idea for the word "beg," and our familiarity with the same appealing type in our own land will enable us to appreciate the meaning of "a mouth within the door" (16). Still further may the door be used in illustrating a weakness of human nature that cannot be said to be exclusively Chinese, but that some of them are in the habit of listening at the keyhole seems to be proven by the character for "listen" (17), where we detect the "ear at the door."


15. LOCK.


16. BEG.


17. LISTEN.

And yet, with all their faults, the Chinese have qualities that are most commendable. Our inborn prejudice may tend to bias our judgment, and we hesitate to admit that those nobler traits which we mistakenly suppose are the heritage of the white man may also be known to the man whose skin is tinged with yellow.

Trickery and deceit may, perhaps, be a fine Oriental art, and much has been said about the duplicity and treachery of the Oriental. In whatever other good qualities he may be lacking, it is an undeniable fact that the Chinese ideograph for "honesty," in which we see "man standing by his word" (18), correctly describes a universal Chinese characteristic.


18. HONESTY.

We feel that an apology is due to the ladies when we attempt to write the word for "woman" (19), for this character is invariably found as a component part of Chinese words of doubtful and shady meaning. It is perhaps significant of the ignoble condition of woman in such a land, where man is lord over all and woman is regarded almost as an inferior being. For centuries this has been the unenviable position of the little oblique-eyed lady in the Dragon Empire. But there is a Chinese word of curious combination which appears to suggest a possible relief for this forlorn little woman, and it is the only gleam of hope that may brighten her monotonous life.


19. WOMAN.

You ask a Chinaman, not "how many children has he," but "how many sons." If he answers "None," it is wise not to press the question further. Is it any wonder, then, that the word for "good" consists of two characters (20), "woman and son"? For when that event has happened it is then, and not until then, "good" in that Chinese household, and the mother shines in the reflected glory of her son.


20. GOOD.

The chivalry and gallantry of the West would appear to be a negligible quantity in this Celestial corner of the Far East, if we are to judge from the significance of some of these Chinese ideographs in which the word "woman" is employed.

The qualities of gentleness and forbearance are recognized distinctly the world over as the characteristics of the so-called gentler sex, while impetuosity and proneness to argument are claimed as the prerogatives of man. It would seem, however, as though the Chinese were willing that woman should bear the odium of certain human frailties, and their conception of a dispute or "quarrel" has therefore been illustrated by a word which combines "two women" (21).

Having gone thus far in their ideographic delineation of human faults, it was comparatively an easy matter to devise the word significant of "intrigue, conspiracy, and gossip," for they simply added another woman to the quarrelsome couple (22), convinced that "three women" and "gossip" were inseparably associated. And she was powerless to protest, not only by reason of her social inferiority, but also because of her general ignorance of the written language.


21. QUARREL.


22. GOSSIP.

With a literary knowledge of her language reinforced with suffragist courage she might boldly seize certain of these portentous characters and defiantly fling them at her lord and master and undisputed head of the home.

Take the word for "home," for instance. Male self-respect compels us to admit that we should encourage the Chinaman thus assaulted to deny the lurking imputation conveyed in that word, for it consists of two characters, "a pig beneath a roof" (23).


23. HOME.

But we shall look in vain for a loophole of escape if her literary investigation should result in unearthing the Chinese word for "marriage" and present it to

us for our stern consideration. All ideas of male superiority vanish, and a deep feeling of resentment against the formulators of this strange language is aroused as we analyze that monstrous combination of three characters which convey the Chinese idea of "marriage" and depict "a woman and a pig under one roof" (24). We are inclined to suspect that a woman was on that ancient board of language constructors, and surreptitiously smuggled in this uncomplimentary character, to us, in a spirit of sheer revenge.



24. MARRIAGE.

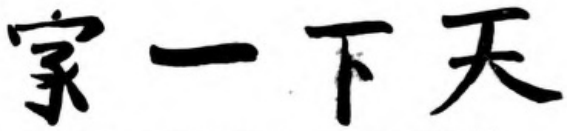
But there is another word in which she plays a dominant part, and thus helps to create a symbol of one of the noblest qualities in the human race.



25. PEACE.

The presence of this character in the language should greatly compensate for the apparent injustice done to her in other of these curious word-pictures, for in the word "peace" we find these two characters combined, "woman under a roof" (25).

And so we might continue, *ad infinitum*, in exposing the pictorial and logical construction of this world-old language and its occasional mirthful significance. It is well that China, now in the throes of her most stupendous modern reformation, should adopt the science and literature of the West, for they are absolutely essential to her laudable purpose; but it is equally desirable that their ancient traditions shall not be forgotten or that the admirable precepts of their sages of bygone ages should be ignored, for five centuries before it was revealed to us that "God had made of one blood all nations to dwell upon earth" one of these ancient Chinese philosophers declared, with equal emphasis, "Tien Hsia yee Jia"—"All under Heaven are one family" (26).



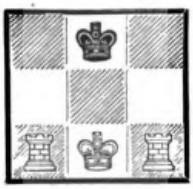
26. "ALL UNDER HEAVEN ARE ONE FAMILY."

Chess.

An Immortal Chess Problem.

BY T. B. ROWLAND.

THE first recorded chess problem—a Persian MS. of which is preserved in the British Museum—is a nine-mover, attributed to Caliph Kalifen Mutasim Billah, who reigned in Bagdad 833 to 842. When it was composed the moves of chessmen differed from those as we now have them. The moves of the rook, however, were the same, so it is with a rook problem we now have to deal. The position shown has appeared through successive ages and in different countries from the time of the appearance of the first recorded problem down to the present day, and, as the rooks, playing in conjunction, always evolve new variations, it is likely to continue to the end of the chapter.



No. 1.—Composed in 1200.

Set the position on the board thus, and we have the first recorded two-mover:—

No. 1.

BLACK.



WHITE.

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It can be solved in two ways. It will be seen that either rook may play on to the file next it.

No. 2.—Composed in 1283.

Later on the same setting appeared as a three-mover, with the conditions that each piece moves once. This is to be found in the Alfonso X. MS.

No. 3.—Composed in 1300.

Again, it appeared moved one square down and having no other condition than mate in three. The author's solution is given as: 1. R—Q 1, 2. K—Q 6, 3. R—B 8 (mate), which equally complies with the conditions of No. 2, but, for first move, either rook can play to any square of the file on which it stands excepting the seventh and eighth.

No. 4.—Composed in 1330.

This was changed to a four-mover by simply bringing it one square down. As time went on the problem flourished and was taken up in various collections, principally Sanscrit, Syriac, and Tibet.

No. 5.—Composed in 1380.

It was again moved one square down and given as a five-mover. The solver's *modus operandi* is the same in each case.

No. 6.—Composed in 1400.

No. 5 in turn was moved one square down and given as a six-mover.

No. 7.—Composed in 1460.

Then, again, this was given as a seven-mover, the position being one square lower. This is in the Arabic ninth and tenth century collection as a six-mover.

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No. 8.—Composed in 1500.

Then, in the eleventh century, "Bonus Socius,"

the chief authority of the time, pronounced it impossible in six moves, but "masterly in seven." Nowadays it can be solved in six moves in four different ways Bring the position back to the top of the board as first shown, place the White king on K 5, and we have it as a four-mover.

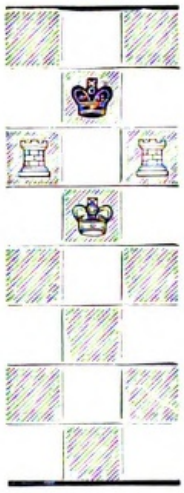
No. 9.—Composed in 1550.

It next appeared greatly improved by the addition of a Black pawn on K 2, and as a three-mover.

No. 10.—Composed in 1600.

Take off the pawn, put the Black king on K 2, and we have it again as a four-mover :—

No. 10.



Similar positions are in the well-known Anonymous Bolognese group of MSS., but the solver will find that all are near relations.

No. 11.—Composed in 1670.

Its next appearance was with each king set two squares lower down, and given as a three-mover.

No. 12.—Composed in 1700.

Then it appeared as a four-mover, each king being one square farther down.

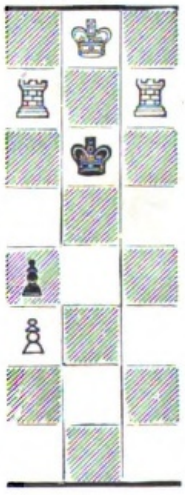
No. 13.—Composed in 1720.

This, in turn, had its day until it came out with the White king on K1 and the Black king on his fourth square, the conditions being the same. So far, with few exceptions, the moves in the solutions can be made on the king's side of the board as well as on the queen's side.

No. 14.—Came out in 1750.

The next position, as diagrammed, is a production of many different composers at different times :—

No. 14.



It is a three-mover, the White king being on K 8. Berger gives it in a Dutch paper under the caption, "Nach Alfonso No. 80, A.D. 1283."

No. 15.—Samuelson, 1800.

The same, set one square lower, is in the Brietenfeld collection. The same, again, was given by Carpenter in 1878. The same, with variants, has appeared under the names of Abbott, 1890; Prodignat, 1898; Kohtz and Kockelhorn, 1903; and so on, down to the present year; the most prominent composers who kept up the running of the Immortal Problem being Damiano, Lucena, and Guarinus in the sixteenth century; Greco, Palerio. Salvio, Gianutio, and Selunus, the Duke of Brunswick, in the seventeenth century; Stamma and Lolli in the eighteenth; Bolton, Horwitz, and Kling in the early part of the nineteenth; and then a long array of modern composers, the most noted being Cook, Dahl, Galitzky, von Holzhausen, Loyd, Pauly, Shinkman, and Alain C. White, the last-named having brought out two works on the subject within the past two years.

So many similar positions have appeared that it is hard to assign any one of them to a particular composer. The great Paul Morphy himself has been credited with a rook problem, and even the present chess champion of the world, Lasker, had a try at it. We resume the sequence with another three-mover. As the positions that follow are also three-movers, it will be unnecessary to further give the conditions, excepting where otherwise stated.

No. 16.—Horwitz, 1848.

White K at Q 2, R's at K R 3 and 5; Black K at Q B 5.

No. 17.—Bailey, 1849.

White K at Q B 5, R's at Q Kt 5 and K R 1; Black K at K 4.

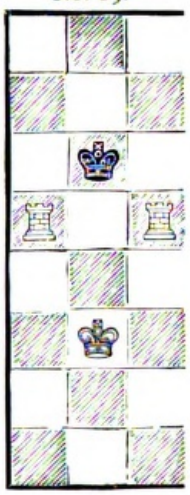
No. 18.—Bevis, 1850.

White K at Q Kt 8, R's at Q R 5 and Q B 5; Black K at Q Kt 3.

No. 19.—Knorre, 1860.

As on next diagram :—

No. 19.



Nos. 18 and 19 are perhaps the easiest of the series.

No. 20.—Loyd, 1867.

However, we now come to a famous position which will baffle the solver until the author's idea is grasped. White K at K 1, R's at K B 1 and K R 1, P at K Kt 3; Black K at K Kt 7. To those who may contend that this position cannot be solved in three we will say, "Wait and see."

No. 21.—Hendrickan, 1871.

The noted author had some good reason for having the pawn on the board. That reason was disregarded later on by its removal. Afterwards it was given with the pawn at K 2 by Hallstrom, so that, should the solver object to Loyd's way of solving, he could adopt another way.

No. 22.—Blaquiere, 1878.

The next illustration is one of a hundred. It occupies the right-hand side of the board like the foregoing :—

No. 22.



No. 23.—Zingemen, 1883.

Remove the pawn and place a Black pawn at Black's Kt 4.

No. 24.—Yensen, 1885.

Bring the Black pawn one square down.

No. 25.—Jensen, 1888.

Replace the Black pawn and remove White king to K B 8.

No. 26.—Daniel, 1889.

Move the Black K and P down one square, move the R's up to the seventh squares, place White P at K Kt 2.

No. 27.—Abbott, 1890.

Bring the position to the centre of the board and reset the men thus: White K at Q 8, R's at Q B 1 and K 1, P's at Q R 3 and Q 3; Black K at Q 3, and P at Q 5.

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No. 31.



No. 28.—TEED, 1891.

Now change: White K at K 4, R's at K B 1 and K Kt 7; Black K at K 3, P at Q R 6.

No. 29.—DANIEL, 1892.

Again: White K at K 6, R's at Q B 3 and K B 3; Black K at K 5, and P at Q B 3.

No. 30.—KOHTZ AND KOCKELHORN, 1893.

White K at K 8, R's at Q 4 and K B 7, P's at Q B 3 and K B 3; Black K at K 3, and P at Q B 5.

No. 31.—BERGER, 1894.

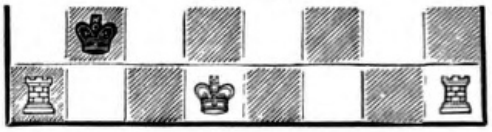
The next, as diagrammed, is a four-mover—one of many other similar settings.

No. 32.—GALITZKY, 1895.

This was converted into a five-mover by having the White K at K R 8, R at Kt 3, P at R 2; Black K at R 4, and P at R 5, all on the K's side.

This, in turn, was altered and given as a six-mover, and then, again, as a seven-mover. From 1895 on several thousand new renderings of the rook theme have appeared, one of the latest being:—

No. 33.—HANO.



WHITE.

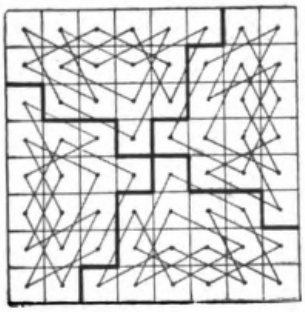
This, with the White K at K 1, was given with a castling solution. In fact, the White rooks have been shown on the board in every conceivable way.

The exact origin of the mediæval positions is uncertain. Their chronology is still disputed. However, judging by the MSS and old collections the present writer has had access to, the dates here given are the nearest that can be computed. The solutions will appear next month.

Solutions to Last Month's Perplexities.

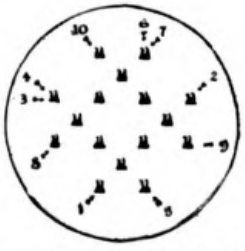
106.—THE FOUR KNIGHTS' TOURS.

IT will be seen in the illustration how a chessboard may be divided into four parts, each of the same size and shape, so that a complete re-entrant knight's tour may be made on each portion.



107.—TORPEDO PRACTICE.

IF the enemy's fleet be anchored in the formation shown in the illustration, it will be seen that as many as ten out of the sixteen ships may be blown up by discharging the torpedoes in the order indicated by the numbers and in the directions indicated by the arrows. As each torpedo in succession passes under three ships and sinks the fourth, strike out each vessel with the pencil as it is sunk.



108.—THE FOUR SONS.

THE diagram shows the most equitable division of the land possible, "so that each son shall receive land of exactly the same area and exactly similar in shape," and so that each shall have access to the well in the centre without trespass on another's land. The conditions do not require that each son's land shall be in one piece, but it is necessary that the two portions assigned to an individual should be kept apart, or two adjoining portions might be held to be one piece, in which case the condition as to shape would have to be broken. At present there is only one shape for each piece of land—half a square divided diagonally. And A, B, C, and D can each reach their land from the outside, and have each equal access to the well in the centre.



[Some new Perplexities will be given next month.]

Two Problems for Bridge Players.

BY H. C. BARDER.

No 1.

Hearts—9, 7.
Diamonds—Knave, 2.
Clubs—Queen, 2.

Diamonds—Queen, 3.
Spades—Queen, 7.
Clubs—Knave, 3.

B
C D
A

Diamonds—10, 8, 7.
Spades—Knave, 8.
Clubs—4.

Diamonds—Ace, king, 9.
Spades—10, 9.
Clubs—6.

Hearts are trumps. A to start and make every trick.

No. 2.

Hearts—5.
Diamonds—King.
Spades—Ace, knave, 4, 3, 2.

Hearts—10.
Diamonds—Knave, 3.
Spades—10, 9, 6.
Clubs—5.

B
C D
A

Hearts—8.
Diamonds—9, 8.
Spades—Queen, 8, 7.
Clubs—4.

Hearts—Queen.
Diamonds—10, 7.
Spades—King, 5.
Clubs—Queen, 6.

Hearts are trumps. A to play and make every trick.

[The solutions will appear next month.]

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The Attempt on St. Mary's Branch.

By HAROLD STEEVENS.

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo, R.I.

"CON-FOUND the bank!" muttered Jack Seymour, for the twentieth time that morning. "Con-*found* the *brutal* bank!" he reiterated, in a tone of such concentrated rancour that Downey, the cashier, turned round with a pleased smile on his sober face.

"Buck up!" said Downey, genially.

"This is the fifth Saturday running," growled Seymour, without looking up. "It's all very well for you, you lazy cashier, but it'll be four o'clock before *I* get away, and I'm due on the match ground at three. Where does all the stuff come from? Why don't you make those brutes pay in earlier? Why can't head office increase the staff?"

The heat of his feelings gave speed to his pen; his hand flew at lightning pace over the rapidly-filling page of the waste-book.

Downey turned again and tossed another mass of cheques into the wire basket in front of Seymour.

"Can you read what you're writing?" he asked, in a tone of bland solicitude. Then, glancing up at the clock, which pointed to three minutes to one, he added: "It's all over! Jones is late to-day. *You'll* have to close the doors."

Seymour's frequent outbreaks were the brightest spots in Downey's official life; not a day passed without his being cheered by one or more of them—generally more.

"Another six months of this, and I shall be in a mad-house," groaned Seymour.

"So long as that?" said Downey, affecting great surprise.

Seymour hated the bank. Big-built, vigorous, and of an eager temperament, it was torture to him to spend his days cooped up in an office. Yet in the irony of things it was his very love of an outdoor life, and his catholic attachment to every form of athletics, which had condemned him to an occupation the very antithesis of all the pursuits he adored. For his scholastic achievements had not been brilliant, and his father, possessed of a considerable family but inconsiderable means, was glad enough to get Jack into the bank, of which he himself had been a client for many years past.

"It's a gentlemanly profession, my boy," he had said. "It's certain, and you've always got your pension to look forward to."

But the comfortable potentialities of forty years hence did not appeal to Jack in the least degree, and, though he resolved to do his best, he loathed the bank from the first.

The St. Mary's branch of the London and National Bank had been opened less than a year, but the business, after hanging fire for some months, had latterly expanded so fast that it had now quite outgrown the original small staff. In answer to the manager's repeated requests, a new junior had been promised, but he had not yet appeared. Mr. Stokes, the manager, Downey, the cashier (signing pro accountant), Seymour, the clerk, and Jones, the messenger, still composed the whole staff.

At two minutes to one, as Downey was rapidly casting up the columns of his cash-book, a customer entered the bank and presented his own cheque for ten pounds.

"I'm awfully sorry to trouble you at this time of day, Mr. Downey, on a Saturday morning, too," he said, suavely, "but I must have ten pounds' worth of coppers; my business simply eats them up. Can you spare it?"

"I can spare it," said Downey, tartly; "but why didn't you let me know earlier, and I'd have had it ready for you? Now I shall have to go down to the safe for it."

The account of Mr. Jameson Blicker (trading as "Jameson Blicker and Co., manufacturers' agents") had come to the St. Mary's branch barely a month ago, but Mr. Blicker was a man of such painstaking amiability that he had already established familiar relations with the staff. His manner was easy and cordial; he was always well-dressed, could always spare time for a chat, always had a new story to tell, and always carried a big gold-bound case well filled with

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excellent cigars, which he never tired of pressing upon his friends at the bank—he said they were so kind to him.

The cautious Downey was not the man to swallow all this at a gulp, however.

"Blicker is a most amusing man," he said to the manager one day, "and you can't help liking him, up to a point. But I wouldn't trust him with a penny-piece myself. Where did he come from?"

"Harburghs' introduction," replied the manager. "They're good enough themselves, but you know what these foreigners are. They'd give anybody a good character for the sake of getting a little business. Don't let Blicker overdraw a shilling without coming to me first."

Blicker never attempted to overdraw; his balance was not large, but it was always comfortably on the right side.

"A lot of money outstanding," he would say. "Too much. Safe as the Bank of England, I know, but it isn't business, Mr. Downey. I don't like worrying people for their accounts—the Government do enough of that—but you must look after yourself in business, and I shall be waking some of them up presently. I like to carry a balance of five or six hundred pounds at the very least."

Downey was not too much impressed, and when this untimely demand for ten pounds' worth of coppers was sprung upon him he had no compunction in speaking his mind. However, as no other clients were waiting he could hardly refuse, and so, with the usual murmured request to Seymour to "watch the counter," in case other clients might come in, he took his keys and hurried downstairs for the two heavy bags of coin.

Seymour nodded without raising his eyes or interrupting his furious work for one instant. He had reached what would probably be the last big credit of the day—nobody with any decent feeling would bring in anything much now—and as he triumphantly dashed the paying-in slip on to the spike by his side he noticed that Mr. Blicker had taken up the copy of the Stock Exchange List which always lay on the counter and was opening its spacious sheets with a good deal of rustling.

This last credit was of a most offensive type. It was for the account of a haberdashers' warehouseman, and consisted of forty or fifty exasperating little cheques of two or three pounds apiece. As he dealt with them, he kept up a running mutter, thus: "Two five four, Jenkins, County, Balham; three sixteen eleven, Brown, N.P., Chipping Sodbury," and so on.

What made him look up from his engrossing labour he was never able to explain; possibly the very tension upon his nervous organization produced in him a condition of hypersensitiveness. It could hardly have been pure accident, for so fiercely bent was he upon the completion of his work that if the roof had fallen in, and not fallen actually upon him, he would probably have given it no more than a glance—perhaps not that. It may be that the phrasing of Downey's everyday order, "Watch the counter," addressed itself to something in his subconscious being.

Whatever the cause, he did look up, and what he saw was so unusual that he stared for a second or two before he could adjust the processes of his mind to a belief in its reality.

An orange-coloured bag of a thousand sovereigns, apparently of its own accord, had left its place on the shelf behind Downey's stool and was moving smoothly and silently through the empty air. Unsupported by any visible agency, it appeared to be behaving in flagrant defiance of the law of gravitation. It travelled in a horizontal direction, and it was approaching that part of the counter immediately in front of Mr. Blicker.

The latter, curiously enough, seemed quite unaware of the extraordinary phenomenon which was occurring almost beneath his nose; with his right hand placed well under the central fold of the Stock Exchange List he was turning the pages with his left, in the endeavour, presumably, to find some elusive quotation, an occupation which still entailed a pronounced rustling of the crisp, thin sheets.

In the moment of time during which Seymour sat spell-bound by the miracle which was taking place before his eyes the heavy bag in its passage through space began to rise gently, as though it would soar over the counter.

Simultaneously Mr. Blicker, having at last found the name of his security, and desiring, apparently, to get a clearer view of the tiny figures in which the quotations are printed, thrust the sheet upward with his right hand, supporting it from beneath. Thus a sort of paper tunnel opened immediately in front of the magic bag of sovereigns.

Three things happened in the next second.

One: Downey's heavy tread was heard on the bottom step of the wooden staircase.

Two: The bag of sovereigns glided into the paper tunnel and was received into Mr. Blicker's hand.

Three: The fingers of Seymour's right hand unclosed, leaving his inky pen to drop with a rap on the white page of the waste-book.

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His two hands grasped the brass rail above his desk. Seymour's big figure rose smartly into the air, his long legs shot out sideways, cleared the rail, and dropped into the space between the desk and the counter, knocking over Downey's stool as they came.

It was a magnificent vault such as few men could have accomplished, and Mr. Blicker could not possibly have expected any such thing to happen. Yet from the fact that he was so little taken aback it may be inferred



"THE HEAVY BAG BEGAN TO RISE GENTLY, AS THOUGH IT WOULD SOAR OVER THE COUNTER."

that his eye had been surreptitiously upon Seymour all the time; he saw the beginning of the leap and was consequently not unprepared to meet it.

Seymour had begun his leap an appreciable fraction of a second before the bag of sovereigns had actually reached Mr. Blicker's hand. Moreover, the latter, relying as he must have done upon the sense of touch alone, had occupied a further fraction of time in securing a firm hold upon the neck of the bag.

Therefore his hand was still inside the paper tunnel when Seymour's large and muscular right hand darted across the bulging paper sheet and fastened upon his coat-sleeve. For Seymour had realized in a flash

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that to try and grasp the bag or the hand that held it smothered under the folds of the paper would have been to risk getting hold of nothing at all.

Neither word nor exclamation had Seymour uttered—his lips were tight-closed in a firm, straight line. Nor, for that matter, had any sound escaped from Mr. Blicker. His face was as calm as if he were asking Seymour for his pass-book. The casual observer, had there been one, might have supposed that with him this kind of thing was an ordinary every-day occurrence.

None the less, if his voice was silent and his face calm, Mr. Blicker's body was plainly braced for terrific action. For with a sudden heave of his arm he dragged the bag of sovereigns from the counter, doubtless intending to dislodge Seymour's clutch upon his sleeve by the same movement.

In this he failed. Seymour had sprung into this fray with his nervous forces already wrought up to a pitch of tension by the efforts and exasperations of the morning. His well-trained muscles answered to the call upon them with the quickness of thought itself. Again, Jack Seymour had played Rugby almost ever since he could stand, and to hold where he seized was a part of his nature. So, although his finger-nails were driven down into his flesh by the vehemence of his clutch, he could not let go any more than a bulldog can open its jaws when once they have closed upon its enemy.

Lifted off his feet by the powerful haul of Mr. Blicker's arm, he went flying spreadeagle-wise over the counter, for all the world like some huge, grotesque extension of Mr. Blicker's coat-sleeve. His legs caught the cash-scales and swept them, weights and all, on to the tiled mosaic of the outer office floor.

As soon as Seymour's wrist projected over the edge of the counter, Mr. Blicker, by a sudden downward movement of the hand, weighted as it was with the bag of gold, was able to wrench his sleeve from Seymour's bleeding fingers. Carried forward by the momentum, and finding nothing on the slippery counter to check his passage, Seymour fell crashing to the floor. But even as he fell, he flung out his arms with the instinct of the footballer and clasped Mr. Blicker round the leg.

Mr. Blicker, his right arm now free, swung the bag of sovereigns in the air and brought it down with all his might on Seymour's head.

Luckily for the owner of that head, Mr. Blicker's movements were somewhat hampered by the iron grip around his leg. He had aimed for the nape of the neck, but could not quite reach it, partly protected as it was by his own knee. Otherwise Seymour's sorrows and joys would have ended there and then.

The force of the blow dazed him—a bag of a thousand sovereigns weighs over seventeen pounds—and his grasp relaxed. Mr. Blicker tore himself away and dashed for the door, eight or ten paces off.

But Seymour's head was hard and by no means unaccustomed to assault and battery of various kinds. His brain, momentarily unseated, sprang quickly back into its working plane like a finely-tempered spring. When he dropped to the floor under Mr. Blicker's venomous blow, he felt his hand touch the two-hundred-sovereign weight which he had swept down with the scales in his flight over the counter. His fingers closed upon it, and spinning round as he sprawled, he flung it with all the force he could gather at the retreating Blicker.

Hand and eye, practised a thousand times on the cricket field, did not altogether fail him now. He aimed for the back, as presenting the largest target. The heavy weight fell short of that, but dropped into the crook of Mr. Blicker's left knee at the moment when it was planted on the ground and bearing the whole weight both of himself and of the bag of gold.

The knee gave way, and Mr. Blicker plunged forward on to the ground. He was an amazingly nimble fellow, however. Before he reached the ground his body must already have been bracing itself for the recovery, for he rose again so quickly that he seemed to rebound like an indiarubber ball.

Seymour was not a whit less quick. It was the athlete's "dash" pitted against the robber's desperation, and although Mr. Blicker had had the advantage of first blow this was largely off-set by Seymour's finer condition. With a twist and a forward fling of his body, he sprang up from his hands and feet and darted after Mr. Blicker.

Quick as he was, he was not a moment too soon, for Mr. Blicker, carrying on with the impetus of his upward bound from the ground, flung his weight against the heavy swing doors leading to the street. His head and shoulders burst through; one instant more and the rest of him would have followed, and the doors would have swung back violently in his pursuer's face.

Seymour saw the danger, saw that it must be now or never. Hardy, impetuous, he had never been particularly careful of his own skin,

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"MR. BLICKER SWUNG THE BAG OF SOVEREIGNS IN THE AIR AND BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH ALL HIS MIGHT ON SEYMOUR'S HEAD."

as many a gallant foeman had sorrowfully learned on the grassy field of athletic battle. Habit had now become second nature. Something in his head seemed to tighten with a sudden strong contraction as when a red-hot mass of iron is dropped into cold water. Summoning all the force that was in him, he hurled himself forward, flung out his hand, and grabbed at Mr. Blicker's foot.

The wrench nearly snapped his wrist. It also took him off his balance, and once more brought him heavily to the ground. He could not keep his hold, but it served his purpose. For Mr. Blicker stopped dead and

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his face went white. For one excruciating instant he must have felt as though his leg were being torn from its socket; yet he never cried out. Then foot and limb were free again.

He started forward, but the momentum which should have carried him through and out had been lost. Before he could wriggle clear the heavy panels swung back and caught the fingers of his right hand with smashing force. Instinctively he snatched them away, and as he did so the bag of sovereigns fell from his grasp—inside the doors. Mr. Blicker was outside; he had won through, but without his prize.

Probably the double pain in leg and hand stung him to fury—the blind, insensate fury of the wounded animal; otherwise so cool a man would have realized at once that the game was as good as lost and would have made his escape. Instead he turned to fight for the gold.

Then through the glass panelling of the door he saw that the manager, startled by the noise of the fray, had emerged from his private room and was hurrying towards the prostrate Seymour. He also saw Mr. Downey, running in the same direction. At any moment, too, the attention of officious passers-by might be attracted to the proceedings.

Mr. Blicker turned to run; but he had lost a valuable moment. As he turned he caught a glimpse of Seymour's head and shoulders heaving up from the ground behind the door. Dashing out into the street, he plunged recklessly into the traffic and sped in a diagonal direction across the road.

Seymour burst through the swing doors and rushed after him; in one stride he was on the doorstep. In his hand he held the bag of gold, which he had snatched up from the floor when it fell from Mr. Blicker's crushed fingers. His quick eye picked out the flying figure. He saw his enemy escaping him. His blood was up. The idea that he was imperilling the bank's money never occurred to him; he had forgotten the bank's very existence. The natural man surged up in him and swamped every other part of his being. For the moment his emotions were those of a cave-dweller. His enemy was escaping—and he had a missile in his hand.

Whirling the bag of a thousand sovereigns round his head, he launched it into the air with all his strength, and the costly missile sped hurtling high above the traffic. Fortunate that its neck had been tied by the hand of the methodical Downey!

Mr. Blicker was running for the narrow entry of an obscure court; that gained, his escape was practically assured, for twenty yards from the entry it split up into a maze of twisted alleys. This court, indeed, must have formed an integral part of his plan; only, if the plan had carried, the court would have swallowed up Mr. Blicker, spoil and all.

He leapt the kerbstone; another bound would have taken him home. Then the blow fell. The orange bag, drawing towards the end of its trajectory, descended with howitzer force between Mr. Blicker's shoulder-blades and struck him to the ground.

Jones, the messenger, returning from head office with tardy steps, was amazed to see the familiar colour and shape of a "thousand" bag of gold come spinning along the pavement towards his feet. Noticing the name of the London and National Bank stamped in bold black letters on its side, he stooped and picked it up from force of habit. Casting his eye a few paces ahead to see whence it came, he caught sight of Mr. Blicker on the ground, bleeding at the nose and forehead.

"Why, Mr. Blicker, sir——" he began. Then, as he came close, he perceived that Mr. Blicker could not hear.

His gaze turned mechanically towards the bank, and, guessing from the little knot of spectators gathered round the door that all was not regular there, he left Mr. Blicker in the hands of a City policeman, who had now appeared upon the scene, and crossed the road with the bag of gold in his hand.

He found the manager bending anxiously over Seymour's prostrate body, while Mr. Downey held a glass of brandy and water to his lips.

"He's coming round," the manager was saying. "That's capital — capital! Poor fellow! He dropped like a log."

Seymour played in no cricket match that afternoon. According to the doctors he must have suffered a mild concussion, doubtless from the blow administered by Mr. Blicker with the bag of gold in the early part of the fray. The injury, not too serious in itself, had been gravely aggravated by the violent exertion following immediately upon it; they said it was little short of a miracle that fatal results had not ensued.

As it was, Seymour lay between life and death for many weeks; youth and a vigorous constitution pulled him through in the end.

Long before he was well enough to attend the court Mr. Blicker had recovered from his comparatively trifling injuries. In his case the intervening weeks were spent in Brixton Jail,

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under remand. In the meantime, the police, having investigated his antecedents, found that his record was uncommonly bad. Jameson Blicker was, of course, an *alias*—by no means the only one which he had honoured with his patronage in the course of a full and varied criminal career. His baptismal name was William Smith.

The most interesting feature of the trial, apart from the evidence as to the gallantry of Jack Seymour, was the production of a wonderful little instrument used by Smith, *alias* Blicker, in his ill-starred scheme.

Small enough to be contained in the palm of a man's hand, this instrument was beautifully made of the finest steel, hardened by an admixture of one of the rarer metals. It consisted of a telescopic rod, extending to two and a half yards in length when projected to its full extent. The actuating force was a fine but exceedingly powerful spring, of a quality not inferior to the most distinguished products of M. Breguet. At the point of the rod was a tiny fish-hook. This matchless instrument is now one of the most prized exhibits in the Scotland Yard museum of criminal appliances.



"THE ORANGE BAG DESCENDED WITH HOWITZER FORCE BETWEEN MR. BLICKER'S SHOULDER-BLADES AND STRUCK HIM TO THE GROUND."

The doctors declared that the injury to Seymour's head made it inadvisable for him to resume his work at St. Mary's, and strongly recommended an outdoor life for some years to come. This was happily made possible by the action of the directors of the bank. In consideration of his famous exploit, and of the fact that his hurt had been contracted in the service of the bank, which he had probably saved from an unpleasant loss, they awarded him a present of one hundred guineas. They also paid his fare to Rhodesia, and defrayed the cost of his outfit.

There are banks in Rhodesia, too, but for a long time Seymour could not bring himself to open an account at any of them. When at last it became absolutely necessary to find a repository for his rapidly-increasing wealth, he yielded to the solicitation of the manager at the nearest township. Yet he could never enter the shanty which does duty for a banking office there without feeling that he was entering a prison.

By the way, the staff at St. Mary's has been largely increased. Downey has been promoted full accountant (with power to sign pro manager). The worthy fellow has also virtually been promised the reversion to the managership at Chipping Sodbury, which carries with it a salary of three hundred a year and chambers over the office.

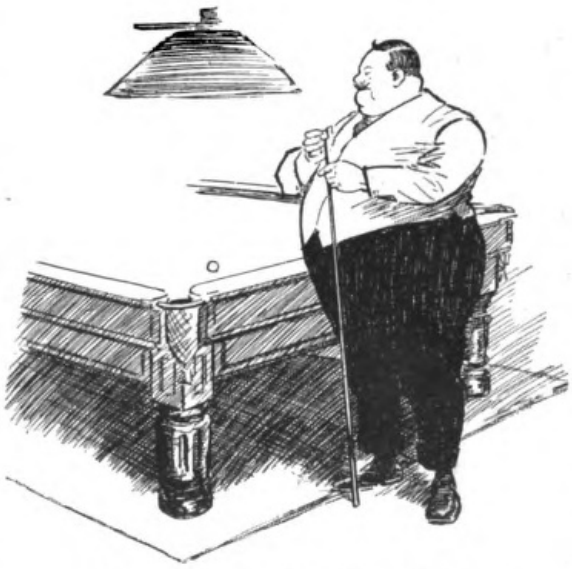
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How to Improve Your Billiards Fifty per Cent.

By JOHN ROBERTS.

Illustrated by Chas. Grave.

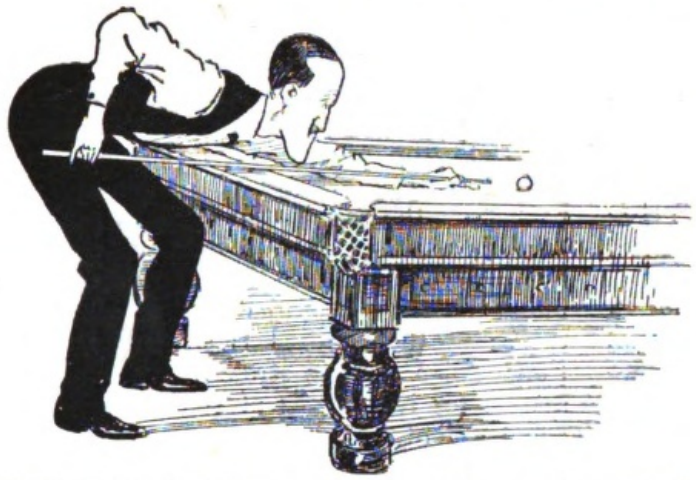
THE vast majority of amateur billiard-players have been evolved, not taught; that is why there is so much room for improvement in their game. They have picked up their knowledge of billiards by watching other people play, noting various strokes, and attempting to put such strokes into practice. This method, although practically universal, can only produce a passable player when it is assisted by considerable natural aptitude and the opportunity of witnessing plenty of billiards of the best class. In every other case it results in nothing more than a stunted player, a man whose self-instilled ideas bring him to a very limited degree of proficiency, beyond which he does not advance, no matter how often he plays in a casual sort of way.



"SMALL IN A BILLIARD SENSE."

Such an indifferent player need not despair. His position is far from hopeless. He may reasonably anticipate improvement to an extent which will make his game a constantly increasing source of pleasure to himself. The first thing to which he must give his attention is the virtue of consistency. It is the strokes we make many a time and oft with absolute certainty which tell at billiards, not the spectacular efforts which come off on an average about once in a week's play. The small player (small in a billiard sense) striving to master the big stroke is the main cause of much of the bad billiards, which can easily be improved out of existence by the application of proper methods of play.

Stance, playing attitude, position at the table, the correct way in which to face the balls and shape for a stroke, is the first subject to which the player in search of improvement should turn his mind. But it is quite a mistake to be over-dogmatic in this respect. I have seen things in print which might lead a tyro to imagine that to attain the right attitude for billiards he should be frozen into it. Not so; the feet, legs, and body must be quite firm and steady, but never fixed with the tense rigidity of a man performing some feat of strength. There should always be a certain resilient quality in the ideal pose, an elasticity which gives graceful freedom of movement to every action without ever sacrificing the all-essential steadiness. What the *exact* pose must be in his case every player must decide for himself, bearing in mind the general principles I have defined. It is absurd to attempt to cast all men in the same billiard mould, and how needless anything of the kind is may be seen in a moment by comparing the stance of Stevenson, Gray, Diggle, and Reece—all great billiardists, but each with a playing attitude adapted to his physique. If Diggle experimented with the Gray stance, and the young Australian returned the compliment by endeavouring to copy the indefinable and



"IF DIGGLE EXPERIMENTED WITH GEORGE GRAY'S STANCE."

inimitable playing attitudes of Diggle, the result might be good fun, but it would have a deplorable effect on the billiards of both.

The first thing at billiards is to adopt a firm yet easy position behind the cue-ball, from which the player can look straight at his stroke. If the body is not just where it enables the player to face his work, then he must move his feet before settling down for the shot. Wriggling the upper part of the body in an attempt to get behind the ball is fatal; it destroys the body balance, and causes a wobble at the instant of striking which must bring failure in its train. This is a very common fault, both among beginners and hardened bad players; but until it is eradicated it is hopeless to look for improvement. That ugly twist of the body sideways is a very real lion in the path of progress, and I cannot over-emphasize the importance of steering clear of this danger; anything approaching good billiards is a physical impossibility while it exists.

Having adjusted the body pose, the next point to take care about is the holding of the cue. Here lightness is the main requisite, the only thing worth bothering about. The cue can be poised quite daintily and effectively between the forefinger and thumb by those who care to cultivate the art, but there is no great harm if more than the forefinger is brought into use and the cue allowed to rest easily and naturally in the kind of loop thus formed for its reception. Do not hold the cue too near the butt, or you will get a "see-saw" cue delivery, instead of the smooth, straight swing which is the secret of cue-action. Allow the forearm to drop from the elbow freely and without restraint, adapting the body pose to enable this to be done. So much in billiards depends on absolute ease and freedom of elbow movement in the cue-arm that no pains should be spared to obtain it. Nothing is worse than the stiff elbow affected by poor players, especially when, as is usually the case, the point of the elbow is stuck out away from the body at as near right-angles as the player can get it, instead of being brought into line with the cue, the correct place for the elbow. Remember, it is the elbow which supplies the motive-power for practically every stroke, and if this is cramped and restrained you may dig at a billiard-ball with indifferent success, but you will never play real billiards as long as you live.

Next, place your left hand flat on the table by extending your left arm until it is very nearly straight. Raise the knuckles of the left hand and spread the finger-tips slightly, at the same time bringing the thumb close against the side of the forefinger. This makes your bridge, and if you have done the thing properly your left hand will rest firmly, yet without undue pressure, on the finger-tips and the base of the hand. Now swing the cue for your stroke, and glance downwards to see where your cue is. If the point of the cue is in line with the centre of your face you



"THAT UGLY TWIST OF THE BODY SIDEWAYS."

are ready for your stroke; if not, you must move until this position is attained. Remember, the cue must be held straight to do it, not skewed about to bring the point in its proper place. When the alignment of the cue is beyond reproach, then swing the cue

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straight backwards and forwards, and deliver it without the suspicion of a waggle in any direction. It is a good plan to practise cue-delivery over a line on the table, and thus cultivate the art of accurate manipulation of the cue without actually striking a ball.

Now is the time to place a ball on the table and commence to improve your play; the trouble is that so many people neglect everything which should precede ball-practice, and their billiards is thereby placed under a perpetual handicap. Play one ball up and down the centre line of spots, taking care to hit the sphere in its vertical as well as horizontal centre, and stick to this stroke until you can bring the ball back to the cue-point off the top cushion at a wide variety of strengths. Even the useful amateur will find it no bad thing to run over this one-ball practice at times; it will check any tendency he may be developing towards inaccurate ball-striking.

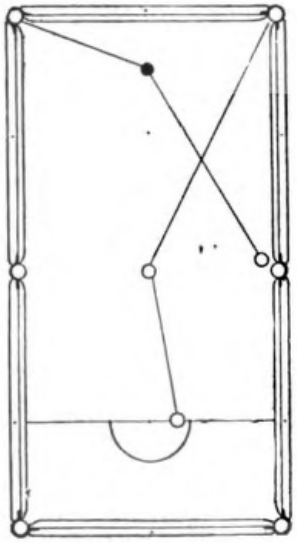


FIG. 1.

After learning to strike a ball well and truly in its centre, with a nice flowing cue-action which imparts plenty of life and go to the ball, the next step is the half-ball stroke—the one scoring effect which cannot be ignored by any man who desires to make even a ten break intelligently.

I am told that of late our generally accepted ideas on the half-ball stroke and natural angle have been rather severely handled by a scientific gentleman, who has reckoned it up nicely and tells us that we are all wrong. Well, as I wrote years ago, "I myself have never pretended to a knowledge of mathematics, and yet I think that I can tell better than a senior wrangler the line a ball will take after striking another ball or the cushion." So, with all due respect to what the natural half-ball angle may or may not be after it has been totted up on paper, I tell the reader to place the object-ball on the centre spot of the table, put the cue-ball on the baulk-line twenty-eight inches from the centre of the ball to the face of the right side cushion, and aim to make the centre of the cue-ball strike the extreme outside edge of the red. Strike the cue-ball in the centre, let the cue follow the ball smoothly, and if you make the contact as described, nothing ever computed in or out of any University will stop the cue-ball from finding its way into the right top pocket. The same stroke is offered from the centre of a middle or top pocket off the red on the billiard spot, and there is no need for me to dwell on these familiar examples. All three are incorporated in our first and second diagrams, where the course of the cue-ball is shown by a continuous line. These strokes, I may add, are set up for ivory balls of standard size and equal weight.

Having gained a useful knowledge of the half-ball stroke, the next step is to experiment with the angles produced by finer or thicker contacts at a variety of strengths. Here the prospect is limitless; given enough mastery of plain-ball striking, a George Gray can be produced—it is all a matter of steady practice up to a certain extent. If you want to produce a really great player, you must have natural talent added to the requisite practice, but anyone with a good hand and eye can make respectable breaks, provided he will study the game and practise with set purpose.

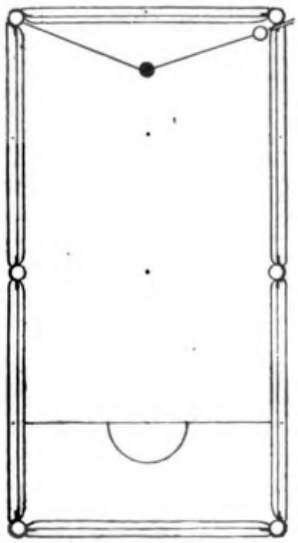


FIG. 2.

"We know that," I can hear the critics exclaiming; "but it is no use expecting us to practise incessantly at plain-ball strokes for months. We want billiards, not drudgery. The game is a recreation to us, not a profession."

There is much force in this criticism, but not until a player has reached a fair degree of proficiency in plain-ball billiards. Having gained this, he is entitled to ask for the charm of variety, to be encouraged to experiment with strokes outside the plain-ball game.

But he should "make haste slowly" when departing from plain-ball contacts. The grand scheme of an amateur's billiards should always be to play one plain-ball stroke and leave another, and it is only when position is handled so badly that a plain-ball stroke

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cannot be utilized that he should enter another phase of billiards. The longer he can continue his plain-ball striking the better player he will be; but sooner or later he is sure to leave the balls where a plain-ball stroke is not the game, and then, to cope with any grouping of the balls which may occur, he must make a call on some other form of stroke. Volumes have been written on this aspect of the game, and I propose to deal with it here by explaining the correct method of handling sundry strokes which so often spoil the billiards of the ordinary player. As far as possible I will make each stroke illustrative of a type.

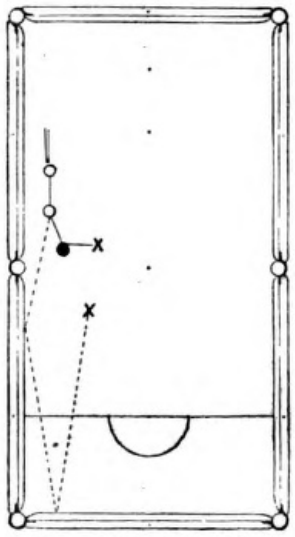
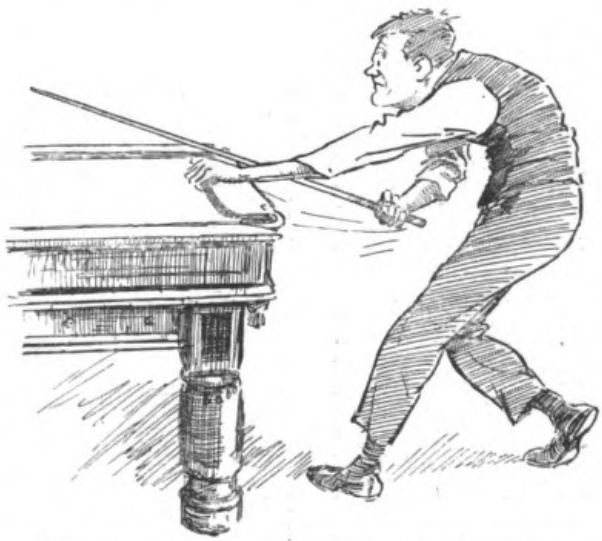


FIG. 3.

To commence with, let us put up a run-through cannon, as shown in our third diagram. There is just room for the object white to clear the red, and the proper way to make the stroke is to strike the cue-ball slightly above its centre, and play hard enough to bring the white ball in and out of baulk, as shown by the dotted line. Strike the object-ball as full as you dare without making it touch the red. If these directions are followed it will be found that the cannon will be completed, the white brought nicely into the centre of the table, and the cue-ball left a few inches outside the red with a fine opportunity of scoring off that ball.

Why has all this happened? Simply because the rather low contact for a follow-through stroke has tended to deaden the run of the cue-ball, and thus to prevent it from hitting the red too hard on completing the cannon, and yet has allowed sufficient force to bring the white out of baulk. This stroke illustrates that it is not absolutely necessary to hit the cue-ball on the top to make it follow through. As a matter of fact, provided the cue-action has enough swing in it, and at least a nearly full contact is made with the object, it is almost as easy to follow through without top on the cue-ball as with it, and is a more reliable stroke. Top, and plenty of it, must be employed to master a long follow-through cannon when the cue-ball has several feet to run after contact. Then the force which must be employed would produce a "stun" effect after a fullish contact, unless top was present to carry the cue-ball on after the first impact. You can see the cue-ball pause quite distinctly, and then rush on, when a stroke of this type is played as it should be. The mistake is to assume that all follow-through shots must be handled in this fashion.

By way of a complete change, we will take a screw-stroke for our next example. I do not propose to put up anything verydifficult—just an ordinary pull-back into a corner pocket played with screw and side. The cue-ball, as shown in Fig. 4, is eighteen inches from the corner pocket, and the object-ball is straight in front of it some six inches off. Both balls are three inches clear of the top cushion, and with the red conveniently placed for a loser from hand to follow, the screw-back off the white is by far the best stroke to play. It can be made by a plain screw-back, but if left-hand side is also called into play the ball will find the pocket even if the stroke is not played truly enough to bring the ball back straight to its target. The ball must be struck very low and to the left, but the instant it is struck the cue must be checked by gripping the butt. But the cue must not be stopped until it has got fairly hold of the ball, and it is putting on the brake at precisely the right fraction of time which makes screw-strokes such a difficulty to so many players. They poke at the ball stiffly, stop the cue with a tremendous effort, and then wonder why they cannot bring the cue-ball back although they have struck it low. It is



"THEY STOP THE CUE WITH A TREMENDOUS EFFORT."

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"THEY MAY CUT THE CLOTH WITH THEIR DIGGING EFFORTS."

simply because their cueing is all wrong. They may cut the cloth with their digging efforts, especially if they are addicted to raising the butt, but they will never make a screw-back stroke until they let the cue do its work naturally of its own momentum, and stop it short the instant they feel contact established between the ball and the cue-tip.

FIG. 4.

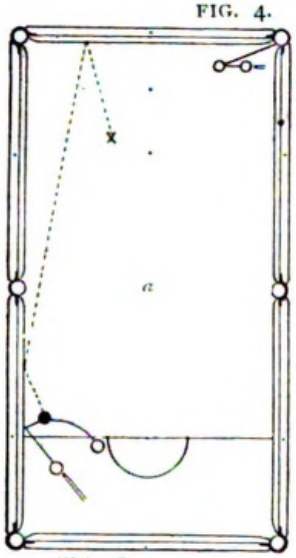


FIG. 5.

Another point of great importance in connection with screw is that it always tells, no matter how fine the contact may be with the object-ball. This explains a very common fault among amateurs who play quite a fair game at times, but often come to grief through overdoing their screw-strokes. They imagine they are imparting too much bottom to the cue-ball, but the truth is, they are striking the object-ball too thick time after time to produce the desired effect. On the same diagram will be seen a very pretty screw effect which is too often an unknown quantity among weak players. I allude to the fact that a ball laden with screw retains its peculiar power after contact with a cushion. Some really marvellous effects can be produced by those capable of making the most of this retaining power of screw, but the example depicted will do to demonstrate the principle. Play at the cushion just before the ball as shown in Fig. 5, and make a screw-stroke of it exactly as if you were trying to twist back direct off a ball. Then you will see the cue-ball dart off the cushion, strike the object-ball, come back and make the cannon, and leave the position which is depicted by our artist. It is not an extremely difficult stroke, but, like all strokes of the screw variety, it demands plenty of confidence.

Before quitting screw-strokes there is a point in connection with them which must be emphasized—that is, the rapidity with which slow screw is lost during the passage of the cue-ball over the cloth. The range varies with the cue-power of individuals, but as a rule it is much less than many players fancy, and really capable amateurs often spoil a break through attempting a slow screw at an impossible range when a forcing stroke would have meant a certain score. "Drag" is analogous to screw, but not quite the same thing. It is caused by striking the cue-ball low, much the same as for a screw-stroke, but possibly the cue may be allowed to have a shade more swing before it is checked. The use of this stroke is to steady a ball during a long run. For instance, suppose it is required to strike an object-ball well towards the top of the table when playing from hand, and to hit it quite gently and perhaps rather fine into the bargain. Such a stroke may be made by central ball-striking, provided ball, cloth, strength, and cuemanship are perfect; but the employment of "drag" sends the ball travelling quite fast for a considerable distance, then causes it to slow up perceptibly before rolling on to make quite a gentle contact with the object. "Drag" is very useful to the amateur, as it overcomes slight imperfections in the balls and cloth, and gives effective control of long-range strokes.



"STROKES OF THE SCREW VARIETY DEMAND PLENTY OF CONFIDENCE."

The art of putting side on a billiard-ball is our next topic; but before proceeding to deal with it I must mark

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back to remind the reader of my previous remarks regarding plain-ball striking. Nothing is more common among players who do not improve than the idea that a certain amount of side is required for almost every stroke. They worry inordinately over the problem for a time, and then give it up as beyond them; but all their difficulties would vanish if they only gave plain-ball striking a fair and extended trial. Side, beautiful as it is in its spectacular appeal, may almost be regarded as a necessary evil in billiards—as something indispensable to extricate a "bunkered" cueman from trouble which he usually makes for himself. This is, perhaps, an extreme view, but it is far better to regard the employment of side as a kind of last resource, instead of the commonplace it is in the hands of so many poor players.

But, assuming that the lie of the balls demands the employment of side, it is well to know how to put it on properly. To get the limit of side on a ball it is necessary to strike the cue-ball at as near the outside edge of a line drawn across its horizontal centre as can be done without a miss-cue. Anything below this line gives screw and side—above it, top and side. Put plenty of swing into the cue when making side-strokes, and mind the alignment of the cue is perfect with the part of the cue-ball struck. It is a good plan to practise imparting side by striking the cue-ball along the baulk-line, and noting the angle the ball takes on rebounding from the cushion. Put on right and left side alternately, and experiment with various strengths until you gain by actual cuemanship a very fair idea of the amount of side you can control. When you have gained this knowledge, use it with care and discretion, for if you drag it in willy-nilly you will not find your billiards improved by what you have learned about side.

When playing side-strokes you must never forget that side influences the run of a ball both before and after contact, and that the deviation will be the more pronounced the more side there is on a ball and the slower it is moving. With the nap side will cause the ball to drift away in the direction of the side, but exactly the reverse is the case against the nap. This constant departure of a side-laden ball from a straight line must be studied closely to be appreciated, and when its full significance is grasped it will be understood why I have insisted so strongly on the plain-ball stroke receiving "preferential treatment" whenever possible. A simple stroke will suffice to show my meaning. Place the object-ball just above the left middle pocket and a couple of inches clear of the side cushion, and play the long jenny from hand. Fig. 6 shows the position, and the way to make the stroke is to put as much left side on the cue-ball as you can and play just hard enough to bring the object-ball into the middle of the table. The contact may be a little less than half-ball, because the spinning cue-ball will find the top pocket even if it strikes the side cushion some distance from its destination. But the whole point of the stroke is that if you aim to hit the red about half-ball you are sure to drop too thick on the ball and obtain a kiss which spoils everything. But if you aim to almost miss the red the strong side on the cue-ball will cause it to swerve during its journey to an extent which will make the correct contact and reduce the jenny to a certainty.

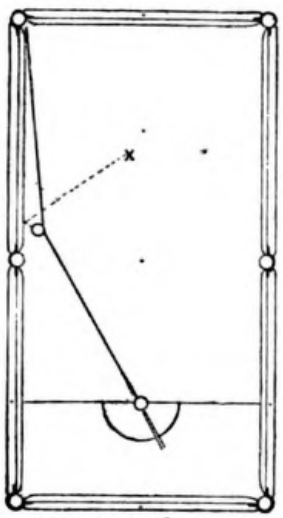


FIG. 6.

Finally, the amateur who desires to improve must both play and practise seriously. He must think about what he is doing, and concentrate his attention on the stroke before him. He will never succeed if he tries to play billiards as an unimportant item in a varied and simultaneous programme of drinks, smokes, and jokes.



"DRINKS, SMOKES, AND JOKES."

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WET MAGIC

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By
E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by
H. R. Millar.



CHAPTER I

SABRINA FAIR.

THAT going to the seaside was the very beginning of everything. The children had been counting the days to The Day. Bernard, indeed, had made a calendar on a piece of cardboard that had once been the bottom of the box in which his new white sand-shoes came home. Mavis had washed and ironed all the dolls' clothes at least a fortnight before The Day. This was thoughtful and far-sighted of her, of course, but it was a little trying to Kathleen, who was younger, and who would have much preferred to go on playing with the dolls in their dirtier and more familiar state.

"Well, if you do," said Mavis, a little hot and cross from the ironing-board, "I'll never wash anything for you again, not even your face."

Kathleen somehow felt as if she could bear that.

"But mayn't I have just one of the dolls?" was, however, all she said. "Just the teeniest, weeniest one? Let me have Lord Edward. His head's half gone as it is, and I could dress him in a clean hanky and pretend it was kilts."

Mavis could not object to this, because, of course, whatever else she washed she didn't wash hankies. So Lord Edward had his pale kilts, and the other dolls were put away in a row in Mavis's corner drawer. It was after that that Mavis and Francis had long, secret consultations, and when the younger ones asked questions they were told, "It's secrets; you'll know in good time." This, of course, excited everyone very much indeed, and it was rather a come-down when the good time came and the secret proved to be nothing more interesting than a large empty glass aquarium, which the two elders had clubbed their money together to buy, for six-and-ninepence, in the Old Kent Road. They staggered up the front garden path with it, very hot and tired.

"But what are you going to do with it?" Kathleen asked, as they all stood round the nursery-table looking at it.

"Take it to the seaside and fill it with sea-water," Francis explained, "to put sea-anemones in."

"I don't believe they'll let you take it,"

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said Bernard. If you know anything of grown-ups, you will know that Bernard proved to be quite right.

"Take an aquarium to the seaside! Nonsense!" they said. And "What for?" not waiting for the answer. ("They," just at present, was Aunt Enid.)

Francis had always been passionately fond of water. Even when he was a baby he always stopped crying the moment they put him in the bath. And he was the little boy who, at the age of four, was lost for three hours and then brought home by the police, who had found him sitting in a horse-trough in front of the Willing Mind, wet to the topmost hair of his head and quite happy, entertaining a circle of carters with pots of beer in their hands.



"ENTERTAINING A CIRCLE OF CARTERS WITH POTS OF BEER IN THEIR HANDS."

Passionately attracted by water in all forms, from the simple mud-puddle to the complicated machinery by which your bath supply is enabled to get out of order, it was a real tragedy to Francis that he had never seen the sea. Something had always happened to prevent it.

He told Mavis about the aquarium, and she agreed with him that it was a shame.

"But I'll tell you what," she said, for she was not one of those comforters who just say, "I'm sorry," and don't try to help. She generally thought of something that would make things, at any rate, just a little better. "Let's fill it with fresh water and get some goldfish."

Francis admitted that there was something in this, and consented to fill the aquarium with water from the bath. When this was done the aquarium was so heavy that the combined efforts of all four children could not begin to move it.

"Never mind," said Mavis, the consoler; "let's empty it out again and take it back to the common room, and then fill it by secret jugfuls—carried separately, you know."

This might have been successful, but Aunt Enid met the first secret jugful, and forbade the second.

"Messing about," she called it. "No, of course I sha'n't allow you to waste your money on fish."

And mother was already at the seaside, getting the lodgings ready for them. Her last words had been: "Be sure you do exactly what Aunt Enid says." So of course they had to.

Aunt Enid was not a real aunt, but just an old friend of grandmamma's, with an aunt's name and privileges and rather more than an aunt's authority.

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Even in its unwatery state, however, the aquarium was beautiful.

"Let's put flowers in it," Kathleen suggested, "and pretend they're anemones. Do let's, France."

"I don't care what you do," said Francis. "I'm going to read 'The Water-Babies.'"

Francis sat down squarely with "The Water-Babies" flat before him on the table, where also his elbows were, and the others, respecting his sorrow, stole quietly away.

When the three had finished with it the aquarium really looked rather nice, and, if you stooped and looked sideways through the glass, like a real water aquarium.

Kathleen took some clinkers from the back of the rockery—"where they won't show," she said—and Mavis induced these to stand up like an arch in the middle of the glassy square. Tufts of long grass rather sparingly arranged looked not unlike water-weed. Bernard begged from the cook some of the fine silver-sand which she uses to scrub the kitchen-tables and dressers with, and Mavis cut the thread of the Australian shell necklace that Uncle Robert sent her last Christmas, so that there should be real shimmery, silvery shells on the sand. They shone delightfully through the glass. But the great triumph was the sea-anemones—pink and red and yellow—clinging to the rocky arch just as though they were growing there.

"Oh, lovely, lovely!" Kathleen cried, as Mavis fixed the last delicate flesh-tinted crown. "Come and look, France."

"Not yet," said Mavis, in a great hurry, and she tied the thread of the necklace round a tin goldfish and hung it from the arch.

"*Now*, France!" she called. And Francis came slowly, with his thumb in "The Water-Babies." It was nearly dark by now, but Mavis had lighted the four dolls'-house candles on the gilt candlesticks and set them on the table round the aquarium.

"Why," said Francis, slowly, "you've got water in it—and real anemones. Where on earth——"

"No—not water. And not real," said Mavis. "I wish they were—they're only dahlias—but it does look pretty, doesn't it?"

"It's like fairyland," said Kathleen, and Bernard added, "I *am* glad you bought it."

"It just shows what it will be like when we *do* get the sea creatures," said Mavis. "Oh, France, you do like it, don't you?"

"Oh, I like it all right," he answered, pressing his nose against the thick glass; "but I wanted it to be waving weeds and mysterious wetness, like the Sabrina picture."

The other three glanced at the picture which hung over the mantelpiece—Sabrina and the water-nymphs, drifting along among the water-weeds and water-lilies. There were words under the picture, and Francis dreamily began to say them:—

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy cool translucent wave . .
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thine amber-dropping hair . . .

Halloa! What was that?" he said, in quite a different voice, and jumped up.

"What was what?" the others naturally asked.

"Did you put something alive in there?" Francis asked.

"Of course not," said Mavis. "Why?"

"Well, I saw something move—that's all."

They all crowded round and peered over the glass walls. Nothing, of course, but the sand and the grass and the shells, the clinkers and the dahlias, and the little suspended tin goldfish.

"I expect the goldfish swung a bit," said Bernard. "That's what it must have been, moving."

"It didn't look like that," Francis answered. "It looked much more like——"

"Well, like what?" asked three aggravated voices.

"Like Sabrina—only very, very tiny."

"A sort of doll-Sabrina," said Kathleen. "How awfully jolly!"

"It wasn't at all like a doll, and it wasn't jolly," said Francis, shortly. "Only I wish it would come again."

It didn't, however.

"I say," said Mavis, struck by a new idea. "Perhaps it's a magic aquarium."

"Let's play it is," suggested Kathleen. "Let's play it's a magic glass and we can see what we like in it. I see a fairy palace, with gleaming spires of crystal and silver."

"Shut up!" said Francis. "This isn't play. There was something——"

"Suppose it is magic," said Mavis again.

"We've played magic so often, and nothing's ever happened—even when we made the fire of sweet-scented woods and Eastern gums and all that," said Bernard. "It's much better to pretend right away. We always have to in the end. Magic just wastes time. There isn't any magic really, is there, Mavis?"

Here Aunt Enid's voice was heard on the landing outside, saying, "Little ones, bed!" in no uncertain tones.

The two grunted as it were in whispers—

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but there was no appeal against Aunt Enid, and they went, their grunts growing feebler as they crossed the room, and dying away in a despairing silence as they and Aunt Enid met abruptly at the top of the stairs.

"I say," said Mavis, when the click of the latch assured her that they were alone. "How could it be magic? We never said any spell."

"No more we did," said Francis, "unless—and, besides, it's all nonsense, of course, about magic. It's just a game we play, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course," Mavis said, doubtfully; "but what did you mean by 'unless'?"

"We weren't saying any spells, were we?"

"No, of course we weren't. We weren't saying anything——"

"As it happens, *I* was."

"Was what? When?"

"When it happened."

"What happened?"

Will it be believed that Aunt Enid chose this moment for opening the door just wide enough to say, "Mavis—bed!" And Mavis had to go. But as she went she said again: "*What* happened?"

"*It*," said Francis, whatever "*it*" was. "I was saying——"

"Mavis!" called Aunt Enid.

"Yes, Aunt Enid. You were saying *what?*"

"I was saying 'Sabrina fair,'" said Francis. "Do you think—but of course it couldn't have been—and all dry like that; no water or anything."

"Perhaps magic *has* to be dry," said Mavis. "Coming, Aunt Enid! It seems to be mostly burning things, and of course that wouldn't do in the water. What *did* you see?"

"It looked like Sabrina," said Francis; "only tiny, tiny. Not doll-small, you know—but live-small, like through the wrong end of a telescope. I do wish you'd seen it."

"Say 'Sabrina fair' again quick, while I look."

> "Sabrina fair,
> Listen where thou art sitting
> Under the——

Oh, Mavis, it is—it did! There's something there, truly! Look!"

"Where?" said Mavis. "I can't see—oh, let me look!"

"MAVIS!" called Aunt Enid, very loud indeed; and Mavis tore herself away.

"I *must* go," she said. "Never mind, we'll look again to-morrow. Oh, France—if it *should* be—magic, I mean—I'll tell you what——"

But she never told him what, for Aunt Enid swept in and swept out, bearing Mavis away as it were in a whirlwind of impatient exasperation, and, without seeming to stop to do it, blowing out the four candles as she came and went.

At the door she turned to say:—

"Good night, Francis. Your bath's turned on ready. Be sure you wash well behind your ears. Come—no nonsense," she paused at the door to say. "Let me see you go. Right about face—quick march!"

And he had to.

"If she must pretend to give orders like drill, she might at least learn to say 'About turn'!" he reflected, struggling with his collar-stud in the steaming bath-room. "Never mind. I'll get up early and see if I can't see it again."

And so he did—but, early as he was, Aunt Enid and the servants were earlier. The aquarium was empty—clear, clean-shining, and quite empty.

"What has she done with the things?" Francis wondered.

"*I* know," said Bernard, solemnly. "She told Esther to put them on the kitchen fire—I only just saved my fish."

"And what about my shells?" asked Mavis, in sudden fear.

"Oh, she took those to take care of. Said you weren't old enough to take care of them."

"I wish there weren't any Aunt Enids," said Kathleen.

CHAPTER II.

NEWS OF THE MERMAID.

THE delicate pinkish bloom of newness was on the wooden spades, the slick smoothness of the painted pails showed neither scratch nor dent on their green and scarlet surface, the shrimping-nets were full and fluffy as, once they and sand and water had met, they never could be again. The pails and spades and nets formed the topmost layer of a pile of luggage—you know the sort of thing, with the big boxes at the bottom—and the carry-all bulging with its wraps and mackers—the old portmanteau that shows its striped lining through the crack, and is so useful for putting boots into, and the sponge-bag, and all the little things that get left out.

It was at the last moment—when the cab was almost expected to be there — that Aunt Enid had rushed out to the corner shop and returned with four new spades, four new pails, and four new shrimping-nets, and presented them to the children just in time for them to be added to the heap of odds and ends with which the cab was filled up.

"I hope it's not ungrateful," said Mavis,

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as they stood waiting by the luggage-mound while Aunt Enid went to take the tickets, "but why couldn't she have bought them at Beachfield?"

There was a short, sharp struggle with the porter—a flustered passage along the platform—and the children were safe in the carriage marked "Reserved"—thrown into it, as it were, with the small fry of luggage. Then Aunt Enid fussed off again to exchange a few last home truths with the porter, fussed back again, and the train started.



"A FEW LAST HOME TRUTHS WITH THE PORTER."

When she had arranged the things in the rack to her satisfaction, she pointed out a few little faults that she had noticed in the children, and then settled down to read a book by Miss Marie Corelli. The children also had been provided with books: "Eric, or Little by Little," "Elsie, or Like a Little Candle," "Brave Bessie," and "Ingenious Isabel" had been dealt out before leaving home as though they were cards for a game. They had been a great bother to carry—and they were almost impossible to read. Kathleen and Bernard presently preferred looking out of the windows—and the two elder ones picked up a paper that someone had left in the carriage and read it—looking over.

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Now that is just where it was. If somebody hadn't happened to leave that paper in their carriage, and if they hadn't been so bored with their books, they would never have seen it, because they weren't the sort of children who read papers except under extreme provocation.

You will not find it easy to believe—and I myself can't see why it should have happened—but the very first thing they saw in that newspaper was the following :—

BEACHFIELD-ON-SEA.

ALLEGED MERMAID.

AMAZING STORY.

At this season of the year, which has sometimes been designated the silly season, the public Press is deluged with puerile, old-world stories of gigantic gooseberries and enormous sea-serpents. So that it is quite in keeping with the weird traditions of this time of the year to find a story of some wonder of the deep arising even at so well-known a watering-place as Beachfield. Close to an excellent golf-course, and surrounded by various beauty-spots, with a thoroughly revised water-supply, a newly-painted jetty, and a constant round of beach entertainments, Beachfield has long been known as a rising *plage* of exceptional attractions, while the quaint charm of its——

"Hold on!" said Francis. "This isn't about any old mermaid."

"Oh, that'll be farther on," said Mavis. "I expect they have to put all that stuff in to be polite to Beachfield. Let's skip—'agreeable promenade'—'every modern convenience'—'while preserving its quaint'—— What does 'quaint' mean—and why do they keep on saying it? Ah! got her. Here she is."

Master Wilfred Wilson, the son of a well-known and respected resident, arrived home yesterday evening in tears. Inquiry elicited a statement that he had been paddling in the rock-pools which are to be found in such profusion under the West Cliff when something gently pinched one of his lower extremities. He feared that it might be a lobster—having read that these crustaceans sometimes attack the unwary intruder—and he uttered a cry of alarm. So far his narrative, though unusual, contains nothing inherently impossible. But when he proceeded to state that a noise "like a lady speaking" told him not to cry, and that, on looking down, he perceived that what detained him was a hand "coming from one of the rocks under water," his statement was naturally received with some incredulity. It was not till a party returning from a pleasure trip westward in one of Messrs. Simpkins's well-known safety pleasure-boats stated that they had seen a curious sort of white seal with a dark tail darting through the clear water below their boat that Master Wilfred's story obtained any measure of credence. Mr. Wilson, who seems to have urged an early retirement to bed as a cure for telling stories and getting your feet wet, allowed his son to rise and conduct him to the scene of adventure. But Mr. Wilson, though he even went to the length of paddling in some of the pools, did not see or feel any hands, nor hear any noise, ladylike or otherwise. No doubt the seal theory is the correct one. A white seal would be a valuable acquisition to the town, and would, of course, attract visitors. Several boats have gone out, some with nets and some with lines, while Mr. Carrerras, a visitor from South America, has gone out with a lariat, which in these latitudes is, of course, quite a novelty.

"That's all," whispered Francis, and glanced at Aunt Enid. "I say—she's asleep." He beckoned the others, and they screwed themselves on to that end of the carriage farthest from the slumbering aunt. "Just listen to this," he said. Then, in hoarse undertones, he read all about the mermaid.

"I say," said Bernard, "I do hope it's a seal. I've never seen one."

"I hope they *do* catch it," said Kathleen. "Fancy seeing a real live mermaid!"

"If it's a real live mermaid, I jolly-well hope they don't catch her," said Francis.

"So do I," said Mavis. "I'm certain she would die in captivity."

"But I'll tell you what," said Francis; "we'll go and look for her first thing to-morrow. I suppose," he added, thoughtfully, "Sabrina was a sort of mermaid."

"She hasn't a tail, you know," Kathleen reminded him.

"It isn't the tail that makes the mermaid," Francis reminded her. "It's being able to live under water. If it was the tail, then mackerels would be mermaids."

"And of course they're not. *I* see," said Kathleen.

"I wish," said Bernard, "that she'd given us bows and arrows instead of spades and pails, and then we could have gone seal-shooting."

"Or mermaid-shooting," said Kathleen. "Yes, that would have been ripping."

Before Francis and Mavis could say how shocked they were Aunt Enid woke up and took the newspaper away from them, because newspapers are not fit reading for children.

But the last two remarks of Bernard and Kathleen had sunk into the minds of the two elder children. That was why, when they had reached Beachfield and found mother and rejoiced over her, and when Aunt Enid had unexpectedly gone on by that same train to stay with her really relations at Bournemouth, they did not say any more to the little ones about mermaids or seals, but just joined freely in the chorus of pleasure at Aunt Enid's departure.

There was a little whispering between Francis and Mavis—just after tea that was—and a little more just before bed; but it was tactfully done, and the unwhispered-to younger ones never noticed it.

Next morning Mavis woke Francis up very early indeed, and they got up and dressed very quietly.

This desire to find the mermaid must have

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been wonderfully strong in Francis, for it completely swallowed the longing of years—the longing to see the sea. It had been too dark the night before to see anything but the winking faces of the houses as the fly went past them. But now, as he and Mavis ran noiselessly down the sandy path in their rubber shoes and turned the corner of the road, he saw a great pale grey something spread out in front of him, with points of red and gold fire on it where the sun touched it.

When they got down to the shore the sands and the pebbles were all wet because the tide had just gone down—and there were the rocks and the little pools and the limpets and whelks and the little yellow periwinkles looking like particularly large Indian corn all scattered among the red and the brown and the green seaweed.

"Now this *is* jolly," said Francis. "This is jolly, if you like. I almost wish we'd wakened the others. It doesn't seem quite fair."

"Oh, they've seen it before," Mavis said, quite truly; "and I don't think it's any good going by fours to look for mermaids, do you?"

"Besides," said Francis, saying what had been in their thoughts since yesterday in the train, "Kathleen wanted to shoot mermaids, and Bernard thought it was seals anyhow."

They had sat down and were hastily pulling off their shoes and stockings.

"Of course," said he, "we sha'n't find anything. It isn't likely."

"Well," she said, "for anything we jolly-well know they may have found her already. Take care how you go over these rocks—they're awfully slippery."

"As if I didn't know that," said he, and ran across the narrow strip of sand that divided rocks from shingle and set his foot for the first time in The Sea. It was only a shallow little green and white rock pool, but it was The Sea all the same.

"I say, isn't it cold?" said Mavis, withdrawing pink and dripping toes. "Do mind how you go——"

"As if I——" said Francis again, and sat down suddenly and splashingly in a large, clear, sparkling pool.

"Now I suppose we've got to go home at once and you change," said Mavis.

"Nonsense!" said Francis, getting up with some difficulty, and clinging wetly to Mavis to steady himself. "I'm quite dry, almost. Let's go out to the end of the rocks, just to see what it's like where the water gets deep and the seaweed goes swish, swish, all long and lank and grassy, like in the Sabrina picture."

"Half-way, then—not more," said Mavis firmly. "It's dangerous-deep outside—mother said so."

And half-way they went, Mavis still cautious and Francis, after his wetting, almost showing off in his fine carelessness of whether he went in again or not. It was very jolly.

"Now," said Mavis, "come on back. We'll run all the way as soon as we get our shoes and stockings on, for fear of colds."

"I almost wish we hadn't come," said Francis, turning with a face of gloom.

"You didn't really think we should find a mermaid, did you?" Mavis asked, and laughed—though she was really annoyed with Francis for getting wet and cutting short this exciting morning game. But she was a good sister.

"It's all been so silly. Flopping into that pool, and talking and rotting and just walking out and in again. We ought to have come by moonlight, and been very quiet and serious, and said, 'Sabrina fair, listen where thou art sitting'—— Ow!—hold on a minute. I've caught my foot in something."

Mavis stopped and took hold of her brother's arm to steady him; and as she did so both children plainly heard a voice that was not the voice of either of them. It was the sweetest voice in the world, and it said:—

"Save her. We die in captivity."

Francis looked down and had a sort of sudden sight of something white and brown and green that moved and went quickly down under the stone on which Mavis was standing. There was nothing now holding his foot.

"I say," he said, on a deep breath of awe and wonder. "Did you hear that?"

"Of course I heard it."

"We couldn't both have fancied it," he said. "I wish it had told us who to save, and where, and how."

"Whose do you think that voice was?" Mavis asked, softly.

"The mermaid's," said Francis. "Who else's could it have been?"

"Then the magic's really begun——"

"Mermaids aren't magic," he said, "any more than flying-fishes or giraffes are, or Marconi," he added, with some idea of not being childish.

"But she came when you said 'Sabrina fair,'" said Mavis.

"Sabrina wasn't a mermaid," said Francis, firmly. "It's no use trying to join things on when they won't. Come on—we may as well be getting home."

"Mightn't she be?" suggested Mavis. "A

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mermaid, I mean; like salmon, that live in rivers and go down to the sea."

"I say, I never thought of that. How simply ripping if it turned out to be really Sabrina—wouldn't it be? But which do you suppose could be her—the one who spoke to us or the one she's afraid will die in captivity—the one she wants us to save?"

They had reached the shore by now, and Mavis looked up to say:—

"I suppose we didn't really both fancy it? Shall we tell the others?"

"We must," said Francis.

Kathleen and Bernard met them at the gate, dancing with excitement and impatience.

"Where have you been?" they cried, and "Where on earth?" and "Why, you're all wet, France!"

"Down to the sea—shut up—I know I am." Their elder brother came in and passed up the path to the gate.

"You might have called us," said Kathleen, "but, anyhow, you've lost something by going out so early without us."

"Lost something? What?"

"Hearing the great news," said Bernard.

"What news?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Bernard was naturally annoyed at having been left out of the first expedition of the holidays. Anyone would have been. Even you or I.



"HOLD ON A MINUTE. I'VE CAUGHT MY FOOT IN SOMETHING."

"Out with it," said Francis, with a hand on Bernard's ear. There came a yell from Bernard, and mother's voice from the window saying, "Children, children!"

"Oh, *don't*," said Kathleen; "don't let's be snarky, the very first day, too. It's only that they've caught the mermaid we read about in the paper yesterday, and I'm afraid she'll die in captivity, like you said. What's yours?"

Francis turned to Mavis.

"So that's it," he said, slowly. "Who caught her?"

"The Lariat Man; and there's a circus going on and they've bought her. Mother says we may go and see her this afternoon. What's your news?" asked Kathleen, eagerly.

"After brekker," said Francis. "Yes, mother, half a sec.! I apologize about the ear, Bernard."

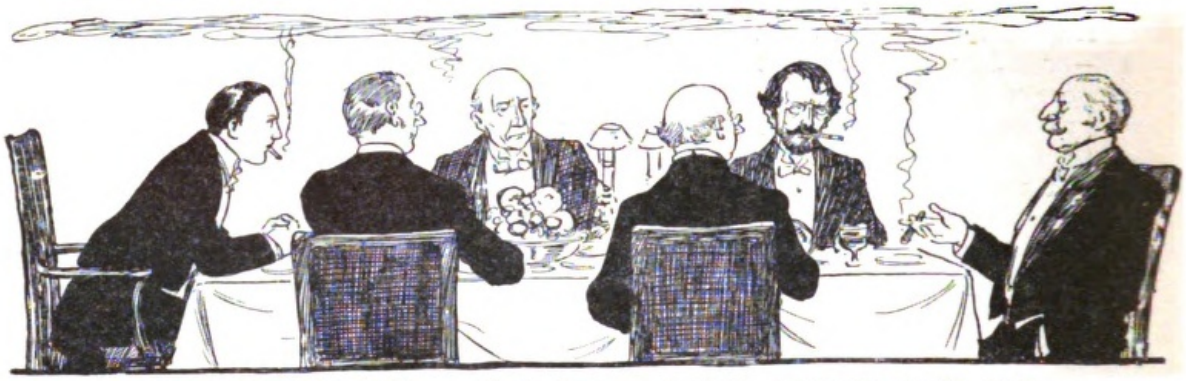
"Then there must," Mavis whispered to Francis, "be *two* mermaids. They can't both be Sabrina. Then which——"

"We've got to save one of them, anyhow," Francis answered, with the light of high adventure in his eye. "*They die in captivity.*"

(To be continued.)

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A Set of Nutcrackers.



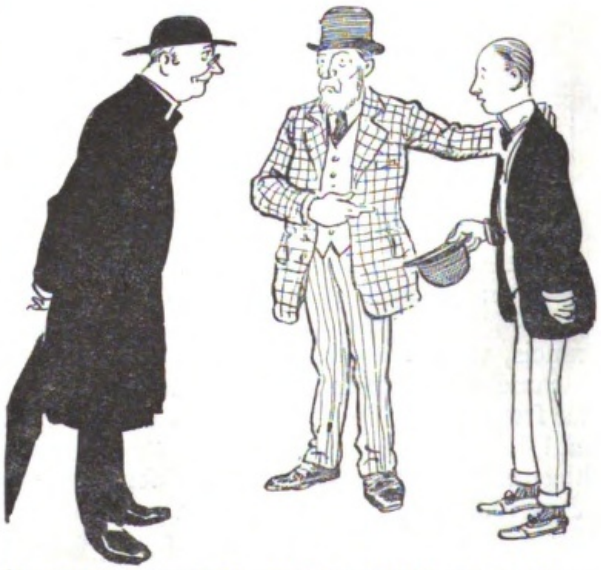
PUZZLES AND PROBLEMS.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

Illustrated by Geo. Morrow.

IF Asmodeus, of the "Devil on Two Sticks," while perched with his companion on the village steeple, had raised the roof of Hollywood Hall last Christmas Eve, Don Cleofas would undoubtedly have supposed that the group of men he beheld, making merry over their wine and cigars, represented a party of confirmed bachelors. For there were no empty chairs to indicate that ladies had retired. But he would have been wrong. It is true that the Squire, who was also the host, was a bachelor, but in early life death had robbed him of his bride, and he had remained faithful to her memory. The Doctor and the Lawyer were both widowers. The Parson's wife was an invalid, and, as her two sisters had just arrived on a short visit to her, he had tactfully left them alone for the evening. The Professor's wife and family were abroad, and, as he had been prevented from accompanying them, he was spending a week with his old friend, the Squire. As for the Artist, the last and youngest of the party, he was engaged to be married to a young lady on her way home from India. So we can give them all clean certificates on the score of their attitude towards the sex which is rapidly asserting its unquestioned superiority. If we state that their ages ranged from sixty-one to thirty-two, in the order —Lawyer, Squire, Doctor, Parson, Professor, Artist, perhaps we have said all that need be said by way of introduction to the litt'e symposium we propose to record.

The Squire had been trying to explain to the company the exact relationship between himself and a certain living statesman, when the Parson broke into the conversation.



"A YOUNG FELLOW WHOM STEPHEN INTRODUCED TO ME AS HIS NEPHEW."

QUEER RELATIONSHIPS.

"Speaking of relationships," he said, "our legislators are getting the marriage law into a frightful tangle. Here, for example, is a puzzling case that has come under my notice. Two brothers married two sisters. One man died and the other man's wife also died. Then the survivors married."

"The man married his deceased wife's sister, under the recent Act?" put in the Lawyer.

"Exactly. And therefore, under the civil law, he is legally married and his child is legitimate. But, you see, the man is the woman's deceased husband's brother, and therefore, also under the civil law, she is not married to him and her child is illegitimate."

"He is married to her and she is not married to him!" said the Doctor.

"Quite so. And the child is the legitimate son of his father, but the illegitimate son of his mother."

"Undoubtedly 'the law is a hass,'" the Artist exclaimed, "if I may be permitted to say so," he added, with a bow to the Lawyer.

"Certainly," was the reply. "We lawyers try our best to break in the beast to the service of man. Our legislators are responsible for the breed."

"And this reminds me," went on the Parson, "of a man in my parish who married the sister of his widow. This man——"

"Stop a moment, sir," said the Professor. "Married the sister of his widow? Do you marry dead men in your parish?"

"No; but I will explain that later. Well, this man has a sister of his own. Their names are Stephen Brown and Jane Brown. Last week a young fellow turned up whom Stephen introduced to me as his nephew. Naturally, I spoke of Jane as his aunt, but, to my astonishment,

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"A BOY AND A GIRL."

the youth corrected me, assuring me that, though he was the nephew of Stephen, he was not the nephew of Jane, the sister of Stephen. This perplexed me a good deal, but it is quite correct."

The Lawyer was the first to get at the heart of the mystery. What was his solution?

Then he stated the following interesting case:—

A LEGAL DIFFICULTY.

"A client of mine was on the point of death when his wife was about to present him with a child. I drew up his will, in which he settled two-thirds of his estate upon his son (if it should happen to be a boy) and one-third on the mother. But if the child should be a girl, then two-thirds of the estate should go to the mother and one-third to the daughter. As a matter of fact, after his death twins were born—a boy and a girl. A very nice point then arose. How was the estate to be equitably divided among the three in the closest possible accordance with the spirit of the dead man's will?"

This led to considerable discussion, but all in the end agreed that the Lawyer's own solution of the difficulty was the most equitable that could be conceived.

AN ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

"By the way," said the Professor, "perhaps some of you can give me the answer to this very simple arithmetical question: By what fractional part would you say that four-fourths exceeds three-fourths?"

The innocent reader may be surprised that there could be any possible dispute over such a simple question, but though the company agreed to accept the Professor's decision (since he was a mathematician of repute), it was clear that the majority were convinced against their will. What is the correct answer?

THE DOCTOR'S QUERY.

"A curious little point occurred to me in my dispensary this morning," said the Doctor. "I had a bottle containing ten ounces of spirits of wine, and another bottle containing ten ounces of water. I poured a quarter of an ounce of spirits into the water and shook them up together. The mixture was then clearly forty to one. Then I poured back a quarter-ounce of the mixture, so that the two bottles should again each contain the same quantity of fluid. What proportion of spirits to water did the spirits of wine bottle then contain?"



"A CURIOUS LITTLE POINT OCCURRED TO ME IN MY DISPENSARY."

THE NEW PARTNER.

"As the Professor has given us the answer so promptly to the Doctor's question," said the Lawyer, "I shall be grateful if he will clear up a little difficulty for me. A certain firm—I will call the partners' names Smugg and Williamson—have decided to take a Mr. Rogers into partnership. Smugg has one and a half times as much capital invested in the business as Williamson, and Rogers is to pay down £2,500, which sum shall be divided between Smugg and Williamson so that the three partners shall have an equal interest in the business. Can you tell me how that sum should be divided? My articled clerk and I cannot agree over the figures."

It is needless to say that the Professor made the matter quite clear to the Lawyer. There was a little difficulty in persuading the Squire. The Artist kept out of the discussion, as he modestly declared that he was not good at figures—except, perhaps, in the drawing of them.

ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC

"I have never yet been able to understand," he confessed, "the simple proposition that a half multiplied by a half is a quarter. It seems to me absurd that when you multiply a number by something you get less, instead of more! I suppose it is all right, but it is beyond me. A fellow asked me the other day this stupid question: 'What number can be divided by every other number without a remainder?' I told him it was no use asking me. Probably any schoolboy could tell him. Wasn't it a rotten thing to ask a chap?"

But he was astonished and amused at the perplexity of both the Squire and the Parson over this little query. The others saw the answer at once, but they conspired to keep their own counsel.



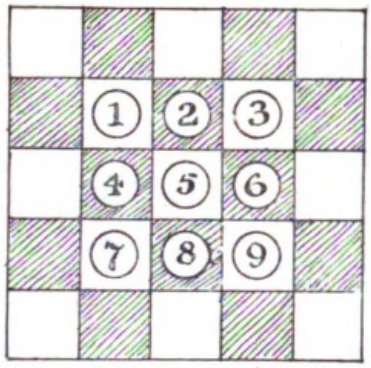
"WHAT NUMBER CAN BE DIVIDED BY EVERY OTHER NUMBER WITHOUT A REMAINDER?"

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THE NINE ALMONDS.

"Here is a little puzzle," said the Parson, "that I have found peculiarly fascinating. It is so simple, and yet it keeps you interested indefinitely."

The reverend gentleman took a sheet of paper and divided it off into twenty-five squares, like a square portion of a chessboard. Then he placed nine almonds on the central squares, as shown in the illustration, where we have represented numbered counters for convenience in giving the solution.



"THE ALMOND PUZZLE."

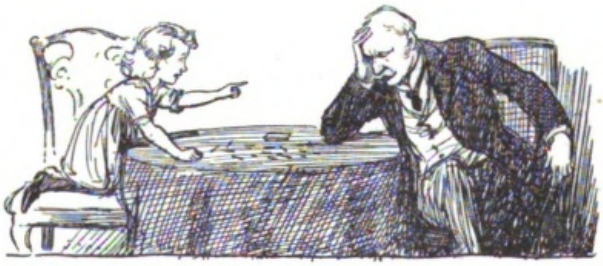
"Now, the puzzle is," continued the Parson, "to remove eight of the almonds and leave the ninth in the central square. You make the removals by jumping one almond over another to the vacant square beyond and taking off the one jumped over—just as in draughts, only here you can jump in any direction, and not diagonally only. You can also move from square to square, but the point is to do the thing in the fewest possible moves."

The following specimen attempt will make everything clear. Jump 4 over 1, 5 over 9, 3 over 6, 5 over 3, 7 over 5 and 2, 4 over 7, 8 over 4, and two more moves brings 8 to the central square. Remember to remove those you jump over. This does what is required in nine moves. Can you do it in fewer? It will be noticed that any number of jumps in succession with the same almond count as one move.

"Very entertaining," said the Lawyer, after one or two attempts. "I think these puzzles clear the brain, and so one ought to reap considerable benefit from them."

A WEIGHING PUZZLE.

"And perhaps," the Doctor suggested, "we lose many opportunities of amusement by taking our perplexities too seriously. A little incident occurred to me the other day that might have caused me annoyance and irritation, but I am a bit of a philosopher, and I turned the situation into an agreeable pastime. In other words, it gave me a pleasurable puzzle to solve."



"I PLAYED A LOT OF GAMES THE OTHER NIGHT WITH A NIECE OF MINE, SIX YEARS OLD."

"Pray let us hear what it was," said the Parson.

"Well, it was simply this. I had twenty ounces of a particular drug that I wished to put up into two-ounce packets for convenience in use. But my daughter, who had gone out for the day, had, for some purpose of her own, removed all my weights except the five-ounce and the nine-ounce. Of course, these two weights, with the scales, were sufficient for my purpose, but I did not want to waste time unnecessarily. I devised in a few minutes what I imagined was the shortest way of setting to work. But when I sat down in the evening to figure it out I discovered that I had not by any means hit on the best method. How many weighing operations do you suppose are necessary?"

Various members of the company drew out their pencils and suggested different schemes of procedure, but nobody, not even the Professor, hit on quite the simplest way. How would the reader set to work?

A FASCINATING PUZZLE-GAME.

"I must not forget," said the Squire, "to show you all a queer little puzzle-game that I picked up from a man at my club in town the other day. I confess I can make nothing of it. I played a lot of games the other night with a niece of mine, six years old, and she won more often than I did. It seems a pure game of chance, and yet there must be some key to the thing, for my friend in town could beat me every game with the greatest ease."

The Squire emptied the contents of a box of matches on the table.

"I will play a game with you," he said to the Parson. "Here are twenty-seven matches—any odd number of matches will do. We take alternately one, two, three, or four matches (whichever we choose), and the winner is the player who gets the odd number. Thus, I start by taking three."

"And I take four," said the Parson.

"And I take one," the Squire continued.

"And I take two."

And so the game continued, till the last match was taken, when it was found that the Parson held eleven and the squire sixteen. Therefore the Parson, having the odd number, won. In the second game the Parson again won, with nineteen against eight. In the third game the Squire won, as he had seven to the Parson's twenty.

"What do you make of it?" said the Squire to the Professor. "Is it a game of chance or is it not?"

"I will write you out a complete analysis," was the reply, "giving you the general solution for all cases, no matter what the limitation for drawings. But I will just say this, without examining the question, that no matter what the odd number of matches may be in the pile, in any given case either the first or the second player should always win."

The reader cannot fail to find it interesting to discover which should win in the case of twenty-seven matches, and in what manner he should play to do so. Then he should try a different number—say twenty-three.

This recreation of the Squire's brought the sitting to a close. We are indebted to the Professor, with the approval of his host, for his notes of the proceedings, from which we have drawn up the foregoing account. It is hoped that the varied nature of the puzzles propounded will enable every reader of this magazine to pick out a few nuts that will afford him interest, if not instruction, in the cracking.

[The solutions will appear in our next issue.]

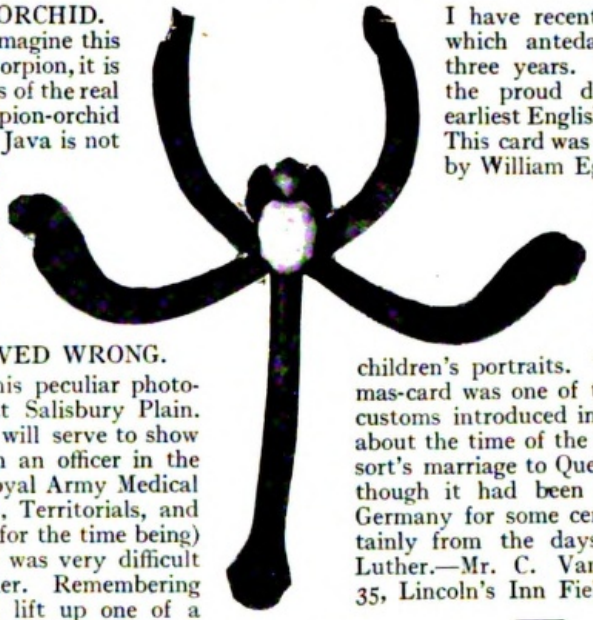
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CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

AN EXTRAORDINARY ORCHID.

ALTHOUGH one would imagine this to be a big spider or scorpion, it is the photograph (three-quarters of the real size) of the flower of the scorpion-orchid —an orchid that even here in Java is not very common. Perhaps the readers of the "Curiosities" columns of your magazine will be pleased to see this photograph.—Capt. H. L. F. Vanger, Weltevreden, Java.



AN OLD BELIEF PROVED WRONG.

I MANAGED to secure this peculiar photograph when in camp at Salisbury Plain. Perhaps a little explanation will serve to show how interesting it is. I am an officer in the Transport Section of the Royal Army Medical Corps, East Lancs Division, Territorials, and this was a horse belonging (for the time being) to one of our sergeants. It was very difficult to groom, being such a kicker. Remembering that it is said that if you lift up one of a horse's legs he cannot kick, we thought we would be on the safe side with this one, so we hobbled his near fore-leg and shackled his two hind ones to pegs driven into the ground, and yet he still managed to kick out with only one leg on the ground. Some of my friends suggested that the man grooming the horse was holding it off the ground, but of course that is obviously absurd. — Captain S. Pritchard, R.A.M.C.T., 10, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.



THE EARLIEST CHRISTMAS-CARD.

THE card designed by J. C. Horsley, R.A., for Henry Cole (Felix Summerly) in 1845 and published in 1846 has been considered up to the present to be the first Christmas-card, but I have recently discovered an example which antedates Horsley's by at least three years. For this discovery I claim the proud distinction that it is the earliest English Christmas-card on record. This card was designed and etched in 1842 by William Egley, whose signature, with date, will be found in the lower right-hand corner. Egley, who was born in 1798 and died in 1870, was a well-known miniature painter of his day, and one who was very successful in children's portraits. The Christmas-card was one of those pretty customs introduced into England about the time of the Prince Consort's marriage to Queen Victoria, though it had been in vogue in Germany for some centuries, certainly from the days of Martin Luther.—Mr. C. Van Noorden, 35, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.



A FLEA-TRAP.

I THINK most people would have to make many attempts before they guessed what purpose this little piece of cleverly-carved bamboo is meant to serve. It is a flea-trap, and is set in the following way. Remove the centre rod and smear it with some sticky substance; then replace it and put the trap in bed, or wherever fleas are prevalent. As will be seen, the sticky rod is prevented from coming into contact with the bed-clothes by the lattice-like covering. Traps of this kind are in great demand in this part of China.—Mr. Stanley A. Stericker, Chengtu, Szechuen Province, Western China.



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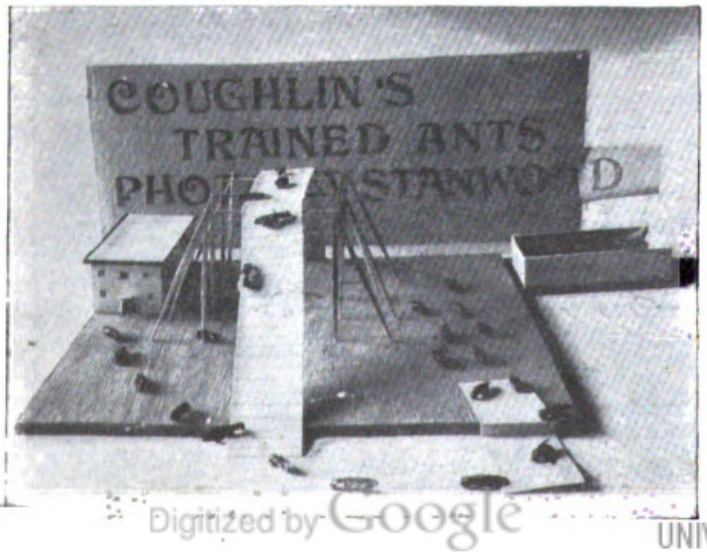


CHINESE PLANT CONTORTIONS.

HERE is a photograph, taken in a Singapore garden, which shows a couple of examples of the horticultural curiosities in which the Chinese delight. In one instance the contortions of the stems of the plants are obtained by careful training and by binding with wire at the two places where most resistance is offered by the plant. In the other, the remarkably twisted stems are secured by grafting in four or five places. The nourishment of the foliage does not seem to be affected in either case by the devious route the sap has to follow.—Mr. R. G. Pash, c/o Singapore Oil Mills, Ltd., Singapore.

ANTS THAT OBEY THEIR TRAINER.

THE accompanying illustration shows what it is possible to do with insects. These little creatures are what are known as Madagascar ants, and their training is due to the patience and perseverance of Mr. John W. Coughlin, of Ellsworth, Maine, who is the recognized authority on natural history in that locality. The way in which they have been taught to perform military evolutions and to obey the will of their trainer is a marvel to all who have seen them perform.—Mr. H. E. Zimmerman, Mount Morris, Illinois, U.S.A.



A UNIQUE HYBRID.

I HAVE been for some thirty years an extensive breeder of poultry and peafowl of all varieties. On several occasions I have kept a peacock and a domestic hen in the same pen on the chance of their mating, but the chance has only "come off" once. This photograph shows the result. Only one egg of the sitting was fertile, and by good fortune the hybrid has thrived until it is now two years old. On the right is the male parent, a black-shouldered peacock of full plumage, with the usual colourings; centre, the female parent, a domestic hen cross-bred from a Game and a Leghorn, white with brown markings; and left, the offspring, of the same colouring as the female parent, but with the brown more sparsely distributed, as the photograph shows. I have made extensive inquiries, both in Europe and in America, and have every reason to believe that the hybrid is absolutely unique.—Mr. R. P. Wheadon, Ilminster, Somerset.



A TONGUE-TWISTER.

ALTHOUGH I read this little history of Bill and his board to several friends, hardly any grasped its meaning until they had read it themselves. I am sending it to you,

> —Bill had a bill board. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so Bill sold the bill board to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his bill board to pay his board bill the board bill no longer bored Bill.

thinking that STRAND readers may find it useful as a fireside pastime.—Pratap Chandra Gupta, Matta (Dacca), Bengal.

[If any readers know of amusing sentences of this kind, we shall be glad to receive them and to pay for any sufficiently novel to be used.—EDITOR.]

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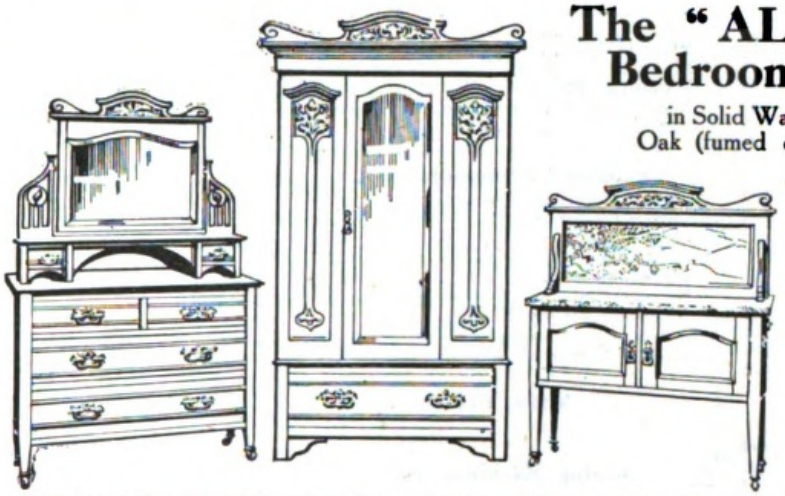
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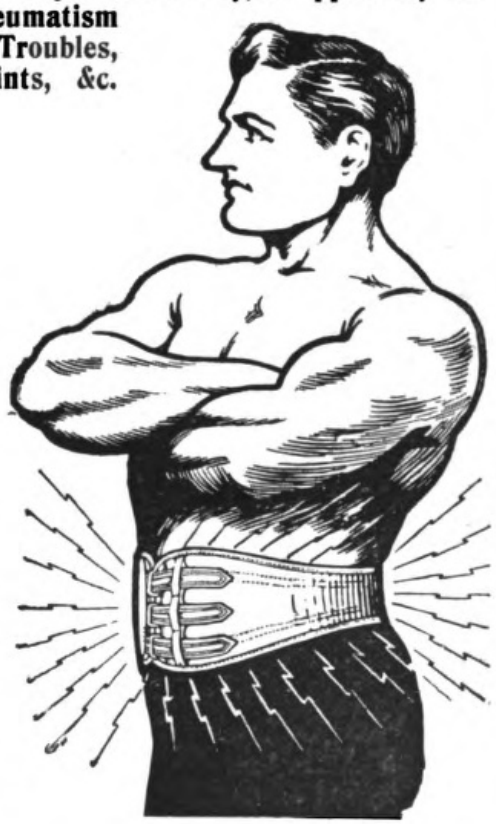
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This is the duty of all right-minded men and women to-day—to stamp out this great scourge of Consumption of the Hair; to entirely eradicate it by the means which Mr. Edwards has invented—the famous Harlene Hair-Drill.

By practising Harlene Hair-Drill for two minutes daily you can free yourself from the clutches of Hair Consumption and positively produce a rich, permanent growth of natural gleaming hair.

Harlene Hair-Drill cures all the following hair and scalp disorders:—

—Total Baldness (even of years' standing).
—Partial or Patchy Baldness.
—Thinning of Hair over the Temples.
—Thin, Weak, Straggling Hair.
—Hair which Falls Out whenever brushed or combed.
—Hair which Splits at the ends.
—Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
—Dry, brittle Hair.
—Greasy, inelastic Hair.
—Deposits of Scurf and Dandruff.
—Discoloured Hair.
—Irritation of the Scalp.

Start your Hair-Drill to-day.

And not only you yourself, but get your friends and your family to join the crusade against Hair Consumption. For your health's sake, for the sake of the race and the nation, it is your bounden duty to stamp out this terrible disease. Every day's delay is dangerous.

MR. EDWARDS'S NEW CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Edwards has already spent a vast amount of money in distributing free treatment for run-down hair.

But, in the interests of science and humanity, he has decided to distribute another million free Harlene Hair-Drill Outfits to encourage ladies and gentlemen to co-operate with him in his new campaign against Consumption of the Hair.

One of these outfits is for you. Write for it to-day.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon.

Fill it up and send it, with 3d. in stamps to pay postage of return outfit, to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:—

1. **A trial bottle of that delightful hair-food and tonic-dressing, Harlene-for-the-Hair.**
2. **A packet of Cremex for the Scalp, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the Hair for the Hair-Drill Treatment.**
3. **Mr. Edwards's private book of Hair-Drill Rules, which shows you how, by practising them for 2 minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustrous abundance.**

All chemists and stores sell Harlene-for-the-Hair in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles; Cremex in 1s. boxes of seven shampoos, single shampoos 2d.; or you can obtain them, post free, from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

But first write for the seven days' Free Course of Harlene Hair-Drill. Fill up this coupon.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO ONE WEEK'S HARLENE HAIR-DRILL OUTFIT FREE.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—I am desirous of joining the National Crusade against Consumption of the Hair. Please send me by return of post a presentation toilet outfit for practising Harlene Hair-Drill. I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay carriage of above to any address in the world. Foreign stamps accepted.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

THE STRAND MAGAZINE, December, 1912.

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THE WORLD'S GREAT UNIVERSITY OF HEALTH WITHOUT MEDICINE.

An Alma Mater where the Most Important Thing in Life is Taught to Thousands of Visiting and Correspondence Pupils of All Ages and Both Sexes Resident in All parts of the Globe.

IN the heart of London's pleasureland, there you will find the most remarkable institution in the world—the famous Sandow Curative Institute. It is no exaggeration to describe this unique establishment as "The World's University of Health Without Medicine," for here men and women from or resident in all parts of the world are taught how they may be restored to health and happiness.

A notably large proportion of the Sandow Institute "pupil-patients" are visitors from over-seas, whilst a still larger number are under home treatment by private correspondence with Mr. Sandow through the medium of the wonderfully successful Sandow system of correspondence treatment by means of fascinatingly interesting Psycho-Physico-Dynamic Movements.

MR. SANDOW'S LATEST WORK.

In his latest "Book of Health," Mr. Sandow gives us a most interesting insight into the wonder-working methods by which the weak and the ailing are re-created in Health and Strength. It is magnificently illustrated, and contains a detailed description of the Sandow Treatment.

Mr. Sandow's life-mission is a crusade inspired by the religion of human service, a mission to Redeem the Health of men and women. What he has done for his generation can only be spoken of in proper terms by the thousands of men and women he has restored to health.

It may be contended that Mr. Sandow has made health almost a fetish. How absurd and unjustified such a criticism is can best be proved by contrasting the sad condition of men and women as they commence a course of Health-restoration with the Sandow Institute, with their transformed appearance after a few weeks of the wonderful Health-renewing influence of the Sandow Treatment.

ROYAL AND NOBLE RECOGNITION.

The most distinguished in the land have applauded Mr. Sandow's services in the great revival of international interest in medicineless healing which his own enthusiastic and magnetic advocacy inspired. Royalty, nobility, and the aristocracy of many countries have learned from him how to appear of truly noble presence.

That brilliant and distinguished journalist, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., described Mr. Sandow as one of the "Forces" of the day.

The late Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P., made most interesting and critical investigations into the records of the Sandow Institute, and here is the result of these investigations as announced in "Truth":—

"Taking (the figures) for one day," he writes, "I find that the cases may be grouped under the following heads:

		Per cent.
Cases of	Dyspepsia in its many forms	44
,,	Nervous Disorders, Insomnia, &c. ...	16
,,	Gout, Rheumatism	4
Cases of	Paralysis	3
,,	Heart Affections	5
,,	Chest and Lung Complaints	10
,,	Various other Complaints	5
,,	no special illness, but treated for Reduction of Obesity or for General Physical Improvement	13

"I learned that ultimately of all the cases treated .... **a complete cure or satisfactory improvement, therefore, was produced in over 99 per cent. of cases.**"

The late Mr. W. T. Stead, wrote of Mr. Sandow in the following appreciative manner:—

"Other people founded hospitals for disease; Sandow has founded a hospital for health. It is not alone an establishment for curing illness; it is an Institution for maintaining, preserving, and improving the health."

Not from the pens or tongues of the famous, however, but from the great multitude of his patients in all spheres comes Mr. Sandow's most encouraging reward for his unceasing devotion to the subject he has always had—and still has most at heart, the physical uplifting of the people and the conquering of weakness and disease. The infinite variety of ailments that have been relieved or overcome, the wide sweep of the unique system of treatment through the myriad-channelled medium of the international post, and the almost illimitable social range of humanity represented among his pupil-patients give some small idea of the creative mind of the man who has initiated and perfected such a beneficent and world-wide organisation as the Sandow Institute.

It is not a small boast on Mr. Sandow's part that he accepts no case unless he feels more confident of giving relief than the patient is hopeful of obtaining it.

HANDSOME NEW HEALTH BOOK FREE.

In his superb new "Book of Health" the psycho-physico-dynamic methods employed in the Sandow Treatment of the various diseases and disorders are fully described.

There are six different editions of Mr. Sandow's book, each dealing separately with such different classes of ailments as indicated below.

1. Digestive Disorders.....
(Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Troubles, Obesity.)
2. Nervous Complaints.....
(Nervous Disorders, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, &c.)
3. Heart Affections.....
(Heart Affections, Lung and Chest Complaints, Anæmia, &c.)
4. Rheumatism and Gout ...
(Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney Disorders, &c.)
5. Lack of Vigour.....
6. Body Culture ....
(Physical Development, Physical Deformities, Boys' and Girls' Ailments, &c.)

By mentioning the disorder in which you are interested, you will receive that one of the series which will prove of the most interest to you.

The Institute is conveniently situated in the West End district of London. Mr. Sandow gives free consultation and advice to all callers, or postal applicants. If calling is impossible, the whole treatment from first to last may be

(continued on opposite page)

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(continued from opposite page)

carried out at home with the collaboration of the well-organised postal service.

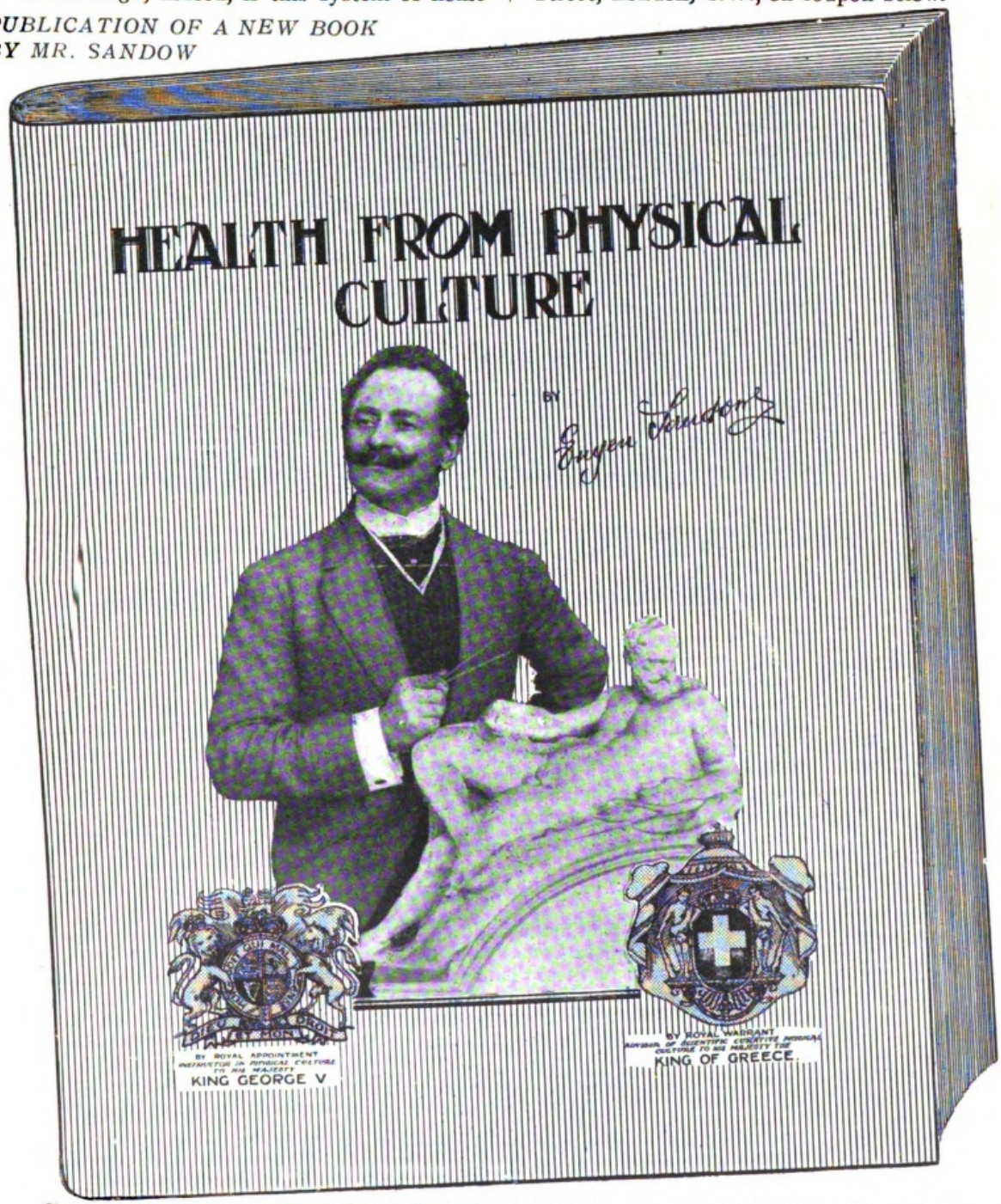
So thorough, indeed, is this system of home treatment that the patient is under the personal supervision of Mr. Sandow just as if he or she were attending the Institute, and at small cost in money and a few minutes' time daily.

If interested in learning how the Sandow Treatment brings about relief and cure of any particular health trouble, the nature thereof can be stated in a free personal consultation with Mr. Sandow at the Institute, or, if unable to call, in a confidential letter, addressed to him.

YOUR COPY OF THIS BOOK.

All applications for copies of the free book may be addressed to Eugen Sandow, The Sandow Curative Institute, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W., on coupon below.

PUBLICATION OF A NEW BOOK BY MR. SANDOW



The above shows the cover illustration of Mr. Sandow's new "Album Size" Book (12in. by 10in.). Copies are obtainable gratis on personal application at the Sandow Institute, or by postal request on the accompanying "Strand Magazine" Application Form.

POSTAL FORM FOR MR. SANDOW'S HEALTH BOOK.

To Mr. EUGEN SANDOW, The Sandow Institute, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

I would like to receive a gratis copy of your new illustrated Health Book, dealing with *(state here name of Complaint)* .....

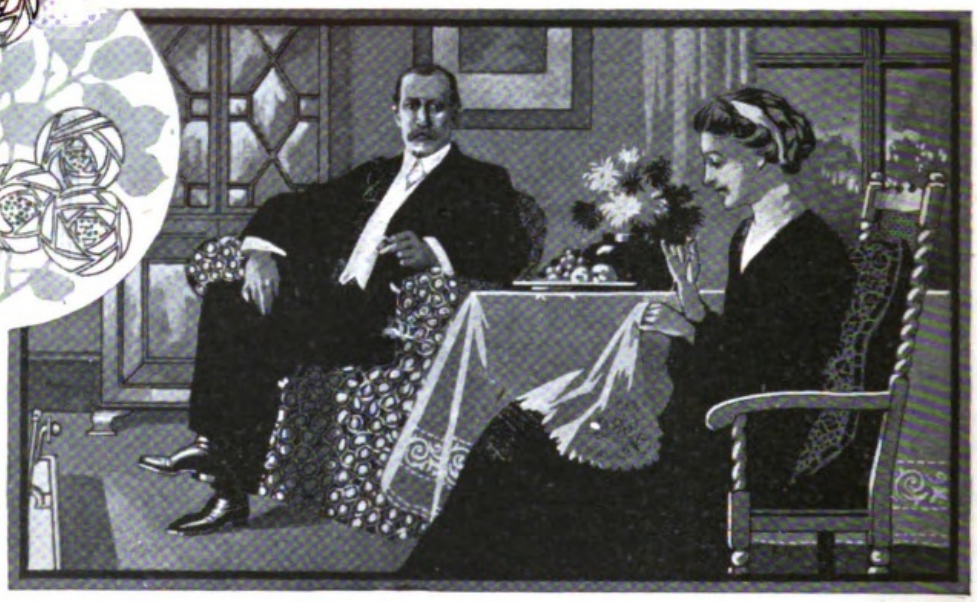
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Occupation ..... *Age* .....

N.B.—If a letter giving information as to your health trouble, etc., be attached to this coupon, Mr. Sandow will send a letter of advice with the book. [S.M. Dec. 12]

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Will YOU always be able to afford the Comforts you NOW enjoy?

Many men work on and on not because they like work, but simply because they cannot afford to retire. They have saved something—a few hundred pounds maybe, or even two or three thousand—but their investments do not yield an income sufficient to provide the home comforts at present enjoyed. Retirement would necessitate a smaller house, a less generous table, a restraint on hospitality, and a constant practising of irritating economies. In very truth that is a dismal prospect, yet scarcely more gloomy than the thought of being *compelled* to work until the end of one's days.

But is there no other alternative?

YES, IF—

instead of leaving your money in low-yielding securities—the best of which are none too safe in these disturbed times—you purchase an Annuity from the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. Instead of a paltry 4%, you will receive an annual income representing 6%, 8%, 10%, perhaps 15% or even 20% on the Capital expended. The percentage depends, of course, upon your age.

A "Sun Life of Canada" Annuity brings the highest yield with the most substantial security. The Company has assets of over £9,000,000, and an undivided surplus of over £1,000,000. All investments are under strict and regular Canadian Government supervision.

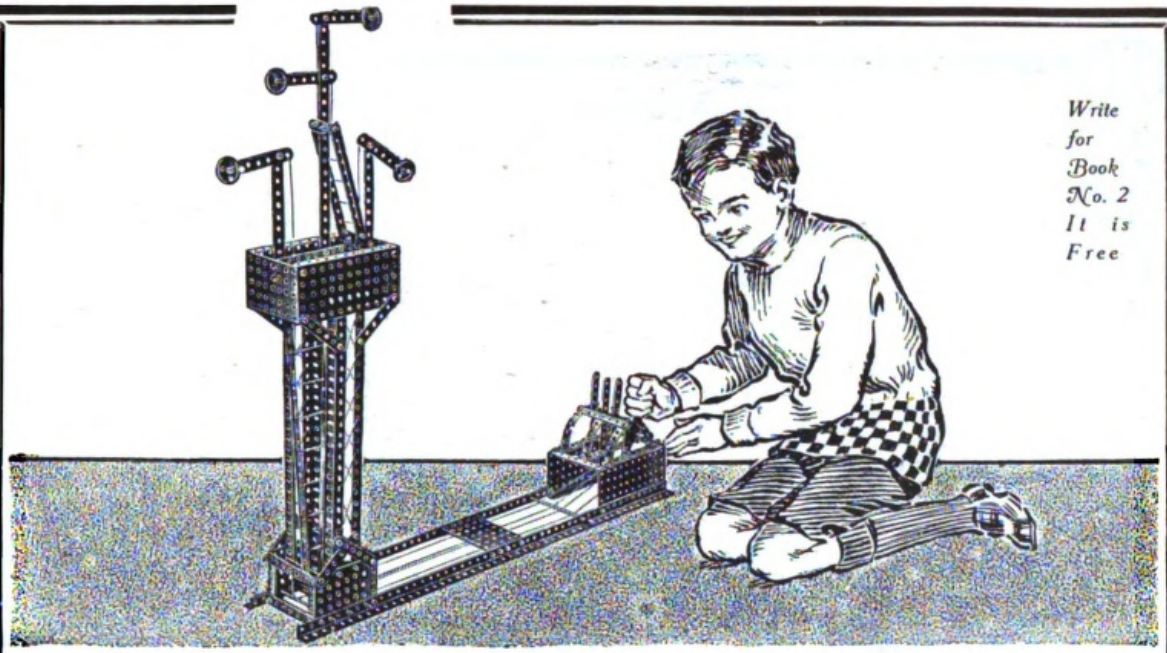
Whatever your position may be—whether you have hundreds or thousands of pounds invested or to invest, or, being young, have no capital but an income from which you can spare a few pounds to ensure a comfortable "evening of life"—communicate with the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. Give full particulars, including age and amount at disposal—the communication will be regarded as confidential—and you will receive advice that may satisfactorily solve for you many financial difficulties and anxieties.

Prospectus and full information sent on application to—

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA,
6, CANADA HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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This Boy Built the Signal and now he is working it

THIS Signal is made with Meccano steel strips and pieced together with Meccano bolts and screws. It is a solid structure, *in shining steel*, of which the young mechanic is justly proud. He has now the joy of playing with his trains and signalling the line clear—or if he makes a signalling mistake he can quickly pull the lever and so avoid an awful collision. He can also build, from his Meccano, a Luggage Truck, a Railway Bridge, a Level Crossing, a Delivery Shoot, an Elevated Crane, the Tower Bridge, an Aeroplane, a Fire-escape, a Windmill, and a hundred other models—every one a *working* replica of a great engineering masterpiece. Give your boy Meccano this Xmas, and renew your own youth in watching his delight when building

MECCANO
100 TOYS IN ONE

Meccano consists of brightly plated steel strips, angle brackets, axle rods, sector plate, together with brass gear and pulley wheels, screws and nuts, and all parts necessary for building actual working models of the world's engineering triumphs.
No mechanical skill or knowledge is required, though both are unconsciously picked up from it. The book of instructions consists of 80 pages, and contains 170 illustrations. All tools are provided. There is nothing further to buy. No study is required. Your boy can commence building at once. Give him Meccano—he wants it.

PRICES

No. 0	3/-	makes	15 Models
No. 1	5/-	„	25 „
No. 2	10/-	„	34 „
No. 3	15/-	„	43 „
No. 4	25/-	„	52 „
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No. 6	100/-	„	71 „

WRITE FOR NEW MECCANO BOOK, No. **2.** IT IS FREE. SEND FOR IT TO-DAY.

Meccano can be obtained at all the best Toy Dealers', Toy Fairs, and Stores, or direct from

MECCANO LIMITED
274 West Derby Road, Liverpool

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The Sun Bleaches

"OLD BLEACH" LINEN



"Her Wedding Gift"—
A rich store of "Old Bleach" Linen.

Most British women know that the name "**Old Bleach**" stands for Perfection in Linen, and that a Linen Press stocked with "Old Bleach" Linen requires little replenishing during an ordinary lifetime.

The individuality of "Old Bleach" is due to the slow process of grass-bleaching which produced the "Heirloom Linens" of past centuries.

"Old Bleach" is easily identified; each tablecloth has the small mark Ⓑ woven in the corners, and all other articles are stamped "Old Bleach". It is well worth while to see that every item in a Linen Trousseau bears one of these hall marks of quality.

POST FREE.—*The "Old Bleach" Booklet on the care and handling of household linen, beautifully illustrated.*

The Old Bleach Linen Co., Ltd.,——————Randalstown, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

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Benger's Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable.

While easy to prepare, it is distinctly not one of the "made in a moment" variety of foods. Its preparation requires a little care and takes a little time because the natural digestive principles begin the process of digestion while the food is being cooked.

Benger's Food possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion even by Infants and Invalids. Consequently it can be enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree.

BENGER'S

Food

is well known to medical men throughout the World and is approved by them. Sold in tins by chemists, etc., everywhere.

"BENGER'S FOOD AND HOW TO USE IT"—A little work of authority on the feeding of infants, invalids, and the aged, and the most interesting and informative of food booklets,—will be sent, post free on application to:—

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BRANCH OFFICES:

New York (U.S.A.) 92, William St. **Sydney** (N.S.W.) 117 Pitt St.

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Cashiers
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All Humanity.

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Please send FREE your Illustrated Book—**"From One to One Million."**—A Romance of Business Progress.

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Buying from the **H. WHITE MANUFACTURING CO.** means that you obtain Watches and Gem Jewellery of the Highest Class at **a real** saving of 25 per cent. as compared with the usual retail prices. Due to the fact that the Company possess the greatest facilities for **economical production,** and buy in the **best** markets—two immensely important advantages from which their **clients derive the greatest benefit;** whilst the Company's great turnover permits them to sell their Wonderful Specialities with **much less** profit than the ordinary retail firms, with their limited sales, **are obliged** to make.

COLONIAL CLIENTS may rely upon their orders being executed with the utmost fidelity, and that their instructions will engage the closest consideration. Postage (Watches and Jewellery). British Empire, 1/6. **Elsewhere, 5/-.**





No. 112 S.—**Fine Quality Lever,** extra jewelled, superior finish, with **strong** Solid Gold Cases, with **strong, substantial** Solid Gold expanding Bracelet, a dependable timepiece, **£5.**

The "COUNTY" 12-ct. Lever.

Upon receipt of P.O.O., Cash, or Draft The **H. White Manufg. Co.** will mail to you at their **own risk, anywhere,** their Wonderful "**County**" Watch. In **strong Solid 12-ct. Gold** Cases, **English Government Stamped,** Half or Full Hunting, polished plain for monogram (richly engraved 5/- extra). Chronometer Balance—**adjusted for variations in temperatures. Splendid 18-ct. cases, £8 8s.** *A Superb Presentation Watch.* **Splendid Sterling Silver Cases, £2 10s.**

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No. 113S.
Superb Siam Ruby, **heaviest 18-ct., £3 3s.**



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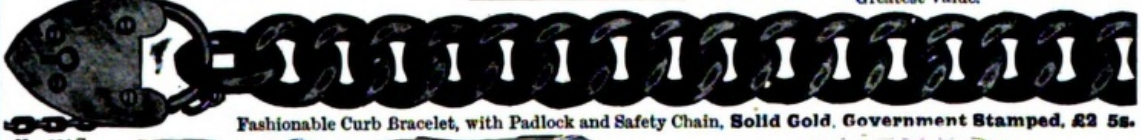


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Gent's Snake Ring, Splendid Diamonds, **18-ct., £5 10s.**

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Fashionable Curb Bracelet, with Padlock and Safety Chain, **Solid Gold, Government Stamped, £2 5s.**

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No. 126 S.

6 Monograms (2 letters), 5/-



No. 125 S.—Exquisite Gold Brooch, set with real Pearls and fine Amethyst, **21/-.**

No. 126 S.—Beautiful Sterling Silver "**Royal**" Toilet Service, Govt. Stamped. Substantial make, best finish, **£3 15s.**, complete. Two Hair Brushes, Mirror and Comb, **£2 15s.** Brush, Mirror and Comb, **£2.** Brush and Comb, **£1 1s.** Complete in best Cases. **Latest Design.** Splendid Value.

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Upon receipt of a postcard mentioning 'STRAND MAGAZINE,' the Company will mail their Book of Watches, Rings, Bracelets, Pins, etc. It is mailed **free anywhere,** is full of interesting information, **and may save you pounds!**

H. WHITE Manfg. Co., 104, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

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'Gipsy' will please—and give you more ease.

BLACKENS—BRIGHTENS—BEAUTIFIES.
Its Lovely Lustre Lasts.

WRITE TO-DAY PLEASE FOR
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GIPSY BLACK LEAD—the polish that gives an intensely black shine *in half the time* ordinary black lead takes. It saves energy. A few brisk rubs bring a black brilliance. It polishes without creating dust—a feature about "GIPSY" that all housewives appreciate. Think what this means in a room of fine furniture and dainty carpets. You can use "GIPSY" on any stove at any time, hot or cold, and always get a beautiful black shine that will not crack or rub off. If you prefer it in paste form, Gipsy Grate Gloss will please you just as much. We want you to be *convinced* of the absolute superiority of "GIPSY." We want to send you a FREE SAMPLE of either to test *at our expense*. Merely send your own *and your dealer's* name and address on a Post Card now to Dept. 25.

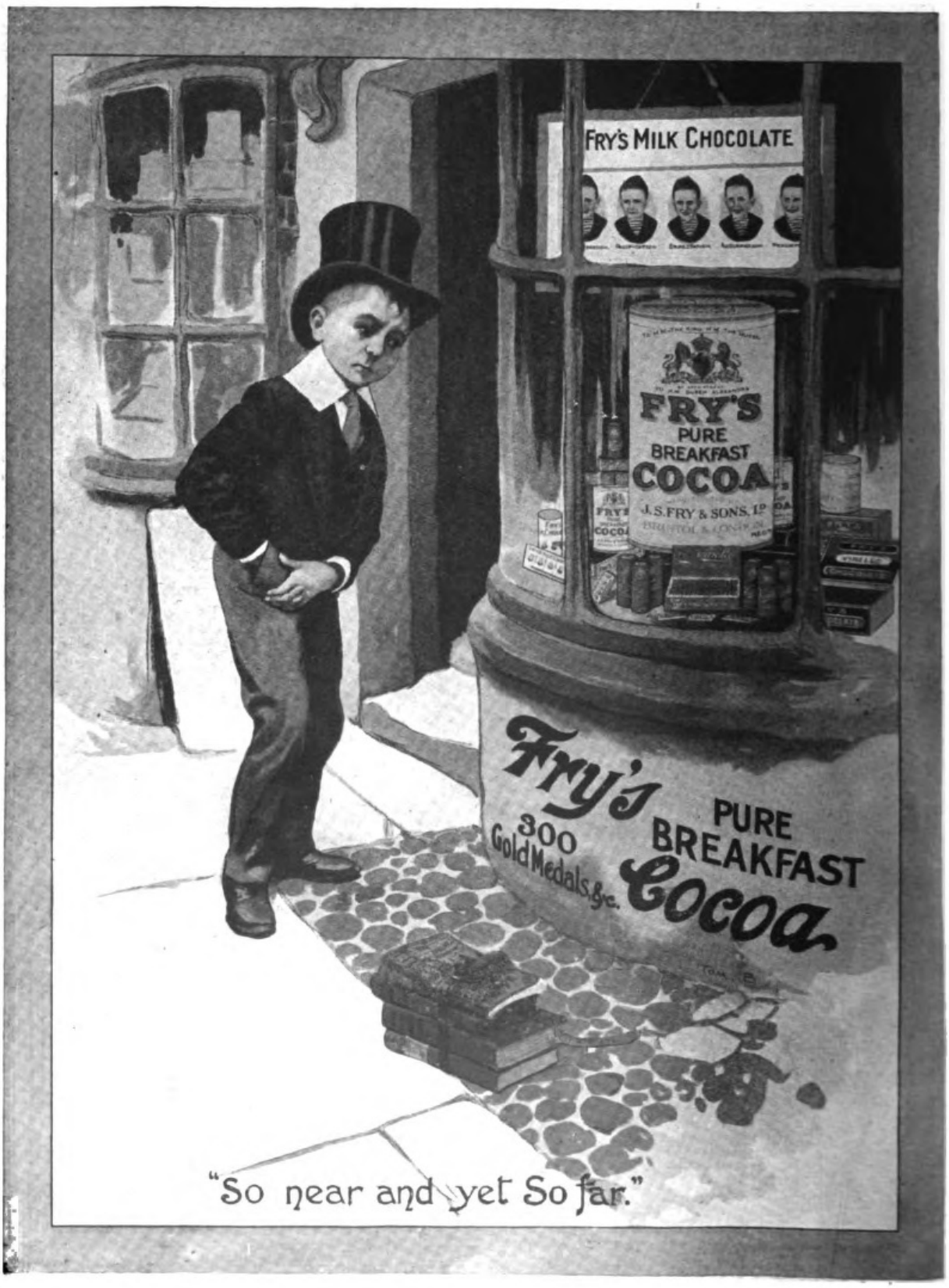
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Makers of 'GLOSSO'—The One-Minute Metal Polish
HULL.

GIPSY
BLACK LEAD

INTENSELY BLACK.

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is to always use
THE
REMINGTON
The Perfect Visible Writing Machine

We make and sell
A MACHINE A MINUTE
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THE demand of business firms all over the world for this up-to-the-minute Typewriter has created this enormous output. Every business man knows that *results* are the only things that count. Nothing can alter the fact that the demand of to-day is for the pioneer writing machine—the Remington. One week's free *test* against any other machine sold will *convince you of the absolute superiority of The Remington.*

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FREE.—"*Hair Colouring Made Easy.*" *All readers of "The Strand" desirous of learning how to give back to grey hair the former natural colour should at once write for Booklet which tells how to easily and permanently achieve this object.*

Manager, INECTO, Ltd.,
31, George St., Hanover Sq., London, W.

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You are safe in buying your medicines from Mr. Wm. Shadforth, the Pill Chemist, because every formula is disclosed. **No other Chemist gives you this advantage.** The following are a few of the many household medicines in pill form supplied by Mr. Shadforth. The list probably contains the pills you need, and for which you pay a high price. 36 pills in each box. It will pay you to send for a box. Thus :—

For Biliousness, for Coughs, for Dropsy, or for Wind (Flatulency), **At 3d. per Box.**

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For Asthma, for Backache with Constipation, for Bladder Catarrh (Cystitis and Urethritis), for Indigestion, for Rheumatism, or for Sciatica, **At 5d. per Box.**

For Bad Complexion, for Dyspepsia (Gastric Catarrh), for Gout, for Influenza, for Hysteria, for Nasal Catarrh, for Neuralgia, for Obesity (Fucus), or for Piles, **At 6d. per Box.**

For Bowel and Stomach Indigestion, for Brain Fag, for Migraine, for Obesity (Fucus and Thyroid), or for Thinness with Dyspepsia, **At 9d. per Box.**

For Bright's Disease, for Diabetes, for Nervous Debility (Damiana and Nux Vomica), and for Undeveloped Busts, **At 1/- per Box.**

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For Nervous Debility with loss of flesh (Lecithin and Coca Compound), **At 2/3 per Box.**

All post free (abroad extra). You can pay more, but you cannot buy better. With your trial order you will receive a valuable 126-page Booklet which tells you how to cure common ailments at a reasonable cost in your own home.

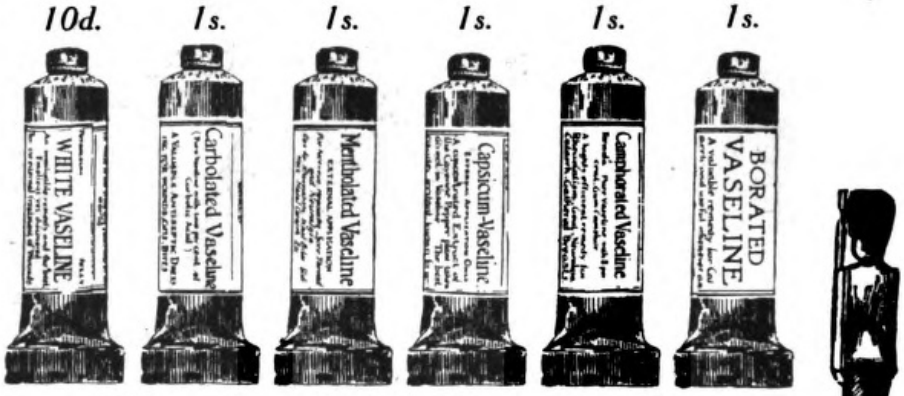
Address your letter to—

Wm Shadforth

Pharmaceutical Chemist (Dept. S.M.8), **63, Grove Rd., Bow, London, E.** 168

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Each Little Soldier stands 4½ ins. "in his socks!"



The BALLAD *of the* 'VASELINE' *(Household)* BRIGADE.

Sturdy little soldiers, Routers of Disease!
Off'ring yeoman service, answ'ring to a squeeze,
Never be without them—keep them on the shelf:
Doughty little soldiers—Sentinels of Health!

All these pure tin soldiers — 'VASELINE' Brigade—
Have their diff'rent duties—not one is afraid!
Fighting Pain and Illness is their special job,
And the most expensive only costs a 'bob'!

P'raps you'd like to know more of the *personnel*
Of this bold brigade which serves mankind so well?
Tho' they're twenty strong—quite—six of them will do
Just a few examples: Name, rank, duty, too:

"Gen'ral" he's a plain man — Plain White 'Vaseline':
His a thousand duties, keeping membranes clean;
Healing chaps and chilblains; curing colds INSIDE—
***Tasteless* (use a teaspoon). Always used, once tried!**

Colonel Carbolated heals cuts overnight:
"Rub him in's!" the watchword—skin will soon close tight!
Major Mentholated soothes the aching head:
Lulls the raging toothache—gives you sleep in bed!

If you've got a BAD cold, Captain Capsicum
Rubbed in Chest—and BACK, too, supersedes hot rum!
Sergeant Camphorated—best for Gout, by far!
Corporal Borated rids you of Catarrh!

Others I could mention, but these are enough
(Those unnamed are also sovran, sterling stuff!)
At their various duties, always on the job—
You can buy their fealty for the nimble 'bob'!

Fearless little soldiers; Enemies of Pain!
There when they are wanted—never called in vain!
Curing man's disorders, staving off disease;
Theirs the martial mandate: "HOUSEHOLD: REST AT EASE!"

Spic-and-span and shining, heads screwed on aright,
Mounting guard in silence, through the day and night;
Tireless in their vigil—never needing 'naps':
Valiant little soldiers! Lusty little chaps!

"'List" them at the chemist's—any in the land—
Ev'ry little soldier ready there, at hand.
Like big brother "Tommy," he will "take the shilling,"
Yielding trusty service—able, quick, and willing.

Forty-two, the Viaduct, Holborn, London Town,
Is Brigade Headquarters—note it!—take it down!
If you can't enlist them when you want their aid—
Send their "pay" to Barracks — Squad sent, "Carriage Paid"!

ENVOI.

Faithful little soldiers, Conq'rors of Disease!
For your yeoman service well you earn your fees!
Ev'ryone of wisdom keeps you on the shelf—
Knightly little soldiers — Guardians of our Health!

—A.B.S.

N.B.—Copy of the above little ballad, set to music (usual music-folio size), will be sent free and post free to any address on application. Booklet detailing full scope and uses of 'Vaseline,' in health and illness, will accompany. A ½d. postcard never before commanded such value! Address:

Chesebrough Mfg. Co. 42 Holborn Viaduct London E.C.

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**"A touch of 'Glosso,'
Some dirty brass—
One rub, and it's like
A Looking-Glass."**

A TOUCH OF GLOSSO—a gentle rub, and in *one minute* you get a more brilliant polish than you can ever get with *ordinary* Metal Polish. You can see the reflection of your face in your brass —smiling, too, because your arms don't ache and the shine comes so quickly. Prove it *free* and see.

GLOSSO

THE *ONE-MINUTE* METAL POLISH

Does not scratch the article cleaned—Does not leave a green deposit—Does not discolour metal—Does not smell objectionably—Does not cost any more than *ordinary* Metal Polishes. Test all these statements *for nothing!*



SEND NOW FOR YOUR

FREE TIN

All you have to do is to send your own *and your dealer's name and address* and the Tin comes free and post paid, so post one now please to Dept. 25,

HARGREAVES BROS & CO. Ltd.
The 'Gipsy Black Lead' People,
HULL.

Sold by Oilmen, Grocers and Stores in **1/-, 6d., 3d.,** and **2d.** waste-preventing tins.



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The Very Thing

A COLUMBIA GRAPH-o-phone



THE Columbia GRAPH-o-phone is quite distinct from the ordinary gramophone. Any instrument can be styled a gramophone, with the result that cheap and nasty machines are often supplied to an unwitting purchaser. Don't ask for a gramophone, or you run that risk. Insist upon a GRAPH-o-phone, and to make doubly sure see that it is a Columbia. The Columbia GRAPH-o-phone is the one and only instrument that is sold under that one name — Columbia — in every quarter of the globe. And everywhere it is known by its reputation—"the instrument that NEVER breaks down!"

Columbia GRAPH-o-phones are made in two styles—Horn-equipped, and Hornless. In Horn-equipped models the prices range from **60s.** to **£12 10s.** That shown above represents the "Junior Regal," at **£5 10s.** The Hornless models range in price from **£5 10s.** to **£30.** Our new catalogue illustrates every model.

WHAT would Christmas be without music? It is music and song that makes merriment—where there is music there is never a dull moment. Make this the Christmas of your life, by getting to-day the one instrument that brings with it ALL the music of all the world—the COLUMBIA GRAPH-o-phone. More, it brings laughter and happiness—there is no other instrument that will bring so much Christmas gaiety. Only the COLUMBIA GRAPH-o-phone does it completely and well. Thousands of homes all over the world will be enjoying Columbia music this Christmas—will you?

THE INSTRUMENT ILLUSTRATED

in the sketch at the foot of the opposite page is the highly popular Columbia, "SAVOY"—the most successful and biggest-selling standard Hornless Instrument in the world. It is made in Oak at **£8 8s.**, and in Mahogany at **£9 9s.** You cannot buy one like it in any other make under **£12** or **£14.**

A POSTCARD BRINGS ALL CATALOGUES.



TRADE MARK.

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for Christmas!

COLUMBIA-RENA Records for Christmas Gaiety

THERE is such a wealth of Christmas music on COLUMBIA-RENA Records that no matter what the tastes of your family and guests may be, you can choose music for all. And what is more, you get, in COLUMBIA-RENA, better records than those you pay more for, because COLUMBIA-RENA are NEW and up-to-date, and because COLUMBIA-RENA last TWICE AS LONG as any other make at any price. Look at this choice of Columbia music and entertainment for Christmas—no other records can equal it.

SCROOGE
By Bransby Williams
Complete! His ONLY Records at these prices!! 12 inch, **4s.**

A COMPLETE PANTOMIME
The Pantomime "Dick Whittington" played in full. First time on any records.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS
and Hymns by Quartette, also by Scots Guards, and as Chimes Solos.

CONCERT BALLADS
Standard songs and new ballads sung by Morgan Kingston and others.

MINSTRELS
The children's delight. Nigger melodies and jokes—everything complete.

BURLESQUES
With screaming laughter in every line—drollest records ever heard.

MUSIC-HALL SKETCHES
Fourteen of them, including Harry Tate in "Motoring," &c., &c.

"RAGTIME" RECORDS
More ragtime than any other records, including the "Two Bobs."

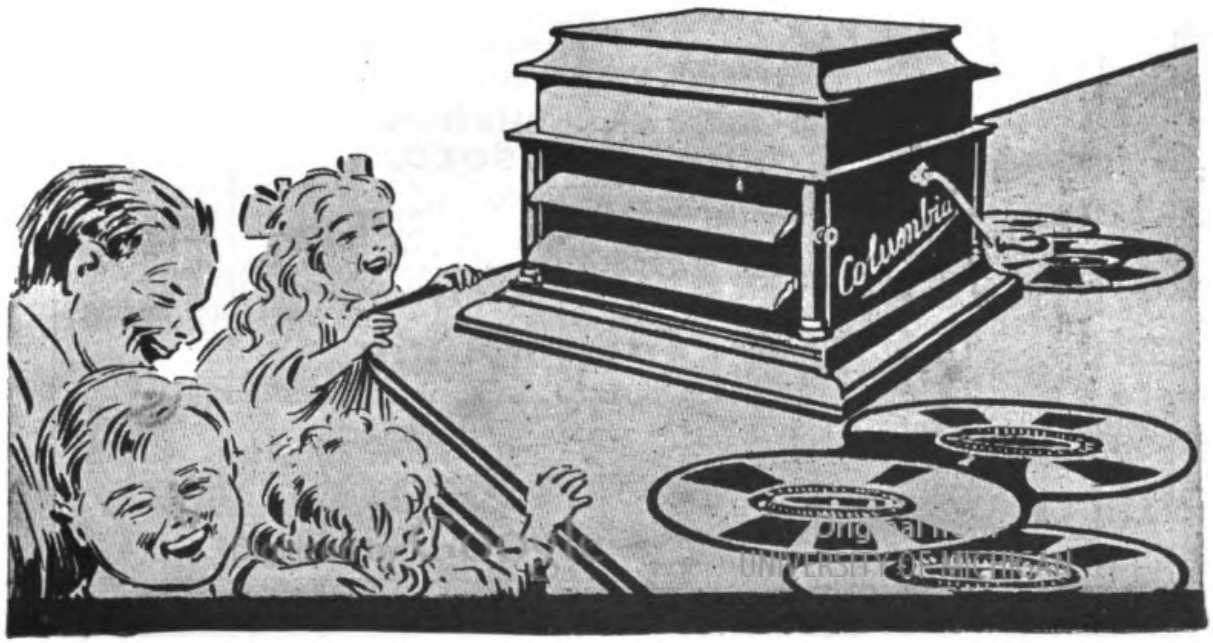
PLENTY OF DANCE MUSIC
Enough to make up a score of different programmes, all ready.

ORATORIO CHORUSES
including "Hallelujah Chorus" by the greatest Choir in the world.

Send Postcard for Special Xmas Lists

COLUMBIA-RENA are the biggest selling records of all to-day; 10-inch, double-sided, **2s. 6d.** each; and 12-inch, doubled-sided, **4s.** each. Can be played on GRAPH-o-phones, and all makes of gramophones. INSIST upon them. Sold everywhere. Send postcard for Catalogue.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO. Gen'l (Dept. S.), 81, City Rd., London, E.C.





FARROW'S BANK LIMITED

Authorised Capital - -	**£500,000**
Shares Issued - - -	**500,000**
Reserve Liability - -	**£236,757**

Chairman and Managing Director:
Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT-STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.
Accounts are opened and 2½ per cent. interest allowed where credit balances are maintained for six months.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.
Interest from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. according to notice of withdrawal.

STOCKS AND SHARES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

An artistically compiled publication, descriptive of the history, objects, and work, has been published. It consists of 40 pages, contains upwards of 70 illustrations and an interesting summary of the Bank's numerous departments, the whole forming an extremely useful work of reference. A copy of the Booklet will be sent, post free, on application to the Manager.

HEAD OFFICE:
1, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

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Chairman.

It is a fine tobacco, fragrant, cool, and pleasing to the last shred.

It exorcises care, brings the peaceful pause, the soothing rest, the contented mood, the pleasurable hour to those who truly know it.

And content is greater than riches—yet the possession of all who seek it thro' the kindly and certain charm of Chairman.

Boardman's is the same tobacco milder, and
Recorder the same but fuller flavoured.

6d. per oz. everywhere.

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester

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There's always room for a Tin of

MACKINTOSH'S

Toffee de Luxe

THE CHRISTMAS SWEET *of* SWEETS

WHEN you are making your purchases for the festive 25th day, why not take home a 4lb. Family Tin of Delicious Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe? It will last you all Christmas, and give delight to everyone in your household and to all your friends and visitors; it will be the most acceptable thing you ever purchased. If you have a stocking to fill, put the greatest treat of all at the bottom—

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE de LUXE

"THE NUTRITIOUS SWEET THAT IS GOOD TO EAT."

Besides being the most delicious sweet made, it is also the purest, being made from the best butter, the freshest eggs, and the finest sugar. It is blended as no other Toffee manufacturer knows how, and is guaranteed Absolutely Pure by

John Mackintosh Ltd
HALIFAX
ENGLAND

Buy Mackintosh's TOFFEE de LUXE

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WELBANK'S BOILERETTE

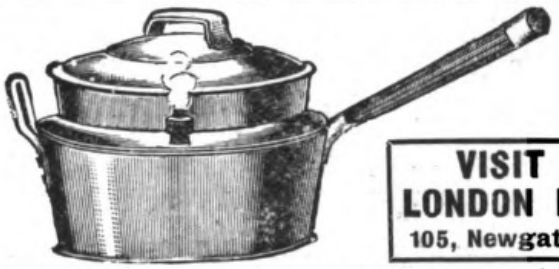
This Wonderful Cooker "looks after itself," and will cook, without attention, a better dinner than the most expert cook could manage, minus a Boilerette. The Meat will be made very tender, delicious and digestible. Puddings will be as light as bread, while Vegetables will have their delicious flavours, and all the life-giving properties fully conserved.

Bear in mind you simply put the dinner in the Boilerette, go right away and leave it to take care of itself, and when dinner is required you will find it beautifully cooked, ready to serve.

It is indispensable for Busy Men and Women everywhere, also for Yachting, Travellers, Caravans, Campers-out, Bungalows, Dwellers in Flats, the Colonies, and Holiday Makers at Seaside and Country Lodgings, etc.



"LOOKS AFTER ITSELF"



VISIT OUR LONDON DEPOT: 105, Newgate St., E.C.



THIS WONDER-WORKING INVENTION

gets intensely hot (above 212 degrees), yet never burns the food. As it is Self-Acting, it requires no attention, and can be left for hours to "look after itself."

"THE IDEAL COOKER" (Hospital).

The Ideal Cooker for Porridge, Milk, Milk Foods, Soups, Stews, Jellies, Custards, Sauces, Jam and Marmalade Making, Potted Meat, Meat Extracts. A Speciality for Invalid and Vegetarian Cookery.

COOKS MEAT, POULTRY, AND VEGETABLES IN OWN JUICES.

By which means all the Valuable Salts, Tonics, Natural Aperients, and Life-giving properties of Meat and Vegetables, which are usually washed away, are fully conserved.

Vegetables cooked in their natural moisture are simply delicious and can be relied upon to put fresh life and energy into body, blood and brain.

BOILERETTED BEEF AND MUTTON.

A Revelation in Cookery. Better than Roast. Very tender, delicious and digestible. Makes Mutton more tender than lamb. Rich flavours and vital essences fully preserved. Very little loss from shrinkage. The cooker par excellent for Invalids and those suffering from weak digestions, &c.

"CONVERTS THE OLD INTO YOUNG."

The Boilerette will make Tough Meat Delicious and Digestible, and Old and Cheap Fowls more Tender and Delicious than Expensive Chickens cooked in the ordinary way.

Mr. W. MARLEY, of the firm of Marley & Russell, Chemists, Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes: "The Boilerette I got from you a few weeks ago has been in almost daily use with surprising results. Vegetables such as leeks, onions, celery, turnips, etc., cooked in their natural moisture, are simply delicious."

Mr. HONEYWELL, Byfleet Corner, Surrey, writes: "Dear Sir,—*Re* Boilerettes. I duly received the same, and am delighted with them. We are reducing our stock of old fowls in a most economical way. I purposely bought some of the oldest fowls I could find, and it is really amusing how you can convert antiquated 'roosters' into fine large chickens, and to be able to inform your friends and the curate why you are now attending church on Sunday mornings, etc."

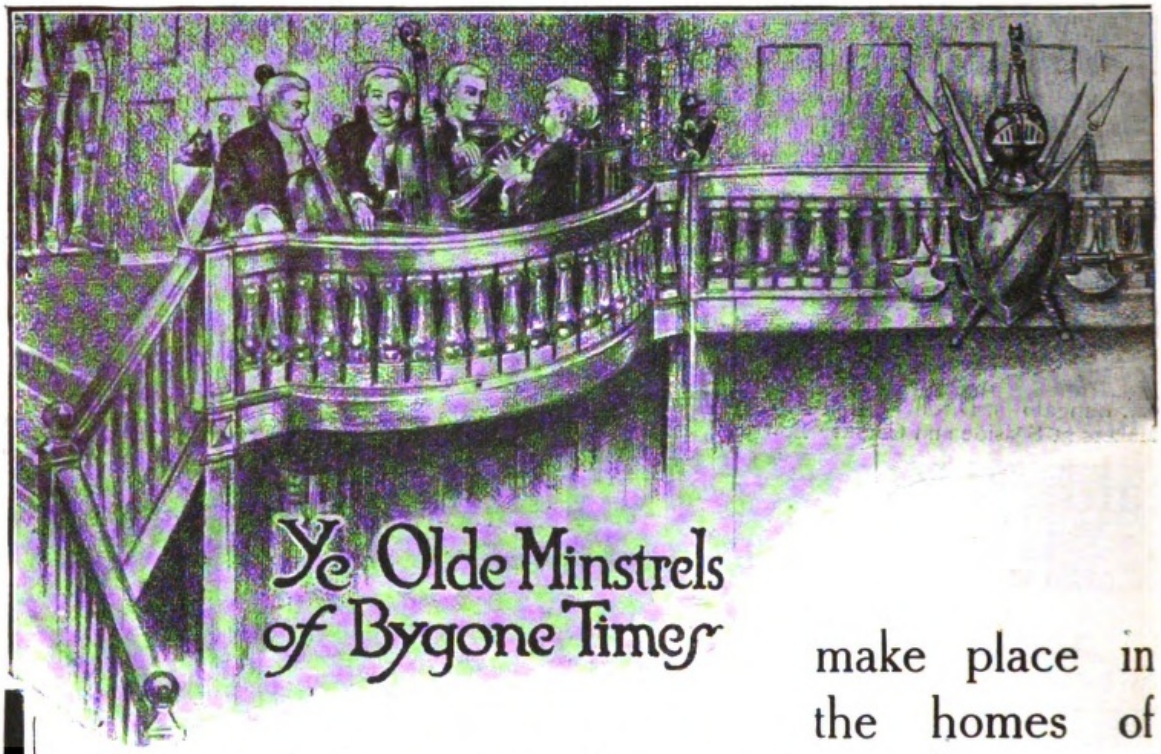
Mrs. J. PARKES, Foreland Road, Bembridge, I.-o-W., writes: "Gentlemen,—The Boilerette was duly received last week, and our first trial was made on Sunday. Our dinner, consisting of a fowl, bacon, vegetable marrow, and potatoes, was placed in the Boilerette, and the printed directions carefully followed out. At 12.30, on returning from church, the dinner was dished up, when everything was found beautifully cooked and your invention voted a complete success and with only one cooking utensil to clean."

All sizes, from 1½ pints up to 12 gallons. Full Particulars sent Post Free.

S. M. WELBANK, Duplex Works, BANBURY.

LONDON DEPOT: 105, NEWGATE STREET, E.C. Tel. 5796 City.

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make place in the homes of the music-lover for the music and song of the greatest of the world's artists on the

His Master's Voice GRAMOPHONE



EVERY one of the greatest singers and instrumentalists of the world is available for your entertainment this Christmas, if you possess one of these superb Instruments.

Think how grand it would be for you, whenever you wish it, to freely enjoy the most famous ballads, or arias from the operas, sung by the premier singers of the world. To delight your friends with the playing of Paderewski or Kubelik, or any of the hundreds of other grand and inspired musicians, all of whom are introduced into your home by the "His Master's Voice" Gramophone,

the Instrument with "the living Tone."

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Your Christmas Party can include

talent such as no Prince, no matter of what fabulous wealth, could command for his entertainment by any other means.

Melba will sing to you "Home, Sweet Home." (No. 03049.)

Paderewski will play "Chopin's Nocturne." (No. 045538.)

Clara Butt will sing "Land of Hope and Glory." (No. 03239.)

Miss Clarice Mayne, accompanied by "That," will sing "Joshu-ah." (No. 03290.)

George Grossmith, will sing "Yip I addy I ay." (No. 02219.)

Harry Lauder will sing, as at the Royal Performance, "Roaming in the Gloaming." (No. 02320.)

George Robey will sing "The Mayor of Mudcomdyke," as sung before the King and Queen. (No. 02094.)

Mr. Robert Radford will sing "Simon the Cellarer." (No. 3-2934.)

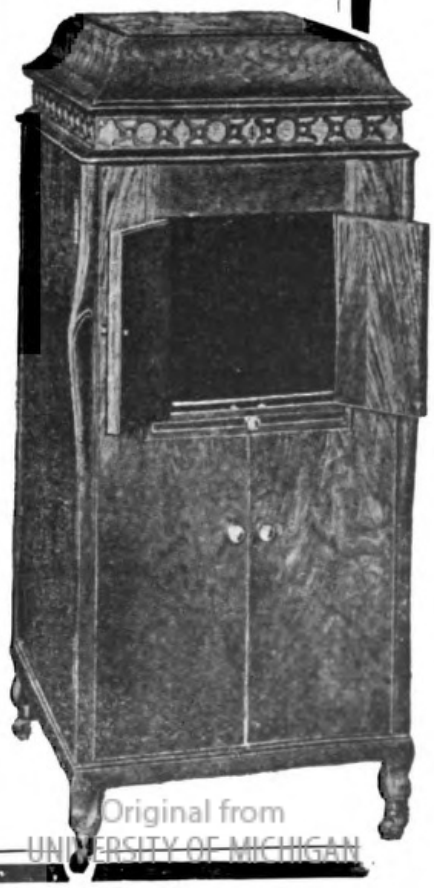
Tom Clare will give his version of a "German Gentleman on the Telephone." (No. 01047.)

Miss Gertie Millar will sing "Moonstruck." (No. 03215.)

OUR Instruments range in price from **£4** to **£50**. Ask our Accredited Dealer in your district to let you see and hear our Instrument or

WRITE

and allow us to send you Brochures describing these Instruments, together with the name and address of our Dealer nearest you, who will be happy to give you a private "all-star" concert—a 'His Master's Voice' concert—whenever you may call.



The Gramophone Company, Limited,

21 City Road, London, E.C.

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THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT



WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN

BE the intended recipient man or woman, boy or girl, your choice of a Waterman's Ideal is the best you can make. And that is what your delighted friend will tell you on receiving the gift and realizing that, for him or for her, it means freedom from the thraldom of the inkwell and a cessation of those pen-worries which make writing so irksome. Waterman's Ideal is always ready to write, and with reasonable care will give perfect pen-service for a lifetime. Thus it will be a constant reminder of your kindly thought. Every Pen guaranteed; nibs to suit every hand.

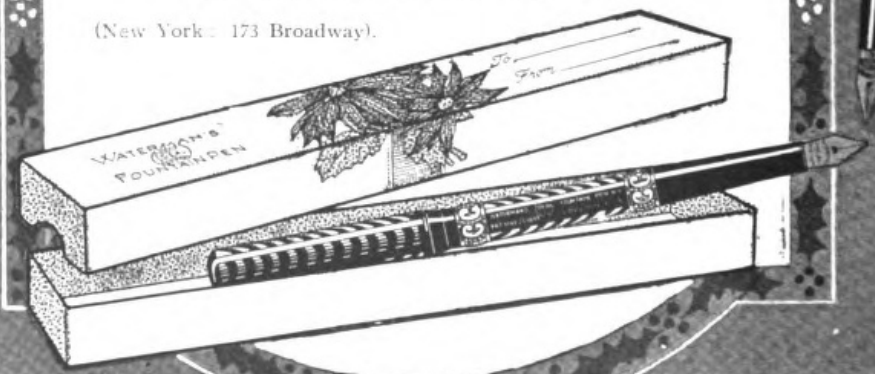
In Four Styles—Regular and Self-Filling, 10/6 and upwards; Safety and Pump-Filling, 12/6 and upwards.

IN SILVER AND GOLD FOR PRESENTATION.
OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS EVERYWHERE.

Price List free from

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, Ltd.
Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London.

(New York: 173 Broadway).



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I know what you like!



Crawford's Assorted Shortbread

Established in the year 1813, we have been makers of Shortbread for nearly One Hundred Years and last year the sales were the highest in our history.

These are eloquent facts. We could not put the case more strongly. An experience of almost a century! A reputation going back to the stirring times of Napoleon!! Sales last year greater than any preceding year!!!

Crawford's Assorted Shortbread has been the pioneer in places where Shortbread was before unknown. In many of these places Shortbread now sells largely. The reason is not far to seek. The inviting appearance, the variety of shape, the delicate flavour, the quality, the purity, the satisfaction when tasted—these are the inherent recommendations of Crawford's Assorted Shortbread. It is a delightful addition to the table at all manner of social functions. Nothing more acceptable can be sent to friends abroad.

Crawford's Assorted Shortbread is sold by high-class Grocers and Bakers everywhere. It may be purchased loose by the pound; in small special tins; in "Family Drums," containing 2¼ lbs.; and in large drums containing 5 lbs. To ensure satisfaction always ask for Crawford's.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS, Limited,
EDINBURGH,
LIVERPOOL & LONDON

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"A little help is worth a deal of pity."

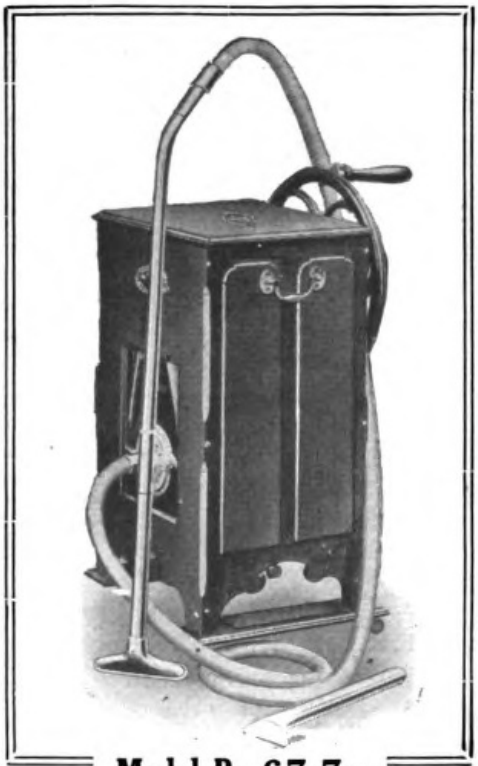


No doubt you pity your wife or those responsible for the cleanliness of the home when you think of the continual round of sweeping and cleaning.

But what do you do to help them?

You can show your sympathy in a practical way by purchasing a "DAISY" VACUUM CLEANER for them.

THE DAISY VACUUM CLEANER



Model B, £7-7s.

Finished in Solid Oak or Mahogany.

is the most useful present you can give, and is bound to be greatly appreciated. It is an absolute Domestic necessity. Besides saving the labour and drudgery of sweeping it is much more effective, and produces more hygienic conditions in the home. The "DAISY" VACUUM CLEANER makes Carpets, Upholstery, Curtains and Tapestries bright and fresh like new.

We make a large range of Models from £2-2-0 to £18-18-0, hand and electrically driven.

All Vacuum Cleaners bearing this Trade Mark are reliable and guaranteed for 2 years.



To be seen and obtained at all Ironmongers and House Furnishers. Should you have any difficulty in seeing a "DAISY" VACUUM CLEANER working, we should be pleased to arrange for a demonstration to be given in your own home.

Those who have not yet studied the DUST QUESTION should write for BOOKLET No. 4,

"WHO SAID DUST?"

The Daisy Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Leamington Rd., Gravelly Hill, Birmingham. Also

Wool Exchange Bldgs., Collins St., Melbourne. Strand Arcade. Auckland, New Zealand. Elphinstone St., Camp Karachi, India

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XMAS GIFTS AT NEXT TO FACTORY PRICES



CHARMING GOLD GEM BROOCH. Beautifully fashioned lattice design, set with pearls and fine lustrous centre stone. **15/-**



18-ct. HALF-HOOP RING, mounted with 4 Diamonds & 3 Sapphires or Rubies. **57/6**



SILVER-MOUNTED MANICURE SET.

Elegantly embossed design, comprising scissors, file, polisher, and jar. Complete in plush-lined case. A charming gift.

15/6

Beautiful Gifts of lasting value, at prices which eliminate the bulk of the ordinary retailer's heavy profits, are described in wonderful profusion and variety in H. Samuel's Big

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 XMAS BARGAINS

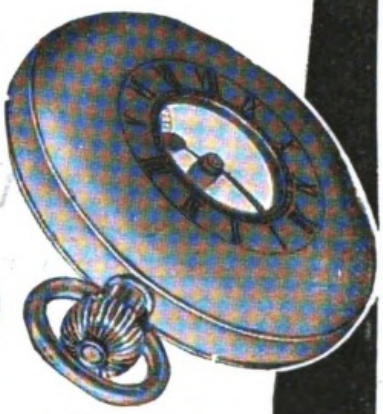
Send a postcard for it to-day! It brings you just the gift you want at about half the price you expected to pay for it, and a handsome **FREE PRIZE** with every purchase. See the splendid lists in the Free Book! Over 3,000 remarkable offers in Jewellery, Silverware, Watches, Plate, Cutlery, etc.



GOLD WATCH BRACELET. Perfect timekeeper, high-grade jewelled keyless lever movement, fully warranted, in beautifully finished Gold self-closing bracelet. **52/6**



FINE CLUSTER RING, Exquisitely set with Ruby or Sapphire & Diamonds. Worth double. **63/-**



£4 10s.

MAGNIFICENT GOLD HALF-HUNTER.

Perfectly adjusted high-grade ¼-plate keyless Lever movement, jewelled in all actions, fully warranted, chronometer balance, accurate, strong and absolutely reliable. Beautifully finished in Solid Hall-marked Gold Case.



GEM-SET EARRINGS. Latest design in Gold, set with Pearls and Amethyst. Per pair **7/6**



HANDSOME SNAKE RING, 18ct. Gold, exquisitely finished with Ruby and two Diamond Eyes. (9ct. Gold, **22/6.**) **47/6**

FULL MONTH'S TRIAL ANY ARTICLE



CASE OF FISH EATERS. Six pairs of handsomely engraved Sterling Silver-plated Fish Eaters, with Ivory-white Handles, complete in case. A splendid gift. **10/6**

FROM A DELIGHTED PURCHASER.

Mr. D. M. Austin, 25, Ysrathan Rd., Aberavon, writes, 23rd August last: **"I have had one of your Watches for upwards of 20 years, and have said to many that they are the finest in the world."**



Buy your presents direct from H. Samuel at next to Factory Prices!
WRITE NOW for the Free Book and select your FREE PRIZE!

H. SAMUEL

31, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Colonial orders receive the prompt attention of a special manager. Catalogue mailed free.

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THE Pathéphone will bring charm, brightness and pleasure into your home—will bring you music and laughter. The Master Musicians of the world will sing and play for you—the world's greatest Mirthmakers will entertain you and make you jolly—Music solemn, grand and gay will revive the flagging spirit or respond to the moment's mood. You choose your own entertainers—command the songs and music you prefer. At small cost you gather together an array of talent which in real life even unlimited wealth could not provide. The Artistes are brought to you in amazing "Naturalness" by the

Pathéphone

WITH THE PATHÉ SAPPHIRE POINT

. . The Pathé Sapphire Point (as it is called) is really round in shape, like a tiny ball. It is Permanent—Unwearable. The Needle Point of other disc-playing instruments is sharp-pointed, and it wears away so quickly that even the manufacturers recommend you to change the Needle after playing each record. If it must be changed at the end of the record—why not in the middle? It is obvious that the needle deteriorates and that the Reproduction must weaken as the playing of the disc proceeds towards its end. WHEREAS, the Pathé Sapphire Point is always the same—giving a reproduction rich and clear in tone from beginning to end—record after record. After a record is played, you just lay on a fresh disc—start the machine—that's all. No needles to change.

No Needles to Change—No Bother

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The Greatest Home Entertainer for the Family and their Friends—is the Pathéphone

. . The Pathé Multitone Sound-Box, always famous for purity of tone, has now widened the possibilities of the Pathéphone as an instrument for keen lovers of true music. By a simple adjustment of the Sapphire-holder one can obtain any tone desired, from the most mellow to the loudest, and can thus change the tone to suit your taste, particular records, or the size of your room.



The "Onward" . . . . . £3 15s.

. . Pathéphones are made in many styles—Hornless and otherwise—at prices ranging from 42/- upwards. Pathé Discs are the most moderate in price and last Ten Times as Long as Needle-played discs. Really — Pathé Discs have NO end. They are Double-Sided—two records on each — and sold according to size, no matter how celebrated the Artiste may be. Three Sizes—10 in., 2/- : 11 in., 3/- ; 14 in., 4/-.



The "New Oxford" . . . . £8 5s.

. . Obtainable of Music Dealers and Pathé Agents throughout the world. In case of difficulty in being supplied, write us for the name of the Nearest Agent, Catalogues, and Lists of Records. Please mention the "Strand Magazine."

PATHÉ FRÈRES PATHÉPHONE, LTD.

Lamb's Conduit St. . . . . London, W.C.

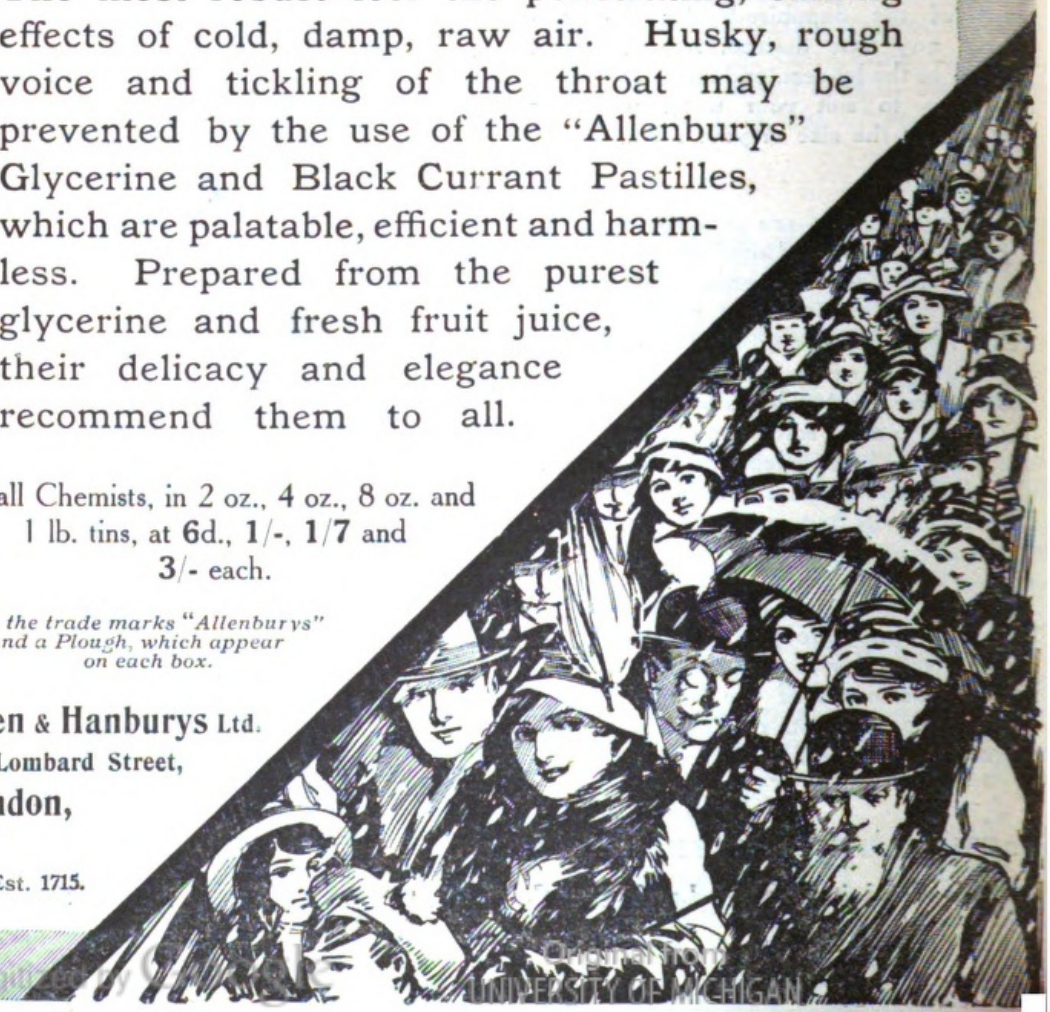
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In Winter Weather



The "Allenburys" Glycerine and (Trade Mark) Black Currant Pastilles

The most robust feel the penetrating, chilling effects of cold, damp, raw air. Husky, rough voice and tickling of the throat may be prevented by the use of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles, which are palatable, efficient and harmless. Prepared from the purest glycerine and fresh fruit juice, their delicacy and elegance recommend them to all.



Of all Chemists, in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. and 1 lb. tins, at **6**d., **1**/-, **1**/**7** and **3**/- each.

Note the trade marks "Allenburys" and a Plough, which appear on each box.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37, Lombard Street,
London,
E.C.
Est. 1715.

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GLOWING COMFORT.

AFTER the exhilaration of a cold day in the open the glowing comfort of a cosy fireside provides one of the great joys of life. With a gas fire to be lighted in an instant, diffusing warmth throughout a room in but a few seconds, this "fireside enjoyment" is always to hand—and without necessitating the least labour in preparation, attention, or an after effect of dirty grates and untidy hearths.



Write for Booklet No. L.F. 204, post free, to the British Commercial Gas Association, 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

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With the charm of the teeth in mind

every reason for satisfaction is to be found in the way Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder does its work. For besides polishing the visible surface of the teeth so nicely, it also provides that thorough antiseptic cleansing which is such an important factor in preserving them in the best possible condition.

Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

Your Chemist sells it in four sizes: 6d., 1/-, 1/6 and 5/- (1-lb.) Tins.

Write for Sample enclosing penny stamp for postage to F. C. CALVERT & Co. (Dept. S.M.) Manchester. A small tablet of Calvert's Carbolic Toilet Soap will come with it free.

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Buy 'him' a Gillette this Xmas!

Give a man a Gillette and you give him a lifetime of shaving comfort. There is nothing for him to learn

—even if he has never shaved himself before, he can use a Gillette perfectly, first time and every time. It will make his shaving quicker and less troublesome; because it is perfectly safe and no stropping or honing are ever needed.

The Gillette is the most popular razor in the world. It is appreciated by men of all classes because it is the only razor that is adjustable to individual needs; enabling it to shave a coarse or light beard with velvety smoothness, or a rough or tender skin without the least irritation.

You can get a Gillette Razor (as illustrated) in velvet-lined morocco case, with 12 blades (**24 cutting edges**) for One Guinea. Combination Outfits containing Gillette Razor, soap and brush—ideal for Xmas Gifts—from 25s.

BRITISH MADE. Sold Everywhere.

Write to-day for Illustrated Booklet and "Hints on Shaving," sent post free on application. Mention Strand Magazine.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD.,
40-44, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

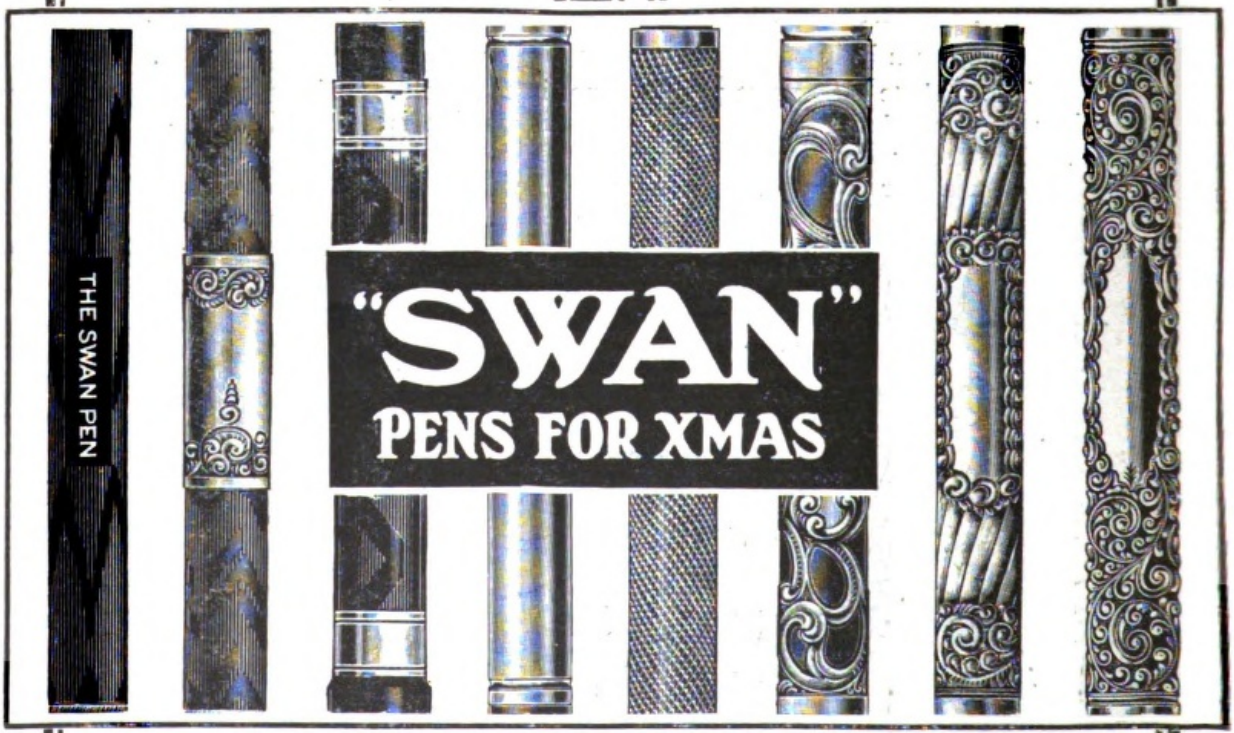


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Take a pride in your choice and give "SWANS" this Xmas

The annual "what to give" question is to most of us a truly anxious time One naturally desires each of their gifts to be appropriate in every way; useful and lasting; must be good in every sense and frequently must be easy to send. It would indeed be difficult to mention one who would not appreciate and enjoy the comfort of a "SWAN." One would be especially pleasing to an elderly person or an invalid, whilst to any professional man or woman, author, teacher, journalist, business man, traveller, or clerk it would prove a real boon. To a student it forms part of his or her outfit. More thought should be given to the pattern of holder than to the point, for if the nib chosen is not suited to the recipient it will be exchanged either at a personal call or through the post. This facility of exchange makes a "SWAN" a safe gift always.





Above are few of the many beautiful designs of which the makers and purchasers may well be proud.

Our complete New Catalogue (free on request) should be in the hands of every gift giver.

"Swan" Prices:
Standard Pattern from **10/6.**
Safety Pattern from **12/6.**

MABIE, TODD & CO.,
79 & 80, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.
38, Cheapside, E.C., 95a, Regent St., W., London; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; and 5th Ave. New York, Chicago, Toronto, and Sydney.

Sold by all Stationers and Jewellers.

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A Healthy Baby makes a Happy Home.

Neave's Food makes a Healthy Baby.

Yes, *makes* a healthy Baby.

Your Baby's whole future depends on his proper feeding during the opening days of his life. Baby's health demands restful sleep, firm flesh, easy teething, and freedom from infantile constipation. Neave's Food ensures all these.

Neave's Food is a Food with a record—a ninety-year-long record of Babies, healthily, happily, sturdily reared upon it. Mothers are continually writing to Fordingbridge about what Neave's Food has done for their Babies. Mrs. GRADDON, writing from 12, Derby Road, Sefton Park, Bristol, on July 23rd last, says :—

"I am sending you the photo of our little boy, 'Teddy,' agea 18 months. From birth to three months we fed him on a patent food which he was constantly throwing up. We tried several other foods with the same result, and, having lost two children before, it made us very anxious. Then we were advised to try 'Neave's Food,' and, almost at once saw an improvement. We continued it with the result you can see in the photo."

If you do not really know Neave's Food—if you have not tried it for your baby, write for a free sample, sending two penny stamps for postage, and you will have it the day after to-morrow. With it will be sent "HINTS ABOUT BABY," a booklet of interest to all Mothers and written by a trained Nurse. Mention "December Strand."

Baby ought to have Neave's Food. **Neave's Food** *Baby ought to have Neave's Food.*

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, HANTS.

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GUARANTEED FADELESS

the wide world over



Testimonials from INDIA, CANADA SOUTH AFRICA etc:

Allen's DUROBELLE Regd

casements, curtains, and coverings have triumphantly withstood all tests of exposure and washing, throughout the world, for seven years.

¶ To-day, as always, Allen's give a signed guarantee to replace free any length of Durobelle that fades.

"Durban, Natal,
"To J. J. Allen, Ltd. "Sept. 21, 1912.

"I am simply delighted with the Durobelle fabrics obtained from you. The curtains have now been hanging for over a year, exposed to the direct light and heat of the fierce South African sun, and the colours remain perfect. Even the pale blue shade . . . is as fresh as when it was bought.

(Signed) "Mrs. L. G. H. M——."

Seasonable Textures now available.

¶ The Durobelle ranges for the 1912-13 season delight connoisseur and economist alike by reason of their exquisite beauty and guaranteed permanence of colour. Patterns are loaned free of:—

Plain Casement and lining cottons: 31in., **9½d., 11½d.,** and **1/3** yard; 50in., **1/4½, 1/7½,** and **1/11½.**
31in. Linens at **1/11½** and **2/6½**; twill sheeting, 50in., **1/11.**
Curtain and covering reps: 31in., **1/3½**; 50in., **2/2, 2/6.**
50in. Curtain Damasks, with self-trellis and Adam medallion designs, **3/3.**
Mercerised poplin rep, 50in., **3/6.**
Serviceable and distinctive Tapestries, 50in., **4/11** to **8/6.**
Coloured Muslins, 50in., **1/6½** to **2/11½.** Etc., etc.

¶ Allen's famous Catalogue "My Lady's Home" is post free throughout the world if "Strand" is mentioned. The "book of the year" on Furnishing Fabrics, Linens, etc. Beautifully illustrated in colour.

J. J. Allen Ltd

Mail Order Dept.

No. 2, The Quadrant, BOURNEMOUTH

London Showrooms and Removals Offices:
6, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

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The STORY THE PEDOMETER TOLD OF 513 MILES WEAR IN ONE PAIR OF "DOMINANT" BOOT SOLES

BEFORE putting the "Dominant" boot on sale we sought to verify the great faith its quality and fine build justified our placing in it.

. . This is how we tested and proved its extraordinary wearing capabilities.

TWELVE District Messenger Boys were fitted with "Dominant" boots and given Pedometers.

The remarkable average of 460 miles per pair was reached before the soles were worn out, and still the uppers were good for a couple of new soles.

. . One boy actually walked 513 miles—surely astounding evidence of "Dominant" durability—over all kinds of road surfaces, in all weathers, under the most trying conditions—enough proof that "Dominant" boots will last the ordinary school boy considerably longer than most boots costing almost double the price.

WE want every man or woman having occasion to purchase boots for boys to actually see "Dominant." A personal visit to our Showrooms will be appreciated, but to those who cannot call we offer to send a boot, post paid, to be criticised.

The LONDON SHOE Co ltd

123-125 QUEEN VICTORIA ST E C
21-22 SLOANE ST S W
116-117 NEW BOND ST W





"DOMINANT" Boots cost from 9/9 per pair, and are made in all styles.

Send for the "Boot Book"; it is sent post free, and gives fullest particulars.

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THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE TYPEWRITING PROFESSION



The Royal Society of Arts has awarded the Silver Medal (advanced stage) and First Prize to Miss Rita Farrell, who won this highest honour in open competition against 224 competitors of both sexes. The second place and a Silver Medal were awarded to Miss Lily S. Martin. Both these brilliant results were achieved on the

SMITH PREMIER

New Model No. 10

THE WORLD'S BEST TYPEWRITER.

More output—with far less expenditure of energy and time, and no big bills for repairs. This is the experience of the users of over

450,000 Smith Premiers.

There is only **one** Smith Premier. No Typewriter (other than those manufactured by Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Ltd.) can be legally described as "THE SMITH" or "THE SMITH PREMIER" without infringing our registered Trade Mark.

Write to-day for Free Descriptive Catalogue.

SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Ltd.,
SMITH PREMIER HOUSE,
6 and 7, Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.
ESTABLISHED 1887.

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The ARGYLL

The Car of characteristic design and great comfort.

No car has the luxurious dignified appearance of the Argyll. Nor can any give the same degree of comfort. The new "stream-line" design of the 1913 models gives to the Argyll an elegance of appearance that has never before been reached. Luxuriously upholstered, fitted with those little accessories that tell for great comfort, roomy, with the body-work finished in an irreproachable style, *the Argyll is unrivalled.*

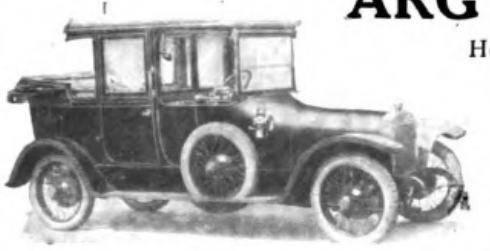
Fitted with the marvellous Argyll Single Sleeve Valve Engine these cars represent the highest standard of motor car construction—"the finest product of the highest-skilled engineering centre of the world." Efficient, reliable, light on tyres, economical in petrol, easy of control, the Argyll gives "day after day" service with little attention at a minimum of cost for upkeep.

1913 Models, with full equipment ready for the road.

12/18 h.p. (4 Cylinder Poppet Type)	car complete	**£375**	(without equipment £345)
15/30 h.p. (4 Cylinder Sleeve Valve)	„	**£575**	(„ „ £525)
25/50 h.p. (4 Cylinder Sleeve Valve)	„	**£750**	(„ „ £700)

Diagonal Braking System. All Argyll models are equipped with this patent system of braking on all four wheels. The brakes act on all wheels at once, and their enormous power gives absolute confidence on the very steepest of hills.

Don't purchase your car until you have had actual demonstration of the comfort and smooth running of the Argyll.



ARGYLLS, LTD.,

Head Office and Works:

Alexandria, Scotland.

London Showrooms:
6, Great Marlborough Street, W.

And at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Cardiff, Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle, Leeds, Manchester, Leicester, &c.

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Redfern's NAVY Rubber Heels



Save "the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh road."

They act as cushions and save the shock. But they save more: they save the boot bill — for Redfern's Navy easily outwear leather heels. Have a pair fixed and see for yourself.

Ladies' and Children's, **4½d.** Men's, **6½d.** Of Boot Repairers and Dealers everywhere.

Redfern's Navy must be fixed as shown in the illustration: sunk to the level of the heel. Your shoemaker knows how.

Redfern's Rubber Works, Ltd.,

Manufacturers of Cycle Tyres, Rubber Soles, Mechanical Rubbers, Golf Balls, etc.

Hyde, nr. Manchester.

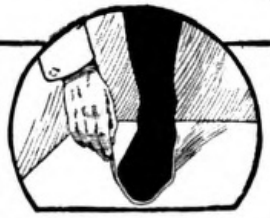
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104 Styles

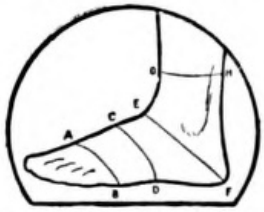
Saxone Boots & Shoes for Men

119 Fittings

16/6 are famous the whole world over for the "Foot-joy" they give. For "Saxones" *fit* you, perfectly, precisely. 16/6



Place the stockinged foot firmly on a piece of paper and draw a line around the foot so as to get the exact shape of the sole.



With the foot off the floor take measurements of both feet at exact points indicated. Then send particulars with remittance to Kilmarnock, stating whether tan, box calf or glacé kid, and if for light or heavy wear.

Style 42
Harvard Last. Black Box Calf Blucher Boot. Medium Sole.



Whether you call at a "Saxone" store or send by post, you get the boot that is *made for you* — a boot that gives better service, better style, more ease and comfort at 16/6 than bespoke boots at double the price.

"Saxones" typify the triumph of the ideal British boot—elegant, durable, ever and always *most* comfortable; 104 styles to suit your fancy—each style moulded on 119 scientific lasts conforming to all normal shapes and sizes of the human foot.

Light-weight "Saxones" are specially suitable for tropical wear.

If you cannot visit a Saxone store, follow the instructions given here under the illustrations. Foreign and Colonial Postage extra. "Saxones" packed for export — 3 lb

Send for 24-page Illustrated Style Book, No. 47, if you prefer to see a selection of "Saxone" styles before ordering by post. Address:

Saxone Shoe Co. Ltd., Kilmarnock, Gt. Britain.

STORES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM

London, Birmingham, Blackburn, Bradford, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Halifax, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Nottingham, Plymouth, Preston, Sheffield.

ON THE CONTINENT: PARIS AND BRUSSELS.

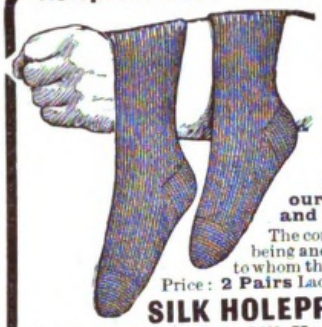
FOREIGN AND COLONIAL AGENTS

ROWE & Co., Burma.
W. M. CUTHBERT & Co., throughout South Africa.
WILSON & DEANS, Port Elizabeth.
T. B. ROBINSON & Co., Lorenço Marques.
DADLEY & SONS, Auckland, New Zealand.
T. EATON & Co. LTD., Toronto and Winnipeg, Canada
WHITFIELDS, Barbadoes.
MURRAY & Co., Iquique, Chile.
CASA HOLMES, Concepcion, Chile.

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Holeproof Hose (Regd.)



DARN NO MORE

If they are not "Holeproof" we will give you NEW HOSE FREE.

"V. & H." Holeproof Hosiery is made from a specially manufactured yarn. This yarn is lighter in weight and tougher and stronger than any other. So pliable it gives to continued pressure and wear, is not thick and clumsy, but smart, luxuriously comfortable, shapely, and well-made. There is hardly any spring or elastic stretch in ordinary hose, and this accounts for the rapid appearance of holes and thin places.

TRY THEM FOR TWO MONTHS.

Then, if within that time a hole should appear, send them back to us at once with our Guarantee Ticket which is sent with every pair we sell, and we will present you with new hose without extra cost.



The comfort and pleasure of good wearing hose to men conveys a sense of well-being and satisfaction all day long, while to business girls and busy housewives, to whom the weekly darning is a long and tiresome task, the benefit is incalculable.

Price: **2 Pairs** Ladies' Stockings, **3/10**, post 2d.; **2 Pairs** Gent.'s Socks, **2/10**, post 2d.

SILK HOLEPROOF Hose. We have introduced some most delightful **Silk Holeproof Hose.** The latest champagne colour is stocked, also empire blue, pearl grey and black. **Silk Hose** is proverbially bad wearing; think how nice it is to have **Silk Hose** that is guaranteed to wear for two months without developing holes. So sure are we of this that we replace every pair that develops holes within two months of purchase. The price is **7/6** for **Two Pairs** of Gent.'s and **10/6** for **Two Pairs** of Ladies'. Postage 2d. Please state boot size, write name and address plainly, **and go for your postal order now.** Don't let good inventions pass you. Call or write—

VAUGHAN & HEATHER (Dept. 19), The Mail Order House, Queen's Road, BRIGHTON.

MOST WONDERFUL COAL SAVER

<— 5½" —> YOUR COAL BILL NEARLY HALVED.



Place one of these patent savers in your grate, and you will notice the increased heat sent into the room. The coals do not cake at the back, burning uselessly; the fire is much brighter, and remains in a pleasant glow down to the last cinder. A fire-grate fitted with one of these "Grato" coal savers never refuses to light, a free circulation of air ensuring perfect combustion. Air costs **nothing**—it improves the fire—so burn it. A large quantity of coal is saved on each fire, although the amount of heat sent out is greatly increased. Does not crack like the old clumsy and unsightly fire brick; you buy one now for a very small cost, and it will



Agents Wanted. SAVE YOUR COAL YEAR AFTER YEAR.

Every housekeeper will appreciate this benefit. The small outlay is easily saved in two or three days. Why not buy one now? They are made in two sizes—large size (5½in. across), **2/-**; small size (4in. across), **1/6**. Carriage on each 3d. (P.O.'s only). Call or write—

1/6 Postage 3d.

VAUGHAN & HEATHER (Dept. 19) The Mail Order House, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON.

NO MORE COLD FEET.

Cold feet can now be a thing of the past. The new "Slipon" Under-Socks are made of beautifully warm, non-irritating woolly material. Worn next to skin. Your sock or stocking is worn over them. Create glowing warmth. Do not fill up boot. Can be washed again and again. 1- per pair, postage 1d, extra. State size of boot worn. P.O.'s only.

VAUGHAN & HEATHER (Dept. 19), The Mail Order House, Queen's Road, **BRIGHTON.** **1/-**

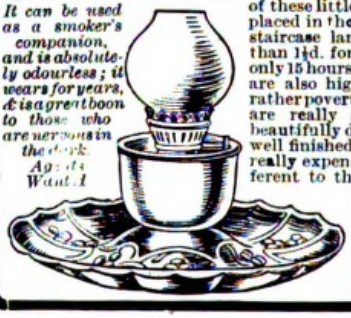
Agents wanted. Post 1d.



500 HOURS' LIGHT for 1½D.

"Fool-Proof" Lamp. We have named this the **"Fool-Proof"** Lamp because, even with the most careless handling, it is absolutely safe. There is no exposed flame to flicker or blow out when used out of doors, near bedroom windows or curtains, or draughty corners. Many people would like their dark recesses, halls, or basements well lighted, but cannot manage this because of the expense. But one of these little **"Fool-Proof"** Lamps placed in those eerie corners or dark staircase landings will cost no more than 1½d. for 500 hours. Candles give only 15 hours for the same amount and are also highly dangerous, and look rather poverty-stricken. These lamps are really artistic, the pattern is beautifully designed, copper base, and well finished, has the appearance of a really expensive article. Totally different to the usual run of oil lamps.

It can be used as a smoker's companion, and is absolutely odourless; it wears for years, & is a great boon to those who are nervous in the dark. Agents Wanted



Burns Paraffin Oil. Price **2/6**, postage and packing 2d.—**VAUGHAN & HEATHER** (Dept. 19), The Mail Order House, Queen's Road, **BRIGHTON.**



KEEP WARM WINTER VEST.

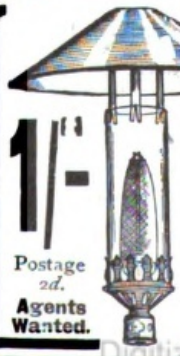
For LADIES & GENTLEMEN.

Wear this and the most penetrating wind will not reach you. Invaluable for those whose occupation or pleasure keeps them much out of doors. Natural colour. Warm and fleecy. A great comfort to old and young alike. Washes well and keeps its shape to the last. Made to measure: for Women, waist and bust measurement; for Men, measurement of waist. Price **5/-**. Postage 3d.—**Vaughan & Heather** (Dept. 19), Mail Order House, Queen's Rd., **Brighton.**

Agents Wanted.

NO more CHILLY BEDROOMS

OR ANY OTHER ROOMS.



1/- Postage 2d. **Agents Wanted.**

Our Heat and Light Deflector is absolutely the very thing needed for this weather. It sends down all the heat from the gas to the lower part of the room (where it is needed), and entirely takes off that shivery feeling that is so unpleasant. It is very easy to fit on chimney of Gas Burner or Oil Lamp, and forms a splendid ceiling protector. Made of Aluminium, therefore white and light. Articles of this description are usually expensive. Note OUR price and just try one. Send P.O. for 1/2 to-day. Postal Orders only.

VAUGHAN & HEATHER
(Dept. 19), The Mail Order House, BRIGHTON.

ONLY **10½d**



AGENTS WANTED

CHEST PROTECTOR.

Protect your Chest and Back from Chills this treacherous weather. You need not fear anything if you wear one of our new Slipon Chest Protectors, made to fit over Chest and Back. Biting winds cannot get through it, yet it is so light as to be unnoticeable. Soft, non-irritating, will not worry the most sensitive skin. Send P.O.'s only for 10½d. (post 1½d.). Children's, 3d. (post 1d.).—**Vaughan & Heather** (Dept. 19), The Mail Order House, Queen's Road, **BRIGHTON.**

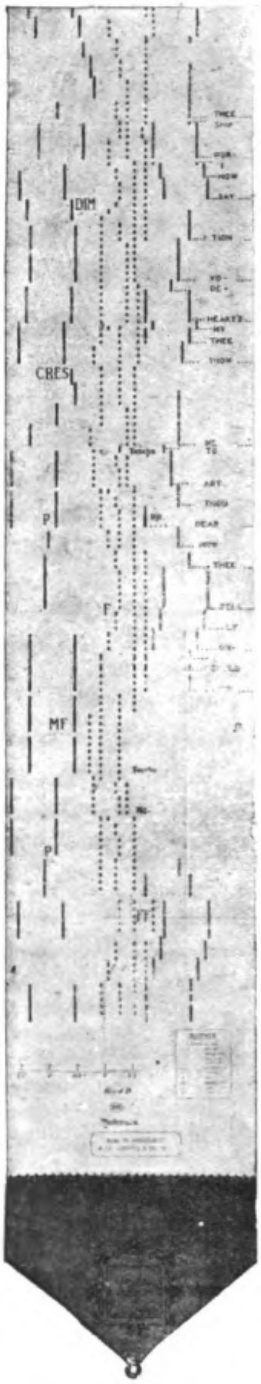
SOFT BEDROOM SLIPPERS

Just the thing for DAINTY FEET. VAUGHAN & HEATHER (Dept. 19), BRIGHTON. **6d.** Pair, post 3d.

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"Songola" Music Rolls

The words of the Song on the Roll



New and Unique Christmas Gifts

Can be used on all Player-Pianos. Words of the song clearly printed exactly opposite the accompanying chord or phrase.

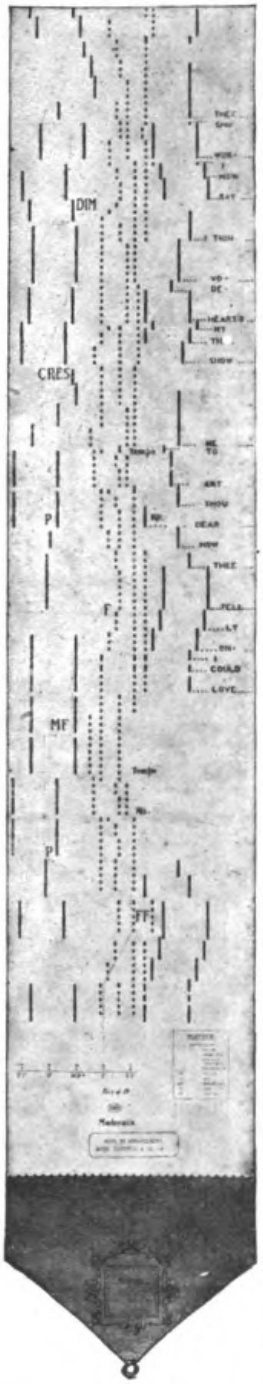
LINENIZED MUSIC ROLLS

Climate-proof, musically perfect, practically indestructible. For use on *all* Player-Pianos. Prices from **9d.** to **6/3** each.

SPECIAL LIST OF XMAS ROLLS NOW READY.

MUSIC ROLL CABINETS
A Speciality.

Send for Catalogues and particulars of Music Roll Circulating Library. (Mention "Strand Mag.")



THE PERFORATED MUSIC CO., Ltd.,
94, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Factory and Head Office:
197-199, City Road, E.C.

Scottish Branch:
113, George Street, Edinburgh.

Agents:—LIVERPOOL: Rushworth & Dreaper, Ltd., 11-17, Islington. CHELTENHAM: Dale, Forty & Co., Ltd.. Promenade. CARDIFF: Dale, Forty & Co., Ltd., High Street. BRISTOL: Duck, Son & Pinker, 1, Royal Promenade, Clifton. BATH: Duck, Son & Pinker, Pulteney Bridge. CARLISLE: C. Thurnam & Sons, Whitehall House. STOCKTON-ON-TEES: John Burdon, 52, Yarm Lane. NOTTINGHAM: H. Farmer & Co., High Street.

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For Pipe Smokers!

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

Tobacco

For Cigarette Smokers!

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

Cigarettes

The Brand for all Smokers:

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

"Beautifully cool & sweet smoking."

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You are Cordially Invited to Inspect

The New RONEO Building

Opened 

Oct. 31

The largest Building in the World

devoted exclusively to the sale of time and labour Saving Office Appliances

Here may be seen Machines and devices which will positively enable you to

Enlarge your Business & Reduce Expenses

thus

Increasing Net Profits

Full particulars and descriptive Booklet POST FREE or on application

RONEO LTD. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, Holborn, London, E.C.

Branches in all large towns

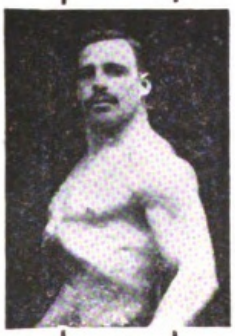
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The names of MAXICK & SALDO are a Guarantee of Probity in the Physical Culture World

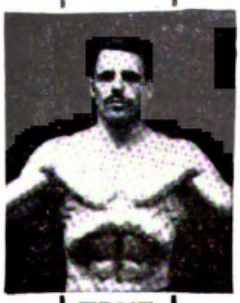
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TRUE CHEST EXPANSION



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MAXICK

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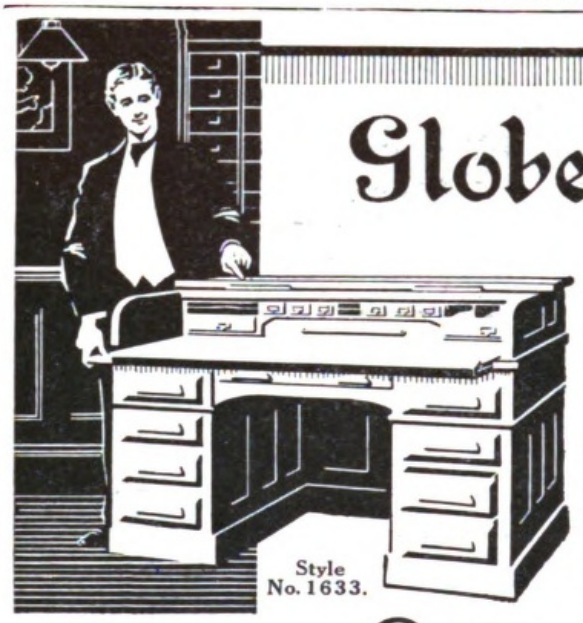
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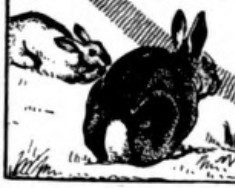
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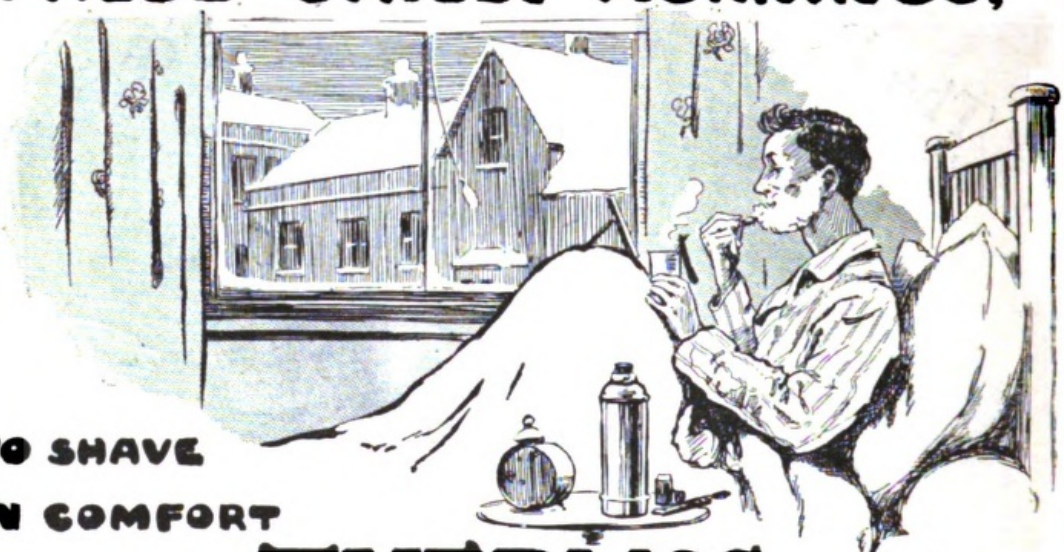
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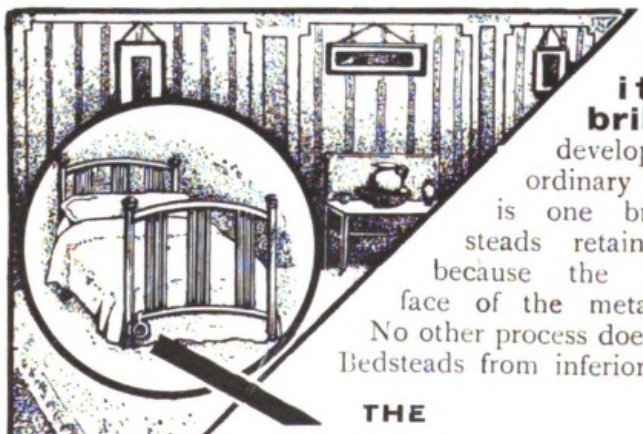
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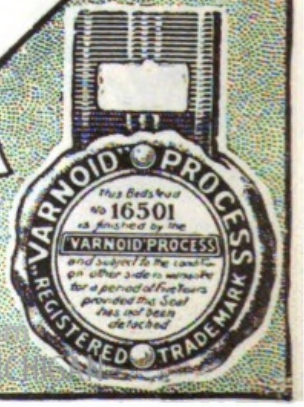


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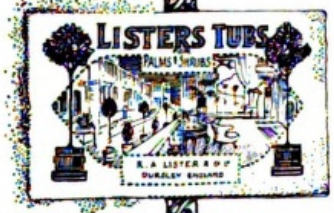


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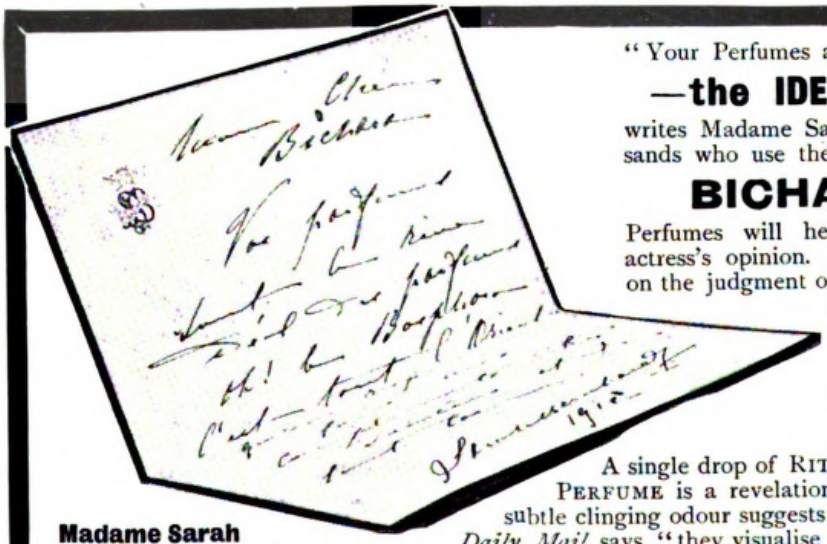
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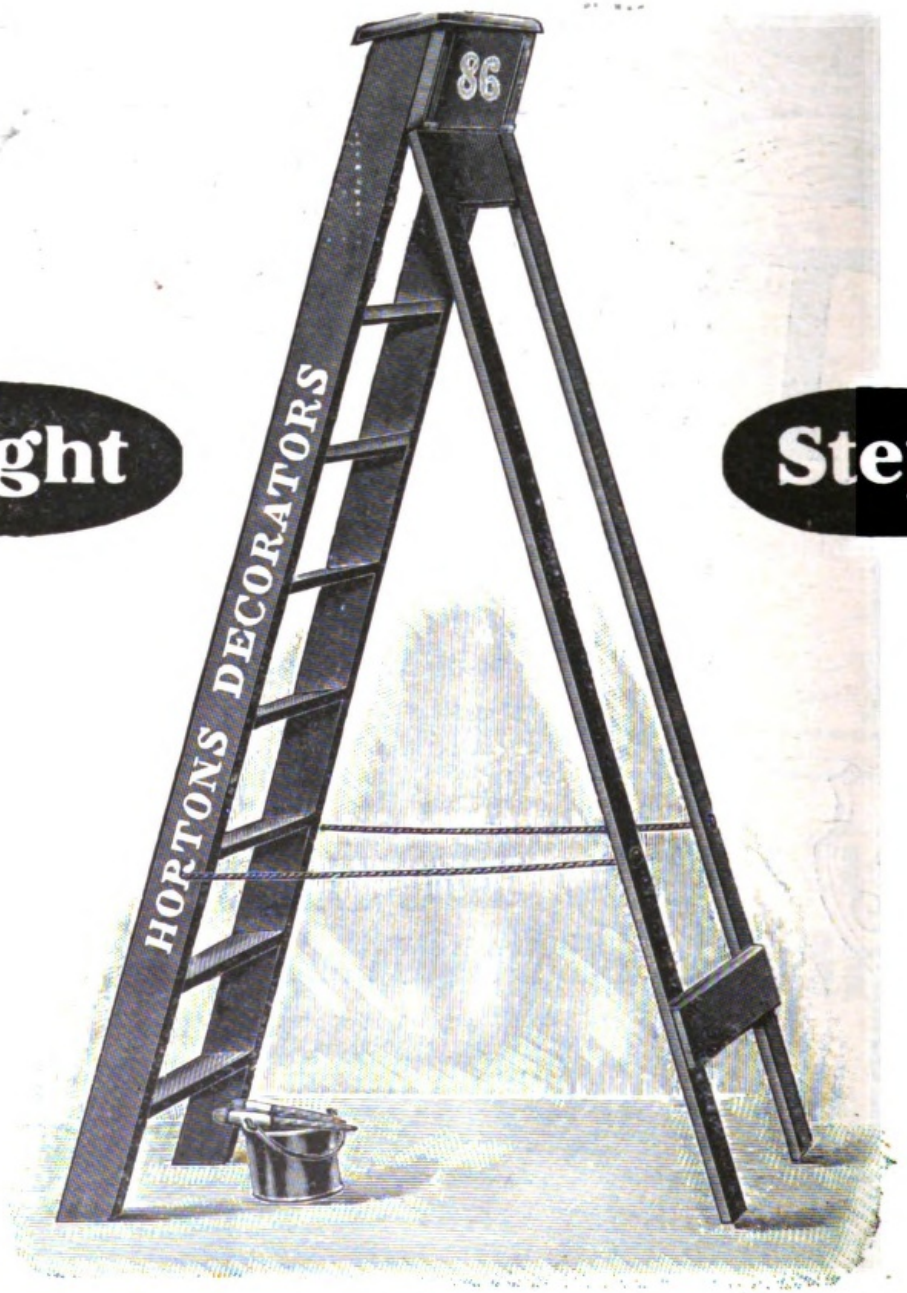
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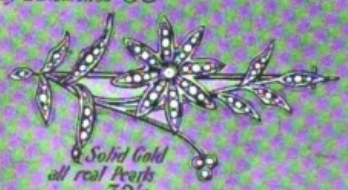
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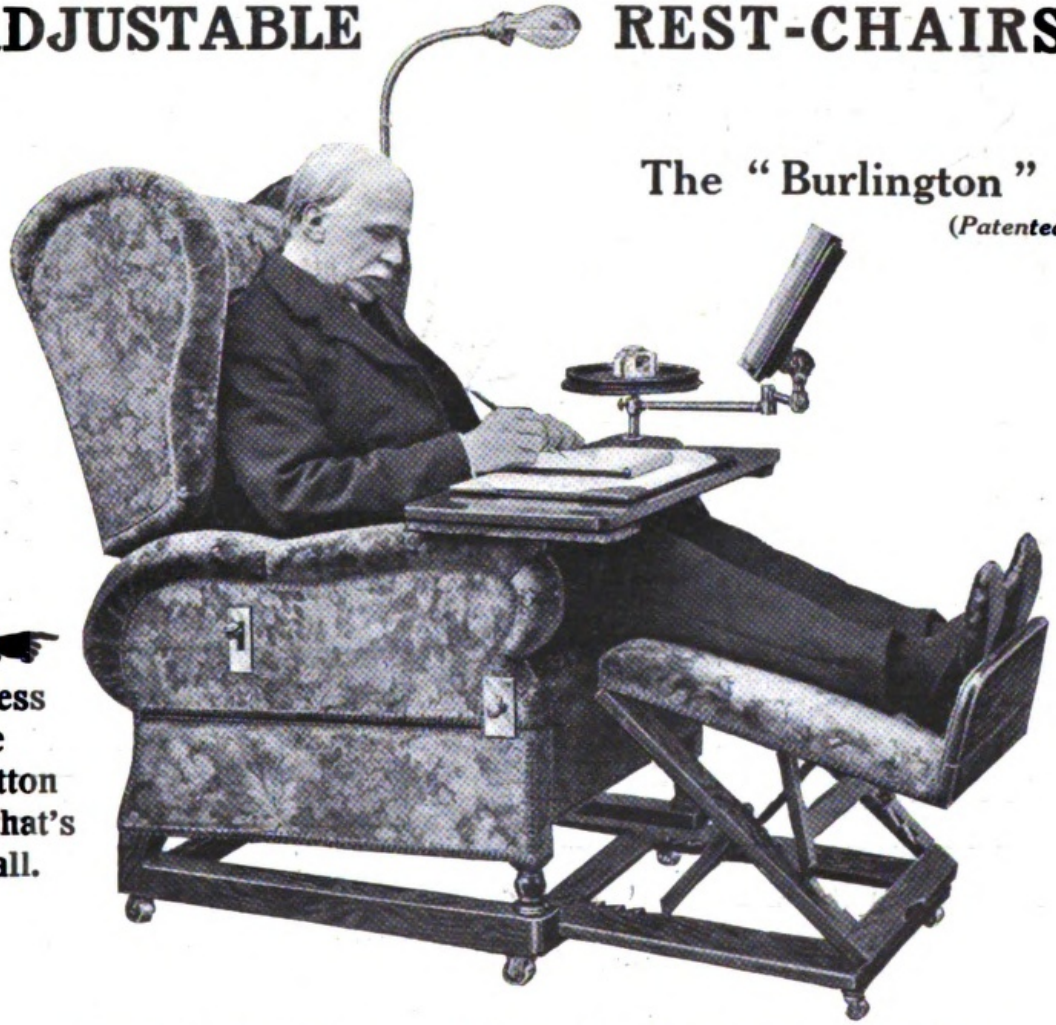


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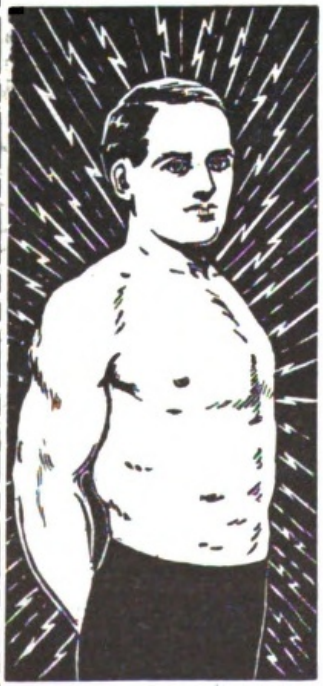
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VITALITY corresponds to the steam in an engine. It is the force, the physical energy, that enables you to do things. Your health, your success in life depend upon the amount of vitality you possess. Of what use is an engine without steam? Of what use are you, to yourself or to others, without the necessary vitality to operate the mechanism of your body?

The healthy man is rich in vitality. He has the vim, the ambition, the courage to succeed at anything he tackles. Vitality gives a man confidence in himself. It helps him to win where the timid man sees nothing but failure.

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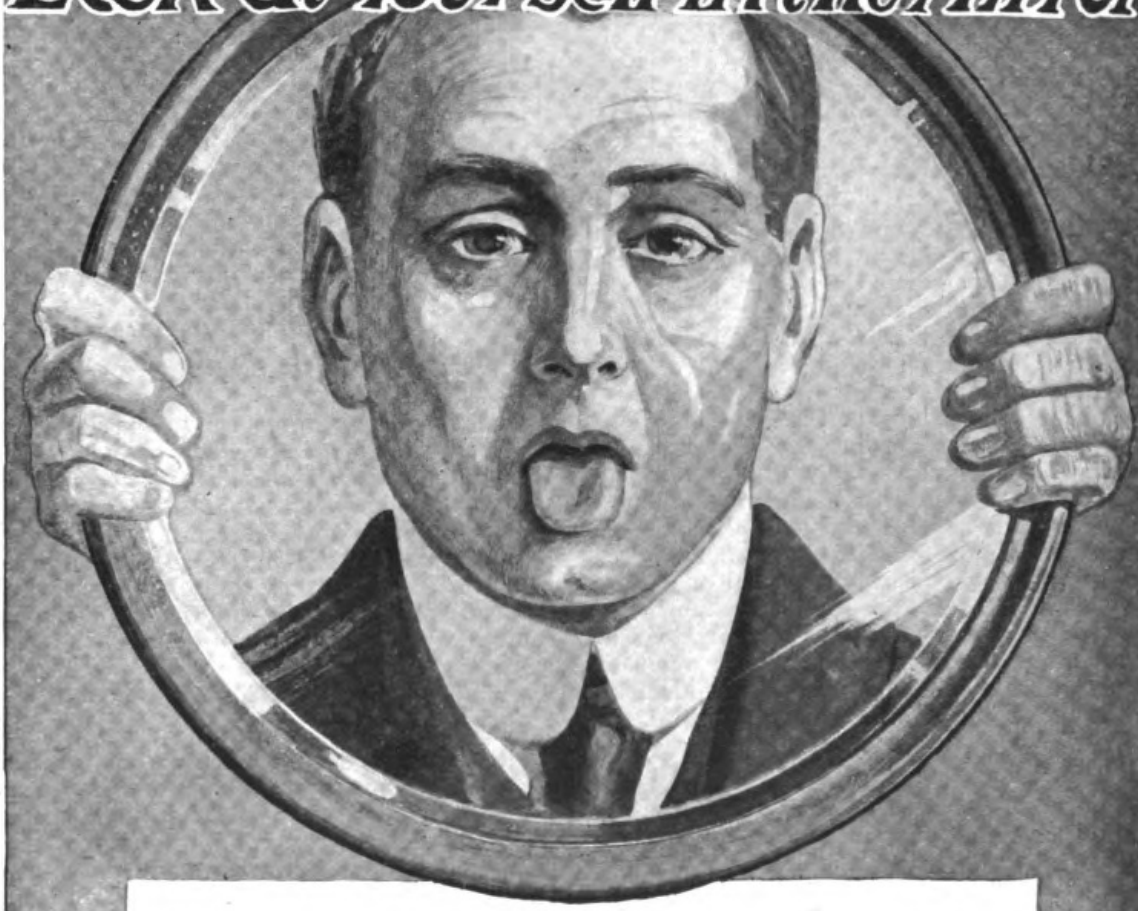
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HOW THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS BROUGHT HIM SUCCESS CAN HELP OUR READERS.



Mr. A. W. Gamage.

NOT so many years ago the man whose picture appears on this page was the proud proprietor of a half-share in a tiny little shop in Holborn with a frontage of not more than a few feet. Now that business occupies two huge blocks of buildings, and is being added to every day. And its owner has hundreds of other interests as well.

Moreover, this wonderful success is due to his own efforts. He has had no outside "influence" to help him on the road to success. His progress has been due to one thing and one thing only, to his business knowledge, the knowledge that tells one when to buy and how to sell, when to lay down new plant and when to retrench, that shows the way out of difficulties and the best means of seizing opportunities.

What would it mean to you?

What would it not mean to you if you could have such a man with you every day in your work to help you in *your* difficulties, to show you the way to seize *your* opportunities? You must realize that it might mean just the difference between just the mediocre measure of success that attends most hard-working men and the *real* success that comes to the few. Only a few days ago Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, told a reporter that "merely doing your duty is not sufficient. You must work with your head, and, in addition to obeying orders, *work out projects of your own.*"

Now, how are you to lay those projects, if you have no past experience to help you or no substitute for it, such as you would have if only you could have a man like Gamage for your partner?

How can you have it?

Do you know that you *can* have Gamage for your partner, at least as far as the benefit of his advice is concerned? And not only Gamage, but also Sir Joseph Lyons, the famous restaurateur; and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor-cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, who in six or seven years has reached the top of the tree in the advertising profession, and is now advertisement manager of *The Times*; and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley, Ltd.; and Wareham Smith, advertisement director of *The Daily Mail.*

And the way you can get the benefit of these men's knowledge is by getting the "Business Encyclopædia," and by referring to it whenever a business difficulty faces you. Whatever your difficulty, however hard it seems, you will be able to solve it by the advice given in the "Business Encyclopædia." For it is written by men who have solved similar difficulties themselves.

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Strand Magazine, December, 1912.

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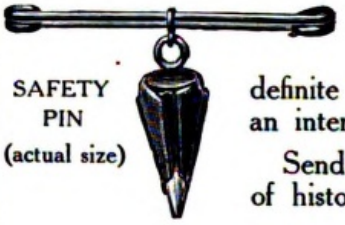
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FREE—The New Style Tatcho HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH

Every user of Tatcho, Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Trusty, Honest Hair Grower, may obtain this valuable New Style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush absolutely Free of Charge. Special offer to readers of "The Strand Magazine."

Have you yet obtained your new style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush? It is yours free for the asking, if you comply with the two following simple conditions :—

1. That you promise to accept the brush solely for your own personal use.
2. That you are a user of Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho, the Trusty, Honest Hair Grower.

The conditions are obvious. The first one is made because unscrupulous people might be tempted to make a financial gain by selling the brush to a third party.

The Company would, if they could, give one of these valuable brushes to everyone who reads this announcement. In the hands of a multi-millionaire the task would not be an impossible one. But it is impossible.

The brushes are being presented freely—in strict rotation, as applications are received.

There is no Hair-brush like the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. It was not until the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush was invented that a problem of serious import to all who pride themselves upon their hair was completely solved.

The hair is full of impurities. For proof of this, examine an ordinary Hair-brush that has been used. That Hair-brush is rarely, if ever, cleaned after each brushing operation. For health's sake it should be. But you go on brushing your hair with brushes encumbered with germs and many hair diseases lurking within, and you wonder why you have hair trouble. Make up your mind never again to use an old-fashioned Hair-brush. It is fatal to hair-health. Use the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. It is the only Hair-brush that is perfect in its power to brush the hair with proper care—the only one that is self-cleaning—the only one that can adjust its pressure on the hair and scalp.

Thousands know the power of Tatcho, the Trusty, Honest Hair Grower, but many will ask, Why give a brush away in conjunction with Tatcho? Frankly, the Company have proved that the free distribution of these brushes must inevitably largely augment the sale of Tatcho, the brush being a continual reminder of happy results achieved.

Every head of hair needs attention. The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush gives the primary attention. Tatcho does the rest. To neglect the hair—to deprive it of any hair food, is to seek hair trouble and brings many after regrets. What Tatcho did for Mr. Geo. R. Sims, what it has done and is doing for so many thousands of Mr. Sims' readers, it can do for you. It is for you to say if its aid shall be "called in." Now as to the terms of the free supply of the brush. An applicant may have one brush only. To obtain your one you will have to be a user of Tatcho. If you are already a user, send in either three of the wrappers which had contained a 1s. size bottle, or one wrapper which had contained a 2s. 9d. size bottle, and a Tatcho Hair-Health Brush is at your disposition free. If it is desired that the package be sent to you by post, enclose with the wrappers five stamps for packing and postage, and the brush will forthwith be mailed to your address, carefully packed in plain wrapper.



Mr. Geo. R. Sims, who has earned the gratitude of hundreds of thousands of people by his discovery of Tatcho, the Trusty, Honest Hair Grower, assisted by its valuable ally, the new style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS.

Alternatively, if you are not already a user, send 2s. 9d. for your first supply of Tatcho, with 5d. for carriage and packing—3s. 2d. in all, addressed to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C. By return the two greatest aids to hair-health and hair-wealth will be despatched to you—namely, Tatcho and its valuable ally, the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

If personal application be made at the Tatcho Laboratories, there is no charge for packing or carriage.

Every application received will be treated in strict rotation. No favours will be extended to anyone. As the letters come in, so will the brushes go out. It is well to send your order to-day, if you are anxious to get the Brush.

FREE BRUSH COUPON.

One brush only will be supplied to each user.

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho (the true Hair Grower) to One Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGE, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the December issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co

Name of Applicant .....

Address .....

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Chemists and Stores, 1/-, 2/9, and 4/6, the two latter being double strength.

TATCHO LABORATORIES, 5, GREAT QUEEN STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON.

Christmas Cakes and Puddings.

To the housewife Christmas is always a time of anxiety. The preparation of those dainties without which Christmas would lose half its savour means much worry and time. But she is fully recompensed by the congratulations that are hers when the pudding proves a success on the all-eventful day, and the cakes are rapidly consumed by appreciative friends. You can banish all anxiety and be perfectly certain that this year's Christmas cakes and puddings will be the "best you ever made" by using Cakeoma. Its use is so simple that half the time is saved and the results are sure to be perfect because Cakeoma is made of only the finest and purest ingredients, mixed together in just the right proportion to make beautifully light and delicious cakes and puddings. Try the following recipes. By following the simple directions success is assured:—

RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

1 packet of Cakeoma.
½ lb. finely chopped Suet.
A little Salt.
The grated rind of a Lemon.
A grated Nutmeg.
1 or 2 teaspoonsful Pudding Spice.
1 lb. Raisins.
¾ lb. Currants.
¼ lb. Candied Peel cut into strips.
4 Eggs.
A wineglassful of Brandy or Rum.

METHOD.—Put all the dry ingredients, chopped Suet and Fruit together into a bowl and mix them well; then add the Eggs (previously well beaten) and the spirit, and thoroughly but lightly mix all together. Divide the pudding into two basins, tie them up and put them into boiling water and keep them boiling for 5 hours. When required for use boil for a further 1½ hours, and serve with Sweet Sauce.

RICH CHRISTMAS CAKE.

1 packet Cakeoma.
6 oz. Butter.
6 Eggs.
½ lb. Sultanas.
½ lb. Candied Peel.
2 lb. Currants.
½ lb. Blanched Sweet Almonds.
A wineglassful of Rum.
(Makes about 5 lbs. of Cake.)

METHOD.—Rub the Cakeoma and Butter well together until it is quite fine. Beat up the Eggs with the Rum, and add them to the first ingredients and lightly mix; then add the fruit, etc., and again mix lightly but thoroughly all together. Bake in a moderate oven.

Cakeoma is sold by Grocers and Stores everywhere, 3½d. per packet of about 1lb.

Recipe book of Christmas and other Cakes and Puddings, &c., free on receipt of postcard to Latham & Co., Ltd., Liverpool.

W. BILL London, W.,

for Genuine BRITISH-Made Cloths.

Wholesale, Retail, Export.

None but sound, irreproachable cloths of British origin are stocked; and these in immense quantities—of weights, qualities, and characteristics suited to all countries, climates, and purposes—my trade being world-wide. These can be tailored, if desired, by well-established firms in connection.

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Irish Tweeds for hard rough wear. Suit length, **19/3** to **27/6**

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Worsteds and **Angolas** for ordinary wear. Suit length, **21/-** to **36/9**

Serges, rough and smooth; for yachting and general wear. Suit length, **15/9** to **32/6**

Flannel Tweeds for semi-tropical wear. Suit length, **14/-** to **21/-**

PRICE LISTS and SAMPLES on application; but a visit to the warehouse whenever possible is strongly recommended (Residents abroad, by London friends); that is the proper manner to satisfy yourself of the *bona fides* of a business and the integrity of the firm. To write bombastic advertisements is easy enough, and it usually follows that those who make the greatest promises are most deficient in performances.

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Branch: **93, New Bond St., London, W.**

T. A.: "SELFHELP, LONDON." Tel.: GERRARD 8303.
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HAVE A STEAMING CUP OF "BARBERCO" COFFEE.

The best breakfast beverage; fortifies the brain, charms with its fragrance, & builds up the system pleasurably!

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"BARBERCO" COFFEE de Luxe at 1/8d. per lb.

Sample sent post free for 3d., allowed off first purchase of 6lb. Canister.

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See Booklet & Coupons sent with each package.

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Xmas
1912.

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Be sure to order the Blue & Gold labelled "**4711**," for this is the Eau de Cologne. Refuse inferior substitutes. They are often dangerous to Health and bad for the Complexion.

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Equal to the richest Silk Velvet.
Rain does not affect it.
The pile will not fall out, and the dye is fast.
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Lewis's Wonderful Velveteen **2/-** *a yard.*

Also Lewis's CATALOGUE of Wonderful Bargains in Dress and Drapery Fabrics, Costumes, Underwear, Millinery, Blouses, etc. SENT POST FREE together with a big box of Patterns

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LEWIS'S (Dept. X 12.) **in Market St. MANCHESTER**

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HAIR RESTORER

NEVER FAILS.

Quickly changes GRAY or WHITE Hair to its Natural Colour & Beauty. It is as good as its promise and is not an experiment, but has been in use for nearly 80 years throughout the civilized world. It is the best, and the best is always the cheapest.

Get a Bottle and be convinced.

Sold everywhere by Chemists, Perfumers, &c. If you cannot procure locally send this advertisement with P.O.O. or stamps for 4s. to 114, Southampton Row, London, and a full-sized large bottle will be sent Carriage Paid anywhere in the United Kingdom. R4

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themselves—or think they can't—have tried with great clumsy razors that they were nervous of. They should

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This new razor is as great an advance on the old-fashioned American and English Safeties as they were an improvement on the original Safety of 60 years ago.

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Every reader can have *free and post free* the most wonderful little book on beauty—beautifully printed in colours on art paper. This little book shows simply and clearly how easy it is to preserve and beautify the hair and complexion. It recommends nothing expensive, but gives honest advice on all points—blackheads, diet, freckles, open pores, red noses, superfluous hair, wrinkles, the hands, teeth and hair are some of the matters dealt with. If you paid guineas to a "beauty specialist" you could not get anything better—but it will cost you nothing if you write now.

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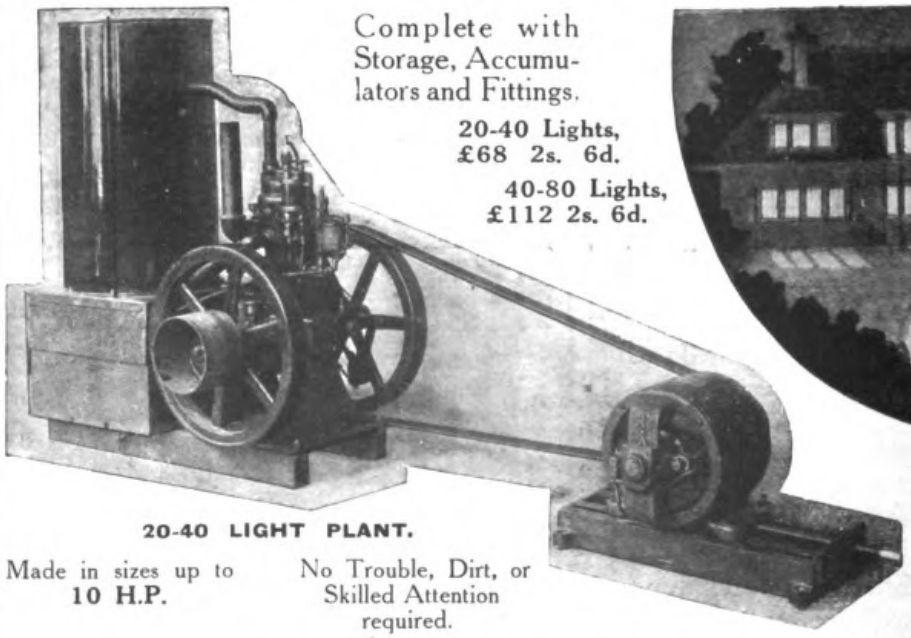
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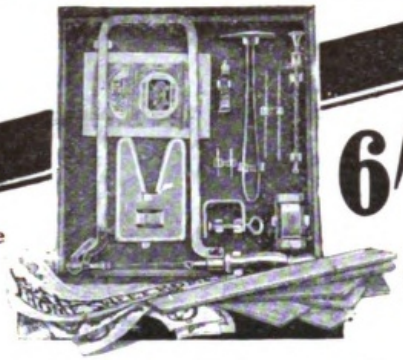


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The Ideal Glove for Wet Weather. Perfect Grip.

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A GRAND PIANO IN AN UPRIGHT CASE

19 GUINEAS

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BOUDOIR OR DRAWING ROOM SIZE.

Vertical Upright Grand Piano of artistic design, containing complete over-all gilded iron frame with pressure bar; full trichord; superior under-damper tape check repetition action; riveted hammers, double bushed keys, etc.; rich resonant tone, and delightfully expressive touch.

20 Years' Warranty.

Carriage Paid. Easy terms can be arranged.

Free approval 7 days.

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BAFFO ENLARGES THE MOUSTACHE.

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The Auto-Razo is the ideal safety-razor.
NO EXTRA BLADES REQUIRED.
NO CLEANING AFTER SHAVING.

The unique shape of the blade ensures shaving *on the slant,* which is essential to a perfect shave.

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SIMPLEST & BEST SAFETY RAZOR

Obtainable of High-Class Cutlers and Stores, or post free, on 7 days' trial (money returned if not approved), from the AUTO-RAZO Co., 36, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.

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Corn Flour is a great favourite with the children, and, prepared simply with milk, it is a light yet nourishing food, very suitable during children's little ailments.

The addition of Corn Flour to milk separates the milk and prevents it curdling in the stomach, thus making it very much easier of digestion.

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For him or her

The most acceptable Christmas present you can give this season is a box of the famous

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ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE

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Order early from your Outfitter or Draper.

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I wish to send to all who suffer from any uric acid complaint my celebrated external treatment, which is curing thousands.

MY FREE OFFER.

Many thousands of men and women would be physically in perfect health were it not for their Rheumatism and uric acid troubles. For many years I myself had to study what I could do and what I could not do, what to eat and what not to, for any indiscretion in exercise or in eating meant a bad attack of Rheumatism. After trying practically every known means of obtaining relief, I permanently cured myself by a very simple treatment. It occurred to me that Nature offered the best guide of all, and that every human being would suffer from Rheumatism were it not that the uric and lactic acids were expelled through the pores of the skin. Working on this principle—I compounded an antiseptic plaster, which, when applied to the hollows of the feet, absorbed the acid poisons and gave benefit almost immediately. Mr. James Bodman, 8, The Mount, Frome, says: "I have suffered from Rheumatism for the past seven years, and was almost a helpless wreck. I tried all sorts of remedies, but to no avail, and was sinking fast when I tried your treatment. I am glad to say that it has cured all my sufferings, and I have had no aches or pains since. I may add that I am 72 years old, and feel as supple in my joints as a young man." This is indeed a remarkable statement when one considers the age of Mr. Bodman. I proved for my own satisfaction that my treatment was right by curing myself. I have proved it for others by curing nearly 100,000 people in every part of the globe. Thousands of testimonials have been received at my office. I find that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the free treatment gives instant benefit and relief. I am willing to send you my regular 4s. 6d. treatment for you to try. If you are cured you may send me 4s. 6d. if you choose, but I shall leave that absolutely to you. Do not send me any money. Simply cut out my free coupon, and send it in with your name and address, and I will send you the treatment in plain sealed cover.



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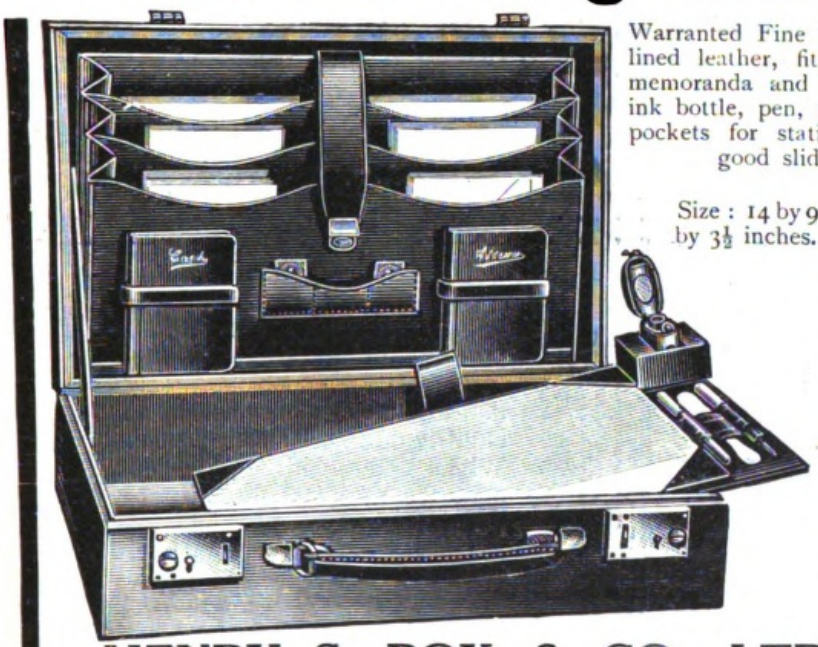
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1 Glass Pressed Brisket of Beef
1 Glass Potted Salmon and Shrimp
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1 Glass Ox-Tail Soup
1 Glass Chicken, Ham, and Tongue Galantine
1 Glass Potted Wild Duck
1 Jar Strawberry Jam
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1 Bottle Greengages
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A GOOD RECIPE:

ONE Bottle Wine Essence.
ONE and a-half pounds Sugar.
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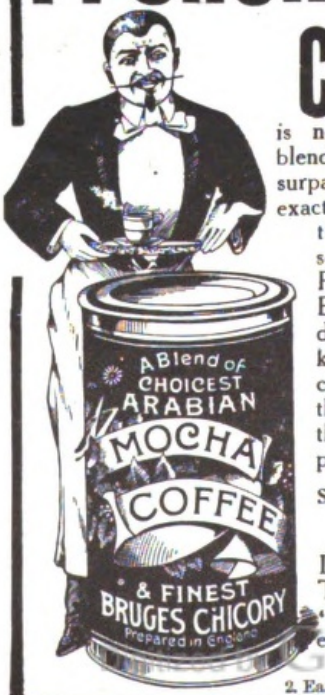
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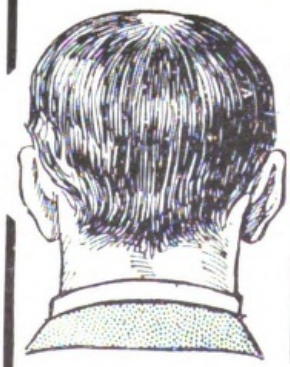
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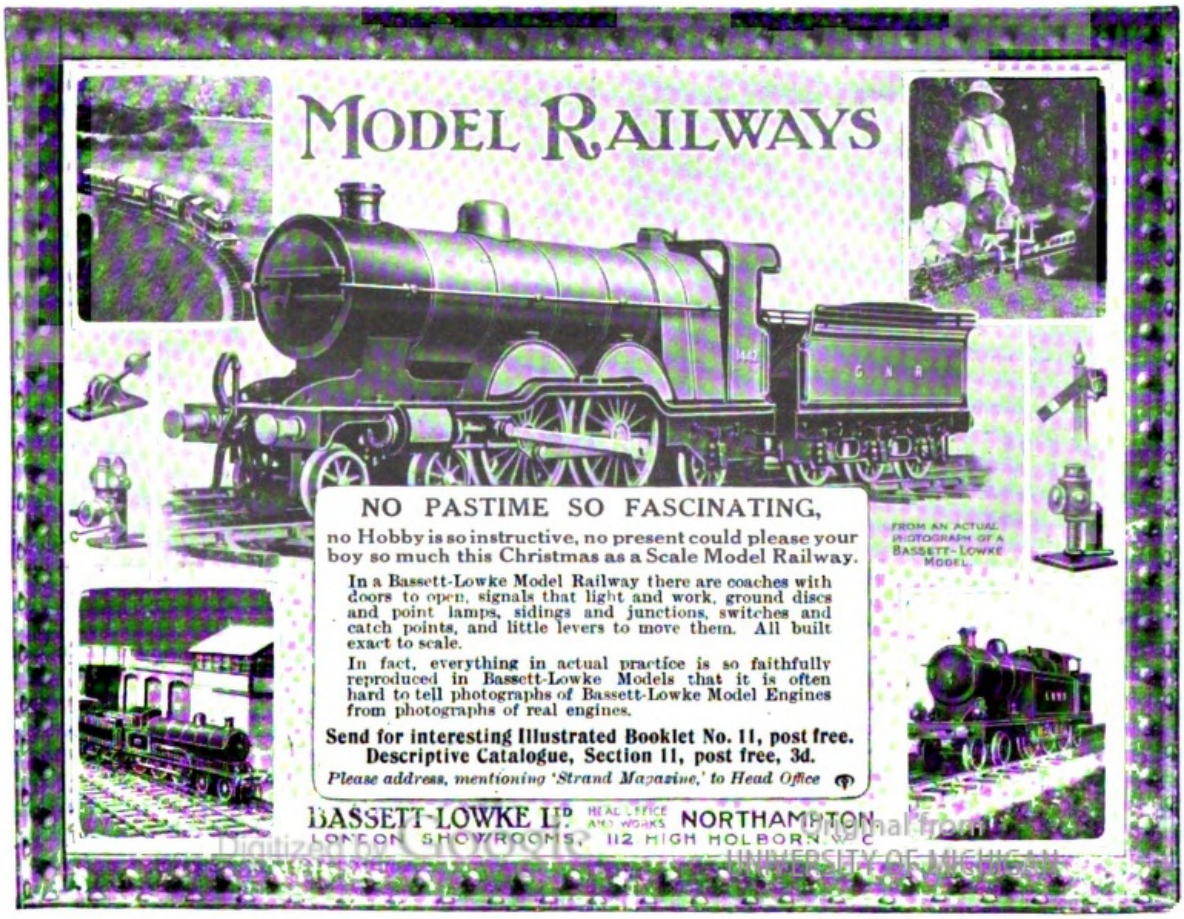
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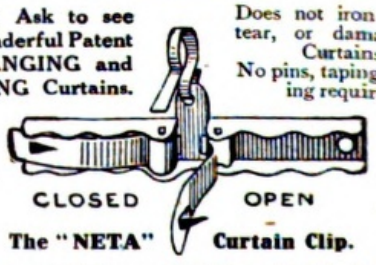
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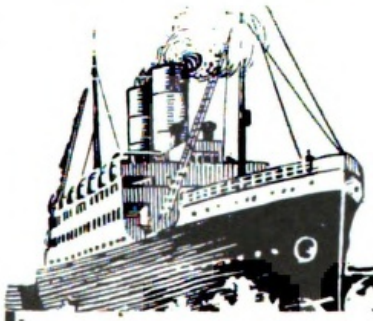
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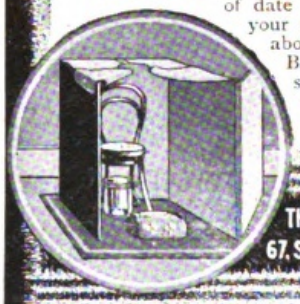
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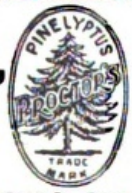


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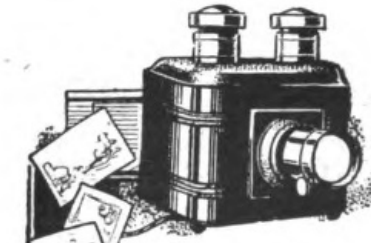
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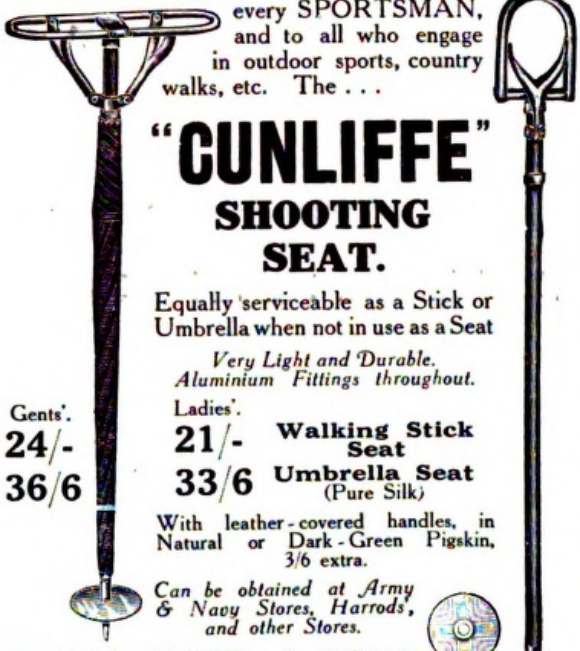
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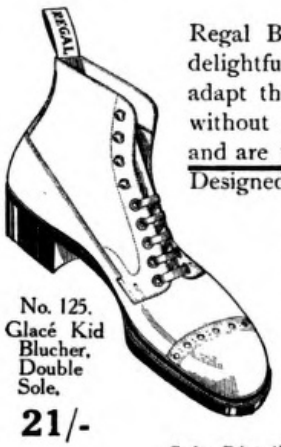
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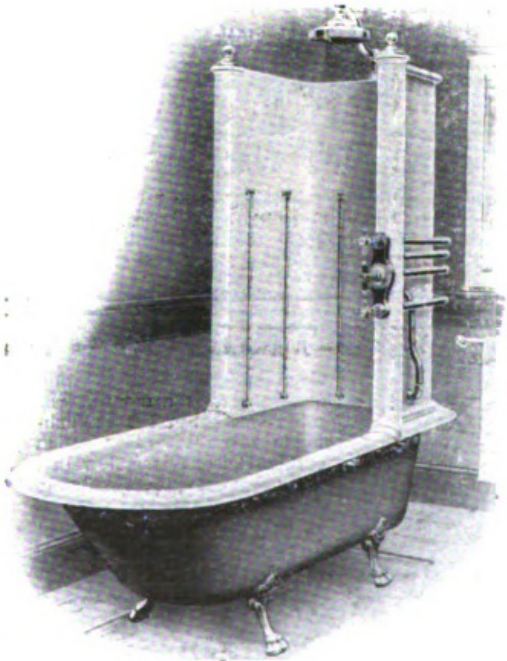
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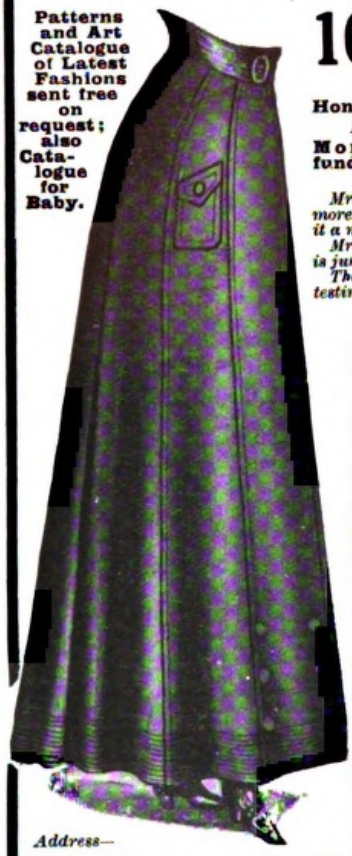
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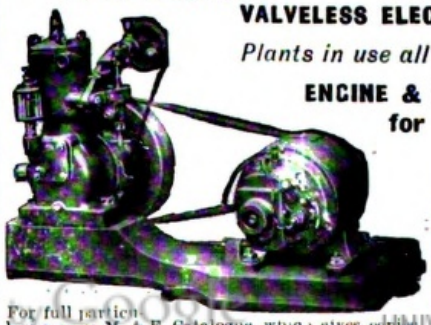


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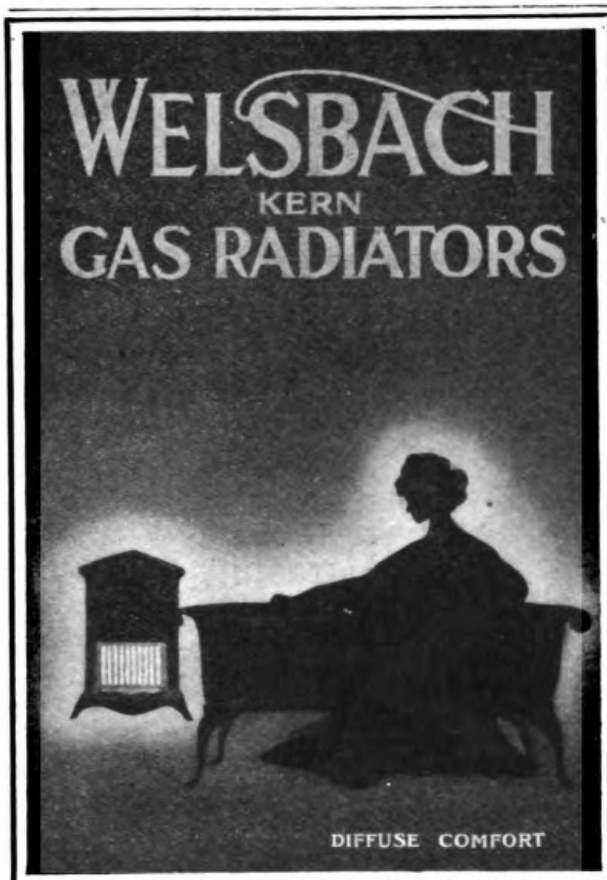
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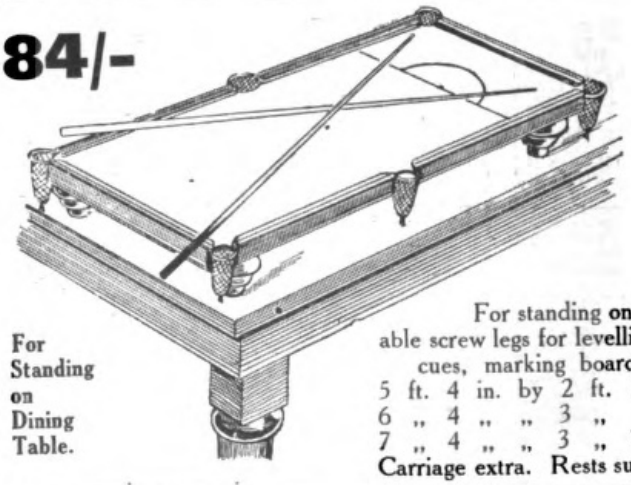


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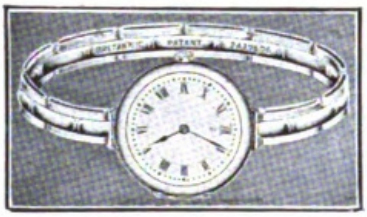
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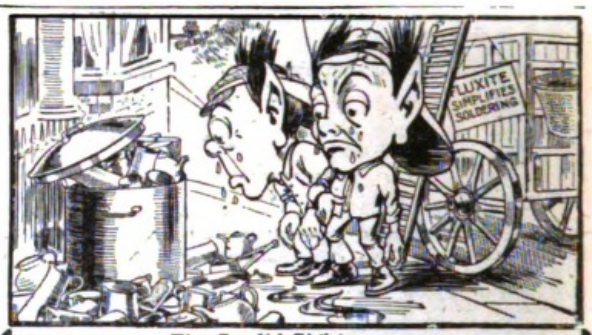
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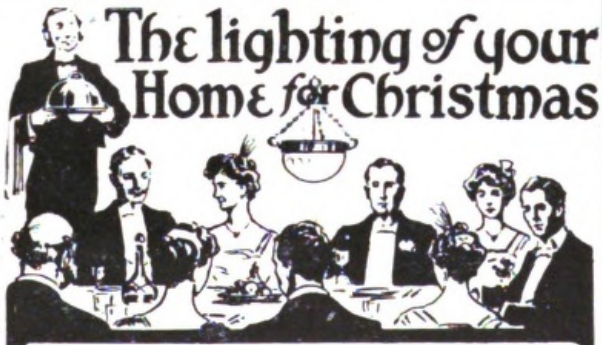
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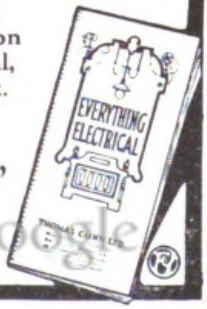
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Boys' manly Raglan Coat, double texture, sage green, 30in. long **13/6**

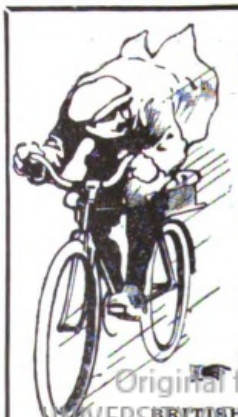
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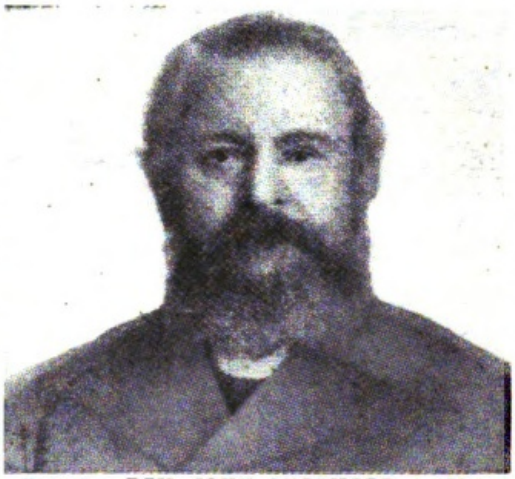
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Greasy ointments only aggravate the disease. D.D.D. is just as clean, easy, and simple to use as water; and not only does it give instant relief, but it does permanently cure in nearly every case. Read a few extracts from the letter of the Rev. John Shephard, of The Manse, Hepthorne Lane, near Chesterfield. He says: "The benefits and recoveries from D.D.D. are marvellous. It has cured a very bad case of Eczema with my daughter, and a skin eruption with myself, after all other remedies had failed; but the most marvellous case was my relative, Mr. George Hayward, Church Street, Clowne, near Chesterfield, who was completely cured after suffering from a desperate case of Eczema for over two years."

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BAD LEGS.	**Ivy Poison.**
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Pimples.	**Itching Piles.**
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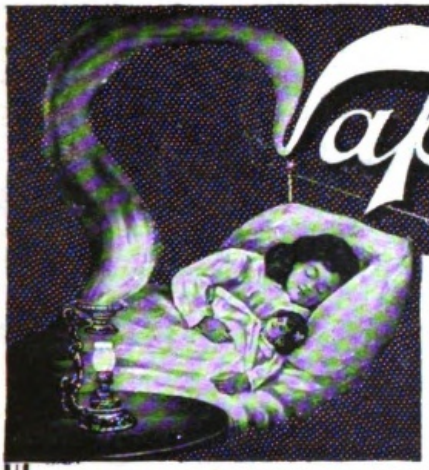
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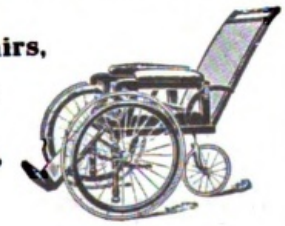
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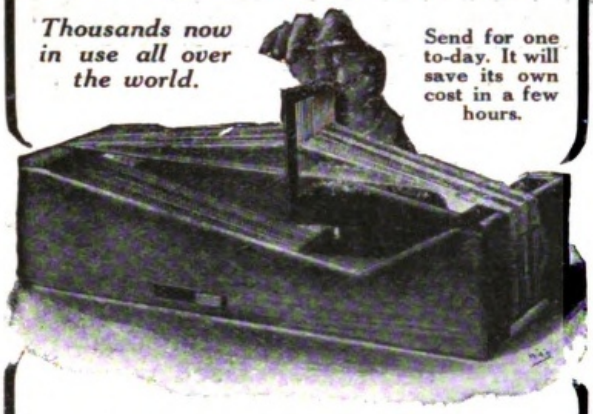
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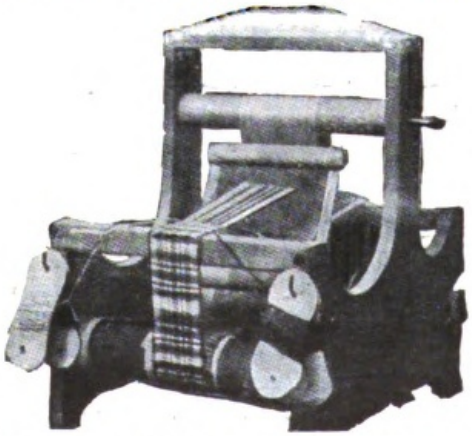


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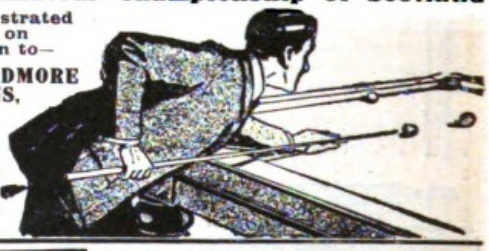
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Narcomania and Resultant Nervous Diseases.

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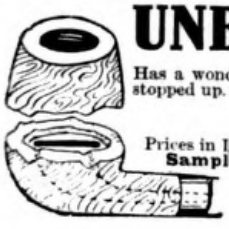
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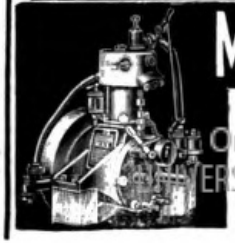
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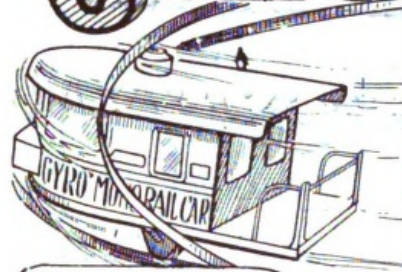
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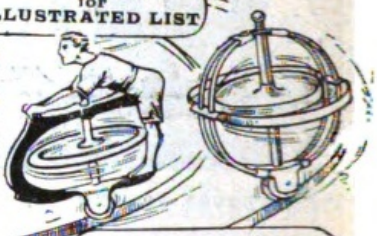
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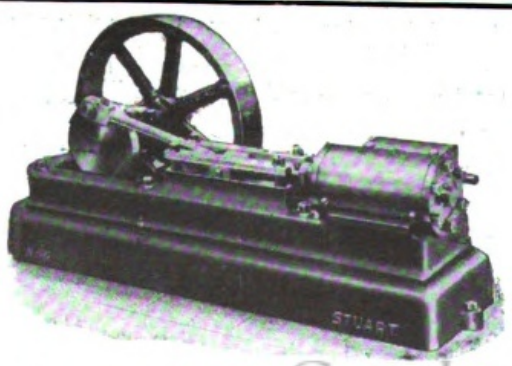
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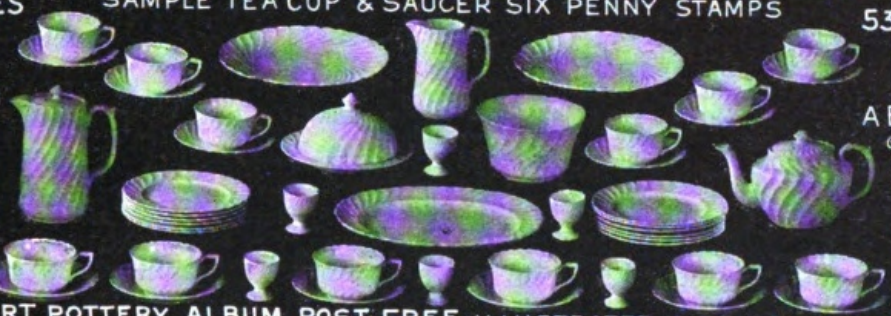
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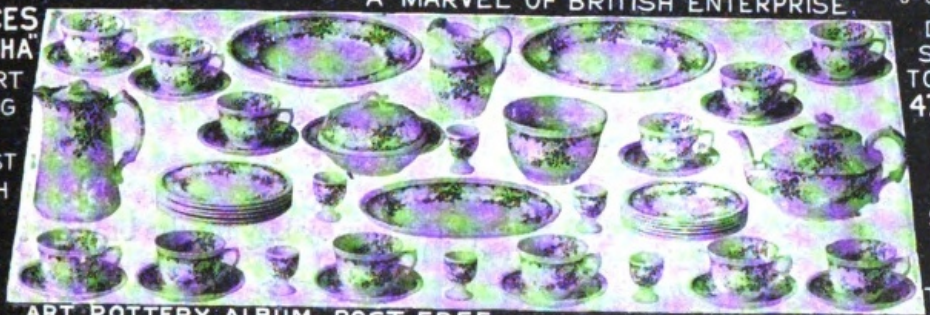
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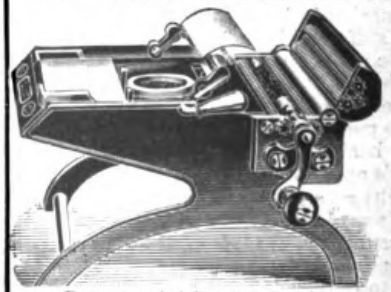
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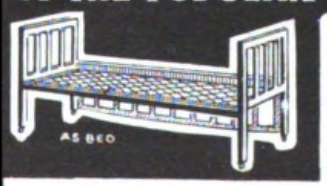
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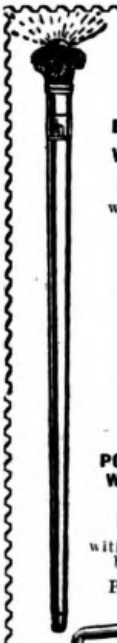
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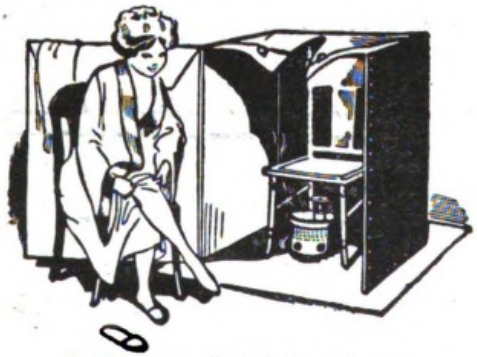
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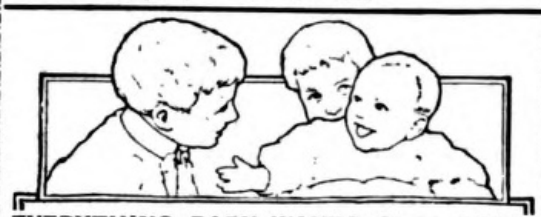
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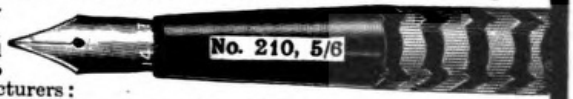
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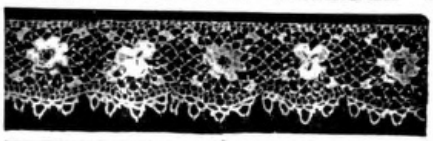
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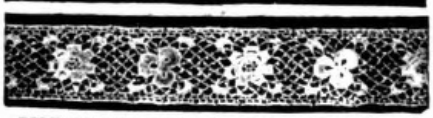


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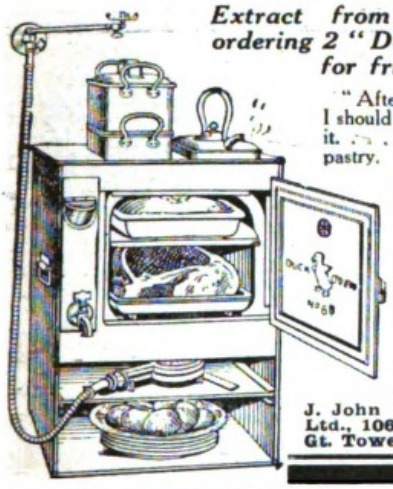


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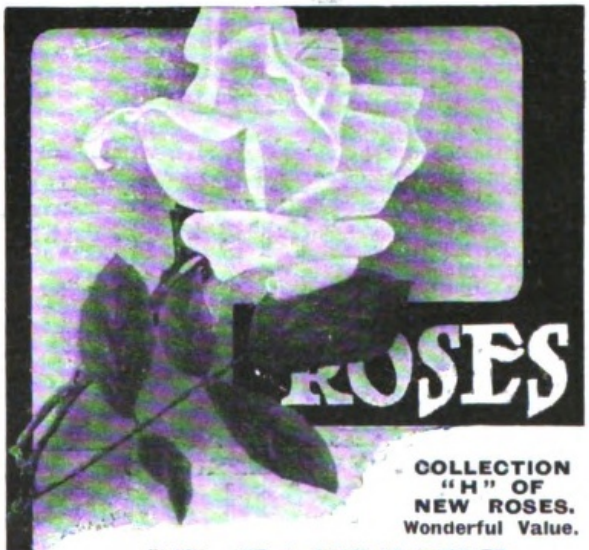
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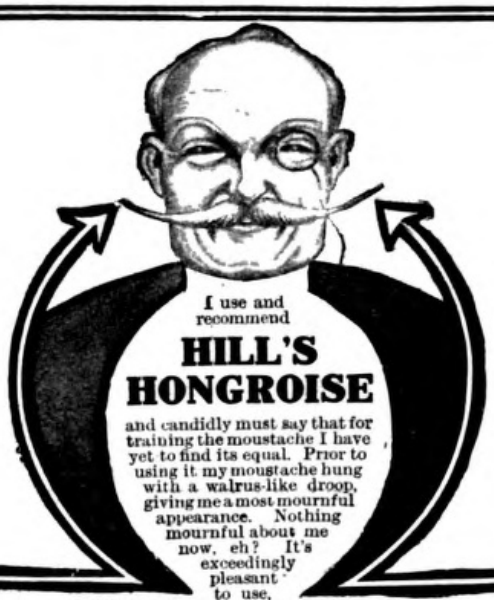
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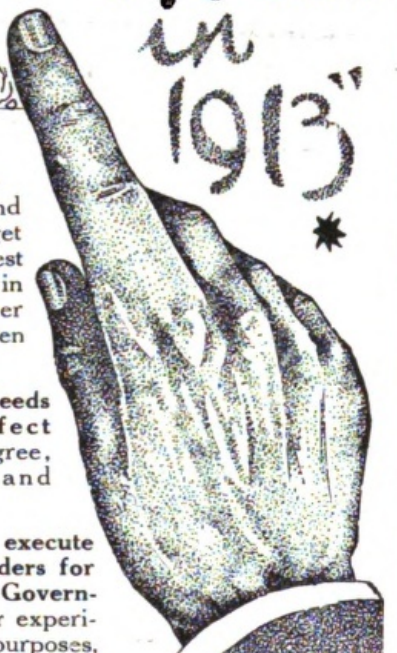
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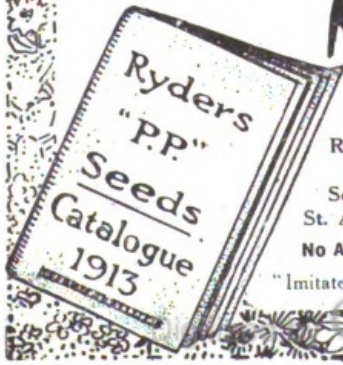
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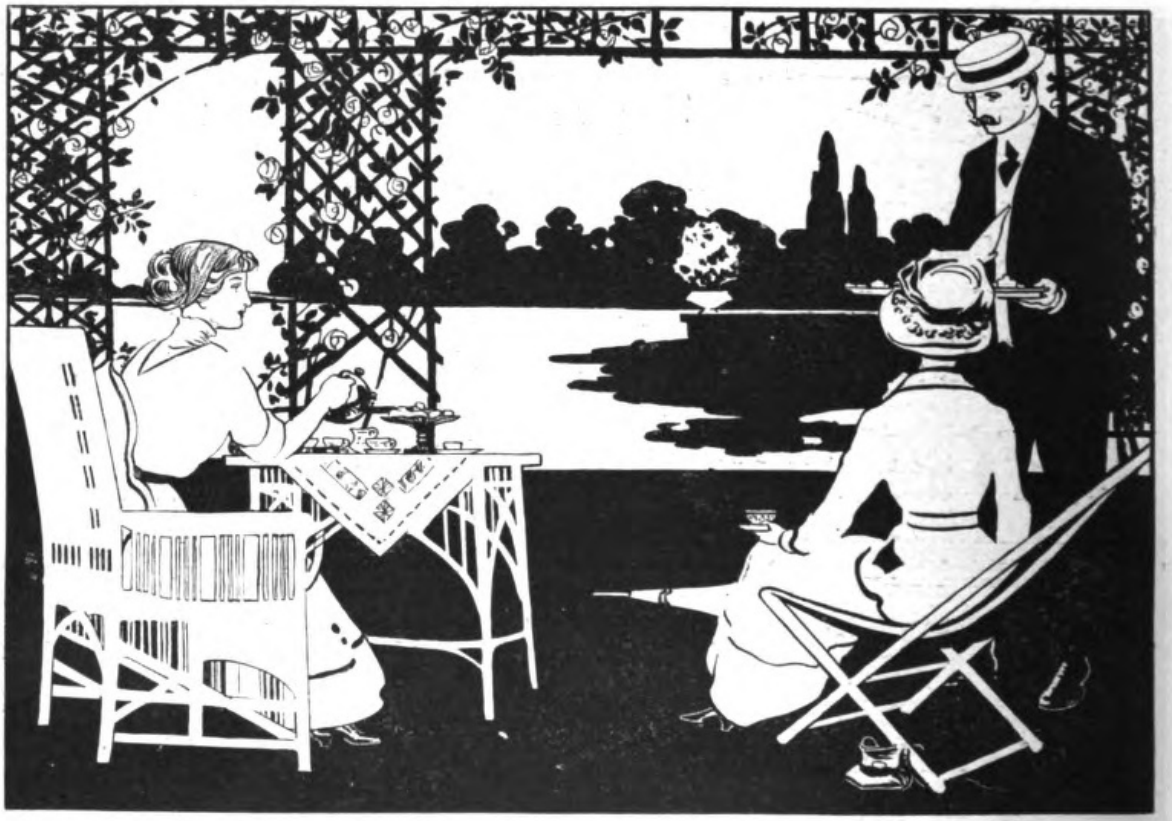
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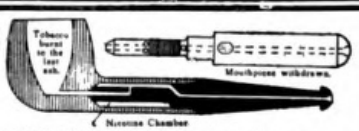
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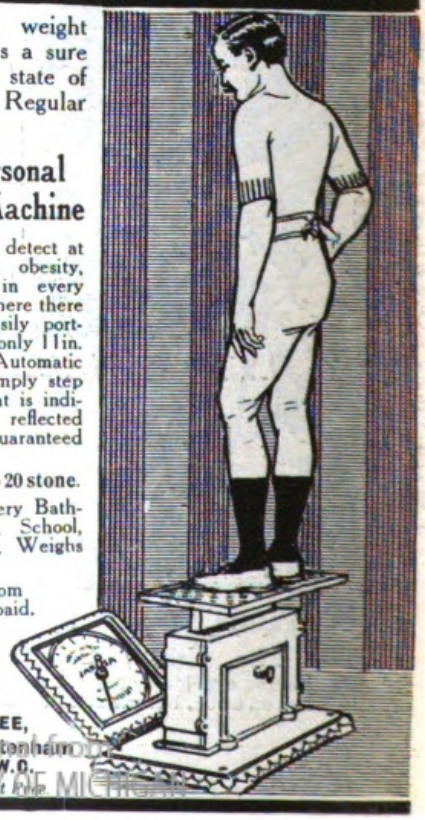
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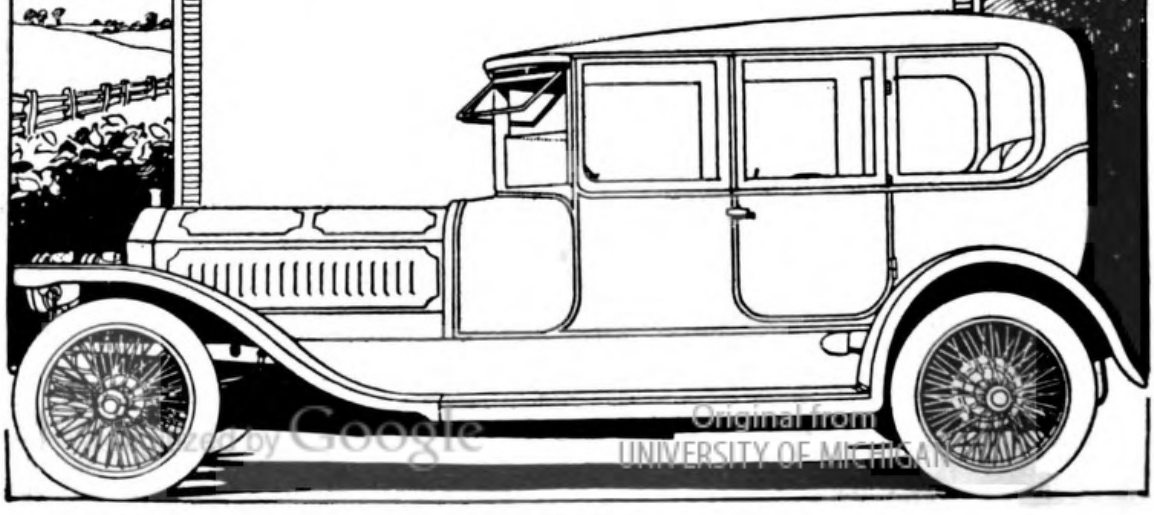
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The Strand Magazine.

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Patterns, Price Lists, Styles, Measurement Forms, etc., sent to any part of the world, post paid.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN.

Egerton Burnett's Royal ETB Serges ARE

25 ROYAL WARRANTS.

Commendable Clothing Fabrics,

made from the better kinds of Pure Wool, and therefore especially suitable for Winter Costumes and Suits, because of their inherent warmth-giving properties.

Prices from **1/11¾** to **12/11** per yard, double width, in many qualities, weaves, and colours, suitable for Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Wear.

OVERCOAT

(as illustration), **made to order** in superior quality Blanket Overcoatings which combine warmth with a minimum amount of in refined styles and colourings, from **80/6.**

Fashionable Wool Velours,

Whipcords, Tweeds, Habits, Meltons, Venetians, Velveteens, Silks, etc., for Ladies' and Children's Costumes.

"SHRINKNAUGHTS," Flannels, Winceys, Viyellas, etc., for Blouses, Shirts, Underclothing and Night Attire.

Superior Tweed Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc.

LIGHT WEIGHT FABRICS FOR WARM CLIMATES.

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.,
L. Dept., Wellington, Somerset, England.

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CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER



Calox Liberates Oxygen in use.

Calox Whitens, Preserves, Purifies.

For Strong White Teeth

In use, Calox liberates purifying oxygen; an invaluable factor in securing and maintaining perfect mouth-health.

Let the children use Calox night and morning from to-day. Soon it will be a clean, useful habit, valuable through life—to the children—and to YOU. Calox is a *complete* "health-course" for the mouth and teeth; sound, scientific, endorsed by dentists.

A BOX SENT FREE!

Send us the name of your little boy or girl, and we will send a box of Calox FREE for a start. Calox is sold by Chemists at 1/1½ (in non-wasting boxes). The Calox Brush (1/-) is the best brush to use.

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD.,
75, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

"PLASMON FOODS MAKE

BONE, MUSCLE, & BRAIN."

—DAVID F——, M.D.

Analysis PROVES that

PLASMON OATS

contain 70 per cent. more nourishment than any other Oats. — *Vide Lancet.*

Porridge in Perfection.
4 minutes' boiling only. 6d. pkt.
Supplied to the Royal Family

SPECIAL OFFER.

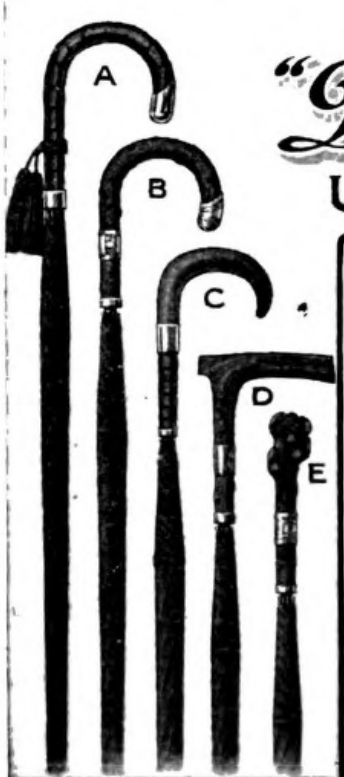
An **ART METAL BOX**, containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cocoa, Plasmon Oats, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with booklet, "Diet and Exercise for Training," by C. B. Fry, will be sent for 1/-, post free, by PLASMON, Ltd. (Dept. O), Farringdon Street, London.

STANWORTHS'

"Defiance" REGD

UMBRELLAS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED



Gents' Umbrellas— C. Horn Crook.
A. Rattan Crook. D. Vine Crook.
B. Furze Crook. E. Cherry Root.

Make an Ideal Xmas Gift.

The Best 10/6 Umbrella in the world.

These Umbrellas are made on Specially Selected Sticks or Steel Tubes, mounted with Sterling Silver or Gold Plate Mounts, Fox's Frames, and "Defiance" Silk Covers.

With careful usage, they will do good service for years, and we guarantee every cover for at least 12 months.

We are the ACTUAL MAKERS, and supply at FIRST COST.

A Postal Order for 10/6 securely packed in your will bring one box Post Paid to door.

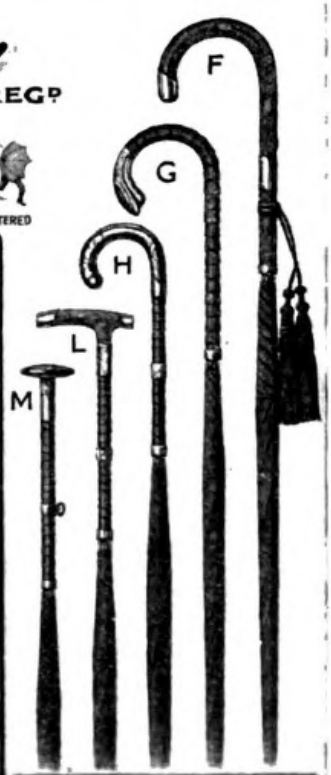
Foreign & Colonial, 1/- extra.

Money Returned with pleasure if not approved.

A postcard will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas and patterns of materials for re-covering Umbrellas, from 2/6 upwards.

J. STANWORTH & Co.,
Royal Umbrella Works, **BLACKBURN.**

Wholesale List of Umbrellas and Fittings for the Trade sent on receipt of Trade Card.



Ladies' Umbrellas— H. Silver Crook
F. Vine Crook. L. Pearl Crutch
G. Partridge Crook. M. Silver Cap.

Write to the Keeley Institute for details of Case XI. and Case XIII. Read how Keeley Cures are certified by an Honorary Public Committee.

THE KEELEY TREATMENT

for the Cure of Alcoholism and Drug-taking.

Whoever is personally or indirectly interested should read the Reports of the Honorary Committee of public men formed in 1892 to investigate the work of the Keeley Institute.

This Committee has no financial interest in the Institute, and has made Fourteen Annual Reports since its formation. Many past patients of the Keeley Institute voluntarily meet the Committee confidentially. Shorthand notes of their evidence are printed.

Two interesting patients, known as Cases XI. and XIII., give rather fuller evidence than usual. Case XI. (age 52) has appeared before the Committee five times since his cure. He had been a complete wreck; was entirely cured of all cravings and **has brought no less than 40 sufferers to the Institute**—one being his own brother (age 41), and **all of them** have been cured. Case XIII., an elderly woman, was for years an alcoholic inebriate; she reported herself six years after her cure and had never had a relapse or even any sense of temptation.

The interesting details of these and many other cases sent free of charge to inquirers.

Names of Committee.

The following well-known public men meet periodically. Their reports are printed and will be sent on request.

Lord MONTAGU of BEAULIEU.
The Hon. H. W. FORSTER, M.P.
Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.
RICHARD BURBIDGE, Esq.

Keeley Institute Methods.

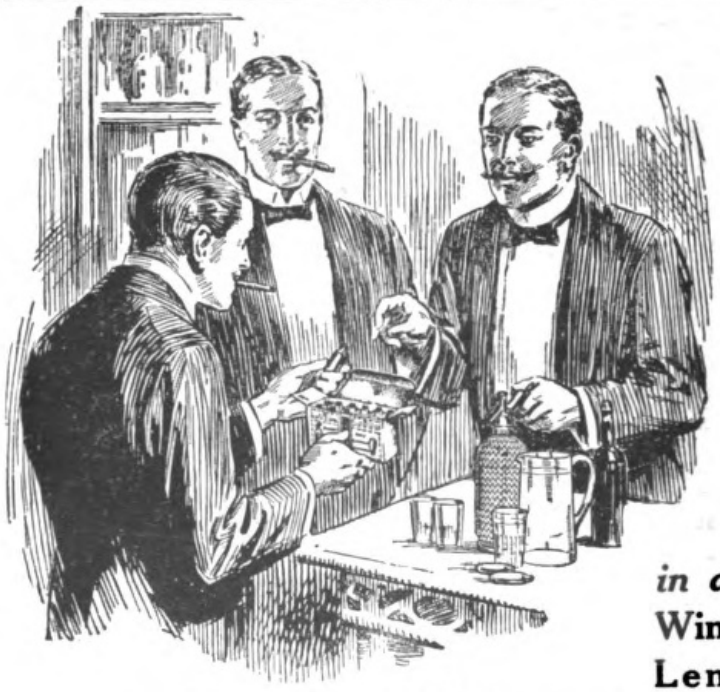
Patients at the Keeley Institute are under no restraint or restriction. Whatever drink or drugs they desire are unhesitatingly supplied. They walk in and out; many carry on their daily business while residing at the Institute. In a few days they cease to ask for stimulants or drugs: the craving is eradicated and the will-power built up.

The Treatment takes 4 weeks for alcohol, 5 to 6 weeks for drugs, and is administered only at the Institute, or by special arrangement a doctor can be sent to patient's own home or to travel with patient while giving Treatment.

All cases and inquiries Strictly Confidential. The Secretary ***alone*** *sees letters and receives callers.*

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, 9, West Bolton Gardens, London, S.W. TELEPHONE: 427 WESTERN.

"PRANA" SPARKLETS



¶ With "Prana" SPARKLETS *you can make pure, fresh Sodawater, instantly, from any water supply at* a cost of 2d. per *large* (40oz.) syphon.

¶ You can make ANY COLD LIQUID SPARKLING in a moment—at home—
Wine, Punch, Milk, Flips, Lemonade, Fizzies, etc.

Ask your Grocer or Chemist for "C" size "Prana" Sparklet Syphon (4/-) and Bulbs (2/- doz.).

Write for "The P.S. Book" *(2nd Edition)*, containing new and original Recipes.

AERATORS, Ltd., 63, CRAIG'S COURT HOUSE, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

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"Fashions come and fashions go;
With 'Johnnie Walker' 'tis not so,
Born in 1820——————he
Still is going strong, you see."



A WELL BALANCED TRIO

are the three guaranteed qualities of Johnnie Walker: "White Label," 6 years old. "Red Label," 10 years old. "Black Label," 12 years old—the bottled experience of four generations in the art of distilling and obtainable everywhere.

To safeguard these ages, our policy for the future is our policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain our unique quality.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

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A Welcome to your

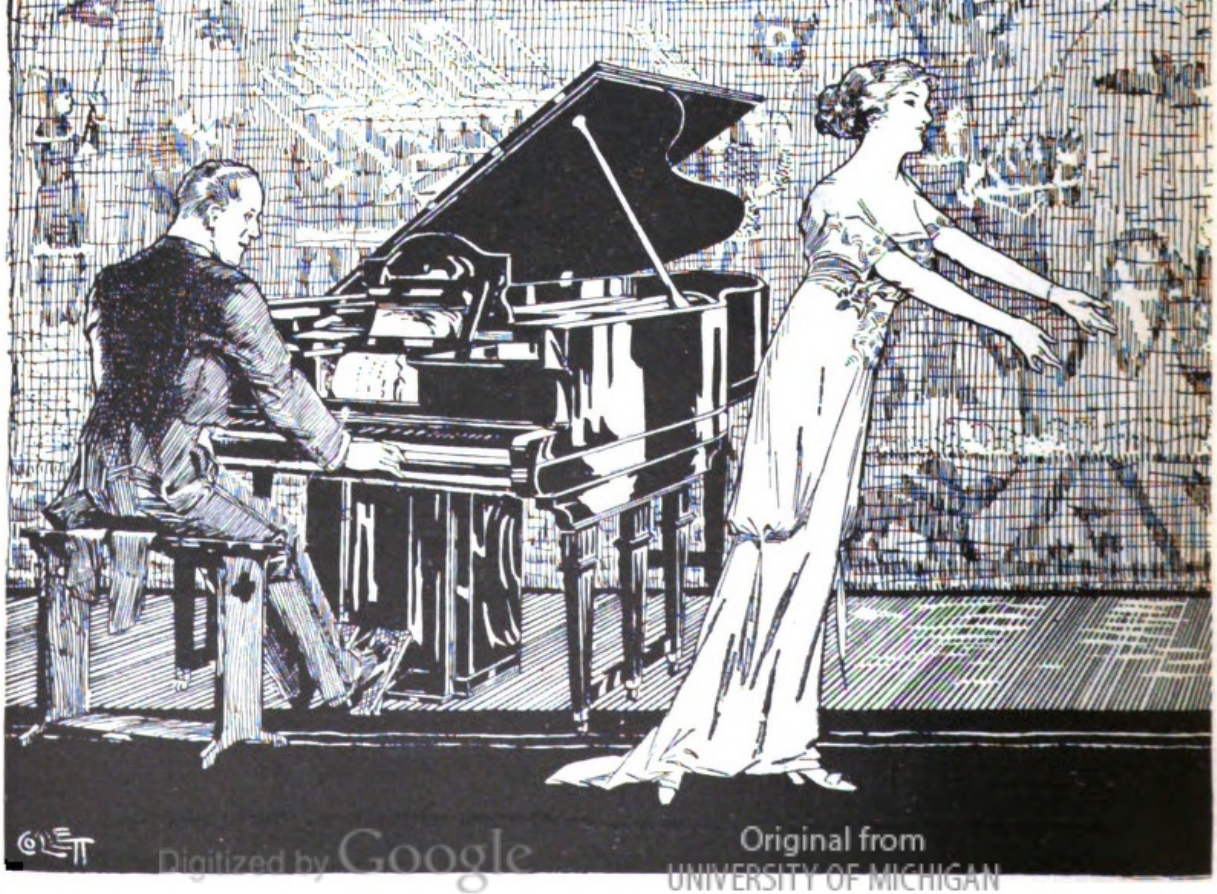
More important than the holly on your walls, more important than the good fare on your table, is music—it is the very spirit of Christmas joy. Let it be not only music that all can hear with enjoyment, but music that all can play with equal skill—the music of the Pianola Piano.

The
Pianola

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

The Pianola Piano is a combination of the world-famous Pianola with the Steinway, Weber, or Steck Piano.

THE ORCHESTRELLE
135-6-7, New Bond



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Christmas Guests.

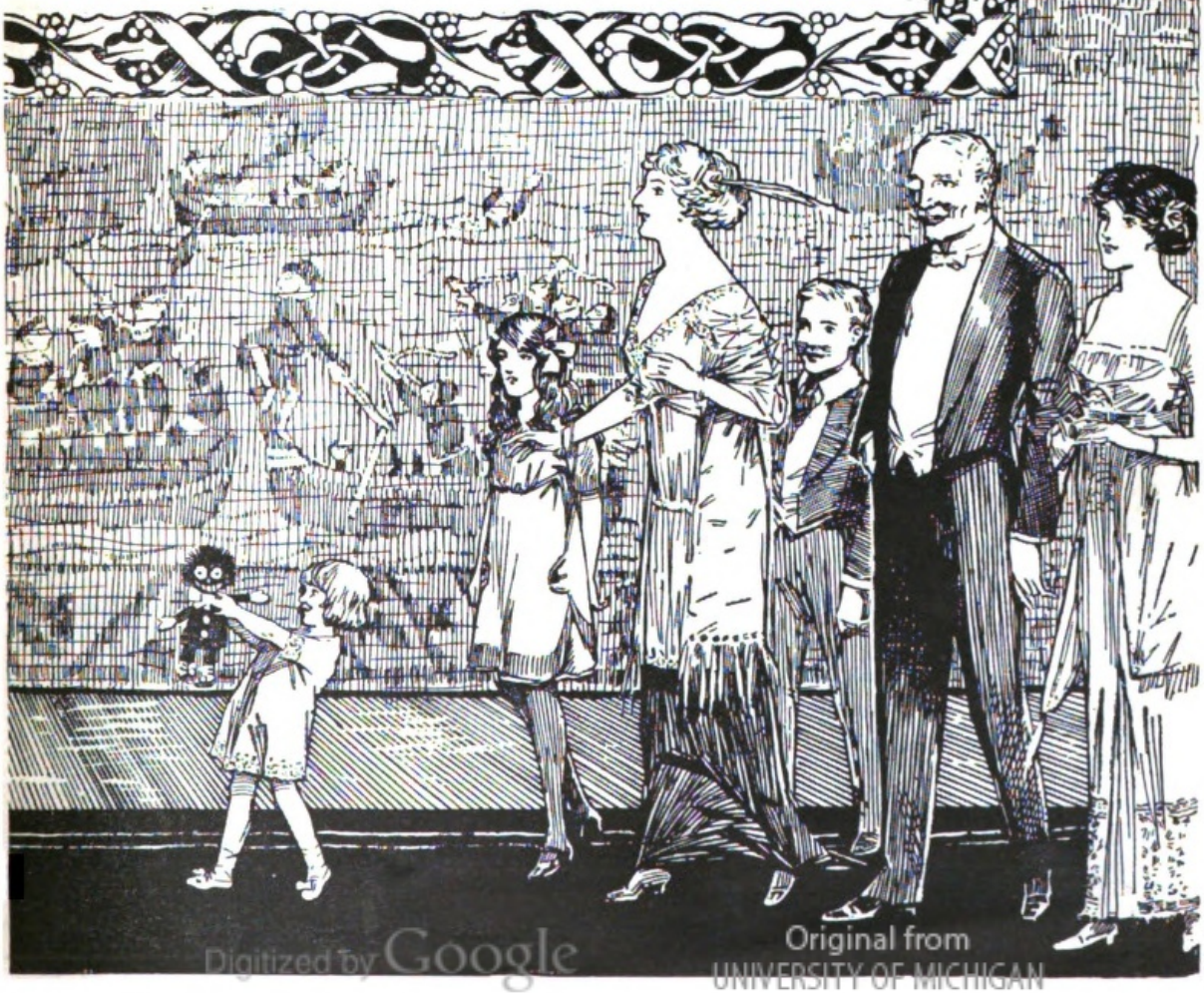
The Pianola Piano plays an important part in the Christmas festivities. Not only can you entertain your guests with the greatest musical works, but you can also play all the music that is seasonable — the jolly songs and dances that recall the Christmas associations of childhood.

Piano.

Call and play the Pianola Piano at Æolian Hall, or write for Catalogue F and list of Christmas music.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR

CO., AEOLIAN HALL,
Street, London, W.



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The Christmas Problem



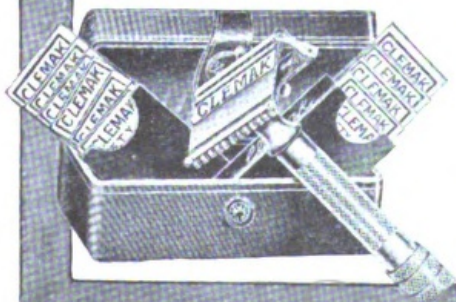
You are safe and sure to please if you give him a Clemak Safety Razor, the finest safety razor the world has ever known. The

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

is the last word in razor perfection—every day in the year it is ready to give him a surpassingly smooth, comfortable shave—he cannot get a scratch, much less a cut—he shaves in half the usual time— one outfit will last a lifetime, there is no constant expense for new blades—there is no grinding or honing expense either.

Remember the name CLEMAK — refuse imitations—the Clemak makes a real present

"Made as well and shaves as well as any Guinea Razor."



Clemak Razor and Seven Blades 5/-
New Model Set with Twelve Blades 7/6
Combination Outfit, Stropping Machine, Velvet Hide Strop, with Clemak and Twelve Blades. . . . 10/6

OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c.
or post free from
CLEMAK RAZOR CO.,
17, Billiter Street, London.



Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



A DAINTY CHRISTMAS BOX FOR YOU FROM IRELAND

Colleen Soap is pure and mild because, unlike any other Toilet Soap in the world, it contains no animal fats or caustic soda, but is made from plant-ash and vegetable oils. It is used by all who value a soft, clear and healthy complexion. More than 100 peeresses testify to its excellence. This soap of perfect purity costs but 4½d. per tablet.

The Countess of Liverpool writes: "*I always use Colleen Soap and recommend it to my friends.*"

The Countess of Kintore writes: "*Colleen Soap is smooth and very pleasant to use, leaving a feeling of velvety softness on the hands.*"

HOW TO OBTAIN THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

Buy a box of three tablets for 1/-. Send the three wrappers, with name and address of chemist from whom you bought the box, and we will send you free an order on him for a 1/- jar of McClinton's Toilet Cream. Those who use this Soap and Cream cannot suffer from rough or chapped hands, no matter how severe the weather may be.

McCLINTON'S COLLEEN SOAP

Of all Chemists & Stores, 4½d. per Tablet; 1/- Box of 3 Tablets.

McCLINTON'S, LTD., DONAGHMORE, IRELAND.

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HEART PALPITATION

IS NOT HEART DISEASE

The writer of this advert. when a young Physician wished to become an Assistant at a certain London Hospital for Diseases of the Heart. He was told by the Chief Physician of that Hospital that 9 out of every 10 of the patients who came for treatment had Heart Palpitation due to Indigestion, and he said

IT IS CAUSED BY

the pressure upon the Heart of the gases which are formed in the Stomach and Bowel through the fermentation of undigested food. Instead of Heart Disease, those persons had Heart Palpitation, which was caused by

STOMACH AND BOWEL

INDIGESTION

because in Stomach and Bowel Indigestion the Albuminous food like Eggs, Meat, etc., is not digested in the Stomach, and the Starchy food like Bread, Potatoes, Bananas, etc., is not digested in the Bowel. The nourishment is not absorbed because the digestive glands have become weak and defective. The food ferments, creating acrid acids and foul gases, which press against the Heart, causing it to labour and palpitate. The gases also press upon the sensitive, tender nerves in that region, thus causing distress, Heart Palpitation and shortness of breath, yet this Indigestion is an ailment

WHICH IS ALWAYS CURED BY

CICFA

(CURES INDIGESTION ON STIPATION FATTY DISEASE ACIDITY)

because Cicfa is the only remedy containing all those ingredients (and sufficient of them) which Nature must have to perfectly digest both the Albuminous food and Starchy food and to make the Bile Circulation perfect. Cicfa causes all the nourishment to be absorbed and assimilated, fermentation ceases, there are no gases formed, consequently no more Heart Palpitation, but steadily improving digestion, vigour, and health of the heart, as well as of every part of the system.

Get Cicfa to-day from your Chemist, or direct, 1/1½ & 2/9.

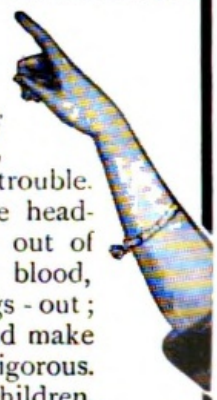
CAPSULOIDS (1909), LTD.,
79, Duke-st, Grosvenor-sq., London, Eng.

Do send

for Free Trial of

Frazer's Tablets

the Famous Blood Purifier



Frazer's Tablets are really wonderful for constipation, rheumatism, liver or kidney trouble. Take them when you have headache and feel bilious and out of sorts. They purify your blood, cure boils and breakings-out; clear your skin of spots, and make you feel healthy and vigorous. The best medicine for children.

Of all Chemists and Stores at 1/1½, or direct post free for 1/3. FREE TRIAL sent to all who

Sign this Form To-day

Enclose penny stamp for postage, and get Free Trial from Frazer's Tablets Co., Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

THE STRAND MAGAZINE, December, 1912.

No more Ugly Ears

Few deformities are so disfiguring as outgrowing ears. But any tendency in this direction may be so easily counteracted that there is no reason why anyone should be disfigured in this way. The



CLAXTON

Improved Patent **EAR-CAP**

quickly corrects the tendency and ensures children having pretty ears. Easy and comfortable to wear. Beautifully made in 21 sizes. Send measurement round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ears. Price **4/-** post free anywhere. Entirely British Manufacture.—S. M. CLAXTON, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.

Are You Deaf?

If so, you can be relieved by using

WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET. Mention this Magazine.

Wilson Ear-Drum Co. D. H. WILSON, 50, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.

MALDEMERA

(In Tablet Form)

THE GREAT SEA-SICKNESS SPECIFIC

As Used on Board the Royal Yachts & Ocean-Going Steamers.

These Remarkable Tablets are used both as a preventative and cure of this distressing malady. **Make Sailing a Pleasure.**

Sold in Bottles at **1/9, 2/9,** and **4/6** each; by Post, 3d. extra.

J. C. POTTAGE & CO., Chemists, 115, Princes Street, EDINBURGH.

RANKIN'S

HEAD OINTMENT



Kills all nits and vermin in the hair.

Of all Chemists.

3d., 6d. and 1/-

RANKIN & CO.,
Kilmarnock.



Established over 100 years

MOUSTACHE

Don't remain childish. Whatever your age is, "**MOUSTA**," the True, Original Grower, will force you a **manly** moustache **very quickly.** Quite harmless. Can be used nightly without observation or detection. Never fails. Box sent in plain cover for 6d. and 1d. for postage. Send **7d. now** to Proprietors, S. T. DIXON & CO., 42, Junction Road London, N. (Foreign Orders, 1/-)



Exterminated by

"LIVERPOOL" VIRUS

RATS

without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready prepared with the bait. Virus for Rats, **2/6** and **6/-**; for Mice, **1/6.** Of all Chemists.

Write for particulars to—

EVANS, SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd.
(Dept. S.M.), 56, Hanover Street, **LIVERPOOL.**

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The Ideal Fruit Laxative

Ficolax

The Ideal Medicine for Children — they enjoy it

When your Children are "out of sorts"

don't give them Castor-oil or any purging medicine. Such medicines do more harm than good because they weaken the digestive powers of the stomach. FICOLAX cures pleasantly and easily, and puts the system right. It is delicious in taste and most economical in use — the dose for children being only half a teaspoonful.

There is Nothing "Just as Good."

FICOLAX is unique in its curative properties. Doctors and Nurses recommend it because they know that it contains no noxious drugs, but is made from fruit and vegetable essences only.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½; Family size, 2/9.

THE FICOLAX CO.
(Dept. S.M.), Graham Street, London, N.



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IMPORTANT *to* STRAND READERS Who Live in the Colonies or Elsewhere Abroad.

Never forget that to you who live far from England

"The Strand Magazine" is the shop window

in which you see displayed the scores of good things you need in your distant home, and that "The Strand Magazine" is able to see you are served as promptly and courteously as you could be if you were here in person.

Bear the following facts in mind:—

A GREAT advantage to you lies in the advertisements in *The Strand Magazine.* We want you to read every one of them very carefully and think what they mean to you. You may require in your distant home articles of utility or luxury which you cannot possibly purchase where you are. You know there is probably nothing needed in the world which cannot be bought in England. One or the other of these advertisements will apprise you of the whereabouts of the maker or seller of the very article you most urgently need. Write to that advertiser; he will supply you as quickly as mail or ocean carrier can bring the goods to you. You will not be disappointed.

WE have the fullest confidence in making this request, and you will notice we are offering a prize of 100 guineas to the reader who picks out the best advertisement appearing in the October, November, and December issues of *The Strand Magazine.* This is one of the means of ensuring straightforward, truthful statements, as every advertiser knows that if anything in his advertisement is open to the suspicion of deception he is disqualified.

WE can, however, help you to obtain the goods you may require from England even if you do not find them advertised (though this is unlikely), or if you have any other difficulty. For the assistance of our Colonial and Foreign friends we maintain THE STRAND PURCHASING DEPARTMENT. If there is anything you require specially from England, all you have to do is to write to "THE STRAND MAGAZINE PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON," give full description of the goods you require, and send with all orders an amount estimated to cover the cost of the goods, freight, and incidental charges. Any balance remaining over will be dealt with as you may direct. But the chief thing is that we shall make the purchase for you, see that it is good value and duly forwarded to you wherever you are.

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HUNGRY AND MISERABLE.

Please think of the 9,000 Destitute and Orphan Children IN DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

THIS CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

THEY ARE IN URGENT NEED.

*** *Please mark Gifts "For Food Alone." Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," and Parcels, should be sent to the Honorary Director, WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., M.A., LL.B., at Head Offices, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway London, E.*



Warm your room not the chimney

Everyone knows, to their cost, the tremendous amount of coal consumed by the ordinary bar grate, and how little heat is given out in proportion. The reason is that, owing to the old-fashioned construction of the bar grate, the heat is wasted in the chimney instead of warming your room. The "HUE" Fire is barless, will burn for hours without attention, and is guaranteed to give out more heat **WITH ABOUT HALF THE COAL CONSUMPTION.** It can be adapted to any existing stove without removing the mantelpiece, and your **local Decorator can supply** and fix the "HUE" Fire from **15/-** upwards.

Insist upon having a "HUE"

Send a postcard to-day for our illustrated descriptive list, giving details and prices, to

YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd.
(Dept. S.M.), Stratford, London, E.

Excellent in appearance, and of remarkable excellence in both exterior and interior construction, the

STECK PIANO

is bound to commend itself to all discriminating piano purchasers.
Catalogue "B" gives full particulars.

The Orchestrelle Co.,
Æolian Hall,
135-6-7, New Bond St., London, W.



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THE HONORARY JUDGES

whose names appear on page 2, are going to select the Best Advertisement in the October, November and December "STRAND." We are going to give 200 Guineas to those who prepared and paid for that advertisement. We are also

GIVING A PRIZE of 100 GUINEAS IN CASH

to the READER whose opinion most coincides with that of the Judges. Pick out *your* best "Ad." now. Read *all* carefully. Write and tell us why you think *one* is better than the others. It is easy to judge if you consider *first*, does it *attract* you quickest; *then*, does it *interest* you and *does it make you want to try or buy.* Tell us in your own way, simply, and write clearly please. Fill in the Coupon and post to us to-night.

(Coupon on page opposite)

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PICK OUT
the "Best Ad." now

You often say "*that's a good 'ad.*'" Tell us why you think so—you may easily win 100 Guineas. It's an education to read Modern Advertising. It's safe to deal with our Advertisers. We are very careful of the "Ads." we accept. Try your skill to-night.

(The decision of GEO. NEWNES, LTD., is final.)

(Only Advertisements in Black and White are eligible—not Coloured ones.)

Fill in and Post Coupon—COSTS NOTHING to COMPETE

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd. (Best Ad.).
Southampton St., Strand, LONDON.

Sirs,

I am going to tell you on or before Jan. 15th, 1913, my reasons for believing that a certain Ad. in the Oct., Nov., or Dec. "STRAND MAGAZINE" is the BEST. If my reasons coincide most with those of the Judges I win 100 Guineas in Cash.

Name .....

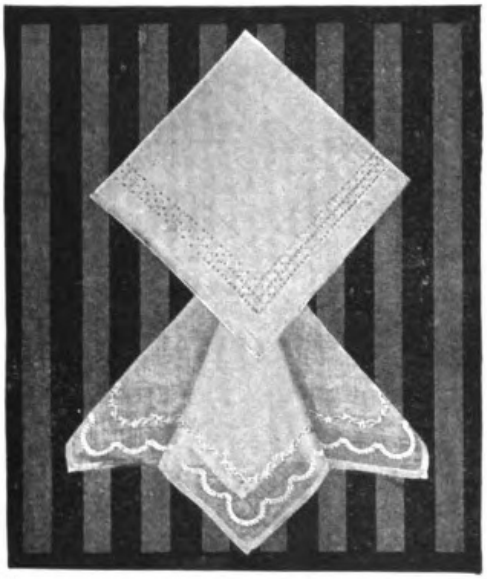
Address .....

.....

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER

XMAS HANDKERCHIEFS



ROBINSON & CLEAVER manufacture Handkerchiefs and hold thousands of dozens in stock ready to send off at a moment's notice.

From now till Christmas we are despatching these dainty trifles to all parts of the world.

The annually increasing demand for them is evidence of good value, and also an assurance that customers' requirements have our first consideration.

Lowest BELFAST Prices.

No. D1. Ladies' Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, hand fancy-stitched, as shown in upper handkerchief illustrated. About 13in. square, with a ¼-in. hem. Per doz. **13/9**
Sample Handkerchief, post free 1/2

No. 862. Ladies' Shamrock Lawn Handkerchiefs. About 13in. square, hem-stitched and hand-embroidered in the new and effective design shown. Per doz. **13/9**
Sample Handkerchief, post free 1/2

Lists and range of Samples post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,
Makers to Their Majesties,
42R, Donegall Place,
BELFAST.

Regent St., LONDON. | *Letter Orders to BELFAST.* | Church St., LIVERPOOL.

The Ladies' Field

Official Organ of the Ladies' Kennel Association (Incp.)



Superbly Illustrated.

The Up-to-Date Authority
. . on . .
Sport, Fashio and Society.

Price 6d

Forthcoming Special Issues:

XMAS DOUBLE NUMBER (with Winter Sports Supplement) ready NOV. 27.

DECEMBER—
7. Xmas Presents Number.
28. Sales Number.

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"OMAR KHAYYAM"
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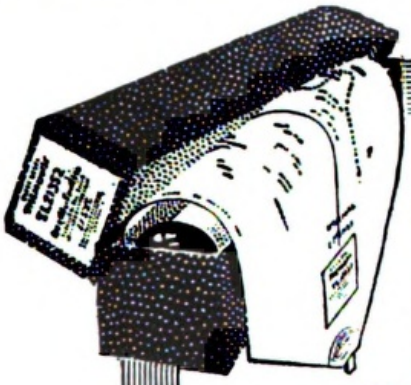
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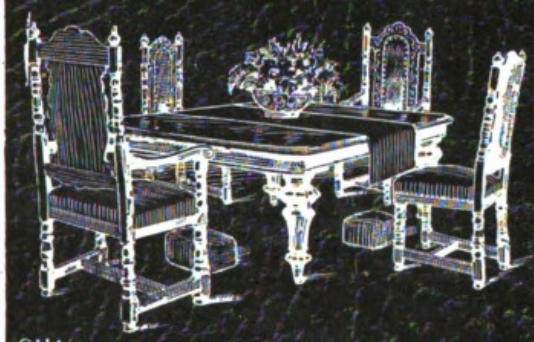
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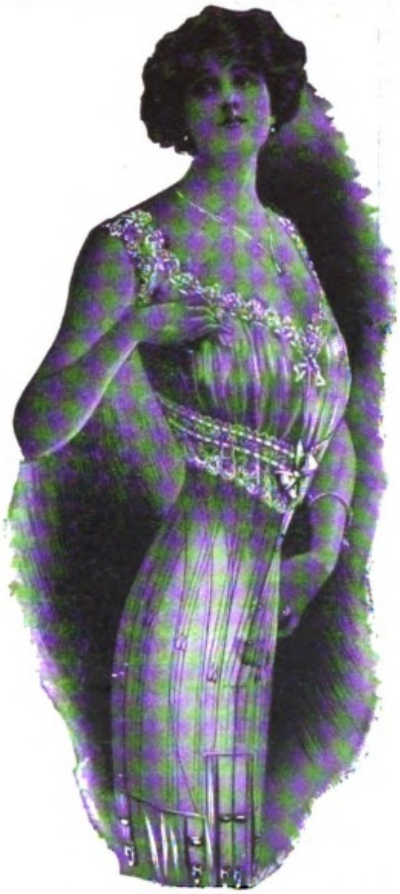
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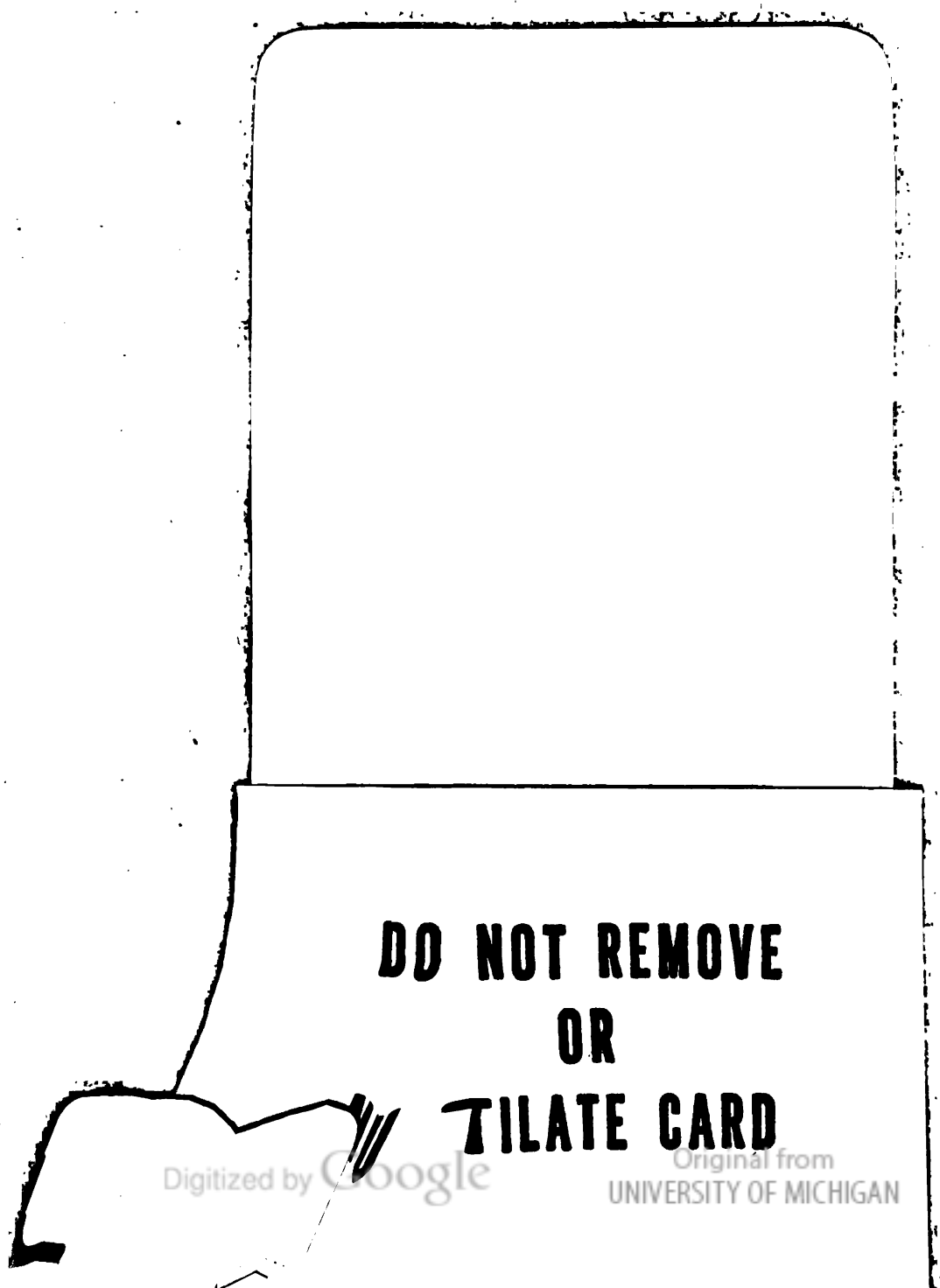
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